יהוה
Fiat Iustitia.
Vae Homicidæ
Iustus sanguinis
THE TRIVMPHES
OF GODS REVENGE
Againſt
The Cryinge & Execrable
Sinne, of (Willfull, & fore-medditated) Murther
Expreſſed In Thirtye
Severall, Tragicall Historyes
Digeſted into Sixe Bookes
wch contayne great variety of
Mournefull, & Memorable Accydents
Amorous, Morall, & Divine
The whole Worke nowe
Compleatlye finiſhed
Written By Iohn Reynolds
LONDON Printed
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againſt Fetter lane.
Io: Payne ſculps:
An° Do^mi 1640

Tho: Compton 1652.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE SINNE OF (Wilfull and Premeditated) Murther.

With his Miraculous Diſcoveries, and ſevere puniſhments thereof.

In Thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories (Digeſted into Sixe Bookes) committed in divers Countries beyond the Seas, never publiſhed, or Imprinted in any other Language.

Hiſtories which containe great variety of mournefull and memorable Accidents; Hiſtoricall, Morall, and Divine, very neceſſary to reſtraine and deterre us from this bloody Sin, which in theſe our dayes makes ſo ample, and large a Progreſſion.

With a Table of all the ſeverall Letters and Challenges, contained in the whole ſix Bookes.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

PSALME 9. 16.

The Lord is knowne in executing Judgement, and the wicked is ſnared in the worke of his owne hand.

PROVERBES 14. 27.

The Feare of the Lord is a well-ſpring of Life, to avoyd the ſnares of death.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1640.

XUM

TO MY SACRED SOVERAIGNE, CHARLES, KING OF GREAT BRITAINE, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, Defender of the Faith, &c.

SIR,

AS Rivers *though in their paſsing they fall into many neighbour Currents, yet finally empty themſelves into the Sea, ſo let theſe my poore Labours (though formerly Dedicated to divers Illuſtrious Peeres of this your Realme) be ſuffered at laſt to terminate in the* Ocean *of your Princely* Greatneſſe *and* Goodneſſe, *whereinto all vertuous indeavours (as ſo many lines in their Centre) deſire to be united.*

What private reſpects might challenge of me towards their Honours, the ſame towards your Maieſtie, *will claime the Publike Bond of common Allegiance, whereby I am more eminently, and more univerſally obliged. I am not ſo overweening of my weake Endeavours as to thinke them worthy of your* Majeſties *view, much leſſe able to adde any thing to your Royall Vertues; Rivers adde nothing to the Maine yet thither they naturally ſend the Tribute of their Streames*

and if my loyalty teach me to doe the like, it will not (I hope) bee conceived as done out of an opinion of Merit, but only out of a deſire to diſcharge the duty of a Subject to your Maieſtie.

And I am the rather imboldened to this Confidence, becauſe I have formerly adventured the like, when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdome, I (about eleven yeares ſince) preſented a Tranſlation of a Worke of Monſieur de Refuges, *intituled* A Treatiſe of the Court; *the Gracious and Undeſerved Acceptance whereof, if it hath inſpired me with farther courage, to preſent You (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater Increaſe of mine owne labour, your* Maieſtie *will not (I hope) condemne me of groundleſſe Preſumption.*

The former three Bookes had the Honour and Happineſſe to be peruſed by the Iudicious Eye of King Iames, *your renowned Father, (of happy Memory) In whoſe incomparable Iudgement they failed not of Approbation, though dedicated to Inferiour Names; the more am I now encouraged to Inſcribe and Intitle the whole Sixe to your Sacred* Maieſty *as being no leſſe Heire of* His *Vertues, then of* His *Crowne and* Dignity.

And one thing more (ariſing from the Conſideration of the Subject it ſelfe) made me thinke it a Preſent not altogether unworthy of your Regall Eſtate; for the Contents of it being the Execution of Iuſtice, *upon the unnaturall Sinne of* Murther, *where can it bee more fitly addreſſed, then to the Great Patron of* Iuſtice *among us (God's immediate Vice-gerent) by whoſe Sword (as the Miniſter of Heaven) ſuch odious Crimes are to be chaſtiſed, and Innocent Bloud juſtly expiated with Guilty.*

And it may more fitly ſute with your Maieſty, *who as you excell in the careſull adminiſtration of* Iuſtice *upon all Offenders, ſo eſpecially upon thoſe (moſt hainous of all others) the violaters of Gods ſacred Image, in the perpetration of wilfull* Murther, *towards whom* Clemency *even changeth her nature, and becomes* Cruelty *to the* Weal-publicke. *Never had any Land leſſe cauſe to complain of too much Indulgencie this way, then ours, as may well appeare, both by the*

the rareneſſe of ſuch Occurrences in your Kingdome, and the ſevere vindication of them, whenſoever they happen, or by whom, or howſoever performed.

Theſe Hiſtories therefore, which may ſerve as a Looking-glaſſe to all Nations, ſhall to theſe of Yours be a ſpeciall Ornament and Mirrour of their felicity, and ſet forth and publiſh Your Praiſe, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whoſe Climate (ſeldome or never) affords ſuch Tragedies; *nor will doe, whiles Your Chriſtian reſolution ſhall continue to prevent them in the Spring, and to puniſh the lighter degrees of Bloudineſſe with due retaliation. The great* Author *of* Iuſtice (*who is* Goodneſſe *and* Iuſtice *it ſelfe*) *long preſerve your* Majeſty *to Vs, and the Happineſſe Wee enioy in your Sacred Perſon, ſo neere reſembling Him whoſe Authority and Image You beare. So prayeth*

Your Majeſties *moſt humbly devoted*

in all Dutifull Allegiance

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE AUTHOR HIS PREFACE TO THE READER.

CHriſtian Reader, we cannot ſufficiently bewaile the Iniquity of theſe laſt and worſt dayes of the world, in which the crying and ſcarlet ſin of Murther makes ſo ample, and ſo bloody a progreſſion: for we can now ſcarce turne our eare or eye any where, but wee ſhall be enforced, either to heare with pitty the mournefull effects, or to ſee with griefe the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now ſo much degenerated from our ſelves, or our hearts from our ſoules, to thinke that [a] *Chriſt were no longer our Shepheard:* [b] *or we the ſheepe of his Paſture*: or as if we were become ſuch wretched and execrable Atheiſts, to beleeve [c] *There were no Heaven, to reward the Righteous: or Hell, to puniſh the ungodly.* But if we will divert our hearts from Earth to Heaven, and raiſe and erect our ſoules from Satan to God, we ſhall then not onely ſee what engendereth this Diabolicall paſſion in us, but alſo find the meanes to deteſt and roote it out from amongſt us.

[a] Pſal. 23. 1. [b] Pſal. 100. 3. [c] Math. 25. 34, 41.

To which end it is requiſite, we firſt conſider, that our enemies, who oppoſe our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither ſo few in number, nor ſo weake in power, that wee ſhould thinke our ſelves able to vanquiſh, ere wee fight with them, for wee have to encounter with the bewitching World, the alluring Fleſh, and the inticing Devill: not with three ſimple Souldiers or poore Pigmies, but with three valiant and puiſſant Chief-taines, ſubtill to incampe, dangerous to aſſaile, and powerfull to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch us to its will, aſſailes us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Preferments, Sumptuous houſes, perfumed Beds, Veſſels of gold and ſilver, pompous Apparell, Delicious fare, variety of ſweet Muſick, Dancing, Maskes and Stage-playes, delicate Horſes, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thouſand other inticements and allurements.

The Fleſh preſents us with Youth, Beauty, *The* [d] *luſt of the eye, and the pride of life. with* [e] *inordinate affection and luſcivious deſires*, with a piercing eye, a vermillion cheeke, golden haire, and a ſlender waſte: and although it diſcover us not all theſe perfections of nature in one perſonage: yet, he ſhewes us moſt of them in divers, and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, wee ſhall heare them marry their *Syren* voices, to their owne Lutes and Vialls, or their dancing feete to thoſe of others: or if this will not ſuffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Criſping, Painting, Amorous kiſſes, Sweet ſmiles, Sugered ſpeeches, Wanton embracings, and Laſcivious dalliance, will undertake to play a World in love. On the other ſide, Strength, Nimbleneſſe, Agility of body, Sloth, Luxury,

[d] 1 Iohn 2. 16. [e] Col. 3. 5.

Luxurie, Gluttony, Intemperancie, Drunkenneſſe, Voluptuouſneſſe and Senſuality will caſt us out ſo faire (I meane ſo treacherous) a lure, as if we ſtoope thereto, we ſhall buy our pleaſure with repentance, and our delight therein, will prove our ruine and deſtruction.

And now, if neither the World, nor the fleſh can intangle, or inſnare our hearts, *Then comes the Devill* [f] *that roaring Lyon, who walkes about, ſeeking whom he may devoure, that mortall enemy, and* [g] *Arch-traytor to our ſoules, that* [h] *Prince of darkeneſſe*, whoſe ſubtility is the more dangerous, and malice the more fatall, *in that he tranſformes himſelfe into an* [i] *Angell of light, thereby to make us heires and ſlaves of his obſcure kingdome*: yea, he will proffer us more, then either our tongues can demand, or our hearts deſire: for all the pompe treaſure and pleaſures of the World, yea all that is in the World, and [k] the world it ſelfe, hee will proſtrate and give us, if we will conſent to obey him, and promiſe to fall downe and adore him; and for a pledge of his infernall bounty and liberality, he will puffe us up with Pride, Arrogancie, Ambition, vaine-glory, Oſtentation, Disdaine, Covetouſneſſe, Singularitie, Affectation, Confidence, Security; and if all theſe allurements will not prevaile to ſubdue us, he hath yet reſerved Troopes and Forces, and another ſtring to his Bow: for then exchanging his ſmiles into frownes, and his calmes to ſtorms, he will give us Penſiveneſſe, Griefe of minde and body, Affliction, Sorrow, Diſcontent, Choler, Envie, Indignation, Deſpaire, Revenge, and the like.

f 1 Pet. 5. 8.
g Revel. 12. 9.
h Ioh 12. 31. Ephes. 6. 12.
i 2 Cor. 11. 14.
k Luk. 4. 6. 7.

Yea, he will watch us at every turne, and waite on us at every occaſion: for are we bent to revenge, hee will blow the coales to our choler: are we given to ſorrow and diſcontent, hee will thruſt and hale us on to Deſpaire: are wee inclined to wantonneſſe, and Laſciviouſneſſe, he will fit us with meanes and opportunity to accompliſh our carnall deſires: or are wee addicted to covetouſneſſe and honours, hee will either cauſe us to breake our hearts, or our necks, to obtaine it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we inlarge and fill up the empty roomes of his vaſt and infernall kingdome.

Thus wee ſee how powerfull our three capitall enemies are, yea, what a cloud, nay, what a world of ſubordinate meanes and inſtruments they have, not onely to inſnare, but to deſtroy us: yea, not onely to conquer our hearts, but which is worſe, to make ſhip-wracke of our ſoules? And from hence comes our miſery: yea, from theſe three fatall trees we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But againſt all theſe temptations and dangers, againſt all theſe our profeſſed enemies in generall, and each of them in particular: We may ſwimme in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terrour or deſtruction, if we will conſider, and in conſidering remember that [l] *God is our Creator*, [m] *Chriſt our Saviour, and the Holy Ghoſt our Sanctifier and Comforter*: that wee are honoured with the reſemblance of God, whoſe ſtampe and character we beare, and inriched with immortall and [o] living ſoules: which ſacred privileges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellencie [p] above the reſt of all his creatures, whom hee hath made for our ſervice, and [q] we onely to ſerve and glorifie him: That he hath made the world for a thorowfare, and us as Paſſengers, that [r] we have no abiding Citie here, but muſt ſeek one in the World to come: That the world is ours but for a ſeaſon, and Heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever: That the pompe and pleaſures thereof are but tranſitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof paſſeth away as duſt or [s] ſmoake before the wind, whereas thoſe of Heaven are both immortall and eternall: *That* [t] *our fleſh is but like flowers that fade, and graſſe that withereth*, but a maſſe of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of duſt and aſhes: that the beſt of its beauty is but [u] vanity and deformity, and the end of its Bravery, but rottenneſſe and putrifaction; If I ſay, wee ſpurne at the vanity of the world, contemne the pleaſures of the fleſh, and ſcoffe at the temptations of Sathan, uſing the firſt, as if we uſed it not, making the ſecond *the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, and not the members of a harlot*, and that we are ſo farre from fearing, as we deſie the third, [x] *Setting our affections on things that are above,*

l Gen. 1 27. Pſal. 115. 6
m Ioh. 10. 21. 11. 25.
o Gen. 2. 7.
p Gen. 1. 28.
q Iſay. 43. 21.
r Heb. 13. 14.
s Pſal. 102. 3. Iſay 40. 7.
t Pſal. 39. 5.
u 1 Cor. 6, 15.
x Coloſſ. 3. 2.

and

and not on things of the earth: for if we will be heires of the Church triumphant, wee must bee first ſouldiers of the Militant, and ſo following the advice and direction of the Apoſtle, ſtand againſt all theſe our enemies, [y] *Having the whole ſpirituall Armour girt about us, as the girdle of Truth, the Breſt-plate of Righteouſneſſe, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the ſpirit*, not to catch at theſe allurements, or to be caught by them; not to ſtrike ſayle, or ſtoope to theſe afflictions, or to hang downe our heads, as if wee gave way to them, or were contented that our weakeneſſe ſhould yeeld to their ſtrength, or our joyes to their afflictions: rather to ſtand up couragiouſly, and to expell and reſiſt manfully, conſidering that wee are not onely heires, but coheires with Ieſus Chriſt, in the participation and felicity of that heavenly *Hieruſalem*, whoſe joyes are infinite, and glory eternall.

[y] Epheſ. 6.

I deny not but afflictions, and temptations may befall us, yea, I acknowledge they are ſubject and incident to the beſt and deareſt of Gods children, whom hee will try in the fire, to ſee whether they will prove ſilver, or droſſe: yea, hee will come with his Fan and winnow them, to ſee whether they are Wheat or Chaffe, Corne or Darnell: But the Children of God ſhould [b] *rejoyce in tribulation*, and [c] *account it exceeding joy, when they are tempted:* yea, they muſt conſider [d] that *God tempeth no man with evill:* but it is our owne concupiſcence that drawes and inticeth us to it. In which reſpect, wee may juſtly ſay, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a miſery and madneſſe to follow and embrace it.

[b] Rom. 5. 3. [c] Iames 1 2. [d] Iam. 1. 13. 14.

For why ſhould diſcontent caſt us into deſpaire, except wee will reſemble the fooliſh Saylor, who abandoneth the Helme in a ſtorme, when he hath moſt neede to uſe it? or the ſimple fiſh, that leapes from the pan to the fire; Or thoſe ignorant fooles, who, to ſhelter themſelves from the raine, run into the river? For are we tempted? [e] *The Lord will hold us up by his right hand*, yea, [f] *hee will not faile thoſe that ſeeke him: For he is* [g] *our Rocke and our fortreſſe, our ſhield and our refuge*, yea, [h] *although hee hath wounded us, he will bind up our wounds.* And that we may yet ſee a farther benefit, that accrueth to thoſe that are tempted, let us read with joy, and retaine with comfort, that [i] *Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation, hee ſhall receive the Crowne of life, which the Lord hath promiſed to thoſe that love him:* yea [k] *they that truſt in the Lord, ſhall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.*

[e] Pſal. 73. 23. [f] Pſal. 9. 10. [g] Pſal. 18. 2. [h] Hoſ. 6. 1. [i] Iames 1. 12. [k] Pſal. 125. 1.

When therefore (amongſt other temptations) choller ſo farre prevaileth with us, (or rather the Devill with our choller) that wee imagine miſchiefe in our hearts, or lift up our hands againſt our Chriſtian brother; let us then conſider what the Apoſtle tels us from God: [l] *Hee that hateth his brother, walketh in darkeneſſe, and knoweth not whither he goeth:* yea, [m] *He that loves not his brother, is not of God.* Hath any one therefore offended thee? Why, conſider hee is a man, and no Angell, and as ſubject to infirmities as thy ſelfe; as alſo, that he is thy brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that he beares the ſame Image and Reſemblance of God, as thy ſelfe doſt: in which regard thou art counſelled, [n] *Not to let the Sunne goe downe on thy wrath:* [o] *That thou ſeeke after Peace and follow it:* [p] *That we forbeare and forgive one another, as Chriſt forgives us, and* [q] *that if we live in Peace, the God of Peace will be with us.*

[l] 1 Ioh. 2. 11. [m] 1 Ioh. 4. 10 [n] Epheſ. 4. 26. [o] 1 Pet. 3. 9. [p] Coloſſ. 3. 13.

But ſome there are (yea alas, too too many) who are ſo [r] hardned in their hearts and ſinnes, and ſo reſolute in their wilfulneſſe, as in ſtead of reliſhing, they diſtaſte, and in ſtead of embracing, reject and diſdaine this Chriſtian advice and counſell, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Floodhatches to let in all impiety to their ſoules, they give way to the treacherous baites of the World, to the alluring pleaſures of the Fleſh, and to the dangerous and fatall temptations of the Devill, and ſo cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian brethren; and although the murthers of [s] *Abel* by *Cain* out of Envie, of [t] *Vriah* by *David* for Adultery, of [u] *Abner* by *Ioab* for Ambition, of [x] *Naboth* by *Iezabel* for malice, and of [y] *Iehu* his Sonnes by *Athaliah* for Revenge (with their ſeverall puniſhments which God inflicted on them for theſe their hainous and horrible crimes) are preſi-

[r] Pſal. 14. 58 [s] Gen. 4 8. [t] 2 Sam. 11. 17. [u] 2 Sam. 3. 27. [x] 1 Kin. 21. 13. [y] 2 Kin. 21. 1.

dents

dents enough fearefull and bloody, to make any Chriſtian heart diſſolve into pittie, and regenerate ſoule melt into teares, yet ſith new examples ingender and produce freſh effects of ſorrow and compaſſion, and as it were, leave and imprint a ſenſible memory thereof in our hearts and underſtandings, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Chriſtian) to collect thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, which for thy more eaſe, and perfecter memory, I have digeſted into ſixe ſeverall Bookes; that obſerving, and ſeeing herein, as in a Chriſtall mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of ſinne, wherewith theſe weake Chriſtians (the Authors and Actors hereof) ſuffered themſelves to bee carried away and ſeduced: Conſidering, I ſay, the foulneſſe of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Chriſtian brethren, ſome through blood, others through poyſon, as alſo Gods miraculous detection and ſevere puniſhment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death; yea, many times repaying it home with intereſt, and rewarding one death with many, that the conſideration of theſe bloody and mournfull Tragedies, may by their examples, ſtrike aſtoniſhment to our thoughts, and amazement to our ſenſes, that the horrour and terrour thereof may hereafter retaine and keepe us within the liſts of Charity towards men, and the bonds of filiall and religious obedience towards God, who tels us by his Royall Prophet, that [z] *Whoſoever makes a pit for others, ſhall fall into it himſelfe: for his miſchiefe will returne upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we ſhall ſee verified in theſe, who ſeduced partly by ſinne, but chiefly by Sathan, who is the Author thereof, forgot the counſell of the Apoſtle, [a] *If any one be afflicted, let him pray*: and grieved, [b] *to powre forth their hearts before God*: not conſidering [c] the efficacie thereof, *nor how* Moſes *made the bitter waters of* Marah *ſweet thereby*: yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promiſes, on Chriſt and his Church, on his Goſpell and his Sacrament, but ſpurned at all theſe Divine comforts, and ſpirituall bleſſings: yea, and trampled that ſweet-ſmelling Sacrifice of prayer under their feete, which is the Antidote and preſervative of the ſoule againſt ſin, and the Bulwarke to expell all the the fiery and bloody darts of Sathans temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both aſpirations and ejaculations of our ſoules mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies deſcend unto us: and this, and only this, was both the Prologue to their deſtruction, and their deſtruction it ſelfe: the which I preſent unto the view, not only of thine eyes, but of thy heart and ſoule, becauſe it is a Vertue in us to look on other mens Vices with hatred and deteſtation, imitating herein the wiſe and skilfull Pilot, who mournes to ſee the Rockes, whereon his neighbours have ſuffered ſhipwracke: and yet againe rejoyceth, that by the ſight thereof he may avoid his owne: which indeed is the true way both to ſecure our ſafety, and to prevent our deſtruction, as well of the Temporall life of our bodies in this World, as the Spirituall of our ſoules in that to come.

z Pſal. 7. 14, 15

a Iames 5. 13.
b Pſalm. 61. 8.
c Exod. 15. 15.

I muſt farther advertiſe thee, that I have purpoſely fetched theſe Tragicall Hiſtories from forraine parts: becauſe it grieves me to report and relate thoſe that are too frequently commited in our owne Countrey, in reſpect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or ſcandalize their living friends; who rather want matter of new conſolation, then cauſe of reviving old ſorrowes, or becauſe the iniquity of the times is ſuch, that it is as eaſie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchaſe one true friend: In which reſpect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures, have beene ſo cautious to diſguiſe and maske their Actors, under the vailes of other names; and ſometimes beene inforced to lay their Scenes in ſtrange and unknowne Countries.

For mine owne part, I have illuſtrated and poliſhed theſe Hiſtories, yet not framed them according to the modell of mine owne fancies, but of their paſſions, who have repeſented and perſonated them: and therefore if in ſome places they ſeeme too amorous, or in other too bloody, I muſt juſtly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy ſelfe on mee: ſith I only repreſent what they have acted, and give that to the publike, which they obſcurely perpetrated in private.

My

To the Christian Reader.

My intent, desire, and prayer is, that if thou art strong in Christ, the perusing and reading of these Histories may confirme thy faith, and thy defiance of all sinnes in generall, and of Murther in particular, or if thou art but weak in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may incourage and arme thee against the allurements of the World and the Flesh; but especially against the snares and enticements of the Devill, which may stirre thee up either to Wrath, Despaire, Revenge, or Murther: that by the contemplation thereof, thou mayst resemble the Bee, and not the Spider, and so draw honey from all flowers, but poison from none.

It shall bee the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the sight of these Histories, thou reape any Spirituall comfort or incouragement in this *Christian Warfare* against the world, the flesh and the Divell, our three professed and fatall enemies: or if thou wilt be so wilfully negligent of thine owne good, as to ride poast by other mens sinnes and vices, yet with leisure take a curious and exact survey of thine owne, and in seeing them, not onely endevour, but strive to reforme them.

If this first Booke of my Tragicall histories worke any good effect in thee, in causing thee to assume and take on a resolution to hate these sinnes in thy selfe, and to detest them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my promise, and the frontispice to thee, shall not bee kept backe, or with-held thee, but in due time succeed this their elder sister: having purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serve for all sixe bookes, at least, if the rest be so happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the World may see them. In themeane time, hoping that thy courtesie and charity will winke at some defects and imperfections, which may herein have slipt either from my Pen, or the Presse, and whereof the malice of some, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuse themselves, by condemning me; I recommend these my labours, from their passion, to thy friendship; from their censure, to thy judgment: and us all to the protection of [c] God, *Who is our life, and the strength of our dayes.* [d] *To whome be glory for evermore.*

[c] Deut. 30. 20.
[d] Psal. 104. 31.

Thy Christian Friend,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE AVTHOR HIS READVERTISEMENT TO THE IVDICIOVS CHRISTIAN READER.

THat my Promiſe owed ſix of theſe Bookes of Gods Revenge againſt Murther to the World, the Title, and my Epiſtle (to the Reader) of the firſt Booke doth apparantly teſtifie; It is now ſome tenne yeares ſince that I publiſhed the third thereof, ſince when, my time and leiſure hath beene ſtill ſo interrupted, and (as it were) cut a ſunder by many different intervening Accidents, that I a long time both doubted and feared that the three laſt Books would have abſolutely dyed upon the Deſigne: But I praiſe and bleſſe God (He hath beene ſo favourable to my deſires, and ſo propitious to my intentions and reſolutions) that I have cleered that doubt, and ſecured this feare; for now (by His ſacred Aſſiſtance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finiſhed them, and doe here preſent all Sixe Bookes to thee in one intire Volumne. I am not ſo vaine or preſumptuous, to thinke that they deſerve to be ſeene and read of the more Iudicious; for my thoughts aſpire to nothing unproportionable to my meane abilities. I knew it was a ſingular great and excellent poynt of wiſdome in Socrates, who (by the Oracle of Apollo) was doomed the wiſeſt of Men, to confeſſe and acknowledge to the World, That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.

But here, before I proceed farther, I muſt let the World know, that I underſtand there are a generation of people, who have beene ſo ſtrangely ignorant, as to give out that

that theſe my Hiſtories *are not* Originals, *but* Tranſlations, *either from* Italian *or* French; *all which (with equall Truth and Modeſty) I firmely contradict and deny, whether they regard* Matter, Manner, *or* Method, *or* Phraſe, Place, *or* Perſons; *for contrarywiſe I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and (at mine owne leiſure) compoſed and penned them, according to the rule of my weake Fancie and Capacity, they being ſo farre from* Tranſlations, *that as I have hitherto refuſed to imitate any therein, but my ſelfe, ſo had I beene ſo ambitious or vaineglorious to have given way, or conſent to it, ſome Friends of mine in* Paris, *had ſo long ſince done the three firſt Bookes into* French, *from my firſt* Originall *thereof: But knowing Humility to bee the faireſt Ornament of a Writer, and Modeſty beſt to become Vertuous Mindes, I have hitherto prevented it, and doe ſtill reſolve ſo to doe.*

Now becauſe as Idleneſſe *makes ſome too curious, and* Curioſity *makes others too idle, ſo it hath likewiſe pleaſed ſome (not ſo diſcreet as forward) to condemne and taxe ſome of my* Hiſtories *for being too long, and others for being too ſhort, as if I were bound to obſerve and pleaſe their Fancie, more then the Truth, or mine owne Judgement, or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my ſelfe. No, no, as long as I know Men are as different in their Opinions and Cenſures, as in their Countenances and Complexions, I ſhall rather connive, and not regard their (worthy to be pittyed) Ignorance, and reſolve and content my ſelfe to contemne and paſſe by, rather then to eſteeme or grieve at it. They will firſt I hope reade, before they underſtand; and let me then requeſt them alſo, that they will firſt underſtand, before they either cenſure, or taxe any part of what they reade, and ſo I doubt not, but they will both ſee, and finde, that (in the penning and publiſhing of theſe* Hiſtories) *if I am not worthy of their* Love, *yet (at leaſt) their unjuſt* Envie *and* Detraction *is every way unworthy of me; and that although many Bookes of theſe our Times are not particularly approved and liked of for the preſent, yet it is not impoſſible for the future both to reſpect and honour them; and ſo I leave theſe uncharitable* Zoyliſts *to ſleepe ſtanding in the ſimplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warning. And I will now divert my Pen to the wiſe and religious Chriſtian* Readers, *who well know what ſingular good effects it worketh in their Hearts, firſt to reade with underſtanding, and then to apply with Charity and Prudence, for whoſe ſakes ſolely I have now added theſe my three laſt Bookes of* Gods Revenge againſt the Crying Sinne of wilfull Murther *to the three former; For I ſend them to be publike good, whereunto all our Endeavours ſhould tend, to the Propagation of* Chriſtian Love *and* Charity *among Men, whereat all our Enterpriſes ſhould ayme, and to the flouriſhing Advancement of Gods Honour and Glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Soules ſhould chiefely aſpire and levell.*

And

And because Scaliger *affirmes*, That nothing so soone allures or drawes a Reader to peruse and reade, as a strange Theame and Argument, *Therefore this Path being seldome (if ever) troden or beaten by any other, I am so far from despairing as I am confident, at least, of thy Acceptance, if not of thy Approbation of these my Labours, and the sooner, because as thou hast heretofore disburthened my* Stationer *of the three first of these Books, so he (in contemplation therof) hath now drawne the three last of them from me to the* Presse, *with a more then common and usuall Importunity; and I shall beare this content to my Grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all, I shall leave no pernicious Heire behinde me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdnesse and Vanity; which as it is the shame of this our Age, so it ought to be the care of every good Man, to shunne that which so many of our lewd and lascivious Pamphlets do not. In writing hereof, I have consecrated my Pen rather to Instruction then Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curiosity, and have made it my chiefest Care, Ambition, and Conscience, to profit thy Soule, rather then to please thine Eare, and to savour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I will affirme (with equall Truth and Boldnesse) that I have written it with so innocent a Pen, that the purest and most unstained Virgin shall not need to make her beautifull Cheeks guilty of the least Blush in perusing it all over.*

It is with no small Cost and Labour, that I first procured, then penned these Histories, *and have now polished and prepared them to the* Presse, *aswell for the extirpating of that* Execrable sinne of Murther *(which cryes so loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as also to shew thee Gods sacred Justice, and righteous Iudgements in the Vindication of the inhumane Authors thereof; to the end, that (by the knowledge and reading of them) thou mayest become more Charitable, and more hate Cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable Examples, having herein endeavoured (as much as in me lyes) to make my* Reader *a Spectator, first of these their foule and bloody Crimes, and then of their condigne and exemplary Punishments, which (as a dismall Storme and terrible Tempest from Heaven) fell on them on Earth, when they least dreamt or thought thereof.*

And here to conclude this my Readvertisement *to thee, I religiously from my Heart intreat thee to respect the Matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Consequence, more then the Dressing of these Thirty severall* Tragicall Histories, *whiles, I will account and esteeme it a far greater Happinesse for my selfe to learne true Charity, and the true Feare of God in writing them, then to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may justly and truly say with* Lipsius, *That my Aime and Desire in publishing of them,* Is not that I might bee made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by mee.

What Spirituall Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapest by their Knowledge and

Contemplation,

Contemplation, I exhort thee, in stead of giving me any Thanks, to reserve and give them wholly to God, who is the Giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercy, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee, desiring thee to assist me with thy favourable Opinion, and daily prayers to His Throne of Grace, as I shall ever be ready to requite thee with mine.

Thy Christian Friend,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE, Lord Marquis of *Buckingham*, &c.

Right Honourable,

ABout ſome two yeares ſince, I (from beyond the Seas) preſumed to ſend your Honour two ſeverall pregnant teſtimonies, as well of my affection to your ſervice, as of my zeale to your proſperity; not that I performed thoſe then, or remember them now, in regard of your fortunes, but of your vertues; for I know, that to flatter, is to betray Greatneſſe: a vice moſt ignoble in it ſelfe, and therefore moſt improper for your Honours receit, or acceptance, ſith your actions ſtill make it apparent to our *Sacred Soveraigne*, and his moſt *Excellent Majeſty* to all the World, that you are truly Honourable, truly Noble: and now to ſecond my two former acknowledgements of zeale and duty to your Honour, with this third, I though in a leſſe ſerious, yet more publick manner) preſume to make you the Worthy and Noble Patron of the firſt Book of my *Tragicall Hiſtories*, (ſome of the meane obſervations and collections of my ſlender Travels,) wherein *The Triumphs of Gods Revenge againſt the crying & execrable ſin of Murther*, are ſo eminent and conſpicuous, that (except my hopes betray my judgement) they are made obvious to the ſight, and conſequently profitable to the ſoule of a Chriſtian; and not to prophane either your Honours eares, or my pen, with the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow of an untruth, my preſumption had not beene ſo ambitious, to have committed theſe Hiſtories to the Preſſe, except with a deſire, that in ſome ſort they might thereby repreſſe that helliſh ſin, 'gainſt which they ſolely conteſt and fight, and which in theſe our dayes (with as much pity as griefe) makes ſo

bloodie and ſo lamentable a progreſſion, thereby to ſerve as ſtops and preventions, in our *England*, in imitation of the Catarracts of *Nylus*, which keepe *Egypt* from being ſubmerg'd with her Inundation: nor had I aſpired to ſhelter them under the wings of your Honours Patronage and protection, but that thereby they might finde the ſurer paſſage, in converſing with the different Opinions, and the ſafer, in meeting with the ſelfe-pleaſing Cenſures of the World; and if your Honour pleaſe ſelect ſome few houres from your more ſerious and weighty Affaires, and vouchſafe imploy them on the different Accidents theſe Hiſtories report and relate, I (with as much humilitie as confidence) preſume, that you will eſteeme them, if not profitably lent, yet not prodigally, nor viciouſly caſt away, in the peruſall and contemplation thereof. Howſoever, they proceed from his Pen, whoſe Heart not only admires and honours your Vertues, but rejoyceth in the Reward thereof, your Fortunes; for I live not, if in the ſincerity and candour of my Soule, I wiſh not that your *Honour* may ſtill remaine firme to theſe, and theſe eternally fixed and conſtant to You; and from your *Honour*, ſucceſſively to your *Poſterity*, tranſcendently to your *Name*.

Your Honours

in all duty and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

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HISTORY I.

HAutefelia *causeth* La Fresnay *an Apothecary to poyson her Brother* Grand Pre *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kils* de Malleray *her own Husband in a Duell.* La Fresnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the Ladder confesseth his two former Murthers, and sayes that* Hautefelia *seduced and hired him to performe them:* Hautefelia *is likewise apprehended. And so for these cruell murthers they are both put to severe and cruell Deaths.* Page 1.

HIST. II.

Pisani *betrayeth* Gasparino *of his Mistresse* Christeneta. Gasparino *challengeth* Pisani *for this Disgrace, and kils him in the field; He after continueth his Sute to* Christeneta. *She dissembles her malice for* Pisani *his Death. She appoints* Gasparino *to meet her in a Garden; and there causeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him. They are all three taken and executed for the same.* pag. 15

HIST. III.

Mortaigne, *under the promise of Marriage, gets* Josselina *with childe, and after converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey* La Verdure *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her yong sonne. The jealousie of* Isabella *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cause of the Discovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the same.* pag. 29

HIST. IV.

Beatrice-Joana, *to marry* Alsemero, *causeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonso Piracquo, *who was a suter to her.* Alsemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in Adultery, kils them both.* Tomaso Piracquo *challengeth* Alsemero *for his Brothers death.* Alsemero *kils him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body throwne into the Sea: At his execution he confesseth, that his Wife and* de Flores *murthered* Alonso Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes throwne into the ayre.* pag. 41

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HIST. V.

Alibius *murthereth his Wife* Merilla: *he is discovered, first, by* Bernardo, *then by* Emelia *his own Daughter: so he is apprehended and hanged for the fact.* pag. 57

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HIST. VI.

Victoryna *causeth* Sypontus *to stab and murther her first Husband* Souranza, *and she her selfe poysoneth* Fassino *her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of these their cruell murthers, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.* pag. 77

HIST. VII.

Catalina *causeth her waiting maide* Ansilva, *two severall times to attempt to poyson her own Sister* Berinthia: *wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick, termed* Sarmiata, *poyson her said maide* Ansilva: Catalina *is killed with a Thunder bolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged for poysoning* Ansilva. Antonio *steales* Berinthia *away by her own consent: whereupon her Brother* Sebastiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kils him in a Duell:* Berinthia, *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her brother* Sebastiano: *she is adjudged to be immured 'twixt two wals, and there languisheth and dies.* pag. 95

HIST. VIII.

Bellvile *treacherously murthereth* Poligny *in the street.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Mystris, betrayeth* Bellvile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her waiting-maide* Lucilla, *they likewise give him many wounds with a Poniard, and so murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken and hanged, and burnt for the same.* pag. 115

HIST. IX.

Jacomo de Castelnovo, *lustfully falls in love with his daughter in Law* Perina, *his own sonne* Francisco de Castelnovo's *Wife: whom to enjoy, he causeth* Jerantha *first to poyson his owne Lady* Fidelia, *and then his said sonne* Francisco de Castelnovo; *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherously murthereth him in his bed.* Jerantha *ready to dye in travell of childe, confesseth her two murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dies.* pag. 133

HIST. X.

Bertolini *seeks* Paulina *in marriage, but she loves* Sturio, *and not himselfe: he prayes her Brother* Brellati *his deare friend, to sollicit her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile: whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour and his reputation: for which* Brellati *challengeth the field of him, where* Bertolini *kils him, and he flies for the same.* Sturio *seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent thereunto, and conveyes him away secretly: for which two disasters,* Paulina *dyes for sorrow.* Sturio *findes out* Bertolini, *and sends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kils* Sturio *with a Petronell in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.* pag. 151

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duell;* La Hay *causeth* Michaelle *to poyson* La Frange; De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and because his Father* Argentier *will not consent that he marry her, stifleth him*

him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife; she turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himselfe for murthering his Father Argentier: *so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallowes, then burnt;* La Hay *confesseth this murther, and likewise that she caused* Michaelle, *to poyson* La Frange: *she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive;* Michaelle *is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.* pag. 175

HIST. XII.

Albemare *causeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *first sought to marry: He causeth his man* Valerio *to poyson* Pedro *in prison, and by a Letter which* Leonardo *sent him,* Clara *perceives that her Husband* Albemare *had hired and caused* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her first Love* Baretano: *which Letter she reveales to the Judge; so he is hanged, and likewise* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for these their bloody crimes.* pag. 211

HIST. XIII.

La Vasselay *poysoneth her waiting maide* Gratiana, *because she is jealous that her husband* De Merson *is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof, she causeth his Man* La Villete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The said* La Villete *a yeare after riding thorow the same Wood, his Horse falls with him, and almost kils him; when he confesseth the murther of his Master* De Merson, *and accuseth his Wife* La Vasselay *to be the cause thereof: so for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she burnt alive.* pag. 233

HIST. XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cælestina *cause* Carpi and Monteleone, *with their two Lackies,* Lorenzo *and* Anselmo, *to murther their father Captaine* Benevente, *which they performe.* Monteleone *and his Lackie* Anselmo *are drowned,* Fidelia *hangs her selfe,* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallowes confesseth the murthering of* Benevente; Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off;* Cælestina *is beheaded and her body burnt.* pag. 353

HIST. XV.

Maurice *like a bloody villaine, and damnable sonne, throwes his Mother* Christina *into a Well, and drownes her: the same hand and arme of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being distracted of his wits in prison, he there confesseth this foule and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.* pag. 269

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XVI.

Idiaques *causeth his sonne* Don Ivan *to marry* Marsillia, *and then commits Adultery and Incest with her; She makes her Father in Law* Idiaques *to poyson his old wife* Honoria, *and likewise makes her own Brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maide* Mathurina; Don Ivan *afterwards kils* De Perez, *in a Duell;* Marsillia *hath her braines dasht out by a horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt;* Idiaques *is beheaded, his body consumed to ashes, and throwne into the aire.* pag. 241

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt *steales away his Brother* Vimorves *wife,* Masserina, *and keeps her in Adultery; She hireth* Tivoly (*an Italian Mountebanke*) *to poyson* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *Wife;* Harcourt *kils his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his Widow* Masserina; Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth* Masserina *for hiring him to poyson* La Precoverte, *for the which she is likewise hanged;* Noel (*who was* Harcourts *man*) *on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master for killing of his Brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the same.* pag. 261

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HIST. XVIII.

Romeo (*the Laquay of* Borlary) *kils* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maide of the Lady* Felisanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame*; Borlary *afterward hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her Husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.* pag. 287

HIST. XIX.

Beaumarays, *and his Brother* Montaigne, *kill* Champigny, *and* Marin (*his ſecond*) *in a Duell*; Blancheville (*the Widow of* Champigny) *in revenge thereof hireth* Le Valley (*who was ſervant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtoll, the which he doth, for the which* Le Valley *is broken on a Wheele, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.* pag. 309

HIST. XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his Wife* Fermia; *He ſome twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) robbeth his (and her) ſonne* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe (not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father) doth accuſe him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged.* pag. 325

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

HIST. XXI.

Babtiſtyna *and* Amarantha *poyſon their Eldeſt Siſter* Jaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants,* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtifle her elder Siſter* Babtiſtyna *in her Bed,* Bernardo *flying away, breaks his neck with a fall off his Horſe,* Pierya *is hanged for the ſame, ſo likewiſe is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt*; Bernardo *being buried, his body is againe taken up, and hanged to the Gallowes by his feet, then burnt and his aſhes throwne into the River.* pag. 339

HIST. XXII.

Martino *poyſoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet*; *He afterwards growes mad, and in his confeſſion reveals both theſe murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widow to* Monfredo, *and Siſter to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.* pag. 369

HIST. XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his own Mother* Sophia *and after ſhoots and kils* Caſſino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a ſhort Muſket (or Carabyne from a Window. He is beheaded for thoſe two murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the River.* pag. 393

HIST. XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kils* La Roche *in a Duell.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier (*an Apothecary to poyſon his own Brother* Valfontaine, Moncallier *after fals, and breaks his neck from a paire of ſtairs.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Fathers Miller* Pierot *to murther, and ſtrangle* Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheele*, and Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.* pag. 397

Hiſt. XXV.

Vaſti *firſt murthereth his Sonne* George, *and next poyſoneth his own wife* Heſter, *and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he reveaſeth theſe his two murthers, for the which he is firſt hanged, and then burnt.* pag. 421

The

The Contents of the sixth Book.

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia *for the love shee beares to young* Morosini, *seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts,* Astonicus *and* Donato) *to stifle to death her old husband* Palmerius *in his bed*; Morosini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber that night which he did it*; *They are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knowes them to bee* Morosinies, *and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the Murther of his Vnkle, So they together with their accessaries* Astonicus *and* Donato, *are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the same.* pag.443

HIST. XXVII.

Father Justinian *a Priest, and* Adrian *an Inne keeper, poyson* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up, and devoures a great part of his body; which Father* Justinian *and* Adrian *understanding, they flye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.* pag.471

HIST. XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the street by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber maide* Denisa *poysoneth her Husband* Roderigo; Denisa *afterwards strangleth her own new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged; on the Ladder she confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady* Dominica *in the poysoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewise hanged.* pag.489

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore (*upon promise of marriage*) *gets* Ursina *with childe, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherously reiecteth her, and marries* Bertranna: Ursina *being sensible of this her disgrace disguiseth her selfe in a Friers habit, and with a case of Pistols kils* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.* pag.503

HIST. XXX.

De Mora *treacherously kils* Palura *in a Duell with two Pistols: His Lady* Bellinda *with the aide of her Gentleman Vsher* Ferallo, *poysoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterwards shee marrieth and murthereth her said Husband* Ferallo *in his bed; so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes throwne into the aire for the first.* pag.527

THE

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE I.

Hautefelia *cauſeth* La Freſnay *an Apothecary, to poyſon her brother* Grand Pre *and his wife* Mermanda, *and is likewiſe the cauſe that her ſaid brother kils* de Malleray *her owne husband in a Duell:* La Freſnay *condemned to be hanged for a rape on the Ladder confeſſeth his two former Murthers, and ſayes that* Hautefelia *ſeduced and hired him to performe them:* Hautefelia *is likewiſe apprehended: and ſo for the cruell Murthers, they are both put to ſevere and cruell deaths.*

IF our contemplation dive into elder times, and our curioſity turne over the variety of ancient and moderne Hiſtories (as well Divine as Humane) wee ſhall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever proved fatall crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which ſo eclipſe our judgements, and darken our underſtandings, as we ſhall not onely ſee with griefe, but finde with repentance, that they will bring us ſhame for glory, affliction for content, and miſery for felicity: Now as they are powerfull in men, ſo they are (ſometimes) implacable in women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in theſe ſinnes: as if that could adde grace to their bodies, that deformes their ſoules, or luſtre & proſperity to their daies, that makes ſhipwracke both of their fortunes and lives. It is with griefe and pitty (yea not with paſſion, but compaſſion) that I inſtance this in a Gentlewoman, who was borne to honour, and not to ſhame, had not theſe three aforeſaid vices (like ſo many infernall furies) laine her glory in the duſt, and dragged her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It is a Hiſtory that hath many ſorrowfull dependances, and which produceth variety of diſaſterous and mournfull accidents: wherein (by the juſt judgement of God) we ſhall ſee Ambition bitterly ſcourged, Revenge ſharpely rewarded, and Murther ſeverely puniſhed; by whoſe example, if all that profeſſe Religion, become leſſe impious, and more truly religious, we ſhall then leade the whole courſe of our lives in ſuch peacefull and happy tranquility, as (arming our ſelves with reſolution to live and die in the favour of Heaven) we needs not feare either what earth, or hell can doe unto us. The Hiſtory is thus.

NEere *Auxone* (a ſtrong and antient Towne upon the frontiers of *Burgundy*, and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly deſcended, and of very faire

demaynes) named *Monſieur de Grandmont*, who had to his wife a vertuous Lady, termed *Madammoyſelle de Carnye*, the onely daughter of *Monſieur de Buſerat*, a worthy Gentleman of the City of *Dole*: this marryed couple for a long time lived in the greateſt height of content, that either Earth could afford, or their hearts deſire, for as one way they grew opulent in lands and wealth, ſo another way they were indued with three hopefull Sonnes, *Grand Pre*, *Vileneuſe*, and *Maſſeron*, and with two daughters, *Madamoyſelles de Hautefelia*, and *de Creſſye*: a fayre poſterity: they bleſt in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themſelves bleſt in them: ſo as (to the eye of the world) this one family promiſed to make many, (eſpecially ſith the youngeſt of the five had already attained its tenth yeare) but God in his providence ordayned the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the firſt and chiefeſt pillar of the houſe) craves leave of his Father that he might ſerve his apprentiſhip in the warres, under the command of that incomparable Captaine, *Grave Maurice*, then Earle of *Naſſaw*, ſince prince of *Orenge*, *Vileneuſe* delighting in bookes, his Father thought fit to ſend to *Pont-au Mouſſon*, and thinking to retaine *Maſſeron* with him; he for his beauty was begg'd a Page by that valorous Marſhall of *France* who ſo wilfully and unfortunately loſt his head in the *Baſtile* of *Paris*.

As for their two daughters, *Hautefelia* lived with her parents; and *de Creſſye* they preſented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long ſince the moſt afflicted and ſorrowfull Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Sonne, who were both ſlaine by that generous and brave *Lorayne* Prince, the Knight of *Guyſe*.

But behold the inconſtancy of fortune, or rather the power and pleaſure of heaven, which can ſoone metamorphoſe our mirth into mourning, our joyes into teares, and our hopes into deſpaire: for within the compaſſe of one whole yeare, we ſhall ſee three of theſe five Children laid in their graves, and of three ſeverall deaths, for *Vileneuſe* was drowned at *Pont-au Mouſſon* as he bathed himſelfe in the River: *Maſſeron* was killed in a Duel at *Fontaine bleau* by *Roſſat* a *Gaſcon*, being page to the Duke of *Eſpernon*: and *Hautefelia* dyed at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents; a triple loſſe, which doth not onely afflict their hearts and ſoules, but alſo ſeemes to drowne their eies with a deluge of mournefull and ſorrowfull teares.

Grandmont and *de Carny* his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their children, they reſolve to call home their other two, to bee comforts and props to their old age, but their hopes may deceive them. Firſt, from the Baroneſſe of *Lux* comes *de Creſſye*, who ſucceeding her ſiſter, we muſt now terme by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hautefelia*; who hath a great and bloudy part to act upon the Theater of this Hiſtory: and after her very ſhortly comes *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers ſervices) hee left many honourable and memorable markes of his proweſſe and valour behinde him.

Vpon his arrivall to his Fathers houſe, the flowre of all the nobility and gentry of the Country, come to condole with him, for the death of his brothers and ſiſter, as alſo to congratulate his happy returne (an office and complement which expreſſeth much affection and civility) they find *Grand Pre* a brave compleate Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generoſity and vertue, not in the vanity of faſhions and apparell, but in the perfections and endowments of his mind and body: he is wholly addicted to the exerciſe of warre, and not to the art of courting of Ladies, his delights are in the campe of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*, well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other ſhame and repentance; his paſtimes are not criſping and powdering of his haire, quarrelling with his taylor for the faſhion of his cloathes, dancing in velvet pumps, and tracing the ſtreet in a neate perfumed Boote with jangling Spurres; yea, hee reſembleth not young ſpruce Courtiers, who thinke no heaven to brave Apparell, nor Paradiſe to that of their Miſtreſſe beauty: for he onely practiſeth riding of great horſes, Tilting, running at Ring, diſplaying the Colours, toſſing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Ranke and File, thereby to make himſelfe capable to conduct and embattaile an Army, and to environ, fortifie,

tifie, or beſiege a City or Caſtle, or the like; yea, hee ſpurnes at the Lute and Viall, and vowes there is no muſicke to the ratling of the Drumme and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Canon, but this warlike and Marſhall humour of his ſhall not laſt long: Wherein we may obſerve the vanity of our thoughts, the inconſtancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our reſolutions; for now we ſhall ſhortly ſee *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we ſhall ſee him ſo plunge and drowne himſelfe in the beauty of a faire and ſweet Gentlewoman, as he ſhall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, Warre, for peace, Armes for Love, and Enemies for a Miſtris: but time muſt worke this alteration and Metamorphoſis.

The old Gentleman his father, ſeeing *Grand Pre's* martiall diſpoſition, feares leſt this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to ſeeke warres abroad, ſith he findes none at home; and therefore, deſirous of his company and preſence, in that it will ſweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he proffers him the choice of many a rich & faire young Gentlewoman for his wife, of the beſt and moſt ancient families in and neare *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deafe to theſe requeſts and motions, and thinkes it a diſparagement and blemiſh to his valour, if he ſhould any way liſten, or give eare thereto, the which his father perceiving and underſtanding, hee bethinkes himſelfe of a further invention, and ſo reſolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to reſide in the City of *Dijon* (famous for the ancient ſeate of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and for the preſent Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongſt the multitude of ſweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his ſonne *Grand Pre* might at laſt eſpye ſome Paragon of Nature, whoſe beauty might have power to ſubdue and captivate his affections, and indeed (as the ſequell will ſhew) the event anſwereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the royall Chappell to heare Father *Juſtinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he oppoſite to him eſpies a moſt delicate and beautifull young Lady, ſlender of body, tall of ſtature, faire of taint and complexion, having a quicke and gratious eye, with pure and delicate haire of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparell, yet farre richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfit beauty, in a word, ſhe was ſo amiable and ſo lovely, ſo ſweet, and ſo pleaſing to his eyes, as at her very firſt ſight *Grand Pre* could not refraine from bluſhing, as being raviſhed with the ſweetneſſe of ſo faire an object, ſo as his heart panted and beate within him, as being not accuſtomed to encounter with ſuch beauties, or with ſuch ſudden paſſions and alterations.

Now by this time this young gentlewoman (whoſe name we ſhall anon know) could not but perceive with what earneſtneſſe and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and ſeeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, ſhee could not refraine from dying her Lilly cheekes with a Vermilian bluſh, which gave ſuch grace to her beauty, and ſo inflamed our poore *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer reſiſt the influence of ſuch amorous aſſaults; and now it is that his thoughts ſtrike ſayle to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, ſo as he revokes his former opinion conceived againſt the power and dignity of Love, which hee now holds erronious, and in his heart vowes that there is no ſuch felicity in the world, as to injoy the Lady of his deſires, whom his eies and ſoule chiefely honour and adore: But if he be inſnared and impriſoned in the fetters of her beauty, no leſſe is ſhe in thoſe of his perſonage, only ſhe is more coy and preciſe in the exterior demonſtration thereof: for as he cannot keepe his eyes from gazing on her; ſo ſhee ſeemes but to looke on him by ſtealth, or if ſhe tranſgreſſe that Decorum, ſhe immediately, in outward appearance, checkes her eyes from ranging beyond the liſts of modeſty and diſcretion.

But by this time, to the griefe of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, ſo their eies with much diſcontent and unwillingneſſe, for that time take leave each of other: and here *Grand Pre* making a turne or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, firſt with griefe, that he is deprived of his Miſtris ſight, and then

with ſorrow, that he neither knowes her, nor her name: But as Love refines our wits, and gives an edge to our intentions, ſo he ſhewes her to his Page, and ſends him to make ſecret enquiry what ſhe is. His page ſpeedily returnes, and informes him, that ſhe is *Madamoyſelle Mermanda*, eldeſt daughter to *Mounſieur de Creſſonnille*, one of the chiefeſt Preſidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extreamely rejoyceth to know what ſhe was, and farre the more, in reſpect he ſees it no diſparagement either to himſelfe or his houſe to marry her: and therefore omitting all other deſignes and reſolutions (and bidding farwell to the Warres) he reſolves to ſeeke her in marriage; to which end, the next day, hee of ſet purpoſe, with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, inſinuates himſelfe into her Fathers houſe, who being abſent, whiles they entertaine the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, becauſe he ſees the excellency of her minde is anſwerable to that of her perſon, and now ſhe comming likewiſe to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thouſand ſweet contents, which ſo work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinkes himſelfe happy in ſeeking ſuch a Miſtris, ſhe eſteemes her ſelfe bleſt in finding ſuch a ſervant.

Grand Pre findes his firſt entertainement from *Mermanda* to bee reſpective and pleaſing: and ſo authorized by her curteſie and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old Preſident her Father, and bewrayes him his affection to his daughter, and the deſire he hath to obtaine her for his wife: ſo having begunne his ſuit, he leaves his father *Grandmont* to finiſh it, and continually frequents the companion of his beautifull Miſtreſſe *Mermanda*.

Her father *Creſſonville* diſlikes not this match, but deemes it both agreeable and honourable; onely he knowes that *Grandmont* hath likewiſe one onely daughter, and himſelfe one onely ſonne: ſo he infinitely deſires to make this a double match, thereby to contract a more firme and ſtricter league betwixt their two houſes; this is propoſed and debated, as well betweene the young folkes as the old Parents, and at laſt it takes effect, ſo as purpoſely omitting, firſt the conference, then the letters ſent from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Creſſonvilles* ſonne) to *Hautefelia*, and from *Hautefelia* to *De Malleray*; becauſe the inſerting thereof would make this briefe Hiſtory ſwell into an ample volumne. Theſe marryages, to the joy of the parents, and the ſweet content of their ſonnes and daughters, are pompeouſly ſolemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of feaſting, dancing, and masking, anſwerable to their degrees and dignities. But theſe Marriages ſhall not prove ſo fortunate as is hoped, and expected, neither was *Hymenæus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refuſed to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewiſe ſave her labour, becauſe ſhe knowes that neither of theſe two young marryed Gentlewomen ſhall live to make uſe of her aſſiſtance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wiſh the event of this Hiſtory could give the lye to this enſuing poſition, that there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reaſon to feare then hope to beleive the contrary: for no ſooner have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their deſires, but wee ſhall ſee the ſunne-ſhine of their joy overtaken with a diſmall ſtorme of griefe, ſorrow and misfortune; whereby we may obſerve and learne, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this world, yea, the World it ſelfe is ſubject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hautefelia envies her ſiſter in Law *Mermanda's* advancement, and contemnes her owne, ſhe likes not to give the hand to her, whom ſhe knowes is by deſcent her inferiour, and to ſpeake truth, preferres a Scarlet Cloake before a Blacke, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; theſe ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from hell, will breed bad bloud and produce mournefull effects; yea, peradventure ſtrangle her, who imbraceth and practiſeth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and milde nature, *Hautefelia* of an imperious and revengefull: never any marryed couple live more contented, nor paſt more pleaſant dayes, then

then did *Grand Pre* and his faire *Mermanda* for the ſpace of one whole yeare; wherein ſhe bore her ſelfe ſo loving and courteous towards him, and he ſo kind and pleaſant to her, as their ſweet carriage, and honourable and vertuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hautefelia* onely excepted) highly praiſed and applauded. But *Hautefelia* envying *Mermanda's* proſperity and glory, becauſe ſhe could neither parellel the one, nor equall the other, and ſeeing with no other eyes then thoſe of ambition and envy, bethinks herſelfe ſhe might act her diſgrace, and ecclipſe the ſplendor of her vertues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not farre from *Auxone*) ſometimes viſited her brother *Grand Pre*, as alſo that he very lately had done her two unkind offices; the one, by buying a Iewell from her; which ſhe was in price with, of a Gold-ſmith at *Diion* Faire; and the other, for retaining a little fine white *Frizeland* dog, which his Page had ſtole from her: ſhe thinkes to give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her ſiſter in Law *Mermanda*.

Judge Chriſtian Reader, what ſimple reaſons and triviall motives this inconſiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but ſhe is reſolute therein, and as ſhe hath layd the foundation, ſo ſhe will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge: which to effect, ſhe ſends a ſervant of hers purpoſely neere *Auxone*, to her brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for ſhe hath a ſecret of importance to reveale him, which ſhe holds not fit to commit to penne, and withall adviſeth him to frame ſome excuſe towards her husband for his ſudden comming.

Grand Pre arrives at *Diion*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Siſter, but hee diſcovers her to be more ſorrowfull then accuſtomed; hee is ignorant what theſe clouds of her diſcontent import, or from whence they ariſe: but he ſhall know too ſoone, and his curioſity ſhall pay deare to underſtand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walke in the garden, and ſo he is conducted to his Chamber, where his brother in Law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his ſiſter *Hautefelia* with teares in her eyes informes him, that ſhe knowes for certaine, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his wife *Mermanda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honeſty, the which ſhe muſt needs reveale him, becauſe his honour is hers, which, as ſhe is bound by nature, ſhe will cheriſh and preſerve as her owne life.

Grand Pre amazed at this ſtrange and unlooked for newes, is like one lunaticke, or rather ſtarke mad, he ſtamps with his foot, throwes away his hat, now caſting himſelfe on the bed, then on the floore; yea, and had not his ſiſter prevented him, he had killed himſelfe with his owne ſword: theſe are the wretched paſſions of jealouſie, which tranſport our ſelves beyond our ſelves, and our reaſons beyond the limits of reaſon: and now this vile and malicious ſiſter of his, (more out of policy then charity) uſeth many prayers and perſwations, brings him againe to himſelfe, and they conclude to keepe it ſecret from all the world, but withall *Grand Pre* vowes ſharpely to be revengd both of his wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hautefelia having thus broached her inveterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gipſie) betakes herſelfe to her reſt, leaving her brother not to ſleep, but to drive out the night in watchfulneſſe and jealouſie: who the next morne (ſooner then his accuſtomed houre) riſeth, takes his leave of his Brother and Siſter, and ſo very penſive and ſorrowfull rides home.

Mermanda findes her husband ſad, and enquires the cauſe thereof: ſhee prayes him, that if any griefe or misfortune have befalne him, ſhe may participate and beare the one halfe thereof, as ſhe doth of his joy and proſperity: and as ſhe was wont to doe, proffereth to kiſſe him; but he ſleights her, and with much unkindneſſe and diſdaine puts her off; whereat ſhee is amazed, as not acquainted with ſuch diſcourteſie. After Supper (jealouſie being his chiefeſt diſh; and griefe, hers) hee makes three or foure ſolitary turnes in the Court, and then ſends his Page for his wife, who betwixt comfort and griefe, hope and deſpaire, preſently comes to him: Hee demands of her whether ſhee will walke with him; ſhe anſwereth, that his pleaſure ſhall ever be hers: and that ſhee

will moſt joyfully and willingly waite on him where he pleaſeth: he brings her to a ſolitary Grove, and there having choller in his lookes, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of diſhoneſty with the Baron of *Betandford.*

Poore *Mermanda*, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunderbolt of this newes, falls to the ground in a fainting ſwoone: yea, *Grand Pre* her husband hath much adoe to recover her, when, comming againe to her ſelfe, ſhe with many volleyes of ſighes, and rivolets of teares, purgeth her ſelfe of that imputation and ſcandall; ſhe blames his credulity and jealouſie, termes her accuſers devils and witches, invokes heaven and earth to beare witneſſe of her innocency; and withall cleares the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and proteſting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the leaſt ſhadow of ſo unchaſte a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and ſeeing her bitter and ſorrowfull teares, believes his Wife, and ſo frees both her ſelfe and the Baron, prayes her to pardon him, and vowes that he will love her dearer then before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetuall oblivion and forgetfulneſſe.

But his wife *Mermanda*, notwithſtanding this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation of her husband, is ſtill vexed in minde, as finding it eaſie to admit griefe, but difficult to expell it: ſhe knowes not what to doe, nor of whom to take advice how ſhe ſhould beare her ſelfe in this ſtreight and perplexity; for well ſhe knowes, that if the Baron of *Betanford* ſhould come to viſit her husband, as formerly he was accuſtomed to doe, it would revive and confirme his jealouſie, although they were both as innocent as innocency it ſelfe. Now ſhe reſolves to write the Baron a Letter to refraine her houſe: but then ſhe thinkes it too much indiſcretion and preſumption to attempt it, or that the letter might be intercepted, or her husband have newes thereof; but againe fearing his comming, and encouraged through her innocency, ſhee reſolves to write unto him: which ſhe doth to this effect.

IT is not with bluſhes, but teares, that I preſume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves mee to publiſh my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceale: neither had I attempted it, but that griefe and neceſſity throwes me on this exigent: for ſo it is, that my unſpotted chaſtity is not capable to defend him from jealouſie, which makes me as much triumph in mine owne loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frenſie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cauſe thereof: but as your innocency can juſtly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency from the leaſt ſhadow of that crime: ſo that we may both indeavour, rather to quench then enflame this his irregular paſſion: I moſt humbly beſeech you to refraine our houſe, and neither to viſit me, nor be familiar with him, and ſo peradventure, time may weare away from his thoughts, that which at preſent, truth and reaſon cannot: your relucent Vertues and true generoſity aſſure me of this curteſie, the which I will repay with thankes, and requite with prayers, that your daies may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this letter, prayſeth *Mermanda's* diſcretion, and laughes at *Grand Pre's* folly, extolleth her innocency, and condemnes his jealouſie: he will be carefull to preſerve a Ladies honour, eſpecially one ſo truely chaſt and honourable as *Mermanda*: he before had a purpoſe to ſee *Paris*, ſo now this occaſion doth both crowne and confirme his reſolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and ſo takes Coach for that great Citty, which abounds with the greateſt part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdome; but before his departure, he returnes *Mermanda* this Anſwer.

YOur vertues and my conſcience, make us as unworthy of your husbands jealouſie, as hee of ſo chaſt a wife as Mermanda, *and ſo true a friend as* Betanford: *but as your affection to him hath ſtill ſhined in your loyalty, ſo it muſt now in your patience; ſith he in this baſe-paſſion of his*

ſeeking

ſeeking his owne ſhame, will at laſt aſſuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me ſo much as your diſcreet Letter, I would have exchanged mypen to a ſword, and with the hazard of my life, and loſſe of my deareſt bloud, made knowne as well to him as to the whole World, the truth, both of your chaſtity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: in the meane time I will both imbrace and obey your requeſt, and will mannage it with ſuch obſervance to your Husband, ſuch reſpect to your vertues, and ſuch regard to mine owne reputation, as I hope hee ſhall reſt ſatisfied of your chaſtity towards himſelfe, and of mine to you; otherwiſe I prize Ladies of your perfections at ſo high a rate, and ſet Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at ſo low an eſteeme, that I well know how to anſwer his choller with contempt, and to requite your diſcretion both with admiration and praiſe.

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects, contrary to her hopes; for *Grand Pre* underſtanding of the Baron of *Betandfords* ſuddaine departure for *Paris* (as jealouſie is full of eyes) hee feares a plot betwixt him and his wife, and ſo confirmes his former ſuſpition of her diſloyalty: he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to ſhew the fruits and effects of his iealouſie) refuſeth her his bed, then which, to a chaſte and vertuous wife nothing can be more diſtaſtefull.

At this ingrateful diſcurteſie, poore *Mermanda* teares her haire, ſigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in ſuch pittifull ſort, that it ſeemes nothing in the world is capable to comfort her, but ſhe conceales her griefe as ſecretly as ſhee may: onely her pale cheekes and diſcontented lookes, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, doe ſilently diſcover and bewray it.

Her husbands father and mother, *Grandmont* and *de Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this diſcontent betweene *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched daughter *Hautefelia* (whoſe malice never ſleepes) hath ſpies in every corner of her fathers houſe, who advertiſe her thereof: whereat ſhe infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers ſhall bee but as breath on ſteele, or as ſmoke before the winde.

Grand Pre this meane time boyles with inveterate rage, and his iealouſy carries him to ſuch extreames; as he vowes to be revenged, firſt of *Betanford*, then of his wife, to which effect he pretends buſines to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choice Horſe, a Page and two lackeyes with him, he paſſeth a contrary way, and comes firſt to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* a dayes journey from *Paris*) where being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aſide his page, delivers it him, and commands him, at breake of day to poaſt with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arrived, to goe to the Crown of *France* in S. *Honories* ſtreet, and ſecretly to deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his anſwer, and to returne the ſame night.

The Page to obey his Maſters command, ſeemes rather to flie, then poaſt; he fitly findes out the Barron, and very fairely delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the ſeale, therein findes theſe wordes:

GRAND PRE, to *the Baron of* BETANFORD.

YOu neede no other witneſſe then your ſelfe to informe you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your falſe glory hath made my true ſhame ſo apparent, as I had rather dye then live to digeſt it: for not to diſſemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendſhip, I can ſooner forget all other offences, then pardon this: therefore finde it not ſtrange that I requeſt you to meete me, on thurſday morning next, at five or ſixe, either with your ſword, or rapier on Horſe-backe, or a foot at Carency, *halfe a league from* Brie-count Robert, *where the Bearer hereof ſhall expect you, to conduct you ſafely to a faire Medow, where without ſeconds I will*

will attend you. It is impoſſible for me to receive any other ſatisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.

GRAND PRE.

At the reading hereof, the Baron is ſo farre from the leaſt ſhew or apprehenſion of feare, as he is pleaſant and jocound; yea, he cauſeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aſide, and ſpeakes to him thus: *Tell thy Maſter, that I will not faile to meete him on Horſe-backe without a ſecond, at the houre and place appointed.* The next morne he diſpeeds away a choyſe horſe, which his Lackey leades, and about ten of the clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency* where he lodgeth.

The next morning being Thurſday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*; pretending to goe to the Church, ſends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and ſo only with his Chirurgion hies himſelfe to the field; which he firſt entred, and immediately (before he had fully made foure turnes) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having onely his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page and Lackey a furlong off, with command not to ſtirre, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (in ſtead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) diſpoſe themſelves according to the order and ceremonies of Duels) to ſearch the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the like: but they might have eaſed themſelves of this labour and curioſity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this baſe poynt of cowardize, or treachery; yea, in meere contempt thereof, they both of purpoſe had left their Dublets behinde them. And now beginns a Combate, as memorable as bloudy, yea performed with ſuch valour, dexterity, and reſolution, that as theſe times infinitely admire it, ſo ſucceeding ages will very difficultly beleive it.

They come into the Field with a ſoft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being neere ſix ſcore paces diſtant, they give ſpurres to their horſes, and part like two flaſhes of lightning. At their firſt meeting, *Grand Pre* runnes *Betanford* thorow the left ſhoulder, and *Betanford* onely wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheeke, cloſe under the eye; and being excellent Horſe men, they turne ſhort, and ſo againe fall to it with bravery and courage: in which incounter *Betandford* receives a wide wound upon the brawne of his right arme, and *Grand Pre* another thorow his left ſide, which undoubtedly had proved mortall, and ſo ended the Combate with his life, had not his ſword glanced on a ribbe, and ſo ranne outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, reſolving to advance with more fury: they part againe, *Betanford* runnes *Grand Pre* thorow the necke, and he *Betanford* thorow the ſmall of the arme, where meeting with the ſinewes and arteries, it cauſeth the ſword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extreamely perplexed and amaſed.

Here perchance ſome baſe fellow (who had never beene trained up in the Schoole of Honour, and therefore not deſerved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and deſired no better advantage to diſpatch his Adverſary: But *Grand Pre*, whoſe generoſity in this I commend, as much as I deteſt his jealouſie, doth highly diſdaine to ſtaine his honour and courage with this infamy, and ſo puts *Betanford* out of his apprehenſion and feare with theſe words; Baron, be couragious and cheerefull, for I will rather dye, then diſgrace my ſelfe ſo much, to fight with an unarmed man, and ſo commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his ſword againe. *Betanford* is thankfull to him for this courteſie, and vowes he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds, doe rather ingraine then imbroder their ſhirts with bloud yet their youth is ſo vigorous, there courage ſo inflamed, and their hearts ſo reſolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will reſt ſatisfied: in a word they mannage their horſes bravely, and act wonders with their ſwords; for by this time they having runne foure ſeverall Careres: *Betanford* hath received ſeven wounds, and given

Grand

Grand Pre ten: but the loſſe of all this bloud, (which now iſſued from their bodies rather by ſpowts then drops) is not capable to coole their courages: and ſo although with duſt, ſweat, bloud and wounds, they rather looke like Furies then men, yet they will not refraine fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pittying to ſee them, as it were drowned in their bloud, and well knowing that they had performed more then they thought poſſible for men, they both agree, and ſo running with their hats in their hands, humbly pray them to deſiſt and reſt ſatisfyed, by ſhewing them that their ſwords and courages had already acted wonders beyond beliefe, and that it was pitty that parents, Prince, and Country ſhould be deprived of ſuch reſolute and valorous Cavaliers, then whom, the world (upon ſo unfortunate an accident) hath ſeldome ſeene braver: but they ſpeak to the winde, and receive no other thankes, but this checke from them both, that they are baſe fellowes, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and ſo rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themſelves, and with freſh reſolution and courage, againe ſets ſpurres to their horſes; but this incounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thruſt to *Betanford*, which miſt and paſt under his right arme, without doing any other harme then piercing and cutting thorow his ſhirt, *Betanford* (withall the courage and dexterity he had) runne *Grand Pre* thorow the belly into the reynes, with which unfortunate wound, as alſo with a falſe pace, his horſe then mad, he fell from the ſaddle to the ground ſpeechleſſe, ſprawling and ſtrugling, as if hee were upon the point to take his laſt farewell of the world: but he was not ſo happy, for he ſhall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter dye of a more mournefull and lamentable end.

Betanford, ſeeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortall, and ſo alights: whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voyce, cryed out. *Diſpatch him, Diſpatch him:* but he cals him villaine for his labour, when remembring the former courteſie he had received of *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his ſword, hee like a true noble Gentleman vowes now to requite it, and ſo throwing it and his Hat away, he with out-ſpred armes ran to imbrace and aſſiſt him; yea, he preferres *Grand Pre's* life before his owne, and with all poſſible ſpeed commands his Chirurgion to bring and haſt thither his Coach, and to his beſt power doth aſſiſt *Grand Pre*, in ſetting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds, his Coach being come, he cauſeth him to be layd in ſoftly, and ſo he in one Boote, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeyes attending them, they drive away to the very next country houſe, where they huſh themſelves up privately, and here *Betanford* reſembling himſelfe, conjureth both the Chirurgions to uſe their beſt art and chiefeſt skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before hee would have his owne wounds looked unto, he cauſeth his to be opened, they doe it, and both concurre in opinion, that his laſt wound is mortall, he ſees them dreſſe him, and vowes he will not forſake him in this extremity, but will bee more carefull of him then of himſelfe. Reciprocall and ſingular demonſtrations of courteſie and honour in theſe two Caveliers, which will make their memories famous to poſterity.

Betanford ſeeing *Grand Pre* committed to ſleep, cauſeth his owne wounds to be ſpeedily ſearched and dreſſed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the houſe, that *Grand Pre* be furniſhed with all things neceſſary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, hee ordereth matters ſo, that all things might bee done with great ſecreſie and ſilence, not permitting any of his owne, or *Grand Pre's* ſervants to be ſeene forth the houſe, to the end that the newes of theſe their accidents might not bee bruted or vented.

About noone, *Grand Pre's* ſpeech by little and little comes to him, and likewiſe his memory, when *Betanford* abſenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand came to his bed ſide, and having curteouſly ſaluted and comforted him, prayes and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) firſt ſweare to me on thine honour, thou wilt deliver

ver me the truth of a queſtion I will demand of thee, and then I will ſhew thee. By my honour and fidelitie, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth hee) diddeſt thou never wrong me and mine honour, in being too familiar with my wife *Mermanda*? The Baron with many ſolemne proteſtations and religious oathes, cleares both himſelfe and *Mermanda*, and vowes, that his heart never thought it, much leſſe his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuſe and pardon him, ſith hee underſtood and beleeved the contrary, which was the onely cauſe of his diſcontent and challenge: adding withall, that hee will, till death, eſteeme him as his moſt honorable friend, and, as long as he lives, will affect and love his wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happineſſe to repaire and reforme errours, as a miſery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* ſtayes very ſecretly ten dayes with *Grand Pre* at the Countrey houſe, when ſeeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they reſolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thankes *Betanford* for his life, and all other courteſies hee hath received of him, and hee as courteouſly doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his ſword wherewith he preſerved his owne, and ſo like honorable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other. the Baron taking horſe for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to returne to *Auxone*. Thus wee ſee courteſie alwaies returneth with intereſt.

Grand Pre at his comming home, kiſſeth & fawneth on his wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occaſion and event of the combat, condemneth his owne folly, and extolleth her chaſtitie, prayes her to forgive him againe, this once for all, and vowes, that there lives not a braver Noble man in the world then the Baron of *Betanford*: and to ſpeake truth, ſhe deſerves this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation, and he that prayſe.

At the knowledg hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and courteous wife) doe more grieve at her husbands wounds, then rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and deteſting his former errour, renewes his love, affection, and friendſhip to her, the which hee confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetuall and indiſſoluble Gordion knot: nevertheleſſe the variety of her afflictions, and the exceſſe of her griefe and diſcontent, breeds her much weakeneſſe and ſickeneſſe, which withereth the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty.

But come wee from *Mermanda's* heavenly vertues to *Hautefelia's* devilliſh Vices, which cannot be paralleld or compared, except by *Antitheſis*: for as *Mermanda* repoſeth her ſelfe under the ſhadow of her owne innocencie, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, ſo her wretched Siſter in law *Hautefelia*, ſeeing her hopes and purpoſes prevented, will not ſleepe in her malice, but ſets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hookes, to finde out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) ſhee thought was enemy to her content, and an eye-ſore to her ambition and greateneſſe.

We no ſooner fly from God, but the divel followes us; & it proves alwaies a miſerable folly to be wiſe in wickedneſſe and ſin. *Hautefelia* is reſolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not ſee heaven for hel; ſhe bethinks her ſelfe of another invention to ſend *Mermanda* into another world, and ſo ſtrikes a bargaine with *La Freſnay* an Apothecary for two hundred crowns to poyſon her, who like a limbe of the devil doth undertake and promiſe it, the which (Ah griefe to think thereon) he in leſſe then two months performeth, and ſo this vertuous and harmles young Gentlewoman is moſt unnaturally and treacherouſly bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournfull and lamentable end. Which inhumane murther, we ſhall ſee, God in his due time will miraculouſly detect and ſeverely revenge and puniſh.

Her Hus and *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewailes her death, as alſo all her parents and friends; yea, ſo infinite were her Vertues, and ſo ſweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda* lamented her deceaſe; yet no way ſuſpecting or knowing the violent and extraordinary cauſe thereof.

Nov

Now, whiles others mourne, *Hautefelia* exceedingly triumphs and reioyces hereat: but this bloudy victory ſhall coſt her deare. In the meane time, *Mermanda's* ſingle death can neither quench her revenge, nor ſatisfy her Ambition; for as ſhee liked not the Siſter, ſo ſhe (as before we have partly underſtood) never loved the Brother, her owne husband *de Malleray*; whom ſhe hath obſerved, very bitterly wept & greived at his ſiſter *Mermanda's* death; ſhe therefore, reſolute to adde ſinne to ſinne, reſolves to caſt the apple of diſcord betwixt *Grand Pre* her brother, and *de Malleray* her husband, knowing that if the firſt were ſlaine, ſhee were ſole heire to her father, if the ſecond, ſhee would have a noble Husband; a policie, whoſe invention is as diabolicall, as the execution thereof dangerous.

To which effect ſhe informes her husband, that her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermanda* with his Jealouſy, that he held her to bee the Baron of *Betanford's* ſtrumpet, with whom for the ſame cauſe he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was ſhrewdly ſuſpected he had poyſoned her, the which ſhe once thought for ever to have concealed, but that ſhe knew her husband was, and ought to be neerer to her then her brother. Good God, how far will the malice of this wretched woman extend, or to what a monſtrous height will it grow?

De Malleray greived to the heart for this heart-killing newes becauſe hee ever loved his Siſter as dearly as his owne life, without conſidering and weighing whether his wifes words were droſſe or gold, believes her; and ſo reſolves very ſecretly to acquaint the Preſident his father herewith, thereby thinking and preſuming that hee would by order of Law call *Grand Pre* in queſtion for the fact.

But old *Creſſonuille* (having as well his head in eyes, as his eyes in his head:) ſeeing that this ſuſpition and accuſation had no firme grounds, that it was an intricate buſineſſe to finde out, that it would breed a ſcandall to his family, and eſpecially to his deceaſed daughters reputation, ſith it is the nature of calumnie to ayme at the moſt vertuous perſons, as *Cantharides* doe at the faireſt flowers; that it would take up the duſt of her tombe, and withall breed him an infinite number of potent and powerfull enemies: Therefore grounding his judgment upon theſe reaſons, and his reſolutions upon this his judgment, he holds it beſt to ſmother it in ſilence, and ſo to brooke his daughters death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray ſeeing his father ſo cold in this buſineſſe, began to bee all in fire himſelfe, vowing that he would maintaine the honour, and revenge the death of his onely Siſter *Mermanda*; and his wife *Hautefelia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blowes the coales, and ſets an edge to this his reſolution: when that very inſtant underſtanding his brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, he (conſulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, ſends him this Challenge.

De Malleray to Grand Pre.

I ſhould degenerate both from my honour and bloud, if I were not ſenſible of thoſe wrongs & diſgraces you have offered your Wife and my Siſter; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deſerve more pitty, or your jealouſie contempt and revenge: her death and your conſcience make me as juſtly challenge you, as you have unjuſtly done the Baron of Betanford: *Therefore to morrow at five of the clocke after dinner, at the foot of* Talon-fort, *in the meadow ranked with Walnut trees, bring either a ſingle Rapier, or Rapier & Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds, the equity of my cauſe, and the unjuſtice of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you loſt your bloud neere* Brie-count Robert, *you ſhall now leave your life in the night of* Diion; *Iudge how earneſtly I deſire to trie the temper of your heart and ſword, ſith already I not onely count houres, by minutes.*

De Malleray.

Grand

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extreame wonder to ſee *De Malleray* ſo paſſionate and reſolute; he makes choice of ſingle Rapier, and ſo they meet, where, without any other ceremony they throw off their dublets, and gave them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to ſtay without the next hedge, and not ſtirre from thence, till the death of the one proclaime the other victor.

The Sunne that great and glorious lampe of heaven) ſwiftly poaſts away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpoſe not to ſee, or bee acceſſary to this bloody Tragedie, when our Champions unſheath their ſwords, and diſpoſe themſelves to fight both with judgment and reſolution; *De Malleray* comes up fairely, proffers the firſt thruſt, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the necke, which he aymed fully at the breſt, but that hee bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at firſt gives backe, but ſeeing *de Malleray* inſult and preſſe on him, he reſolutely advanceth, and runnes him through the ſide: but the wound was ſo favourable, as though it cauſed much bloud, yet it brought no danger. They make a ſtand and take breath, and ſo they very reſolutely to it againe: *de Malleray* having hitherto the worſt, doth now reſolve to manage his buſines with leſſe violence and more judgment; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, hee wardes bravely, and taking time at advantage, thruſts him in the left ſhoulder with a wide and deepe wound, but himſelfe is hurt in the left arme with a wound, which ranne from his wreſt to his elbow.

By this time their ſhirts are deepely beſprinkled and gored with their bloud: but this will not appeaſe their courages, they will try againe; for they never thinke enough as long as they can ſtand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatall for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deepe wound under his left pap, which carries his life and ſoule from this world to another; ſo as without ſpeaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre ſeeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and ſo mounts on horſe-backe, and with his Chirurgion poaſts towards *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County, belonging now to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray's* Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Maſter, or at leaſt to convey his dead body to *Diion*, for Preſident *Creſſonville* his father to performe that office.

Who is no ſooner advertiſed of his ſonnes death, but with teares he gives the Parliament to underſtand thereof, and craves juſtice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but hee is not deſirous to loſe his head on a Scaffold: for by this time he hath recovered *Dole*, where having ſtayed ſome three moneths his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true noble Gallant, *Mounſieur le Grand*, his Majeſties Lievetenant of the Province of *Burgundy*) procured and ſent him his pardon.

But in this meane time come we to his ſiſter *Hauteſilia* (the diſgrace of her ſexe, and and the fire-brand of Hell) who no ſooner underſtood the death of her husband, and the flight of her brother, ſhee having hardly the patience to ſee him laid in his grave, and reſolving rather to breake her necke with malice, then her heart with ſorrow, being ſure of her Dowry, packes up her Iewels, Plate, and chiefeſt Baggage, and ſo leaves *Diion*, and goes home to her father neere *Auxone*, where during the age of her father and mother, and the abſence of her brother, ſhe moſt imperiouſly ſwayes and commands all.

But this her authority laſteth not long: for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whoſe returne ſhe findes matters altered, and her greatneſſe and power diminiſhed, and to her griefe ſees that ſhe cannot ſo abſolutely domineere as before; and which was farre worſe, her brother in his abſence at *Dole*, having ſmelt and underſtood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her husband, and likewiſe to himſelfe (though nothing ſuſpecting or dreaming of her poyſoning

ſoning humour) he is ſo farre from acknowledging or reſpecting her for his ſiſter, as he will neither indure her company or ſight; which ſhe making no ſhew to perceive, but like a Fury of hell, as ſhe is, diſſembling her malice and revenge, ſhe is ſtill conſtant, and preſerves in her humour of bloud and murther, and hath againe recourſe to her execrable Apothecary *La Freſnay*, and to the devill her Doctor likewiſe, to make away her brother *Grand Pre* with poyſon, as he had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred crownes to effect it. This damnable Apothecary, loving money well, and (as it ſeemes) the Devill better, doth ingage himſelfe ſpeedily to performe it, and wretched villaine as he is, within two moneths he accompliſheth and finiſheth it: and ſo as *Mermanda* ranne equall fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death: for one deadly Drug, one bloudy Siſter, and one devilliſh Apothecary gives a miſerable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his bloud thirſty ſiſter *Hautefelia* (the author of theſe cruel Murthers and Tragœdies) thinking her ſelfe freed of all her enemies, and of all thoſe who ſtood in the way of her advancement and preferrement, ſhe (neither thinking either of her conſcience or ſoule, of heaven or hell) domineeres farre more then before; yea, builds caſtles in the aire, and flatters herſelfe with this falſe ambition, that ſhe now muſt be a Dutcheſſe, or at leaſt a Counteſſe: But ſhe reckons without God.

We have ſeene, nay we have here glutted our eyes with ſeverall Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hautefelia* to bee the horrible and cruell author, and this execrable *La Freſnay* to be the bloudy actor: theſe crimes of theirs, and the ſmoke of theſe their impious and diſpleaſing ſacrifices, have pierced the clouds, and aſcended the preſence of God, to ſue and draw downe vengeance and confuſion on their heads: for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and diſcover it; for he will make inquiſition for bloud, and will ſeverely and ſharpely revenge the death of his children.

But Gods providence and juſtice in the diſcovery thereof, is as different as miraculous: for ſometimes hee protracts and deferres it of purpoſe, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as ſeems beſt to his inſcrutable wil, and divine pleaſure; or as may chiefly ſerve and tend to his glory: yea, ſomtimes he makes the Murtherer himſelfe as well an inſtrument to diſcover, as he hath beene an actor to commit murther: yea, and many times he puniſheth one ſinne by and in another, and when the Murtherer ſits moſt ſecure, and thinkes leaſt of it, then he heapes coales of fire on his head, and ſuddenly cuts him off with the revenging ſword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and ſoveraigne Iudge of the world, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his foot ſtoole, will no longer permit *Hautefelia* and *La Freſnay* to goe unpuniſhed for theſe their execrable Murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermanda* and her husband *Grand Pre* out of their Graves cry to him for revenge, which, like an impetuous ſtorme, or a terrible Thunderclap, doth in this manner ſuddenly befall and overtake them.

Some ſixe weekes afrer *Grand Pre's* funerals were ſolemnized, whereat his ſiſter *Hautefelia* (the better to cloake her villany) wept bitterly, and was obſerved to be the chiefeſt Mourner, this helliſh Apothecary *La Freſnay*, hauing gotten his mony ſo eaſily, thought to ſpend it as prodigally; and ſo on a time, being in his cups at a Taverne at *Dion*, and his braines ſwelling and ſwimming with ſtrong Wine (as Drunkenneſſe is the Bawd and Vſher to other ſinnes) he ſtealing from the reſt of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a girle of twelve yeares old, being the Vintners daughter of the Taverne wherein he ſate tippling.

This young girle, with millions of teares throwes herſelfe to the feet of her Parents, and accuſeth *La Freſnay* for the fact, who doe the like to thoſe famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: ſo he is apprehended; and being examined, with many vehement and bitter aſſeverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Racke, and at the ſecond torment confeſſeth it, and ſo is condemned to be hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Fryers prepare him for his end: they exhort him not to charge and burthen his ſoule with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveale and repent them in earth, God will remit them in heaven: theſe exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a devill, he will now dye like a Chriſtian: and ſo with many teares revealeth, that at the inſtigation of *Hautefelia*, and for the lucre of five hundred crownes (which at two ſeverall times ſhe gave him) he had poyſoned *Mermanda* and her husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their firſt Sentence, and ſo for his triple villanies condemne *La Freſnay* to be broken alive upon the Wheele, and there to languiſh and dye without being ſtrangled; which in *Diion* is accordingly executed to the full ſatisfaction of Iuſtice.

A Provoſt likewiſe is forthwith diſpatched from *Diion* to *Grandmonts* houſe to apprehend his daughter *Hautefelia*, and God would have it that ſhee was ignorant of *La Freſnay's* apprehenſion, and more, of his death. The Provoſt findes her dancing in her fathers garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies: he ſets hands on her, and ſo exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her ſongs into teares: ſhe is brought to *Diion*, and examined by a Preſident, and two Counſellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murders; ſaith *La Freſnay* is her mortall and profeſſed enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the devill, who hath ſo long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather now cannot ſave her with this poore evaſion: ſhe is adiudged to the Racke, and at the firſt torment confeſſeth it.

The Criminall Iudges of this great and illuſtrious Parliament, in deteſtation of theſe her execrable and bloudy crimes of Murther, pronounce ſentence on her: ſo, after ſhe had repented her ſinnes, and prepared her ſelfe to dye, her paps are ſeared, and torne off with red hot Pincers, then ſhe is hanged, her body burnt, and her aſhes throwne into the aire.

Now to gather ſome profit by reading this Hiſtory, or indeed, rather by the memory of the Hiſtory it ſelfe, let us obſerve, nay let us imprint in our hearts and ſoules how buſie the Devill was by ambition, covetouſneſſe, malice and revenge, to ſeduce and perſwade *Hautefelia* and *La Freſnay* to commit theſe Murthers; and alſo how iuſt God was in the detection and puniſhment thereof, that the feare of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the other: to the end, that as they lived in ſinne, and dyed in ſhame; ſo we may live in righteouſneſſe, and dye in peace, thereby to live in eternall felicity and glory.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE II.

Piſani *betrayeth* Gaſparino *of his Miſtreſſe* Chriſteneta. Gaſparino *challengeth* Piſani *for this diſgrace, and kils him in the field: he after continueth his ſuite to* Chriſteneta *: ſhe diſſembles her malice for* Piſani *his death : ſhe appoints* Gaſparino *to meet her in a Garden, and there cauſeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him : they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

WHere affection hath reaſon for guide, and Vertue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven: but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the liſts of Religion, Men pitty it, Angels lament it, and God himſelfe contemnes it: for if wee are croſſed in our love, why ſhould diſcontent make us deſperate? or to what end ſhould we flie Reaſon to follow Rage, except wee deſire to ride poaſt to Hell, and to end our dayes on a ſhamefull and infamous Scaffold here on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatall miſery to runne from Vice to Vice: Love and Charity are alwayes the true markes of a Chriſtian, and Malice and Revenge, thoſe of an Infidell, or rather of a Devill: but to imbrue our hands in innocent bloud, and to ſeeke the death of others, is to deprive our ſelves of our owne life, as the ſequell of this Hiſtory will declare, which I relate with pitty and compaſſion, ſith I ſee the Stage whereon theſe Tragedies are acted and repreſented, not onely ſprinkled, but goared with great variety and effuſion of bloud.

In *Pavia* (the ſecond City of the Dutchy of *Millan*) the very laſt yeare that *Count Fuentes* (under the King of *Spaine*) was Viceroy of that State, *Signior Thomaſo Vituri*, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one onely child, a daughter of the age of fifteene yeares, named *Dona Chriſteneta*, who was exceeding faire and beautifull, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requiſite in a Gentlewoman of her ranke: ſhe was ſought in marriage by many Gallants of the City: but a Cavalier of *Cremona* muſt beare her away, or at leaſt her affection: The Hiſtory is thus.

Signieur Emanuel Gaſperino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Vituri* his wealth, and of his daughter *Chriſteneta's* Beauty and Vertues (the Adamants and Load-ſtones to draw mens affections) reſolveth with himſelfe to ſeeke her for his wife: he acquaints none herewith, but an intimate deare friend of his, a young Gentleman of the ſame City, named *Signior Ludovicus Piſani*, by deſcent a *Venetian*, whom he prayes to aſſiſt and accompany him to *Pavia*, in ſeeking and courting the faire *Chriſteneta* his Miſtreſſe. *Piſani* tearmes himſelfe much honoured and obliged to *Gaſparino*, and very willingly grants his requeſt; and ſo they prepare for their journey.

They come to *Pavia*: *Vituri* bides *Gaſparino* welcome, and entertaines him reſpectfully and courteouſly, as alſo *Piſani*; he thankes *Gaſparino* for the honour he doth him in ſeeking his daughter, and like a carefull father takes time to conſult hereon: but for *Chriſteneta*, ſhe lookes not ſo pleaſing nor pleaſantly on him as he expecteth; he is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections, but he findes her cold in her diſcourſe and anſwers, and very malancholy and penſive: he courts her often (and after the *Italian* faſhion, with variety of Muſicke, Ditties, and ayres) but ſtill he findes her averſe, and contrary to his deſires, as if her thoughts were otherwiſe fixed. *Gaſparino* knowes not how to winne her affection, nor how to beare himſelfe herein; he conſults with *Piſani*, and prayes him to conferre with *Chriſteneta*, and to ſound her affection: But it proves often dangerons, ſtill indiſcretion, to truſt a freind in this caſe.

Piſani promiſeth to performe the office of a friend, and to conferre effectually with *Chriſteneta*; he ſeekes opportunity and place, and finds both; he ſets out to her *Gaſparino's* merits, and paints foorth his praiſes, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which hee thinkes may any way advance his friends content and affection: but hee findes *Chriſteneta's* minde perplexed and troubled; for ſhee often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red againe: yet hee obſerves that her eyes are ſtill ſtedfaſtly fixed on him: hee prayes her that ſhe will returne a pleaſing anſwer for him to carry to his friend, and her lover *Gaſparino*.

Chriſteneta would willingly ſpeake, but cannot, for her heart and paps beat and paint, and her ſighes very confuſedly interrupt her words; but at laſt, dying her Lilly cheekes with a Vermillian bluſh, ſhee tells him that ſhe is not ignorant of *Gaſparino's* merits, who deſerves farre her better, but that ſhee cannot conſent to love him, in reſpect ſhee hath fixed, but not ingaged her affection on another. *Pijani* ſtill extolleth his friend *Gaſparino* to the skie, and for all honorable parts preferres him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy*; and withall, with much induſtry and inſinuation, endeavours to requeſt and draw *Chriſteneta* to name him her ſervant, which ſhe once thought to have done, had not Modeſty (the ſweeteſt and moſt precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time with-held her, when after two or three deepe ſighes (the outward Heraldes of her inward paſſions) ſhe told him thus.

Piſani, it is a deare and neare friend of yours who is the firſt that I have, and the laſt that I will affect; but I will not at preſent name him, onely if you pleaſe to meet me ſecretly to morrow, at eight of the clocke in the morne, in the Nunnes garden at Saint *Clare*, I will there informe you who it is: but in the meane time, and ever, forbeare to ſollicite me any more for *Gaſparino*, ſith he ſhall not be my ſervant, nor will I be his Miſtreſſe: and ſo for that time they part, and he confidently promiſeth to meet her.

Gaſparino demands *Piſani* how hee findes his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*: Hee anſweres faithfully according as ſhe told him; but conceales their appoynted meeting in the Nunnes garden: and now becauſe hee ſeeth it labour loſt to reſearch *Chriſteneta*, hee will not bee obſtinate in his ſuit, but will give a law to his paſſions and affections, rather then they ſhall preſcribe any to him, and ſo reſolves to take leave of her, becauſe as well by her ſelfe, as by her father and mother, and now cheifely by *Piſani*, hee ſees ſhee is otherwiſe bent and affected, to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returnes to *Cremona*. Leave we therefore *Gaſparino* to his thoughts, and come we to thoſe of *Piſani* and *Chriſteneta*, to ſee, what their garden conference will bring forth.

Piſani cannot immagine what friend of his it ſhould be that *Chriſteneta* loveth, but ſhe knowes enough for them both; and it may be, too much for her ſelfe: ſhe knowes it at leaſt an immodeſt, if not abold part for her to court *Piſani*, who ought rather to court her: but ſhee thinkes it both wiſdome and duty to give way to that which ſhe cannot avoyd and prevent, and ſo preferres the zeale of her affection before the reſpect of her modeſty, but that which makes her ſo reſolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to ſee that *Gaſparino* hath found *Piſani* to ſolicite for him to her, and ſhee can finde none but her ſelfe to ſolicite for her ſelfe to *Piſani*: therefore bold in this her reſo-

reſolution, ſhe beares ſo deepe and ſo deare an affection to *Piſani*, that ſhe thinkes every moment an houre, and every houre an age, before ſhe ſee *Piſani*, that one perſon of the World, whom ſhe loves more deare then all the world. Thus wiſhing night day, her houſe the Nunnery, and her chamber the garden: ſhee with much impatient patiency awayts the houre of eight, which ſhe knowes will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her miſery, her life or her death.

The clock ſtrikes eight: *Chriſteneta* takes her Prayer-booke, and her Wayting-maid, and ſo trips away to the Nunnery; but ſhe doth now diſpenſe with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in ſeeing and injoying the deſired company of *Piſani*, whom ſhe eſteemes the life of her content, and the content of her life, and ſo forſakes the Church, to goe to the Garden: *Piſani*, who never failed of his houre and promiſe to men, doth now diſdaine to miſſe thereof to a Lady: for *Chriſteneta* hath ſcarce made three paces in the walkes of the Garden, but ere the fourth be finiſhed, ſhe ſees *Piſani* enter, ſhe bluſhes at his ſight, and he growes pale at her bluſhes; he findes her in a bower of Sycamors, Cypreſſes, and Vines, decked within with Roſes, Lillyes, and Gilly-flowers, hee gives her the good-morrow and the ſalute, the which, with a modeſt and ſweet courteſie, ſhe receives and returns; he tels her he is come to performe his promiſe, and if it pleaſe her, to receive hers: ſhe would faine anſwer him, but her cheekes give bluſhes, where her tongue ſhould words; but at laſt, darting a ſweet looke on him (which was the Embaſſadour and Herald of her heart) ſhe diſcovereth her ſelfe to him thus.

The perſon (*Piſani*) on whom I have fixed and ſetled my affection, doth exceedingly reſemble you, is of your owne bloud, and of your neareſt and deareſt acquaintance. *Piſani* preſſeth her to know his name; when after many glances, ſighes, and bluſhes, ſhee tels him, his name is *Piſani*, and himſelfe the man, prayes him to pardon her boldneſſe, and to give an honourable interpretation and conſtruction to her affection, adding withall, that when ſhe firſt ſaw him, ſhe loved him; and now prayes him to be pleaſed, that *Chriſteneta* may be a ſolicitor for herſelfe to *Piſani*, and not *Piſani* to *Chriſteneta* for *Gaſparino*; yea, ſhe confirmes her words with many ſighes, and againe her ſighs with many teares, which trickle downe her beautifull cheekes, like pearled drops of deaw upon bluſhing damaske Roſes.

Piſani wonders at this unexpected newes, and knowes not how to beare himſelfe in a buſineſſe of this nature; he ſees that her beauty deſerves love, and her deſcent and vertues reſpect: but withall, he is not ſo diſhonourable to betray his friend; he wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that ſhe deſerves a more noble husband then himſelfe, but ſeeing her languiſh for an anſwer, he returns her this: *Although I acknowledge my ſelfe infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you pleaſe to honor me, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection, ſo* Chriſteneta *muſt excuſe* Piſani, *ſith he cannot be a ſervant to her, but he muſt be a traytor to* Gaſparino; *and that reſpect excepted, in requitall of your favour, I will eſteeme my ſelfe happy if I may loſe my life for your ſervice.*

Yet he is not ſo unkinde, but gives her a kiſſe or two at farewell, which as much delights *Chriſteneta*, as his refuſall doth afflict her: ſo they part. The reſt, time muſt bring forth.

Now although *Gaſparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forſake his affection to *Chriſteneta*, but cheriſheth her memory, and in heart adoreth her Idæa; yea he loves her deeply and dearely, and indeed her perfections and beauty deſerve love: but ſuch is *Chriſteneta's* affection to *Piſani*, as ſhe can take no truce of her thoughts: but deſpight of diſcretion and modeſty (which perſwade and counſell her to the contrary) ſhe within tenne dayes after purpoſely ſends a confident Meſſenger to him, to *Cremona* with this Letter:

CHRISTINETA to PISANI.

FInde it not ſtrange, that I ſecond my laſt ſpeech with this my firſt Letter, and thinke, that were not my affection intire and conſtant, I ſhould not thus attempt to reveale it to you in lines, which bluſh not, as my cheekes doe, when I write them. I ſhould offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth, if I tell you not that it is impoſſible for Chriſteneta *to love any but* Piſani, *whom I no ſooner ſaw, but deeply admired and dearely affected. Now ſith my zeale to you is begunne in vertue, and ſhall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my ſelfe with hope, that you will not enforce me to deſpaire: for if I am not ſo happy to be yours, I muſt be ſo unfortunate never to be mine owne. Iudge what your abſence is to me, ſith your preſence is my chiefeſt felicity: which makes me both deſire and wiſh, that you were either in* Pavia *or I in* Cremona. *I can prefixe and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her who loves you dearely, otherwiſe, whatſoever you thinke, I know, your unkindneſſe to me will be meere cruelty.*

CHRISTINETA.

Piſani receiveth this Letter: he wonders at her affection, and now conſults betwixt *Chriſtineta's* love to him, and his reſpect to *Gaſparino*: he at firſt holds it incivility not to anſwer her Letter, and yet is very unwilling, in doing her right to wrong his friend: but at laſt peruſing her Letter, againe he findes it ſo kinde, as he deemes it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to returne her an anſwer: and therfore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus.

PISANI to CHRISTINETA.

YOu diſcover me as much affection as I ſhould treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that conſideration, which muſt tend as well to mine owne honour, as to your content, I would not ſticke to ſay, that Piſani *loves* Chriſtineta, *becauſe ſhe deſerves to be beloved; onely give me leave to informe you, that as you are too farre to be refuſed, ſo I am too honeſt to betray my friend, eſpecially ſuch a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I aſſured of his. Could time reconcile theſe difficulties with my reputation, my heart would inſtantly command my penne to ſignifie you, that I deſire to give you hope, and take away your deſpaire; and withall, that* Pavia, *is more pleaſing to me then* Cremona, *ſith* Chriſteneta *lives in it, and* Piſani *in her. I was never heretofore cruell to any, neither doe I reſolve to be unkind to you: for how can I, ſith I as truely vow to honour you, as you profeſſe to love me? live you in this aſſurance, and I will dye in the ſame.*

PISANI.

Time with a ſwift foot vaniſheth and paſſeth away; but *Chriſteneta's* affection to *Piſani* cannot: ſhe in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope breake forth thorow the obſcure clouds of her deſpaire; but feare doth as ſoone eclipſe and ſtrangle, as propagate and produce it; onely, deſpight all apprehenſion and oppoſition, her thoughts doe ſtill gaze and look on *Piſani*, as the Needle of the compaſſe doth to the North; ſo as ſhe can reſt in no true tranquillity of mind, before ſhe writes to him againe; the which, ſome fifteene dayes after, ſhe doth to this effect.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

I May paſſe the bounds of diſcretion, but will not exceed thoſe of honour. I have ever learn'd to retaine this Maxime, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live, I muſt breath the aire of your love, as well as this of my life, ſith it is the prime and ſole cauſe thereof, as the Sunne is of the light. Your Letter I finde ſo full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not

wherefore

wherefore to hope, or why not to deſpaire: could you dive as deepely into my heart, as I have into your merits, if nature doe not, pitty would informe you, that you ought to preferre the love of a Lady before the reſpect of a Gentleman, eſpecially ſith he may carry his heart from you, and I deſire to bring and preſent mine to you: and how can your abſence either rejoyce or comfort mee, ſith your preſence will not? Thinke what you pleaſe, either of me, or of your ſelfe; onely give me leave to tell you, that I finde doubt a ſtep, and degree to deſpaire, as deſpaire is to death: I write rather with teares then Inke. If you will not live my Saint, I muſt dye your Martyr.

CHRISTENETA.

At the receipt of this ſecond Letter (which was ſo ſweetly pleaſing, and pleaſingly ſweet to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarkes and defences of his reſpect to *Gaſparino* razed and beaten downe, and a faire breach made and layd open for *Chriſteneta* to enter and take poſſeſſion of the Caſtle of his heart; ſo now at one inſtant he performes two ſeverall attempts: for the farther he flies from his friend *Gaſparino*, the nearer he approacheth to his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*; and therefore now wholly imparadiſing his thoughts in the garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefeſt light of his content and felicity from the relucent luſtre of her eyes, hee thinkes it high time, no longer to beare out his Flag of defiance, but to ſtrike ſaile, and doe homage to the ſoveraigne of his thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purpoſely ſends her in anſwer of hers by his Page.

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

YOur vertue and beauty is enough powerfull to prevaile with me: but your affection, which addes grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my reſpect to Gaſparino, *to remember my love to* Chriſteneta: *but that which gives life to this my reſolution, is, that it is impoſſible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you ſhall not be my Martyr, but my Miſtris, and I will be both your Saint and your ſervant: for as you deſire to live in my favour, ſo my chiefeſt ambition and zeale is to dye in your affection: that which heaven makes me affirme, earth ſhall not enforce me deny. I will ſhortly follow, and ſecond this my Letter; till when, you can never ſo much lament my abſence, as I deſire your preſence. Let this be your true conſolation, ſith it is my ſole delight and chiefeſt felicity.*

PISANI.

If *Piſani* his firſt Letter overthrew *Chriſteneta's* deſpaire, this his ſecond revives and confirmes her hopes; ſo that whereas heretofore ſhee condemned her preſumption in writing to *Piſani*, ſhe now not onely applauds her reſolution therein, but alſo bleſſeth the houre that ſhe attempted it; yea, ſhe buildeth ſuch caſtles of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her ſoule, to thinke that ſhe ſhould be his Wife, and he her Huſband, that ſhe anticipateth the houres, and blames the dayes for not preſenting her with the ſight and preſence of her ſweet *Piſani*, whom, above all earthly contents, ſhe chiefely deſireth.

Now if *Chriſteneta* were thus perplexed with the abſence of her *Piſani*, no leſſe is he with that of his *Chriſteneta*: for remembring the freſhneſſe of her youth, and the ſweetneſſe of her beauty, he in conceipt hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved, and now loveth *Pavia*, which before he hated: it is as great a griefe to him to be with his other affaires without her, as it would rejoyce him to be with her without them: yea, ſhe runnes ſo deepely in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodeſty) he either wiſheth himſelfe impaled in her armes, or ſhe incloyſtered in his. And now to performe as much as his Letter hath promiſed, he, without thinking or reſpecting of his old friend *Gaſparino*, prepares all things ready to goe ſee his new Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*.

He comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or foure of his neereſt and deareſt friends, viſiteth

viſiteth *Chriſteneta*, whom he ſaluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable and amorous complements: She is joyfull, yea raviſhed with his arrivall: hee doth aſſure her of his perpetuall affection, and reciprocally himſelfe of hers; yea, ſhe ſo infinitely delights in his preſence, and he ſo extreamely in hers, that ſhe now freely gives her ſelfe to *Piſani*, and he in exchange, as abſolutely takes himſelfe from *Gaſparino*, to give himſelfe to *Chriſteneta*: ſo as ſhee rejoycing in her purchaſe, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordayned of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Piſani* to be poſſeſſed of *Chriſteneta's* favour: for he muſt likewiſe obtaine that of her parents, before either hee can enioy his wiſhes, or ſhe her deſires, and ſo he goes honourably and ſecretly to worke with them: but he findes them not ſo tractable as *Chriſteneta* hoped, or himſelfe deſired: for old *Vituri* her father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, diſlikes this motion, alledging that *Piſani's* father dyed exceedingly in debt, that his chiefeſt Landes were ingaged and morgaged; that hee had many great Legacies to pay to his ſiſters, but which was worſt of all, that *Piſani* himſelfe loved the Court better then the Country, and that in his expences and apparell hee was extreamely prodigall, and frugall in neither: which conſiderations ſo ſwayed the Judgment and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better match for his daughter, hee gives *Piſani* to underſtand, that as yet hee hath no intent to marry his daughter, alledging her few yeares, and the like triviall reaſons and excuſes, whereby *Piſani* might plainely perceive, that hee had no intent to give him his daughter.

This refuſall of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Piſani*, and afflict *Chriſteneta* ſo as they ſee their hopes nipt in their bloſſomes, and their deſires not in the way to r ape ſuch effects as they expected. *Piſani* diſtruſting hi owne power, ſets his parents and chiefeſt frinds to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto reaſon: but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his Judgement, and not his paſſion, ſuggeſteth him: they have diverſe conferences, but every day, inſteed of bringing hopes, produceth more difficalties and deſpayre; and now that *Piſani* may ſee that his ſute and reſearch is diſpleaſing to *Vituri*, he lookes not on him with ſo courteous an eye as accuſtomed: and which is worſe, *Chriſteneta* is forbidden his company, and he her fathers houſe.

This goes to the hearts of our two lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to theſe their diſcontents and afflictions. In the meane while, as fire ſuppreſſed doth often flame forth with more violence, ſo, ſith they cannot perſonally viſite one the other, they entertaine their affections by their Letters, who are ſo many in number, as I hold it fit rather to ſuppreſſe then divulge them. Thus whiles *Piſani* comforts himſelfe, that there are no roſes without prickles, and that hopes long expected are beſt welcome, but chiefely relying upon the affection and conſtancie of his Miſtreſſe: hee will not ſtaine his valour with this poynt of cowardize, to be put off with the firſt repulſe of *Vituri*, but reſolveth to continue as conſtant in his affection, as he doth in his refuſall; and ſo after he had ſtayed a month or two in *Cremona*, he bethinkes himſelfe of an invention whereby it is not impoſſible for him to obtaine his Miſtreſſe of her father.

Piſani being inriched with the treaſure of *Chriſtineta's* favour and affection, writes to her, that if ſhee can obtaine her mothers conſent, ſhe peradventure may eaſily procure that of her husband; who hearkening and reliſhing this advice with much zeale, puts it a foote; and as in few dayes ſhe gained her Mother, ſo a moneth was not fully paſt, before ſhee had likewiſe drawne her husband to approve and conſent to this Match: So now our Lovers are againe revived and comforted; for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed, and the parents of both ſides fully ſatisfied, all things now ſeeme in ſo faire a forwardneſſe and preparation; as if our two Lovers were ſhortly to injoy each other in mariage, or to inioy the fruits of marriage, which ſo earneſtly and infinitely both affected and deſired.

To

To which end, that their nuptials might bee ſolemnized with the greater pompe and glory, they provide themſelves of variety of rich and ſumptuous Apparell, the day is appoynted, and all the nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their kindsfolkes as others) are invited to the Wedding: but their Parents ſhall come ſhort of their deſings, and theſe our two Lovers of their hopes: for this Mariage being not begunne in heaven, ſhall never be finiſhed nor conſummated in earth.

Wee have here ſo much ſpoken of *Piſani*, that it ſeemes wee have quite forgotten *Gaſparino*, as if hee had no farther part to act in this Hiſtory; but hee is not ſo fortunate: for this proceeding of *Piſani* to *Chriſteneta* is not ſo ſecretly managed, but hee hath newes thereof, who knowing there can bee no greater treaſon, after that of a ſubiect to his Soveraigne, then for a friend to betray his friend, he grieves, and is extreamly incenſed at *Piſani*, to ſee hee hath betrayed him of his Miſtreſſe; the which he takes ſo bitterly and paſſionately, that he vowes hee will make him repent it. Iealouſie and Revenge are alwaies bad Counſellors, and therefore can never prove good Iudges: But ſuch is his love to *Chriſteneta*, and ſo deeply is her beauty imprinted and ingraven in his heart, as ſhutting his judgement to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is reſolved, at what price ſoever, to call *Piſani* to a ſtrict account for this affront and diſgrace, and is reſolved rather to dy, then live to ſee himſelf thus abuſed, by one whom God and nature hath made his inferior. Were we as apt to doe good as evill, we ſhould bee Angels, not men; but reſembling our ſelves (or rather harkening too much to the Prince of darkneſſe) wee fly reaſon to follow rage, and many times procure our owne diſtruction, in ſeeking that of others.

Gaſparino having thus his eyes and ſences ore clouded and vayled with the miſt of revenge, is tranſported with ſuch bloudy paſſions and reſolutions, as he is ſometimes reſolved to piſtoll *Piſani*, either in the ſtreete, or in his bed, and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murther him the next time hee rids into the Country: but at laſt caſting his eyes from hell to heaven, and from Satan to God, hee trampleth thoſe excrable reſolutions under his feete, and baniſheh them from his heart and thoughts, eſteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the world, if he ſhould commit them: and ſo for that time enters in a reſolution with himſelfe: no more to thinke on *Chriſteneta*, and leſſe to bee revenged of *Piſani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gaſparino* continued in this peaceable and Chriſtian-like mind, hee had not expoſed himſelfe to ſo many dangers and misfortunes, nor given himſelfe as a prey to feede the malice and revenge of his bloody enemies: but now underſtanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* pratled and laughed at his diſgrace, in ſeeing him thus baffled and abuſed by *Piſani*, hee thinkes that not onely himſelfe, but his honour is diſparaged, and wronged herein, and that he ſhall be extreamely condemned of cowardize, if in a Duell he call not *Piſany* to right him, and give him ſatisfaction: yea the onely conſideration of this poynt of honour (which many times is bought and ſold at ſo deare a price, as the perill and loſſe both of body and ſoule) did ſo violently perſwade and prevaile with him, that as revenge admits of no oppoſition, nor hearkens to any advice, ſo enquiring for *Piſani*, and underſtanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more incouraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a reſolute and confident Gentleman, and one onely Lackey, ſets ſpurres to his Horſe, and ſo hyes thither, reſolving with himſelfe to gaine his Honour in the ſame City, where hee had received his diſgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is aſſured that *Piſani* is in the City, and inquiring more curiouſly after him, hee underſtands, that, that very inſtant hee is with his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*, which ſo galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as hee was once reſolved that very inſtant to ſend him a Challenge, and the ſooner, becauſe *Chriſteneta* might be an eye-witneſſe of the delivery thereof: but to ſpeake truth, Paſſion could not finde a better oportunity, nor Iudgement a worſe, for him to draw his malicious con-

contemplation into bloudy and impious action; and therefore reſpecting *Chriſteneta*, although ſhee had refuſed to reſpect him, and fearing if ſhee had the leaſt notice or inkling thereof, ſhe loved her *Piſani* ſo dearely, as ſhe would hinder and prevent him from running into ſo imminent a danger, hee all that day huſh'd himſelfe up privately in his Inne, deferring the ſending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his coſin *Sebaſtiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) hee prayes him inſtantly to finde out *Piſani*, and to deliver it to him as ſecretly and as fairely as he could.

Sebaſtiano being no novice in theſe occaſions and accidents, repaires to *Piſani* his Lodging, and finds him as he was iſſuing forth his Chamber, whom hee ſalutes, and delivers *Gaſparino's* Challenge faſt ſealed. *Piſani* with a conſtant carriage, and firme countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seales, ſteps aſide and reades theſe Lines:

GASPARINO to PISANI.

YOu have given the firſt breach to our friendſhip: for ſith you have treacherouſly bereaved me of my Miſtris, you muſt now both in honour and juſtice, either take my life, or yeeld me yours in requitall: If you conſider your owne ingratitude, you cannot taxe, much leſſe condemne this my reſolution: the Place, the Weſt end of the Parke; the Houre, foure or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you pleaſe, two ſingle Rapiers, whereof bring you one and I the other, and I will be content to take the refuſall, to give you the choyce. If your courage anſwer your infidelity, you will not refuſe to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Piſani having received and peruſed this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerefully, without any motion or ſhew of alteration, either in his ſpeeches or countenance, turnes to *Sebaſtiano*, and ſpeakes to him thus, Sir, I pray tell *Gaſparino* from me, that my ſelfe and Second will with ſingle Rapiers meet him and his, at the houre and place appoynted.

Sebaſtiano returnes: and *Piſani* having accepted the Challenge, beares it ſo ſecretly, as *Chriſteneta* (the other halfe of his heart) underſtandes not hereof: he findes out his deare and intimate friend *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman, iſſued of a very noble Family of *Millan*, who accompanyed him from *Cremona*, to whom hee relates the whole effect of this buſineſſe, ſhewing him *Gaſparino's* Challenge, and requeſting him to honour him ſo much as to ſecond him in this quarrell. *Sfondrato* very cheerefully and freely offereth, and ingageth himſelfe; and ſo about noone *Sebaſtiano* and himſelfe, like honorable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers: but bare it ſo ſecretly and diſcreetly, as none whatſoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their reſolutions. The hower approching, they all take horſe, and that day *Piſani*, becauſe hee would bee no way prevented and hindred, doth purpoſely refraine to viſit his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*. They poaſt to the Parke as to a Wedding, being the place of *Rendez-vous* of their meeting (ſo famous for the defeat of the French, and taking Priſoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth.)

Gaſparino and *Sebaſtiano* are firſt in the Field: but *Piſani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after: ſo they all tye up their Horſes to the hedge, pull off their Spurres, and cut away the timber-heeles of their Bootes, that they might not trip, but ſtand firme in their play: But ere they beginne, the Seconds ſearch the principalls, and they the Seconds, ſo they throw off their Dubl ets. and appeare all in their ſhirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were reſolved to make death feare them.

By this time *Gaſparino* and *Piſani* draw: they make their approaches, and ts the firſt incounter *Piſani* is hurt in the out-ſide of the left arme, and *Gaſparino* in the right flanck,

flanke, the bloud whereof appeared not, but fell into his hoſe: they againe ſeparate themſelves, and now trye their fortunes afreſh; here *Piſani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs the other in the brawne of his right arme, and *Gaſparino* one deepe one in his left ſhoulder; but theſe ſlight hurts they onely eſteeme as ſcarres not as wounds, and therefore ſeeing their ſhirts but ſprinkled, not dyed with their blouds, they couragiouſly come on againe; but this bout proves favourable to them both; for *Gaſparino* wards *Piſani's* thruſts from him, and onely runnes *Piſani* thorow the hoſe, without doing him any other harme: and ſo they cloſe, which *Piſani* doth purpoſely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sunne in his backe, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their ſtations, neither can they yet imagine to whoſe ſide fortune will incline, they being well-neare as equall in wounds as courage; and now *Piſani* and *Gaſparino* dreſſing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, beginne againe to make tryall of whom Victory is reſolved to ſmile; but they alter the manner of the fight; for now *Gaſparino* fights with judgement, and not with fury, and *Piſani* with fury, and not with judgement, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverſe their grounds; *Piſani* is ſo violent, as hee hath almoſt put himſelfe out of breath, but *Gaſparino* is ſo wary and cautelous, as hee contents himſelfe to breake his thruſts, and reſolves not to make any but to the purpoſe, and upon manifeſt advantage; the iſſue anſwereth his hopes and expectation: for at the very next incounter, as *Piſani* runnes *Gaſparino* in the necke, he runnes *Piſani* thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his ſword meeting with *Cava-Vena* (which leades directly to the heart) makes a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and his ſoule, and ſo hee falls ſtarke dead to the ground. *Gaſparino* knowing him diſpatched, ſheathes up his rapier. But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion runne to his aſſiſtance, but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vaine: for *Piſani* his life had forſaken his body, and his ſoule was already fled from this world to another.

Whiles *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were ſtretching out the dead body of *Piſani*, and covering it up with their Cloake, *Sebaſtiano* runnes to *Gaſparino* and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his vallour to the skie: But *Gaſparino* tells him, that theſe prayſes appertaine not to him, but to a higher providence, and withall prayes him to be carefull, and to mannage his life both with courage and diſcretion; and for himſelfe, finding his wounds, no way deſperate nor dangerous, hee is reſolved not to ſuffer his Chirurgion to binde them up, till hee ſee the iſſue of the Combate betwixt his faithfull friend *Sebaſtiano* and *Sfondrato*,

By this time *Sfondrato* thinkes it high time to beginne: and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Piſani*, but rather incouraged and reſolved to ſell it dearely on the life of *Sebaſtiano*; hee drawes, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebaſtiano* meetes him halfe way with a very freſh and cheerefull countenance, and ſo they approach one to the other: at their firſt incounter, *Sebaſtiano* gives *Sfrondrato* a large and wide wound on his right ſide, but receives another from him thorow the left arme, a little above the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* powred forth more bloud; and to briefe, they both give and take divers wounds, and performe the parts of valorous Gentlemen.

But in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one ſide, but will make both parties loſers, to ſhew that he is diſpleaſed with theſe their bloudy actions, and uncharitable reſolutions, which though Honour ſeeme to excuſe, yet religion cannot; after they had three ſeverall times taken breath, *Sebaſtiano* advancing a faire thruſt to *Sfondrato's* breſt, which onely pierced his ſhirt, and ravelled his skinne: *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournefull intereſt, for hee ranne him thorow at the ſmall of the belly, and ſo nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our foure Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gaſparino* would have exchanged a thruſt or two with him: the which cer-

certainely hee had performed: But *Gaſparino* finding that the loſſe of ſo much bloud made him then weak, and that it was now more then time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent tranſporting of their dead frinds, that night to *Pavia:* they, without ſpeaking word one to the other, commit themſelves to their Chirurgions, and ſo their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and, to ſave themſelves from the danger of the Law, they take horſe, and poaſt away, *Gaſparino* to *Parma* and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, from whence they reſolve not to ſtirre, before their frinds have procured and ſent them their pardons.

Leave we them there: and to follow the ſtreame of this Hiſtory, come we to *Cremona* and *Pavia*, which rings with the newes of the iſſues of theſe lamentable and tragicall combates; *Piſani* and *Sebaſtiano* are infinitely bewailed of their parents, and lamented of their frinds, yea of their very enemies themſelves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all theſe teares are nothing, in compariſon of thoſe which our faire *Chriſteneta* ſheds for the death of her ſweet *Piſani*: For her griefes are ſo infinitely bitter, as ſhee teares her haire, disfigureth her face, weepes, mournes, howles, and cries ſo extremely that ſorrow her ſelfe would grieve to ſee her ſorrow; yea, ſhe forſakes and abandoneth all company, throwes off all her rich and glittering garments, and takes on mournfull and ſad apparrell: ſo as all the perſwaſions of the world are not capable to give her the leaſt ſhaddow of conſolation: for as ſhee affirmes, ſhee neither will, nor can be comforted; onely amidſt her teares, if ſhee admit, or permit any paſſion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choller and revenge againſt *Gaſparino*, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her deare and ſweet *Piſani*, whom ſhee loved a thouſand times more deare and tenderly then her ſelfe, and of him ſhe vowes to be revenged in the higheſt degree: Whereby wee may here in *Chriſteneta* ſee the old phraſe made good, and verefyed; That there is no affection nor hatred to that of a Woman: for where they love, they love dearely; and where they hate, hate deadly: But leave we her to her ſorrowes, and come we againe to *Gaſparino*, who in ſhort time, having obtained his pardon, returnes from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where hee is joyfully received of his parents and friends.

He is no ſooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Chriſteneta's* beauty doth flouriſh and revive in his heart; for although ſhe had loved another, yet he could affect none but her ſelfe: when letting paſſe ſome ſixe or eight moneths, and hoping that time, (which is ſubject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her teares, and blow away her ſighes for the death of *Piſani*; hee reſolues to renew his old ſuit to her, to which end he viſits her firſt by frinds, next by letters, and then in perſon. *Chriſteneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) diſſembles her love to *Piſani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and taketh a pride to ſee how diſcreetly and cloſely ſhe beares her malice: But our wiſdome in ſinne proves meere folly in the eyes of God, which though ſhee will not now acknowledge, yet ſhee ſhall hereafter bee inforced to doe it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being reſolute in her inveterate indignation, her malice doth ſo out-brave her charity, and her revenge her religion, as ſhee cannot finde any reſt in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her minde, before ſhee ſee the death of *Gaſparino* make amends and ſatisfaction for that of *Piſani*.

Gaſparino having the eyes of his judgment hood-winked, and not foreſeeing how dangerous it is to repoſe and rely on the favour of an incenſed enemy (as our judgments are never cleareſt when we approach our ruine) is very importunate with *Chriſtencta*, that he may meet and conferre privately with her, which indeed is the onely opportunity that in heart ſhee hath ſo ſong deſired: and now it is that ſhe conſpires his ruine, and plots his deſtruction, wherein (perchance) ſeeking his death, ſhe may procure her owne.

Diſſembling Wretch as ſhe is, ſhe ſeemes to be vanquiſhed with his importunity; and therefore to ſhew her ſelfe courteous and kinde to him, ſhe appoynts him to meet her in the Nunnes Garden at ſixe of the clocke in the morning. But what courteſy, what

what kindneſſe is this, to have honey in the tongue, and poyſon in the heart? For ſhe preſently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duckets to murther him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her ſoule and her God, becomes the Author of ſo execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gaſparino, drowning his ſences and underſtanding in the contemplation of the content he ſhould receive in injoying his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta's* company, thinkes the night long ere the day appeare, and although the evening were faire and cleare, yet in the morne, *Aurora* had no ſooner leapt from the watry bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-caſt and vayled with obſcure clouds, which impriſon the Sunne and his golden beames, purpoſely not to behold ſo bloudy a Tragedie, as was then to be acted.

Chriſteneta (who could not ſleepe for revenge) is ſtirring in the morne betimes, and ſo is *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nunnes Garden, ſhe walking in the Alleyes, and they hiding themſelves out of ſight: At laſt the Clocke ſtrikes ſixe, and immediately in comes *Gaſparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his ſide; he courts and ſalutes *Chriſteneta* with many amorous ſpeeches, and ſweet Complements; ſhe prepares to receive him: but in ſtead of curteous entertainement, gives him a bloudy welcome: Her words (or rather her watch-words) are theſe: *Gaſparino* (quoth ſhee) *this Garden is the place where I had my firſt conference with* Piſani, *and where I purpoſe to have my laſt with you*: At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* ruſh forth of a Bowre, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet; but he had firſt the leiſure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himſelfe, giving each of them ſeveral wounds. *Chriſteneta* ſeeing *Gaſparino* felled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, ſhe runnes to him, thruſts her Handkercher into his mouth, and to ſhew herſelfe more like a Tygre then a Woman, and a Devill then a Chriſtian, ſhe with a ſmall Ponyard, or Stilleto, ſtabs him many times thorow the body, and ſpurning him with her feet, utters this revengefull and bloudy ſpeech: *This I ſacrifice to the memory of my deare Love Piſani.* And ſo *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murdered body of *Gaſparino*, and tying a great ſtone to it, threw it into the Well of the Garden; and the better to conceale this damnable act, they flye by a Poſterne doore: and *Chriſteneta* thinking to cover and ſhrowd her ſinne, under the cloake of Piety and devotion, forſakes the Garden; and ſo, unſeene of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nunnes Church, where ſhee falls on her knees; but with ſo prophane a devotion, as ſhe did no way repent, but rather triumph at this Murther: But this her hypocriſy ſhall coſt her deare.

Wee have here ſeene this horrible and cruell Murther committed and acted, and the Murtherers themſelves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes: Yea, *Chriſteneta* gloryeth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money; ſo as they now thinke themſelves free, and paſt all danger: but they ſhall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine providence hath decreed otherwiſe. And here we come to the detection and puniſhment of this Murther; wherein Gods mercy and juſtice, his providence and his glory, doe moſt miraculouſly ſhine and appeare.

The Nunnes being in their Cells at their Oraiſons, heare the flynking of ſwords, and ſo they advertiſe their Abbeſſe or Governeſſe thereof, who gives the Alarum in the houſe. They deſcend to the Garden, to ſee what this rumour might be: they finde the Poſterne open, and the Alleyes very much ſprinkled and gored with bloud; they ſuſpect Murther, but neither finde nor ſee any, either living or dead: they ſend to acquaint the Prefect and Provoſt of the City herewith, who repaire to the Garden, and (as before) finde much bloud, but ſee no body: they make ſtrict inquiry and ſearch in the Ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but finde nothing, only they forget to ſearch the Well: Then, to finde what thoſe Fighters were, they thinke of a Policie, as worthy of them, as they of their office, they give a ſecret charge to all the

chirurgions of the city to reveale them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be cured; whereupon *Rhanutio*, one of the chiefeſt Chirurgions, informes them, that he, about an houre ſince, had dreſſed *Bianco* & *Brindoli* (two ſouldiers of the city) of nine ſeverall wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provoſt advertiſed hereof, cauſe them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had conſulted. They enquire who wounded them: They anſwer, they had a Quarrell betwixt themſelves, and ſo they fought it out. Being demanded againe, where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Chriſteneta* was ſafe at home, & *Gaſparino* cloſe in the well, they inſtantly replyed, it was in the Nunnes Garden at *Saint Clayre*, and at ſixe of the clocke in the morning, which agreeing to the Nunnes relation, gave end to this buſineſſe, for that time eſpecially. But though they delude and blinde the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor ſhall not thoſe of God: And now, although theſe murtherers have thus eſcaped, yet they prepare to forſake and leave *Pavia*, for feare to be afterwards diſcovered. But they ſhall be prevented in their ſubtleties, for the hand of God will ſpeedily arreſt them.

Now wee muſt obſerve, that *Gaſparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his Lodging, and his Lackey gathering no newes of him at *Vituri's* houſe, where he uſually frequented to viſite and court his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*, he informes the Hoſt of the houſe hereof; and he like an honeſt man, doubting the worſt (after the cuſtome of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Provoſt thereof, who, like judicious and wiſe Magiſtrates, examined *Gaſparino's* Lackey when he laſt ſaw his Maſter, and where. The Lackey anſweres, He parted from his Chamber yeſterday morning betwixt five and ſixe, with his Prayer-booke in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and ſince (hee ſaith) hee ſaw him not. And now, by the providence of God, the Lackeyes relation gives a little glimpſe and glimmering light to the diſcovery of this Murther: for the Magiſtrates ſee, that the houre of *Gaſparino's* departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli's* fighting doe agree, as alſo his Booke and the Nunnes Church beare ſome ſhew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) reſolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to impriſon both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who the very next day had thought to have ſlipt downe the River to *Ferara*, and ſo to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gaſparino*: they vow hee is a Gentleman they have neither knowne nor ſeene. The Magiſtrates hold it fit they ſhould be put to the Rack; which is as ſpeedily performed: but theſe ſtout Villaines firmely and conſtantly maintaine their firſt ſpeech; and although they make ſute to be freed and releaſed, yet the Prefect holds it neceſſary to continue them in priſon; and withall, to make a more narrow and exacter ſearch in the Nunnes Garden.

Chriſteneta, being at the firſt advertiſed that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat aſtoniſhed and amazed, and ſo reſolves to flye, but being advertiſed they had already ſuffered torment, & revealed nothing, ſhe againe reſolves to ſtay, which indeed ſhe doth: but it is the Iuſtice and mercy of God that keepes this bloudy bird within her neſt.

The Prefect and Provoſt (as being inſpired from heaven) continue conſtant in their reſolutions, to make a ſecond ſearch in the Garden for Murther; which they doe, and very curiouſly, leaving no place unſearched: at laſt it pleaſed the Lord to put into the Provoſts minde to ſearch the Well, which the day before they had omitted. Hee acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and ſo cauſing it to be ſearched, they at laſt in their hookes bring up ſome pieces of wrought blacke Taffeta: which by the Lackey was affirmed, and knowne to be the ſame his Maſter *Gaſparino*, wore the laſt time he ſaw him: wherat they were more eagerly encouraged to ſearch againe moſt exactly: which they doe, and at laſt bring

bring up the dead body of *Gaſparino*, when ſtripping off his cloths, they finde his body pierced with thirteene ſeverall wounds: at the mournefull ſight whereof, the whole aſſembly, but eſpecially his Lackey, cannot refraine from teares, and yet all glorify God for finding of his body, as alſo for the diſcovery of the Murtherers, who now they confidently believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But ſee the farther mercies of God: for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this Murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magiſtrates being ſure of them, doe now reſolve to hye to Priſon, and to give them double torment, thereby to diſcover out of what Quiver the firſt arrow of this Murther came. But behold the mercy and juſtice of God! they are eaſed of this labour, and the name of the male factor brought them by a moſt miraculous and unheard of accident: for when the Magiſtrates and whole companie had often viſited *Gaſparino's* naked body, and ſeene nothing but wounds, a little boy ſtanding by (of ſome ten yeares of age) eſpyed a linnen choth in his mouth, which hee ſhewed the company, which the Perfect cauſing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambricke Handkercher, and withall, a name in red ſilke Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of *Chriſteneta*.

See, ſee the goodneſſe, O let vs ſtand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to ſee what meanes and inſtruments hee ordayneth for the diſcovery of Murthers.

The Prefect and provoſt ſend away ſpeedily to apprehend her: ſhee is taken in the midſt of her pleaſures and paſtimes, yea, from the arme of her Mother, and feete of her father, to whom ſhee fled for ſafety, but in vaine; for ſhee is inſtantly committed cloſe Priſoner, from whence wee ſhall not ſee her come forth, till ſhe come to her condigne puniſhment, on a ſhamefull Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And now the Prefect and Provoſt goe themſelves to the Priſon, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are: they accuſe them peremptorily for the Murther of *Gaſparino*, whoſe body, they informe them, they have taken up out of the Well: but they againe deny it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveale this their Murther; but they are ſo ſtrong of courage, or rather the devill is ſo ſtrong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuſe themſelves, nor any other.

The Prefect and Provoſt, although they ſaw all circumſtances concurre, that undoubtedly *Chriſtenata* had a deepe hand in this Murther, yet they examine her faire-ly, and promiſe her much favour, and their beſt friendſhip and aſſiſtance, if ſhee will reveale it: but ſhe, as her two confederates, denyes all. They adjudge her to the Racke, whereunto ſhe very patiently permits her ſelfe to be faſtened; but her dainty body and delicate limbes cannot indure the cruelty of this torment: and ſo ſhee confeſſeth all, that in revenge of *Piſani's* death, ſhee had cauſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther him in the Nunnes Garden, as we have formerly underſtood.

And now comes Gods ſentence from heaven, pronounced againſt theſe Murtherers, by the mouth of his Magiſtrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of Murther, committed on *Gaſparino*, adjudge *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to bee hanged, and their bodies throwne into the River *Po*: And *Chriſteneta* (notwithſtanding all the ſolicitation which her father and friends made for her) to bee firſt hanged, then burned, and her aſhes throwne into the ayre: Which to the full ſatisfaction of Iuſtice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who aſſiſted at their mournfull ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refraine from teares, but as much approved and applauded *Chriſteneta's* affection to *Piſani*, as they deteſted and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Gaſparino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteouſly, ſo they dyed deſperately, and could not be drawn to repent themſelves of this their bloudy fact: But as I have underſtood, *Chriſteneta* was extreamely ſorrowfull for her ſinnes, but eſpecially for this murther, whereof at her laſt breath ſhe infinitely and exceedingly repented her ſelfe: yea I have beene informed, that ſhe delivered a godly and religious ſpeech upon the Ladder, but I was not ſo fortunate to recover it.

May all true Chriſtians reade this Hiſtory with profit, and profit in reading it, that ſo God may receive the glory: and their ſoules the eternall comfort and conſolation. Amen.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE III.

Mortaigne *under promiſe of marriage gets* Ioſſelina *with childe, and after converting his love into hatred, cauſeth his Lackey* La Verdure, *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her young ſonne: the jealouſie of* Iſabella *to her husband* La Palma *is the cauſe of the diſcovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

IT is a juſt reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errours of our youth, that we buy pleaſure with repentance, and the ſweetneſſe of ſin with the bitterneſſe of affliction: but if we violate the lawes of Chriſtianity, and abandon our ſelves to luſt and fornication, then we ſhall ſee with ſhame, that men will not pitty us, and finde with griefe, that God will puniſh us. It is an excellent vertue in Maidens, not to liſten to the lewd temptations of men; and in men not to hearken to the ſugred charmes of the devill: for commonly that folly gives the one ſhame, & this madneſſe brings the other deſtruction: but if we firſt forget our ſelves, and then our God, by adding and heaping ſin upon ſinne, as firſt, to perpetrate fornication, and after Murther, then aſſuredly our eſtate is ſo miſerably wretched, and ſo wretchedly miſerable, as wee have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worſe. And becauſe Example is both pleaſing to our memory, and profitable to our judgement, this mournefull enſuing Hiſtory ſhall make good, and confirme it to us: therefore let us ſhut the doore of our thoughts againſt the power of ſinne, and that of our hearts againſt the malice of Hell: and we ſhall not onely make our fortunes immoveable in this World, but our felicity eternall in that to come.

In the South-eaſt part of *France*: within a dayes journey of the famous City of *Lyons*, at the foote of the Mountaine of *Tarara*, upon the border and boſome of that ſweet river *Lignon*, ſo famouſed by the Minion of honour, and the darling of the Muſes, the Marqueſſe of *Vrſe*, in his beautifull and divine *Aſtrea*: neere *Durency* (a certaine ſmall Village) there dwelt a poore Country Farmer, named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late burying his Wife, had one onely child left him by her, being a very faire young girle, about the age of twelve yeares old, named *Ioſſelina*, whom hee hoped ſhould prove the ſtaffe and prop of his age, and reſolued when ſhe grew up in yeares, and came to womans eſtate, to marry her to ſome of his neighbours ſonnes, and at his death, to give her all that litle which either his parents, or his owne labour and induſtry had left or procured him.

Two or three yeares ſliding away, in which time *Mollard* increaſing in wealth, and his Daughter in yeares, ſhee was, and was juſtly reported to bee the faireſt Nymph of thoſe parts, and by all the ruſticke Swaynes tearmed, the faire *Ioſſelina*, eſteeming themſelves happy, if they might ſee her, much more, if they might injoy her preſence.

Now within a little League of *Mollards* houſe, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Mounſieur de Coucie*, who had many children: but among the reſt, his eldeſt ſonne, tearmed *Mounſieur de Mortaigne*, was a very hopefull and brave Gentleman, who was firſt a Page to that generous Nobleman *Mounſieur de la Guiche*, ſometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and ſince his death a chiefe Gentleman to *Mounſieur de Saint Ierrant*, now a Marſhall of *France*.

This *Mortaigne* having lived ſome yeares in *Paris* with his Lord the Marſhall, where hee followed all honourable exerciſes, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby hee purchaſed himſelfe the honourable title of a moſt perfect and accompliſhed Gentleman) was at laſt deſirous to ſee his father, partly, becauſe he underſtood he was weake and ſickly; but eſpecially to be at the Nuptialls of a ſiſter of his, tearmed *Madamoyſelle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Avergne*, tearmed *Mounſieur de Caſſalis*.

This Marriage being ſolemnized, *Mortaigne* having conducted his ſiſter into *Avergne*, and now ſeeing his father ſtrong and luſty, hee beginnes to diſlike the Countrey, and to wiſh himſelfe againe in *Paris*, where the rattling of Coaches, and the infinity of faire Ladies did better delight and pleaſe him: hee craves leave of his father and mother to returne, which (becauſe hee is the chiefeſt ſtay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and ſo he prepares for his returne to *Paris*. But an unlooked for accident ſhall ſtop his jorney for the preſent, and another, but farre more fatall, ſeconding and ſucceeding that, ſhall ſtop and hinder him from ever ſeeing it.

For the night before hee was to depart, the morning *de Coucye* his father is moſt dangerouſly taken with a burning Feaver, and ſo neither he nor his mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling neere his fathers houſe, hee gives himſelfe to Hunting and Hawking, Paſtimes and exerciſes, which though before he loved not, yet now hee exceedingly delights in: Now amongſt other times, hee one day hunting in his fathers Woods (hollawing for his Dogge which hee had loſt in a Thicket) by chance ſprung a Pheaſant, who flying to the next Woods, hee ſends for his Hawke, with an intent to flye at him; and ſo being not ſo happy as againe to ſet ſight of him, hee ranged ſo farre, and withall ſo faſt, that hee was very thirſty, but ſaw no houſe neere him, that hee might call for wine; till at laſt hee happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom wee have formerly made mention. *Mortaigne*, ſeeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the houſe, and prayed him to aford him a draught of Wine, alledging that he was very thirſty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the Modell of his face, preſumed to demand him if hee were not one of *Mounſieur de Coucye's* ſonnes: Hee anſwered yes, and that his name was *Mortaigne*. *Mollard* preſently calling to minde that hee was his fathers heire, very courteouſly (in his faſhion) prayes him to enter his houſe, and ſo beeing ſet downe, hee ſends his daughter *Ioſſelina* for wine, which ſhee fetched, and they both drinke: where honeſt *Mollard* thinking his houſe bleſſed with ſo great (and as hee thought, ſo good) a Gentleman, very cheerefully profers him peares, Grapes, Walnuts, and ſuch homely dainties as his poore cottage could afford. But wee ſhall ſee *Mortaigne* requite this courteſie of *Mollard*, with an extreame ingratitude.

Mortaigne, whoſe eye was ſeldome on *Mollard*, and never from his daughter, admires to ſee ſo ſweet a beauty in ſo obſcure a place: he cannot refraine from bluſhing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though ſhe were poore in cloathes, yet hee ſaw her rich in beauty, which made not onely his eyes, but his heart conclude, that ſhee was wonderfull faire; ſith it is ever the ſigne of a true and perfect beauty, where

where the face graceth the apparrell; and not the apparrell the face. And now comparing *Ioſſelina's* taynt to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, hee finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falſhood of their Art: for thorow the Alablaſter of her Front, Necke and Papes, hee might perceive the azure of her veines, which like the windings of *Meanders* ſtreames, ſwiftly range, and ſweetly preſents it ſelfe to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and ſtars of her face, their ſplendor was ſo cleare, and their influence ſo piercing, as they not onely captivate his thoughts with love, but wound his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaigne* gaze on the freſhneſſe and ſweetneſſe of *Ioſſelina's* beauty, no leſſe doth ſhee on the properneſſe and perfection of his youth, onely his eyes tilt at hers with more liberty, and hers on him with modeſty, reſpect and ſecrecy: which *Mortaigne* well eſpying, hee vowes to obtaine her favour, or to loſe his life in reſearch thereof: but the end of ſuch laſcivious reſolutions ſeldome proſper.

But ſee how all things favour *Mortaignes* affection, or rather his luſt to *Ioſſelina*! for *Mollard* tells him, hee holds a ſmall tenement neere adjoyning to his father, who hath now put him in ſute of Law for two herriots, and therefore beſeecheth him for his good word, and favour to his father in his behalfe. *Mortaigne* glad of this occaſion to ſerve for a pretext and cloake for him, to have acceſſe to his houſe and daughter, promiſeth him to deale effectually with his father for him, and the next time he paſſeth that way, to acquaint him what hee hath done therein: and ſo ſtealing a kiſſe or two from *Ioſſelina*, as her father went into the Court, and withall ſwearing to her, that hee loved her dearely, and would come often to ſee her; he thanking *Mollard* for his good cheere, for that time departed.

But the further hee goes from *Mollards* houſe, the neerer his heart approacheth his daughter *Ioſſelina*. So his thoughts being ſtedfaſtly and continually fixed on her, hee beginnes to diſtaſte his fathers houſe, yea, forſakes all company, and many times pretending to walke in the Parke and Woods; hee ſteales away privately to ſee his new Miſtreſſe. Hee viſits her often, but eſpecially when her father is at market, and gives her Gloves, Lawne, and ſilke girdles, yea hee never comes to her, but brings her ſome gift and preſent, thinking thereby the ſooner to obtaine his deſire: but as yet hee is ſtill deceived: for although ſhee be humble and ſimple, yet ſhe is chaſt, and will not hearken to his allurements and inticements. Had *Ioſſelina* continued conſtant in this reſolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death leſſe mournfull.

Mortaigne perceiving *Ioſſelina's* coyneſſe and obſtinacy, is thereat no way the les, but rather far the more inſnared and inflamed with her beauty, and now perceiving, that al his Viſits, Gifts, Speeches and prayers worke no deſired effect, he hath recourſe to that old fallacy and ſubtil invention, wherby ſo many ſilly maids are abuſed and deceived; hee vowes, that if ſhee will permit him to enjoy his deſire, hee will marry her, notwithſtanding that their birth and qualitie were ſo unequall and different: and this, and onely this battery and allurement, was that which vanquiſhed *Ioſſelina's Chaſtitie*, who, poore girle, caught with this ſnare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, ſhooke hands with her maiden-head, which ſhee ſhould have prized and eſteemed farre more precious then her life: but ſhee ſhall pay deare for this her folly; for ſhee ſhall live *Mortaigne's* ſtrumpet and never dye his wife.

Mortaigne hath now his deſire of *Ioſſelina*; and for the fruit of this their unchaſt pleaſure, in ſhort time her belly ſwells: *Mollard* her father diſcovers the Pad in the ſtraw: hee grieves hereat, teares his white hayres, and vowes, his daughters infamy will ſhorten his dayes: he torments her with reprochings and threatnings, ſo as ſhee can find no reſt, or tranquillity in his houſe: ſhee advertiſeth *Mortaigne* hereof, and requeſts his aſſiſtance, in this her affliction: *Mortaigne* by night ſteales her away, and ſends her ten leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poore Kinſmans houſe of his, where ſhee is delivered of a young Sonne: But ſhee ſhall ſhortly ſee (with repentance) what it is to have a child e're a husband. In the meane time ſhee feedes her ſelfe with hope, that *Mortaigne* will ſhortly marry her, but he reſolves nothing leſſe: for the

Gallants of theſe times (who build their triumphs upon the ſhipwracke and ruines of maidens honour) will promiſe any thing, ere they enjoy their deſire, but performe nothing, when they have obtained it, but rather ſpurne at thoſe pleaſures, as at Noſegaies which they delight in in the morne, and throw away ere night.

Calintha, (*Mortaigne's* Mother) all this while knowes nothing of theſe occurrences betwixt her ſonne and *Ioſſelina*, and deſires to ſee him married, that ſhee might have the felicity to ſee her ſelfe a Grandmother: to which end, ſhe reſolves to ſeeke a wife for him; and makes a motion to *Monſieur de Vaſſy*, the *Seneſhall* of *la Valiſſe*, to match her ſonne with *Madamoyſelle la Varina* his onely daughter. *De Vaſſy* diſlikes not this motion, the young folkes ſee and love: ſo as in all humane ſence and outward appearance, it ſeemes a ſhort time will finiſh and conclude this match: But it was otherwiſe determined in heaven.

This newes doth amaze and terrifie *Ioſſelina*: but as misfortune ſeldome comes alone, ſhee likewiſe that very inſtant underſtands that *Mollard* her father (for very griefe of her foule fact) is dead, and hath diſ-inherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her ſhame, for her portion and dowry, and onely repentance to comfort her: And this indeed is the forerunner of her future miſery; Wherefore now if ever, it is for her to looke to her ſelfe and well fare, to which end ſhee reſolves to write *Mortaigne* a Letter, to put him in minde of his promiſe, and to take compaſſion of her poverty, being already reduced to this miſery, that ſhe hath not wherewithall to maintaine her ſelfe and child: her ſaid Letter (word for word) I thought good to inſert here, becauſe the ſubſtance and peruſall thereof deſerves both pitty and compaſſion.

IOSSELINA to MORTAIGNE.

YOu have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I had as much grace as vanity) I ſhould have eſteemed farre dearer and precious then my life. Your promiſe to make me your wife, was the onely lure, which drew me to conſent to that errour and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with ſhame, and ſhame with repentance, eſpecially ſith I ſee you are ſo farre from performing it, as you hate me, inſtead of loving me: let the ſweetneſſe of my youth, and the freſhneſſe of my beauty (which with many oathes you proteſted you both admired and adored) judge whether I have deſerved this diſcourteſie of you: but it is a juſt puniſhment for my ſinne, and now I finde too late, though formerly would not believe, that the fruits of pleaſure are bitter, reſembling thoſe Pils that ſeeme ſweet to the Pallat but prove poyſon to the ſtomacke: and may all maydens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet ſeeke not to make ſhipwracke of my life, as you have done of my chaſtity: you know, my father is dead, and with him all the meanes which in this World I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my ſelfe, as of your ſonne, except from your ſelfe, the which with millions of ſighes and teares, I beg and beſeech you afford us, and if not for love to me, at leaſt for pitty to him: if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your ſelfe, yet in nature, you cannot deny but your little ſonne is not onely your picture, but your image: therefore if you will not affect me for his ſake, at leaſt doe him for mine, and thinke, that as it will be an extreame ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a ſonne, ſo it will be extreame cruelty, not to allow that poore babe wherewithall to live: ſith he hath received both his being and life of you: but I hope you will prove more naturall to him, and more charitable to my ſelfe: otherwiſe reſt aſſured, that ſuch diſreſpect and unkindneſſe will never goe long, either unpittied of men, or unpuniſhed of God.

IOSSELINA.

Ioſſelina having penned this Letter to *Mortaigne*, ſhe deſirous to draw hope and aſſiſtance from all parts, thinkes it fit likewiſe to write another to *Calintha* his Mother, to the ſame effect: the which ſhe doth, and ſends it by a confident meſſenger, with expreſſe charge to deliver them ſeverally: the tenor thereof is thus:

IOSSELINA

IOSSELINA to CALINTHA.

I Know not in what tearmes either to relate you my misfortune, or reveale you my miſery: eſpecially ſith mine owne folly and undiſcretion gave life to the firſt, as your ſonne Mortaigne's *ingratitude doth to the ſecond, had I beene as wiſe as now ſorrowfull, or as chaſte, as now repentant, or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not bluſh as I doe, to write to you, that his promiſe to make me his wife, hath made me the unfortunate mother of a young ſonne whereof he is the unkind father: I may well tearme my ſelfe unfortunate, ſith I no ſooner loſt mine honour, but my Father, who, for his diſpleaſure of my ſhame and folly, gave all his meanes from me, which before right and nature had promiſed me: and I may juſtly terme your ſonne* Mortaigne *unkinde, ſith he not onely refuſeth to marry me, but alſo to allow maintenance, either for my ſelfe or his child. It is therefore to you, wanting and diſpairing of all other meanes, friends and hopes, that with many bluſhes and teares, I preſume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richneſſe of my miſery, the which I humbly requeſt you both to pitty and releive: at leaſt if you will not, that your ſonne may, who is the cauſe thereof: my love to him hath not deſerved your hatred to me: and therefore in excuſing my folly, or rather if you pleaſe, my youth, I hope you will be ſo charitable to the poore babe my ſonne, that I ſhall not want for his ſake, nor he for his fathers: or if you will frowne, and not ſmile on me, but rather triumph to ſee me languiſh and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchſafe to excuſe his innocency, though you condemne mine errour: and ſo, if I muſt dye miſerably, at leaſt let me carry this one content to my grave, that I may be ſure he ſhall live happy. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuſe that cruelty.*

IOSSELINA.

Whiles *Ioſſelina* flatters herſelfe with hope, that theſe Letters will procure her her deſire and comfort, *Mortaigne* and *Calintha* his mother receive them. As for *Mortaigne* hee like a baſe Gentleman (whoſe curteſy was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his owne ſinne, as rejoyceth in *Ioſſelina's* fooliſh ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him to thinke, that he hath abuſed her youth, and betrayed her chaſtity: and therefore hee now reſpecteth her ſo little, or rather diſ-reſpecteth her ſo much, as her ſhame is his glory; her miſery his happineſſe; and her affliction, his contnet; yea he no more thinkes of her, but with diſdaine and envy: for the beauty *Varina* hath quite defaced and blotted out that of *Ioſſelina*, neither doth this cruelty of *Mortaigne* end in her, but it beginnes in the pretty babe his ſonne: for he ſo farre degenerateth from the lawes and principles of Nature, as hee not onely hates the Mother for the childes ſake, but the child for his mothers ſake: yea hee is ſo farre from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as hee ſcornes the Mother, and will no way either owne or relieve the child: and ſo burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratfully and cruelly reſolves to anſwer it with ſilence, and this is the beſt comfort which *Ioſſelina* and the poore young babe her ſonne receive from *Mortaigne*. But I feare the worſt is to come.

If *Ioſſelina* and her babe receive ſuch diſ-reſpect, and inhumanity from *Mortaigne*, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother *Calintha*, who no ſooner received and read her letter, but full of wrath and indignation, ſhee in diſdaine throwes it away from her: yea, her diſcontent and malice is ſo inflamed againſt *Ioſſelina* and her child, as fearing it may prove a blurre and blocke to *Mortaigne's* marriage with *Varina*: ſhee not onely refuſeth to relieve them, but is ſo cruell and inhumane, as ſhee wiſheth them both in another World, as unworthy to live in this; but her choller is too paſſionate, and her Paſſions too unnaturall and cruell: for if ſhe would not relieve *Ioſſelina* whom her ſonne *Mortaigne* had abuſed, yet in pitty, yea in nature, ſhee ſhould have taken order, for the maintenance of the child whom her ſonne

ſonne had begotten: for if the Mother had deſerved her hatred, yet this poore babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compaſſion then her envy: or at leaſt, if there had beene any ſparke of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if ſhe would not have beene ſeene courteous and harberours to them herſelfe; yet ſhe might diſpence with her ſonne, and winke if he had performed it. But nothing leſſe; for her malice is ſo great and her rage ſo outragious and unreaſonable, as ſhe refuſeth it herſelfe, and commands him to the contrary: ſo as being once reſolute, not to caſt away ſo much time to returne *Ioſſelina* an anſwer, ſhe at laſt in a humour, wherein diſdaine triumphed over pitty, and inhumanity over charity, cals for pen and paper, and returnes her this bitter and cruell anſwer.

CALINTHA to IOSSELINA.

HAving beene ſo graceleſſe to abuſe my ſonne, I wonder how thou dareſt be ſo impudent, as to offend me with thy Letter, the which I had once thought rather to have burnt then read: but I finde it not ſtrange, that being defective of thy body, thou art ſo of thy judgement to thinke, that ſith thine owne father gave all from thee, that I, who am a meere ſtranger to thee (as I wiſh thou hadſt beene to my ſonne) ſhould afford or give thee any thing; neither doth this reſolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity; for as thou art a woman, I pitty thee, but as a ſtrumpet, hold it no pitty to relieve thee. Now then, deſpairing of any hope for thy ſelfe, thou pleadeſt for thy brat; but ſith he is the object of thy ſhame, as thou art that of my ſon, and withall the cauſe, why ſhould I looke on the childe with compaſſion, ſith I neither can, nor will ſee the mother but with diſdaine and envy? Thou complaineſt of thy misfortune and miſery, without conſidering that the Starres and Horoſcope of thy baſe birth never pointed thee out for ſo high an eſtate, as of a clownes daughter, to become a Gentlemans wife: but thou muſt adde ambition to thy diſhoneſty, as if one of theſe two Vices were not enough powerfull to make thee miſerable. Thou doeſt likewiſe taxe my ſonne of unkindneſſe towards thee, without conſidering that his love to thee, hath beene cruelty to himſelfe: for as thou art like to buy his familiarity with teares, ſo for ought I know, may he thine with repentance: if thou expect any comfort, thou muſt hope for no other then this, that as my ſonne diſdaines to marry thee, ſo do I, that either my ſelfe or he releive thee: looke then on thy ſelfe with ſhame, on thy childe with repentance, whiles my ſonne and I will remember ye both with contempt, but neither with pitty.

CALINTHA.

Poore *Ioſſelina* having received and peruſed *Calintha's* Letter, and ſeeing withall *Mortaigne* ſo inhumane, as he diſdaines to write to her, for meere griefe, and ſorrow, ſhe, with her babe at her breſt, fals to the ground in a ſwoone, and had not the noyſe thereof advertiſed thoſe in the next roome to come to her aſſiſtance, ſhe had then and there ended her miſery with her life, and not afterwards lived to ſee and indure ſo many ſharpe afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas, alas! ſhe hath now no power to ſpeake, but to weepe: yea, if her teares are not words, I am ſure her words are ſighes; for being abandoned of *Mortaigne*, and hated of his mother, ſhe is ſo pierced to the heart with the conſideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this diſdaine, as ſhe teares her haire, repents herſelfe of her former folly, and curſeth the houre that *Mortaigne* firſt ſaw her fathers houſe, or ſhee him: but this is but one part of her ſorrowes and afflictions. Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turne her diſcontent into deſpaire, her deſpaire into rage and her rage, into madneſſe.

For by this time *Calintha* underſtanding by her ſonne, where *Ioſſelina* reſided and ſojourned, ſhe ſo ordered the matter, as when *Ioſſelina* leaſt thought thereof, ſhe and her Babe in a darke and cold night is moſt inhumanely turned out of the houſe where ſhe was; yea, with ſo great barbariſme and cruelty, as ſhee was not ſuffered to reſt, either in the Hayloft, Barne or Stable, or any other place within doore; but inforced

ced to lye in the open field, where thebare ground was her bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold ayre her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtaines and Canopie. And now it is, and never before, that her eyes guſh foorth whole Rivers of teares, and her heart and breſt ſends foorth many volleyes of deepe-fetched ſighes; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starres of heaven to light her, ſhee lookes on her poore Babe for comfort, whoſe ſight, God knowes, doth but redouble her ſorrowes and afflictions, becauſe it lyes crying at her breſt for want of Milke, which (poore woman) ſhe had not to give it; when, being in this miſerable caſe, and accompanyed with none but with the Beaſts of the Field, and the Birds of the ayre, who yet were farre happyer then her ſelfe, becauſe they were gone to their reſt, and ſhe could receive none, ſhe after many bitter ſighes, groanes, and teares, uttered theſe ſpeeches to her ſelfe.

Alas, alas, poore *Ioſſelina*! It is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this miſery: for hadſt thou had grace to uſe, and not to abuſe thy beauty, thou mightſt have ſeene thy ſelfe as happy, as now thou art wretched and miſerable: but ſee what a double loſſe thou receiveſt for thy ſingle pleaſure, for the loſſe of thy chaſtity to *Mortaigne*, was that of thy father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou doe, or whither canſt thou flye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the miſery; for as thy loſſe is double, ſo is thy griefe: for now thou muſt as well ſorrow for thy child, as for thy ſelfe; yea *Ioſſelina*, forget to grieve for thy ſelfe, and remember to doe it for thy Babe, ſith thou haſt brought it into the world, and haſt not wherewith to maintaine it. And then not able to proceed farther, ſhe takes it up and kiſſes it, and raines teares on its cheekes, though ſhe cannot ſtreame milke in its mouth, when againe recovering her ſpeech, ſhe continues thus:

Ay me, *Ioſſelina*, thou art both the Author and the cauſe of thine owne miſery, and therefore thou muſt not blame heaven, but thanke thy ſelfe for it: for thy afflictions are ſo great, as whereſoever thou turneſt thy thoughts or eyes, thou findeſt nothing but griefe, nothing but ſorrow: for if thou thinke on *Mortaigne*, he lookes on thee with diſdaine, if on his mother *Calintha*, ſhe with envie; yea, thou canſt not behold the world without ſhame, thy poore infant without ſorrow, nor thy ſelfe without repentance: nay, conſider further with thy ſelfe, what thou haſt gotten by caſting (or rather by caſting away) thy affection on *Mortaigne*: he found thee a Mayd, and hath left thee a ſtrumpet; thou haſt a child, and yet no huſband: then thou wert ſo happy as to have a father, and now thy ſonne is ſo miſerable, as he can finde none: yea, then thou wert a friend to many, but now thou findeſt not one that wil be ſo to thee: and which is worſe, thou haſt not wherewithall to be ſo to thy ſelfe. Alas, alas, thou haſt no houſe to goe to, no friend to truſt to, no meat for thy ſelfe, nor milke for thy child: therefore poore *Ioſſelina* (quoth ſhe) how happy ſhould we both be, if thou wert buryed, and he unborne.

She would have finiſhed her ſpeech, but that teares interrupted her words, and ſighs cut her teares in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls aſleepe, but her griefes are ſo great, and her ſorrowes ſo infinite, as ſhe cannot cloſe her eyes, nor yet be ſo much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death* to doe it for her; which perceiving, as alſo that the Moone was inveloped in a cloud, and that the Starres beginne to deny her the comfort and luſtre of their ſight, ſhe fearing to be overtaken with raine, and perceiving a thicke Wood a pretty way off from her, ſhe takes her Babe, and as faſt as her weake and wearyed legs could performe (bitterly weeping and ſighing) hies thither for ſhelter; but heaven prooves more kinde to her then earth: for loe, both the Moone and Starres aſſiſt and comfort her in this her ſorrowfull journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off then ſhee thought) ſhe beganne to bee weary, and there making a bed of leaves (which at that ſeaſon of the yeare fell abundantly from the Trees) ſhee thereon for a whiles reſted her ſelfe, but ſleepe ſhee could not: and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to ſee that her infant ſlept prettily, though not ſoundly: but here if her eyes craved reſt, ſo her ſtomacke

macke craved meat: for it was now mid-night, and ſhee had eaten nothing ſince noone: ſo pulling off her upper coate, ſhee wraps and covers her child as hot as ſhee could, who being faſt aſleepe, and laying it on the bed of leaves, ſhee goes from tree to hedge, and gathers Blacke-berries, Slowes, and wilde Cheſſenuts, wherewith in ſtead of better Viands, ſhee ſatisfyed her hunger, and now ſhe ſees her ſelfe on the top of a Hill, at whoſe foot ſhee perceived a River, and a great ſtony Bridge over it, the which ſhee knew, as alſo that there was a little Village neere about a mile beyond it, which indeede in the midſt of her miſeries afforded her ſome comfort. So backe ſhee hies to her childe, which ſhee findes out by its crying, it wanting not onely his nipple but his Nurſe, and ſo with many kiſſes takes it up in her armes, and hyes towards the bridge, and from thence to the Village, which ſhee now remembers is termed *Villepont*, where ſhee arrives at five of the clocke in the morning, and lodged her ſelfe in a very poore Inne, being extremely glad, and infinitely joyfull that ſhe had recovered ſo good a harbour.

But money ſhe hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Innes upon credit, is to bee ill attended, and worſe look'd on: ſo ſhee is inforced, yea, faine to ſell away her Quaives, her bands, and her upper coate, to diſcharge her preſent occaſions. Poore *Ioſſelina*, how happy hadſt thou beene, if thou hadſt had as much wit and chaſtity, as beauty, or rather more chaſtity, and leſſe beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it, though never to repent it.

Ioſſelina knowing *Villepont* to be but ſeven leagues from *Durency* (the pariſh where ſhe was borne) is irreſolute whether to ſtay here, or to goe thither. Want of meanes perſwades her to the firſt: but knowing that *Mortaigne's* love was turned to hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be neere his incenſed mother, ſhee reſolves to ſtay in *Villepont*, and to write to her kinsfolkes and friends to aſſiſt her in this her miſery and neceſſity. In the meane time ſhee is inforced to content her ſelfe with a poore little out-chamber, where there is neither chimney nor window, but onely a ſmall loope whereinto the Sunne ſcarce ever entred, and yet ſhee is extreamely well contented and glad hereof.

But wealth findes many friends, and poverty none: and yet, ſith diverſity of fortunes is the true touchſtone of friendſhip, we may therefore more properly and truly terme thoſe our friends, who aſſiſt us in our neceſſity, and not who ſeeme to pleaſure us in our proſperity: for thoſe are reall friends, but theſe verball: thoſe will performe more then they promiſe, and theſe promiſe much, and performe nothing.

But *Ioſſelina* is ſo wretched and unfortunate, as ſhee findes neither the one nor the other to aſſiſt her in this her miſery: yea ſo farre ſhee is to receiue either meanes or promiſes, as nothing is ſent her, nor none will ſee her; ſo as miſerable neceſſity inforceth her to report and divulge the misfortune of her fortune, and to complain to all the world of *Mortaigne's* treachery, and of his Mother *Calintha's* cruelty; yea ſhe threatens to ſend him his ſonne, ſith he will not afford her wherewith to maintaine it.

This is not ſo ſecretly carryed in *Villepont*, but *De Vaſſye* and *Varina* his daughter have newes hereof in *La Paliſſe*, which occaſioneth her to grow cold in her affection, and hee in his reſpect to *Mortaigne*, ſo as al things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this match ſhall goe forward. *Mortaigne* is too clere-ſighted, to be blind herein, yea he preſently knowes, from what point of the compaſſe this wind commeth, and is fully poſſeſſed, that *Ioſſelina* is the cauſe of theſe alterations and ſtormes: hee is exceedingly inraged and inflamed hereat, and gives ſuch way to his paſſion and choller, as theſe obſtacles muſt be removed, and he vowes to deſtroy both *Ioſſelina and her ſonne*. A bloudy reſolution, not beſeeming either a Chriſtian, or a Gentleman: for was it not enough for him to rob *Ioſſelina* of her honour, and to put a rape on her Chaſtity and vertue, but hee muſt likewiſe bereave her of her life, and ſo adde Murther to his luſt? Alas, what a baſe Gentleman is this? yea, how farre degenerates hee from true Gentility, to bee ſo cruell to her that hath beene ſo kinde to him? But the Devill ſugge ſteth

ſuggeſteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is faire, and that there is no way nor hope left to obtaine her, before *Ioſſelina* and her brat bee diſpatched. Now if grace could not perſwade him from being ſo cruell to *Ioſſelina:* (yet me thinkes) nature ſhould have with-held him from being ſo inhumane to his owne ſonne: but his faith is ſo weake towards God, and the devill is ſo ſtrong with him, that hee cannot be removed or withdrawne from his bloudy reſolution, onely hee altereth the manner thereof: for whereas he reſolved firſt to deſtroy the Mother, then the child, now he will firſt diſpatch the childe, then the Mother. O Heavens, why ſhould earth produce ſo bloudy and prodigious a monſter!

Now the better to diſſemble his malice, he thinkes to reclaime and pacifie *Ioſſelina*, and ſo gives order that ſhe and her child be lodged in a better Inne in the ſame village of *Villepont*, and ſignifies her that he hath gotten a Nurſe, and hath provided maintenance for his ſonne, and that ſhortly he will ſend his Lackey for him, but withall, that ſhe muſt keepe this very ſecret, becauſe he will not have his mother *Calintha* acquainted therewith. *Ioſſelina* rejoyceth, and ſeemes to be revived at this pleaſing newes; yea, ſhe begins to forget her former miſerie, and flatters herſelfe with this hope, that fortune will againe ſmile on her. So within three daies, *Mortaigne* ſends his Lackey *La Verdure*, to her for the babe: the which with many kiſſes and teares ſhe delivereth him, hoping that *Mortaign* his father would be carefull of his maintenance, and not ſo much as once dreaming, or conceiving that he had any intent to murther it. But ſhee ſhall finde the contrary; for henceforth ſhe ſhall never ſee her babe, nor her babe her.

La Verdure (the Lackey) following his Maſters command, is not foure Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable miſcreant, he ſtrangles it, and wrapping it in a Linnen cloth (which he had purpoſely brought with him) throwes it into the River *Lignon*; but he ſhall pay deare for Murthering of this ſweet and innocent babe.

But it is not enough: for *Mortaigne's* devilliſh malice and revenge will not be quenched or ſatisfied, till he ſee the Mother follow the fortune of the ſonne: to which end he agrees with her Oaſt *La Palma*, and his aforeſaid Lackey *La Verdure*, to ſtifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred franckes they performe, and bury her in his garden, ſhe being ſoundly ſleeping, and poore ſoule, not ſo much as once dreaming of this her mournefull and lamentable end. What Tigers or monſters of nature are theſe; to commit ſo damnable a Murther, as if there were no God in heaven to detect them, nor earth nor hell to puniſh them?

But we ſhall ſee the contrary: yea, we ſhall ſee both the Murther, and the Mutherers revealed and diſcovered by an extraordinary meanes; wherein Gods providence and glory will moſt miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

As ſoone as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had Murthered our harmleſſe *Ioſſelina*, they both poaſt away to *Durency*, aſwell to acquaint *Mortaigne* herewith, as alſo to receive their money (whereof the one halfe was payd them, and the other due.) This newes is ſo pleaſing to him, as he cheerefully layes downe his promiſe: and ſo they both frolike it in the village, *La Verdure* making no haſt home to his Maſter *Mortaigne*, nor *La Palma* to his old wife *Iſabella*.

In the meane time (a month being paſt away) *Mortaigne*, hoping the way cleere and all the rubs removed, that hindred him from obtaining his faire miſtres *Varina*; he procures his father *De Coucye*, and other of his friends to ride to *La Paliſſe*; hoping to finiſh the match betwixt *La Varina* and himſelfe: But he and they are inforced to ſee themſelues deceived of their hopes. For *De Vaſſy* and his daughter having heard that *Ioſſelina* and her ſonne were conveyed away, and could no more be heard of, they (ſuſpecting, and fearing that which indeed was falne out) in plaine tearmes, give *Mortaigne* the refuſall, who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang downe his head, and ſee his former bloudy errours and crimes; but it is too late, for the Lord hath bent his bow, and his Arrow is ready to Revenge them.

La Palma underſtanding of *Mortaigne's* arrivall from *La Paliſſe*, thinkes it high time

for him to leave *Durency*, and to returne home to *Villepont* to his wife *Iſabella*, who being an old woman, and he a young man; was not onely impatient, but jealous of his long ſtay (which was well neere five weekes) and the rather for that he departed, as ſhe thought, in company of *Ioſſelina*: who becauſe ſhe was young and faire, ſhe vehemently ſuſpected, he had ſince entertained and ſtayed with. But this jelouſie of hers, God makes his inſtrument to diſcover this execrable Murther.

For *La Palma* comming home, his wife *Iſabella* (as wee have heard) being incenſed with anger, and inflamed with jealouſie, gives him this bitter entertainement and welcome: *La Palma* (quoth ſhee) *you were very unkind, ſo ſoone to forſake your Whore* Ioſſelina. *La Palma* being pierced to the quicke with this bitter ſpeech of his wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her firſt the lye, and then tearmed her whore in ſpeaking it. She hath fire in her lookes, and he thunder in his ſpeeches. So after many bitter and ſcandalous injuries banded one to the other, ſhee addes rage to her words, and hee a boxe on the eare to his choller, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the ſervants, and all that beheld it, cry out amaine, as if her ſoule had already taken her laſt farewell of her body. At this tumult the neighbours aſſemble, and deeming *Iſabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her huſband, and carry him before the Procurer *Fiſcall* of *La Paliſſe*, who was then in their Village of *Villepont*, who without further examination commits him to priſon, and ſo goes in perſon to viſit *Iſabella*, who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death: She relates him all that had paſt betwixt her huſband and her ſelfe: as alſo of his departure with *Ioſſelina*, and of his long ſtay in *Durency*; adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now ſhe hopes, that this blow will not goe unpuniſhed: yea, her rage, or rather Gods providence carries her ſo far, as ſhe conſtantly averres to the Magiſtrate, that if *Ioſſelina* be not her huſbands ſtrumpet, ſhe conſtantly beleives hee is her Murtherer: and to conclude, ſaith that her ſervant-mayd *Iaqueta* can ſay more.

Iaqueta examined, ſaith, that the night before her Maſters departure for *Durency*, he was at mid-night in *Ioſſelina's* Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lackey, and that ſince *Ioſſelina* was neither ſeene nor heard of; and being farther demanded if ſhe knew whoſe Lackey *La Verdure* was, ſhe anſwered, he was *Mounſieur Mortaignes* Lackey, who was ſonne to *Mounſieur de Coucy*. The Procurer *Fiſcall*, conſidering their ſeverall depoſitions, doth ſhrewdly ſuſpect there was more in the winde then is yet diſcovered, he leaves *Iſabella*, and goes to her huſband in priſon, and after he had ſharply checked him for beating his wife, he inquires and chargeth him with theſe two poynts; Firſt, why he and *La Verdure* were in *Ioſſelina's* Chamber at mid-night? and ſecondly, what was become of her, ſith ſince that time ſhe hath neither beene ſeene nor heard of.

La Palma is terrifyed and amazed with theſe demands (and farre the more, becauſe he leaſt expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the mind and heart. He anſwereth not punctually to thoſe poynts demanded of him: but runnes on with many bitter invectives againſt the rage and jelouſie of his wife: and then being by the Procurer bid anſwer to thoſe two poynts he formerly demanded of him: he, after many frivolous and extravagant ſpeeches, denies that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Ioſſelina's* Chamber, and that he neither ſaw her departure, nor knew what was become of her, and withal prayes the Porcurer *Fiſcall* to free and releaſe him of his impriſonment: but he ſhall not eſcape at ſo cheape a rate.

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Mounſieur de Vaſſye* his Colleague and fellow-Iudge of *La Paliſſe*, remembred that he had formerly heard him ſpeake of this *Mounſieur Mortaigne*, who lately ſought his daughter *La Varina* in marriage; as alſo of his entertaining and rejecting this *Ioſſelina*, a Farmers daughter of *Durency*, by whom he had a baſe ſonne: and now conſidering that at ſuch an unreaſonable houre his Lackey *La Verdure* ſhould be in her Chamber in *La Palma's* houſe, and *La Palma* himſelfe

himſelfe in his company, and ſhee never ſince ſeene or heard of, he thinkes ther is ſome fire hid and covered in theſe embers, and that there is ſome deeper myſtery in this buſineſſe, which as yet was not revealed.

Wherefore, like a wiſe Magiſtrate, he holds it fit, the ſame night to ſend *La Palma* privatly to *La Paliſſe*, as alſo his wife *Iſabella* and *Iaqueta* for witneſſes, and rides thither himſelfe, to ſit upon his proceſſe, with whom the Lievtennant of that juriſdiction joyned; but for *Mounſieur de Vaſſye* the Seneſchall, he (for the regard hee bore to *Mortaigne*, becauſe hee vehemently ſuſpected he had a deep and chiefe hand in this buſineſſe) would not be preſent, but purpoſely abſented himſelfe at a houſe of his in the Countrey: the next morne *La Palma* is examined, as alſo the two witneſſes, and *Iaqueta* is confronted with him, who ſtands firme to her former diſpoſition: But he flatly denyes all. The Procurer and the Lievtenant adjudge him to the Racke. Hee indureth the firſt torment, but at the ſecond he confeſſeth that hee and *La Verdure* had ſtifled, and murthered *Ioſſelina* in her bed, in his owne houſe, and had buried her in his Garden, and that they were ſet a worke and hyred to doe it by *Mounſieur Mortaigne*, who gave them two hundred Frankes to effect it.

Loe here by the mercy and providence of God, *La Palma's* malice to his wife *Iſabella*, and her jelouſie to him, hath diſcovered and brought to light this cruell and bloudy Murther, which was ſo ſecretly contrived and ſo cunningly and devilliſhly acted upon the body of *Ioſſelina*: But hers being diſcovered, let us likewiſe ſee how that of her harmeleſſe and innocent Babe is likewiſe brought to light. The two Iudges themſelves ride al night to *Villepont*, they ſearch the Garden, and finde the dead body of *Ioſſelina*, having no other Winding-ſheet but her owne ſmocke. They ſend away the Provoſt to apprehend *Mortaigne* and his Lackey for this Murther, who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and ſeizes *Mortainge* in his bed.

They are ſeverally brought to *La Paliſſe*, and firſt *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*, who denyes all: but they preſent his feet to the fire, and then hee confeſſeth not onely the Murther of *Ioſſelina*, but likewiſe that of her infant ſonne, whom he firſt ſtrangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*: and this, ſaid he, he did at the requeſt of his Maſter *Mortaigne*, of whom for his part and labour, he received one hundred Frankes.

Wee have here found two of theſe Murtherers: and now what reſteth there, but that the third, who is the Authour, and as it were the capitall great wheele of theſe bloudy Tragedies, be produced and brought to this Arraignement? The Procurer and Lievtenant repaire againe to the Priſon, and charge *Mortaigne* with theſe two bloudy Murthers: he knowes it is in vaine to deny it, ſith he is ſure his two execrable agents have already revealed it: therefore he aſhamed at the remembrance of his cruel and unnatural crimes, doth with many teares very ſorrowfully and penitently confeſſe all.

It is a happineſſe for him to repent theſe Murthers; but it had beene a farre greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Iudges are amazed to heare the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it, and both ſend their prayſes and thankefulneſſe to God, that he hath thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now comes the Cataſtrophe of their owne Tragedies, wherein every one of theſe Malefactors receives condigne puniſhment for their ſeveral offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt: *La Verdure* to be broken on the Wheele, and his body to be throwne into the River *Lignon*: and *Mortaigne*, though the laſt in ranke, yet the firſt in offence, to be broken on the Wheele, his body burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the ayre: which Sentence, in the ſight of a great multitude of ſpectators, was on a market day accordingly executed & performed in *La Palis*.

And this was the bloudy end of *Mortaigne*, and his two helliſh inſtruments, for murthering innocent *Ioſſelina*, and her ſilly and tender infant: May all Maydens learne by her example to preſerve their chaſtities: and men, by *La Verdures* and *La Palma's*,

not to be drawne to ſhed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money; and by *Mortaignes*, to be leſſe laſcivious, inhumane, and bloody: thereby to prevent ſoexecrable a life, and ſo infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit: *La Palma* on the Ladder extreamely curſed the malice of his wife *Iſabella*, who (he ſaid) was the author of his death: and no leſſe did *La Verdure* on the Wheele by his Maſter *Mortaigne*; but both of them were ſo deſperately irreligious, as neither of them conſidered that it was their former ſinnes, and the malice of the Devill, to whom they gave too much eare, that was the cauſe thereof.

And for *Mortaigne*, after he had informed the world, that he extreamely grieved, that his Judges had not given him the death of a Gentleman, which was to have beene beheaded, hee with many teares bewayled his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalneſſe, both towards *Toſſelina*, as alſo his and her young ſonne: yet he prayed the world in generall to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewiſe requeſted the Executioner to diſpatch him quickly out of this life; becauſe he confeſſed hee was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a ſtrict inquiſion for blood, and a curious and miraculous inquiry for Murther: yea, let us both feare him with love, and love him with feare, ſith he is as impartiall in his juſtice, as in diſtributing his mercies.

GO DS

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE IV.

Beatrice-Ioana, *to marry* Alſemero *cauſeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonſo Piracquo, *who was a ſuter to her.* Alſemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in adultery, kills them both.* Thomaſo Piracquo *Challengeth* Alſemero *for his Brothers death.* Alſemero *kills him treacherouſly in the field, and is beheaded for the ſame, and his body thrown into the Sea : At his execution he confeſſeth, that his wife and* de Flores *Murthered* Alonſo Piracquo *: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their aſhes throwne into the ayre.*

Ith in the day of Iudgement we ſhall anſwer at Gods great Tribunall, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle word our tongues utter, how then ſhall we dare appeare (much leſſe thinke to ſcape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of adultery, and taint our ſoules with the innocent bloud of our Chriſtian brethren ? when, I ſay, with beaſtly luſt and adultery, we unſanctifie our ſanctified bodies, who are the receptacles and Temples of the holy Ghoſt, and with high and preſumptuous hands, ſtabbe at the Majeſty of God, by murthering of man, who is his Image? This is not the ladder to ſcale heavn, but the ſhorteſt way to ride poaſt to hell : for how can we give our ſelves to God, when in the heat of luſt and fume of Revenge, we ſell our hearts to the Divell ? But did we ever love God for his Mercy, or feare him for his Juſtice, we would then not onely hate theſe ſinnes in our ſelves, but deteſt them in others : for theſe are crying and capitall offences, ſeene in heaven, and by the Sword of his Magiſtrates brought forth and puniſhed here on earth. A lamentable and mournefull example, whereof, I here produce to your view, but not to your imitation : may we all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comfort of our ſoules, and to the eternall glory of that moſt Sacred and Individuall Trinity.

IN *Valentia* (an ancient and famous City of *Spaine*) there dwelt one *Don Pedro de Alſemero*, a Noble young Cavallier, whoſe father (*Don Iuan Alſemero*) being ſlaine by the Hollanders in the Sea fight at *Gibralter*, he reſolved to addict himſelfe to Navall and ſea actions, thereby to make himſelfe capable to revenge his fathers death : a brave reſolution, worthy the affection of a ſonne, and the Generoſity of a Gentleman !

To which end he makes two voyages to the Weſt-Indies, from whence he returnes flouriſhing and rich, which ſo ſpread the ſayles of his Ambition, and hoyſted his fame from top to top-gallant, that his courage growing with his yeares, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable, nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchaſed by danger. In the actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, he ſhewed many noble proofes and teſtimonies of his valour and proweſſe, the which he confirmed and made good by the receit of eleven ſeverall wounds, which as markes and Trophees of Honour made him famous in *Caſtile*. Boyling thus in the heate of his youthfull bloud, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he reſolves to goe to *Validolyd*, and to imply ſome Grando either to the King or to the Duke of *Lerma*, his great favorite, to procure him a Captaines place, and a company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloudy warres againſt the Netherlanders, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he beganne this ſute, a generall truce of both ſides laid aſide Armes, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was ſhortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the daughter: Which was concluded at the *Hage* by his Excellency of *Naſſaw* and *Marquis Spinola*, being chiefe commiſſioners of either party. *Alſemero* ſeeing his hopes fruſtrated, that the keyes of peace had now ſhut up the Temple of Warre, and that Muſkets, Pikes, and corſlets, that were wont to grace the fields, where now ruſting by the walls, he is irreſolute what courſe to take, reſembling thoſe fiſhes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but die in thoſe that are ſtill and quiet: For he ſpurnes at the pleaſures of the Court, and refuſeth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And ſo not affecting, but rather diſdaining the pompe, bravery and vanity of Countries, hee withdrawes himſelfe from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to ſeeke warres abroad, ſith he could find none at home, where being arrived, although he were often invited into the companies of the moſt noble and honourable Ladies both of the City and Country: Yet his thoughts ranne ſtill on the warres, in which Heroike and illuſtrious profeſſion, he conceived his chiefeſt delight and felicity: and ſo taking order for his lands and affaires, he reſolves to ſee *Malta* that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of Chriſtendome, and the terrour of Turkey, to ſee if he could gaine any place of command and honour either in that Iland, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Tranſilvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to inrich his judgement and experience, by remarking the ſtrength of their Caſtles and Cities, their orders and diſcipline in warre, the Potency of their Princes, the nature of their Lawes and cuſtomes, and all other matters worthy the obſervation both of a Travellour and a Souldier: and ſo building many caſtles in the ayre, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to finde paſſage there for *Naples*, and from thence to ſhip himſelfe upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing ſo vaine as our thoughts, nor ſo uncertaine as our hopes: for commonly they deceive us, or rather we our ſelves in relying on them, not that God is any way unjuſt: (for to thinke ſo, were impiety) but that our hopes take falſe objects, and have no true foundation, and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alſemero* finds true: for here the winde doth oppoſe him, his thoughts fight and vanquiſh themſelves, yea the providence of God doth croſſe him in his intended purpoſes, and gives way to that he leaſt intendeth.

For comming one morning to our Ladies Church at *Maſſe*, and being on his knees in his devotion, he eſpies a young Gentlewoman likewiſe on hers next to him who being young, tender and faire, he thorow her thinne vaile diſcovered all the perfections of a delicate and ſweet beauty, ſhe eſpies him feaſting on the dainties of her pure and freſh cheekes; and tilting with the inviſible lances of his eyes, to hers, he is inſtantly raviſhed and vanquiſhed with the pleaſing object of this Angelicall countenance, and now he can no more reſiſt either the power or paſſion of love.

This Gentlewoman (whoſe name as yet wee know not) is young and faire, and cannot

cannot refraine from blushing, admiring to see him admire and blush at her. *Alsemero* dies in conceit with impatiency, that hee cannot injoy the happinesse and meanes to speake with her, but hee sees it in vaine to attempt it, because shee is ingaged in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers: But Masse being ended, he enquires of a good fellow Priest, who walked by, what shee was and whether she frequented that Church, and at what houre. The Priest informes him, that she is *Don Diego de Vermandero's* daughter: he being Captaine of the Castle of that Citie, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Ioana*, and that she is every morning in that Church and Place, and neere about the same houre.

Alsemero hath the sweetnesse of her beauty so deepely ingraven in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that he vowes *Beatrice-Ioana* is his Mistresse, and he her servant: yea, here his warlike resolutions have end, and strike sayle. And now he leaves *Bellona* to adore *Venus*, and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, so fervent is his flame, and so violent is his passion, as he can neither give nor take truce of his thoughts, till he be againe made happy with her sight, and blessed with her presence.

The next morne (as Lovers love not much rest) *Alsemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to finde his Mistresse; no other Church will please him but our Ladies, nor place, but where he first and last saw her: but she is more zealous then himselfe; For shee is first in the Church, and on her knees to her devotion, whom *Alsemero* gladly espying, he kneeles next to her: and having hardly the patience to let passe one poore quarter of an houre (he resolving as yet to conceale his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements and Courting his Mistris, he boards her thus:

Faire Lady, it seemes, that these two mornings my devotions have beene more powerfull and acceptable then heretofore, sith I have had the felicitie to bee placed next so faire and so sweet a Nymph as your selfe, whose excellent beauty hath so sodainely captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of love; and therefore having ended my devotion I beseech you excuse me, if I beginne to pray you to take pittie of mee: sith my flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I must live yours, or not dye mine owne.

Beatrice-Ioana could not refraine from blushing under her vaile, to see an unknowne Cavalier board her in these tearmes in the Church: and as she gave attentive eare to his speech, so shee could not for a while refraine from glancing her eye upon the spruceneſse of his person, and the sumptuousnesse of his apparell: but at last, accusing her owne silence, because shee would give him no cause to condemne it, shee with a modest grace, and a gracefull modesty, returnes him this answer:

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soule, if in this place you account it a felicity to enjoy the sight of so meane a Gentlewoman as my selfe, so I cannot repute it to affection but flattery, that this poore beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich prayses) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your selfe. Such victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equall, as I your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeale to them, if they find your affection such as you professe to me, no doubt regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alsemero (though a novice in the art of Love) was not so ignorant and cowardly to be put off with her first repulse and refusall, but rather seeing that the perfections of her minde corresponded with those of her beauty, he resolves now to make a triall of his wit and tongue, as heretofore he had done of his courage and sword: and so joynes with her thus:

It is a pretty Ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seeme the fairer; as the Sunne, who appeares brighter by reason of the nights obscurity: and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: but

I cannot

I cannot commend, and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your disrespect, to slight and poast me over from your selfe, whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know nor desire, which in effect is to give me a cloud for *Juno*. No, no, it is onely to you and to no other that I present and dedicate my service : and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtesie: sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Alsemero*, *Beatric-Joana* returnes this reply:

It is not for poore Gentlewomen of my ranke and complexion, either to bee ambitious, or politike, except it be to keepe themselves from the snares of such Caviliers as your selfe, who (for the most part) under colour of affection, ayme to erect the trophees of your desires upon the tombs of our dishonours : onely I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to mee a stranger, charity and common courtesie commands me to thanke you for the proffer of your service : the which I can no way either deserve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God, for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As shee had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Masse; when *Alsemero* arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his hat in his hand (sequestring her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speakes to her to this effect:

Faire Ladie, as I know you to be the Ladie *Beatrice-Joana*, daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermanderos*, Captaine of the Castle of this Citie : so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntary an injurie to your judgement and my intents as to pervert my affection and speeches to a contrary sense : but my innocencie hath this consolation, that my heart is pledge for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my words reall. In the meane time, sith you will give me no place in your heart, I beseech you to lend me one in your Coach, and be at least so courteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your fathers Castle.

Beatrice-Joana, calling to minde the freeneesse of her speeches, and the sharpnesse of his answer, not blushing for joy, but now looking pale for sorrow, repents her selfe of her errour, the which she salves up the best she could in this Reply:

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your speeches, I shall then not onely repent, but recant mine errour, in judging your selfe by others; in the meane time, if I have any way wronged your merits and vertues, to give you some part of satisfaction, if you please to grace me with your companie to the Castle, (although it be not the Custome of *Alicant*) I do most kindly and thankfully accept thereof : when *Alsemero* giving her many thankes, and kissing his hand, he takes her by the arme, and so conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a griefe and a scandall to any true Christians heart, that the Church ordained for thankes-giving and prayer unto God, should be made a Stewes, or at least, a place for men to meet and Court Ladies: but in all parts of the Christian world, where the Romane religion reigneth, this sinfull custome is frequently practised, especially in *Italy* and *Spaine*, where, for the most part, men love their Courtizans better then their God : and it were a happinesse for *France*, if her popish Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But againe to our History.

Wee will purposely omit the conference which *Alsemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Castle : where first her selfe, then the Captaine her father, thanke him for his honour and courtesie : in requitall whereof, he shewed him the rarities and strength of his Castle, and after some speeches and complements betweene them, he was so happy as to kisse *Beatrice-Joana*, but had not the felicity to entertaine her: and so he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet to the counter-scarfe. So home he rides to his lodging, where, whiles the winde holds contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to resolve in what sort he might contrive his sute for the obtaining of his new and faire

faire Mistresse *Beatrice-Ioana*, and likewise her selfe, to muse upon the speeches and extraordinarie courtesies, which this unknowne Cavallier affoarded her, and begin to speake of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, a rich Cavallier of the Citie, who unknowne to *Alsemero*, was his rivall and competitor, in likewise seeking and courting *Beatrice-Ioana* for his Mistresse and wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in lands and money, and descended of one of the chiefest and noblest Families of *Alicant*, by Profession a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavallier indued with many brave qualities and perfections, was so highly beloved, respected and esteemed in that Citie, as the very faireſt and noblest young Ladies were, with much respect and affection, proffered him in marriage by their parents: but there was none either so precious or pleasing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom he observed for beauty to excell others, and for Majestie and grace to surpasse her selfe, and indeed he could not refraine from loving her, nor be perswaded or drawne to affect any other: so as he setled his resolution either to have her to his wife, or not to be the husband of any. Yea, he is so earnest in his sute, as scarce any one day passeth, but he is at the Castle.

Vermandero thinkes himselfe much honoured of him, in seeking his daughter, yea, hee receives him lovingly, and entertaines him courteously; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement: and so gives *Piracquo* many testimonies of his favour, and many hopes that he shall prevaile and obtaine his Mistresse. But *Beatrice-Ioana* stands not so affected to him, rather she receives him coldly; and when he beginnes his sute to her, she turnes the deafe eare, and never answereth him, but in generall tearmes: onely not peremptorily to disobey her parents, shee seemes to be pleased with his company, and yet secretly in her heart wisheth him father from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering himselfe in his hope, and as much doating on *Batrice-Ioana's* beauty, as he relyes on her fathers constant affection to him, he is so farre from giving over his sute to her, as he continueth it with more earnestnesse and importunity, and vowes that he will forsake his life ere his Mistresse: but sometimes we speake true, when we thinke we jest: yet he findes her one and the same: for although she were not yet acquainted with *Alsemero*, yet she made it the thirteenth Article of her Creed, that the supreame power had ordained her another husband, and not *Piracquo*: yea, at that very instant the remembrance of *Alsemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, so that she wholly refus'd her heart to the last, of purpose to reserve and give it to the first: as the sequall will shew.

Now by this time *Vermandero* had notice, and was secretly informed of *Alsemeros* affection to his daughter, and withall, that she liked him farre better then *Piracquo*: which newes was indeed very distastefull and displeasing to him, because he perfectly knew that *Piracquo's* meanes far exceed that of *Alsemero*. Whereupon considering that he had given his consent, and in a manner ingaged his promise to *Piracquo*: he, to prevent the hopes, and to frustrate the attempts of *Alsemero*, leaves his Castle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino* his son, and taking his daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* with him, he in his Coach very sodainely and secretly goes to *Briamata*: a faire house of his, ten leagues from *Alicant*: where he meanes to sojourne, untill hee had concluded and solemnized the match betwixt them: But he shall never be so happy, as to see it effected.

At the newes of *Beatrice-Ioana's* departure, *Alsemero* is extreamely perplexed and sorrowfull, knowing not whether it proceed from her selfe, her father, or both; yea, this his griefe is augmented, when he thinkes on the suddennesse thereof, which hee feares may be performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her, makes that he cannot condemne her of unkindnesse: yet sith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, hee againe hath no reason to hope, much lesse to assure himselfe of her affection towards him: he knowes not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to thinke or doe in a mat-

matter of this nature and importance : for thus he reaſoneth with himſelfe ; if hee ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the father; if he ſtay at *Alicant*, diſpleaſe the daughter : and although he be rather willing to runne the hazzard of his envy, then of her affection, yet he holds it ſafer to be authoriſed by her pleaſure, and to ſteere his courſe by the compaſſe of her commands : Hee therefore bethinkes himſelfe of a meanes to avoyd theſe extreames, and ſo findes out a Channell to paſſe free betwixt that *Sylla* and this *Carybdis* ; which is, to viſit her by Letters : he ſees more reaſon to embrace, then to reject this invention, and ſo providing himſelfe of a confident meſſenger his heart commands his pen to ſignifie her theſe few lines :

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-IOANA.

AS long as your were in Alicant, *I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for* Malta *a thouſand times bleſſed that contrary winde which kept me from embarking and ſayling from you : yea, ſo ſweetly did I affect, and ſo dearely honour your beauty, as I entered into a reſolution with my ſelf, to end my voyage e're I beganne it, and to beginne another, which I feare will end me. If you demand, or deſire to know what this ſecond voyage is, know, faire Miſtreſſe, that my thoughts are ſo honourable, and my affection ſo religious, that it is the ſeeking of your favour, and the obtayning of your ſelfe to my wife, whereon not onely my fortunes, but my life depends. But how ſhall I hope for this honour, or flatter my ſelfe with the obtaining of ſo great a felicity, when I ſee you have not onely left mee, but which is worſe, as I underſtand, the City for my ſake? Faire* Beatrice-Ioana, *if your cruelty will make me thus miſerable, I have no other conſolation left me to ſweeten the bitternes of my griefe and misfortune, but a confident hope, that death will as ſpeedily deprive me of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.*

ALSEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Ioana* to leave *Alicant*, without taking her leave of *Alſemero*, then ſhee doth now rejoyce to receive this his Letter : for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of diſcontent, ſo this raiſeth them to the heaven of joy : and as then ſhe had cauſe to doubt of his affection, ſo now ſhe hath not onely reaſon to flatter, but to aſſure her ſelfe thereof: and therefore, though ſhe wil not ſeeme at firſt to grant him his deſire, yet ſhe is reſolved to returne him an anſwer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praiſe to her modeſtie. Her Letter is thus :

BEATRICE-IOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS I have many reaſons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to beleeve, that ſo poore a beauty of mine, ſhould have power to ſtope ſo brave a Cavallier (as your ſelfe) from ending ſo honourable a Voyage as your firſt, or to perſwade you to one ſo ſimple as your ſecond; ſo I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter ſeeke me for your Wife, when in your heart, I preſume, you leaſt deſire it : and whereas you alledge your life and fortunes depend on my favour ; I thinke you write it purpoſely, either to make tryall of your owne wit, or of my indiſcretion, by ende avoring to ſee whether I beleeve that which exceeds all beliefe ; now as it is true, that I have left Alicant, *ſo it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my father : for this I pray beleeve, that although I cannot be kinde, yet I will never be cruell to you: Live therefore your owne friend, and I will never dye your enemy.*

BEATRICE-IOANA

This Letter of *Beatrice-Joana*, gives *Alſemero* much deſpaire, and little hope : yet though hee have reaſon to condemne her unkindneſſe, he cannot but approve her modeſtie and diſcretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him : ſo his thought

thoughts are irreſolute, and withall ſo varible, as hee knowes not whether hee ſhould advance his hand, or withdraw his penne againe, to write to his Miſtreſſe. But at laſt, knowing that the excellencie of her Beautie, and the dignitie of her Vertues deſerve a ſecond Letter: he hoping it may obtaine and effect that which his firſt could not, calls for paper, and thereon traceth theſe few lines:

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-IOANA.

You have as much reaſon to aſſure your ſelfe of my affection as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letters, Teares and Vowes, are not capable to make you beleeve the ſinceritie of my zeale, and the honour of my affection: what reſteth, but that I wiſh you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beautie, to the end you might be both Witneſſe and Iudge, if under heaven I deſire any thing ſo much on earth as to be crowned with the felicitie to ſee Beatrice-Ioana *my wife, and* Alſemero *her husband? But why ſhould I ſtrive to perſwade that, which you reſolve not to beleeve, or flatter my ſelfe with any hope, ſith I ſee I muſt be ſo unfortunate to deſpaire? I will therefore henceforth ceaſe to write, but never to love: and ſith it is impoſſible for me to live, I will prepare my ſelfe to die, that the World may know, I have loſt a moſt faire Miſtreſſe in you, and you a moſt faithfull and conſtant Servant in mee.*

ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Ioana ſeeing *Alſemero's* conſtant affection, holds it now rather diſcretion, then immodeſtie to accept both his ſervice and ſelfe, yea, her heart ſo delights in the greeableneſſe of his perſon, and triumphs in the contemplation of his vertues, that ſhe either wiſheth her ſelfe in *Alicant* with him, or hee in *Briamata* with her: but conſidering her affection to *Alſemero* by her Fathers hatred, and her hatred to *Piracquo*, by his affection; ſhe thinkes it high time to informe *Alſemero* with what impatiencie they both indeavour to obtaine her favour and conſent, hoping that his diſcretion will interpoſe and finde meanes to ſtop the progreſſe of theſe their importunities, and to withdraw her fathers inclination from *Piracquo*, to beſtow it on himſelfe: but all this while ſhe thinkes her ſilence is an injury to *Alſemero*, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is ſo kinde to her, ſhe very ſecretly conveyes him this Letter:

BEATRICE-IOANA to ALSEMERO.

As it is not for Earth to reſiſt Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, ſo I cannot denie, but now acknowledge, that if ever I affected any man, it is your ſelfe: for your Letters, proteſtations, and vowes, but chiefely your merits, and the hope, or rather the aſſurance of your fidelitie, hath wonne my heart, from my ſelfe to give it you: but there are ſome important conſiderations and reaſons, that inforce me to crave your ſecrecie herein, and to requeſt you, as ſoone as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me: for I ſhall never give content to my thoughts, nor ſatisfaction to my minde, till I am made joyfull with your ſight, and happy with your preſence. In the meane time manage this affection of mine with care and diſcretion, and whiles you reſolve to make Alicant *your* Malta, *I will expect and attend your comming with much longing and impatiencie. To* Briamata.

BEATRICE-IOANA.

It is for no others but Lovers to judge how welcome this Letter was to *Alſemero*, who a thouſand times kiſſed it, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote it: he had, as we have formerly underſtood, beene twice in the Indies; but now, in his conceipt, he hath found a farre richer treaſure in *Spaine*, I meane his *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom he eſteemes the joy of his life, and the life of his joy: but ſhe will not prove ſo. Hee is

ſo

ſo inamoured of her beauty, and ſo deſirous to have the felicitie of her preſence, as the Winde comming good, the Ship ſets ſayle for *Malta*, and hee (to give a colour for his ſtay) feignes himſelfe ſicke, fetcheth backe his Trunkes, and remaineth in *Alicant*: and ſo burning with deſire to ſee his ſweetly deare and dearely ſweet Miſtreſſe, he diſpatched away his confident Meſſenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to advertiſe her that he will not faile to be with her that night at eleven of the clocke.

Beatrice-Ioana is raviſhed with the joy of this newes, and ſo provides for his comming. *Alſemero* takes the benefit of the night, and ſhe gives him the advantage of a Poſterne doore, which anſwers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Wayting-gentlewoman attends his arrivall. He comes: ſhe conducts him ſecretly thorow a Private Gallery into *Beatrice-Joana's* Chamber; where (richly apparelled) ſhe very courteouſly and reſpectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kiſſes; which they ſecond with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein ſhe relates him *Piracquo's* importunate ſute to her, and her fathers earneſtnes, yea, in a manner, his conſtraint, to ſee the Match concluded betwixt them; hee being for that purpoſe there, in her fathers houſe: Againe, after ſhe hath alledged and ſhowne him the intireneſſe of her affection to himſelfe, with whom ſhe is reſolved to live and dye, ſhe lets fall ſome darke and ambiguous ſpeeches, tending to this effect, that before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alſemero* to injoy her for his wife in this. Lo here the firſt plot and deſigne of a lamentable and execrable murther: which wee ſhall ſhortly ſee acted and committed.

There needs but halfe a word to a ſharpe and quicke underſtanding. *Alſemero* knowes it is the violence of her affection to him, that leades her to this diſreſpect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and becauſe her content is his, yea, rather it is for his ſake, that ſhe will forſake *Piracquo*, to live and die with him; Paſſion and affection blinding his judgement, and beautie triumphing and giving a law to his Conſcience: he freely proffereth himſelfe to his Miſtris, vowing, that he will ſhortly ſend him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had he a thouſand lives, as he hath but one, hee is ready, if ſhe pleaſe, to expoſe and ſacrifice them all at her command and ſervice. *Beatrice-Ioana* thankes him kindly for his affection and zeale, the which ſhe ſaith ſhee holds redoubled by the freeneſſe of his proffer: but being loath that he ſhould hazard his owne life, in ſeeking that of another, ſhee conjures him by all the love hee beares her, neither directly nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo*: but that hee repoſe and build upon her affection and conſtancie: not doubting, but ſhee will ſo prevaile with her father, that he ſhall ſhortly change his opinion, and no more perſwade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom ſhe reſolutely affirmes, neither life nor death ſhall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although ſhe affirme, his preſence is dearer to her then her life; yet the better and ſooner to compaſſe their deſires, ſhee prayes him to leave *Alicant*, and for a while, to returne to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may worke that, which perchance haſte, or importunitie may never. Thus paſſing over their kiſſes, & the reſt of their amorous conference, he aſſured of her love, and ſhe of his affection, he returnes for *Alicant*, packes up his baggage, which he ſends before, and within leſſe then foure dayes, takes his journey for *Valentia*: where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences: which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compaſſe of this Hiſtorie.

This meeting, and part of *Alſemero's* and *Beatrice-Joana's* conference at her fathers houſe of *Briamata*, was not ſo ſecretly carried and concealed, but ſome curious or treacherous perſon neere him, or her, over-heare & reveale it: which makes her father *Vermandero* fume and bite the lip; but he conceales it from *Piracquo*: and they ſtill continue their intelligence and familiaritie: *Vermandero* telling him plainely, that a little more time ſhall worke and finiſh his deſire; and that ſith his requeſt cannot prevaile with his daughter, his commands ſhall. But he ſhall miſſe of his ayme.

There is not ſo great diſtance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but ſome of the nobleſt of the

the city are advertised thereof: and one among the rest, in great zeale and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly aquaints *Don Thomaso Piracquo* his younger brother therewith, being then in the citie of *Alicant*: who hearing of this newes, whereof he imagined his brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persever in his present errour, and to prevent his future disgrace, he like a faithfull and honest brother, takes occasion from *Alicant* to write him this ensuing letter to *Briamata*:

THOMASO to ALONSO PIRACQVO.

BEing more jealous of your prosperitie, then of mine owne; and knowing it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the cleerenesse and soliditie of their judgement, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mistresses beauties: I desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my selfe bound to signifie you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches beare their perswasions with them, that your suite to Beatrice-Ioana *is in vaine, and shee unworthy of your affection, because she hath already contracted her selfe to* Alsemero *your Rivall: I am as sorry to bee the Herald of this newes, as glad and confident, that as shee hath matched your inferiour, so you are reserved for her better: Wherefore Sir, recall your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider that the shortest errours are best; and though you love her well, yet thinke that at your pleasure you may finde varietie of Beauties, whereunto hers deserves not the honour to doe homage. I could give no truce to my thoughts, til I had advertised you hereof, and I hope either the name of a brother, or your owne generositie, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.*

THOMASO PIRACQVO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brothers Letter of counsell and advice, is so farre from retyring in his suite, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeale: and as many mens judgements are dazled and obscured a little before their danger and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and cleare: so hee is not capable to bee disswaded from re-searching his Mistresse; but rather resembleth those Saylors, who are resolute to endure a storme, in hope of faire weather: but he had found more security and lesse danger, if he had imbraced and followed the counsell that his brother gave him. For *Beatrice-Ioana* seeing she could not obtaine her desire in marying *Alsemero* e're *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirme that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now, after she had ruminated, and runne over many bloodie designes: the devill, who never flies from those that follow him: proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Gentleman, of the Garison of the Castle, who followes her father, that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearely affect her: yea, she knowes, that at her request he will not sticke to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flores*: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soone as *Vermandero* understands of *Alsemero's* departure to *Valentia*, he with his daughter and *Piracquo* returns from *Briamata* to *Alicant*: where, within three dayes of their arrivall, *Beatrice-Ioana*, boyling stil in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the ayre of the Country nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindnesse and courtesies, if he will performe it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Ioana*, is exceeding glad of this newes, yea feeding his hopes with the ayre of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promises to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forth-with we shall see performed: to which end, *de Flores* insinuates himselfe fairely into *Piracquo's* company and familiaritie as he comes to the castle; where watching his hellish opportunitie, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickenesse and strength of the Walls, told

him that the ſtrength of that Caſtle conſiſted not in the Walles, but in the *Caſemates* that were ſtored with good Ordnance to ſcoure the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteouſly prayes *de Flores* to be a meanes that he may goe downe and ſee the *Caſemates*. *De Flores* like a bloody Faukner, ſeeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the bell upon ringing: but if he pleaſe, he himſelfe will after dinner accompany him, and ſhew him all the ſtrength and rarities of the Caſtle. Hee thankes *de Flores* for this courteſie, and accepts hereof, with promiſe to goe. So he hies in to dinner, and *de Flores* pretending ſome buſineſſe, walkes in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *de Flores* is providing him of a bloody banquet in the Eaſt *Caſmate*, where, of purpoſe he goes, and hides a naked ſword and Ponyard behinde the doore. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* findes out *de Flores*, and ſummons him of his promiſe: who tells him he is ready to wayt on him: ſo away they goe from the Walles to the Ravellins, Sconces and Bulwarkes, and from thence by a Poſterne to the Ditches: and ſo in againe to the *Caſemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the laſt, which is the Theater, whereon we ſhall preſently ſee acted a mornefull and bloody Tragedy. At the deſcent hereof *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him, treacherouſly informing *Piracquo* that the deſcent is narrow and craggy. See here the policie and villany of this devilliſh and treacherous miſcreant.

Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any treaſon, followes his example, and ſo caſts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leades the way, and he followes him; but, alas poore Gentleman, he ſhall never returne with his life: they enter the Vault of the *Caſemate*; *De Flores* opens the doore, and throwes it backe, thereby to hid his ſword and Ponyard. Hee ſtopes and lookes thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that that Peece doth thorowly ſcowre the Ditch. *Piracquo* ſtoopes likewiſe downe to view it, when (O griefe to thinke thereon!) *De Flores* ſteps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard ſtabes him thorow the backe, and ſwiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kils him dead at his feete, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruines of an old wall, whereof that *Caſemate* was built. Loe here the firſt part of this mournfull and bloudy Tragedie.

De Flores (like a graceleſſe villaine) having diſpatched this ſorrowfull buſineſſe, ſpeedily acquaints *Beatrice-Ioana* herewith, who (miſerable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thankes him with many kiſſes; and the better to conceale this their vild and bloody Murther, as alſo to caſt a miſt before peoples conceit and judgements, ſhe bids him, by ſome ſecret meanes to cauſe reports to be ſpread: firſt, that *Piracquo* was ſeene gone forth the Caſtle gate; then, that in the City he was ſeene take boate, and went (as it was thought) to take the ayre of the ſea. But this wit of theirs ſhall prove folly: for though men as yet ſee not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and puniſh it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Caſtle; ſo theſe aforeſaid reports runne for currant, all tongues prattle hereof; *Vermandero* knowes not what to ſay, nor *Piracquo's* brother and friends what to doe herein: they every houre and munite expect newes of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort; and amongſt the reſt, our devilliſh *Beatrice-Ioana* ſeemes exceedingly to grieve and mourne hereat. *Don Thomaſo Piracquo* with the reſt of his friends, ſearch every corner of the City, and ſend ſcouts, both by land and ſea, to have newes of him. *Vermandero* the Captaine of the Caſtle doth the like, aud vowes, that next his owne ſonne, he loved *Piracquo* before any man of the world: yea, not onely his frends, but generally all thoſe who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewaile the abſcence and loſſe of this Cavalier: for they thinke he is drowned in the ſea.

Now in the middeſt of this ſorrow, and of theſe teares, *Beatrice-Ioana* doth ſecretly advertiſe her Lover *Alſemero* hereof, but in ſuch palliating tearmes that thereby ſhe may delude and carry away his judgement from imagining that ſhe had the leaſt ſhaddow or finger herein: and withall prayes him to make no longer ſtay in *Valentia*,

lentia, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alsemero* wonders at this newes, and to please his faire Mistresse, believes part thereof, but will never believe all; but he is so inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*; when letting passe a little time, he makes his preparation for *Alicant*: but first he sends the chiefest of his parents to *Vermandero*, to demand his daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* in marriage for him, and then comes himselfe in person, and in discreete and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes shew to seeke her publikely.

In fine, after many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alsemero* hath heretofore wonne the affection of *Beatrice-Ioana*, so now at last hee obtaines likewise the favour and consent of *Vermandero* her father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of marriage, of two persons made one, their Nuptialls being solemnized in the Castle of *Alicant* with much Pompe, State, and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that past betwixt *Alsemero* and *Beatrice-Ioana* in the Church; having likewise seene the amorous Letters that past betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; and now considering the pompe and glory of their Nuptialls, who would imagine that any averse accident could alter the sweetnesse and tranquillity of their affections, or that the Sun-shine of their joyes should so soone be eclipsed, and overtaken with a storme? But God is as just as secret in his decrees.

For this marryed couple had scarce lived three moneths in the pleasures of Wedlocke (which if vertuously observed is the sweetest earthly joy) but *Alsemero*, like a fond husband, becomes jealous of his wife; so as he curbes and restraines her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to conferre or converse with, yea, farre les, to see any man: but this is not the way to teach a woman chastity: for if faire words, good examples and sweete admonitions cannot prevaile, threatnings and imprisoning in a chamber wil never; yea, the experience therof is daily seen, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the Women use (but not abuse) their liberty and freedome, granted them by their husbands, with much civility, affection, and respect.

Beatrice-Ioana bites the lip at this her husbands discourtesy: she vowes she is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealousie, and that shee is as unworthy of his suspicion, as he of her affection; he watcheth her every where, and sets Spyes over her in every corner: yea, his jealousy is become so violent, as he deemes her unchast with many, yet knowes not with whom: but this tree of Iealousie never brings forth good fruit. She complaines hereof to her father, and prayes him to be a meanes to appease and calme this tempest, which threatens the Shipwracke, not onely of her content, but (it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* beares himselfe discreetly herein; but he may as soone place another Sunne in the Firmament, as roote out this fearefull frenzie out of *Alsemero's* head: for this his paternall admonition is so farre from drawing him to hearken to reason, as it produceth contrary effects; for now *Alsemero*, to prevent his shame and secure his feare, suddenly provides a Coach, and so carries home his wife from *Alicant* to *Valentia*. This suddaine departure grieves *Vermandero* and galles *Beatrice-Ioana* to the heart, who now lookes no longer on her husband with affection, but with disdaine and envie. Many dayes are not past, but her father resolves to send to *Valentia*, to know how matters stand betwixt his daughter and her husband: he makes choyce of *De Flores* to ride thither, & sends letters to them both.

De Flores is extreamely joyful of this occasion, to see his old Mistresse *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom he loves dearer then his life: he comes to *Valentia*, and finding *Alsemero* abroad, and shee at home, delivers her her fathers Letter, and salutes and kisseth her, with many amorous imbracings and dalliances (which modesty holds unworthy of relation) she acquaints him with her husbands ingratitude; he rather rejoyces then grieves heraet, and now revives his old sute, and redoubleth his new kisses: shee considering what hee hath done for her service, and joyning therewith her husbands jealousie, not onely in-

gageth her ſelfe to him for the time preſent, but for the future, and bids him viſite her often. But they both ſhall pay deare for this familiarity and pleaſure.

Alſemero comes home, receives his fathers Letter, ſets a pleaſing face on his diſcontented heart, and bids him welcome: And ſo the next day writes backe to his father *Vermandero*, and diſpatcheth *De Folres*; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returnes for *Alicant*.

He is no ſooner departed, but *Alſemero* is by one of his Spies, a Wayting-gentlewoman of his Wifes, whom he had corrupted with money, advertiſed that there paſt many amorous kiſſes, and dalliances betweene her Miſtreſſe and *De Flores*: yea, ſhe reveales all that ever ſhe ſaw or heard: for ſhe paſt not to be falſe to her Lady, ſo ſhe were true to her Lord and Maſter. And indeed this Wayting-gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alſemero* to her Ladies chamber at *Briamata*. *Alſemero* is all fire at this newes, he conſults not with judgement, but with paſſion; and ſo rather like a devill then a man, flies to his Wife's chamber, wherein furiouſly ruſhing, he with his ſword drawne in his hand, to her great terrour and amazment, delivers her theſe words.

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tell me what familiarity there hath now paſt betwixt *De Flores* and thy ſelfe: whereat ſhe, fetching many ſighes, and ſhedding many teares, anſwers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, ſpeeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bonds of honour and chaſtity towards him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any courteſy, but ſuch as a brother may ſhew to his owne naturall ſiſter. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat ſhe growes pale, and withall ſilent. Which her huſband eſpying, Diſpatch, quoth he, and tell me the truth, or elſe this ſword of mine ſhall inſtantly finde a paſſage to thy heart. When loe, the providence of God ſo ordayned it, that ſhee is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as ſhe muſt be a witneſſe againſt her ſelfe, and in ſeeking to conceale her whoredome, muſt diſcover her Murther; the which ſhe doth in theſe words:

Know *Alſemero*, that ſith thou wilt inforce mee to ſhew thee the true cauſe of my chaſt familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy ſelfe more: for he it was, that at my requeſt, diſpatched *Piracquo*, without the which (as thou well knoweſt) I could never have injoyed thee for my huſband, nor thou me for thy wife: And ſo ſhe reveales him the whole circumſtance of that cruell Murther, as wee have formerly underſtood; the which ſhe conjures and prayes him to conceale, ſith no leſſe then *De Flores* and her owne life depended thereon, and that ſhe will dye a thouſand deaths, before conſent to defile his bed, or to violate her oath and promiſe given him in marriage.

Alſemero both wondering and grieving at this lamentable newes, ſayes little, but thinkes the more; and although he had reaſon and apparance to believe, that ſhe who commits Murther, will not ſticke to commit Adultery, yet upon his Wife's ſolemne oathes & proteſtations, he forgets what is paſt; only he ſtrictly chargeth her, no more to ſee, or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vowes he will ſo ſharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example to all poſterity.

But *Beatrice-Ioana*, notwithſtanding her huſbands ſpeeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*; yea, her huſband no ſooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valentia* with her; and they are become ſo impudent, as what they did before ſecretly, they now in a manner doe publikely, or at leaſt, with Chamber-doores open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great ſcandall, as well to her Maſters honour, as houſe againe informes him thereof; who vowes to take a moſt ſharpe revenge of this their infamy and indignity, as indeed he doth: for he bethinkes himſelfe (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealouſie, as of their firſt crime of Murther, and of their ſecond of Adultery: he injoyneth *Diaphanta* to lay wayt for the very houre that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, which ſhe doth; when inſtantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Countery, he very ſecretly and ſilently

lently having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a case of Pistols ready charged in his pocket (seeming to take Horse) husheth himselfe up privately in his studie, which was next adjoyning, and within his bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Ioana, thinking her husband two or three Leagues off, sends away for *De Flores*, who comes instantly to her: they fall to their kisses and imbracings, she rejoycing extreamely for his arrivall, and he for her husband *Alsemero's* departure: she relates him the cruelty and indignitie her husband hath shewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* uuderstands with much contempt and choller, as also with many threats. *Alsemero* heares all, but doth neither speake, cough, neeze, nor spit. So from words they fall to their beastly pleasures, when *Alsemero* no longer able to containe himselfe, much lesse to be accessary to this his shame, and their villany, throwes off the Doore, and violently rusheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the middest of their adultery, he first dischargeth his Pistols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runnes them thorow, and stabbes them with so many deepe and wide wounds, that they have not so much power or time to speake a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their soules flye to another world, to relate what horrible and beastly crimes their bodies have commited in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the second Tragedie of our History, we see our two Murtherers murthered, and *Piracquo's* innocent bloud revenged in the guiltinesse of theirs.

Alsemero, having finished this bloudie businesse, leaves his Pistols on the Table, as also his Sword and Ponyard all bloudy as they were; and without covering or removing the breathlesse bodies of these two wretched miscreants, he shuts his Chamber doore and is so farre from flying for the fact, as he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminall Judge himselfe, and reveales what he had done; but conceales the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Judge is astonished and amazed at the report of this mournefull and pittifull accident: he takes *Alsemero* with him, returnes to his house, and finds those two dead bodies fresh smoaking and reeking in their bloud: the newes hereof is spread in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flocke thither to be eye-witnesses of these two murthered persons; where some behold them with pitty, others with joy, but all with astonishment and admiration, and no lesse do those of *Alicant*, where this newes is speedily poasted; but all their griefes are nothing to those of *Don Diego de Vermandero's* (*Beatrice-Ioana's* father) who infinitely and extreamely grieves, partly for the death, but specially for the crime of his daughter.

The Judge presently commits *Alsemero* prisoner in another of his owne Chambers; and so examining *Diaphanta* upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *de Flores* and *Beatrice-Ioana*: she affirmes constantly, that now and many times before, she saw them commit adultery: & that she it was that first advertised *Alsemero* her Master hereof. Whereupon, after a second examination of *Alsemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, acquite him of this fact: so he is freed, and the dead bodies caried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judge have acquitted *Alsemero* of this fact, yet the Judge of Judges, the great God of Heaven, who seeth not onely our heart, but our thoughts, not onely our actions, but our intents, hath this and something else to lay to his charge; for he (in his sacred providence, and divine Justice) doth both remember and observe, first how ready and willing *Alsemero* was to ingage himselfe to *Beatrice-Ioana* to kill *Piracquo*: then, though he consented not to his Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publike arraignement and punishment, whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable and Christianlike Sepulchre: and if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastisment, Loe, he is entering into a new, willfull, and premeditated Murther, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously performe it, as we shall shortly see him lose his life upon an infamous Scaffold, where he shall finde no heart to pitty him, nor eye to bewaile him.

If we would be so ignorant, we cannot be so malicious to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomaso Piracquo* wrot his Brother *Alonso Piracquo* from

Alicant to *Briamata*, to with-draw himſelfe from his ſute to *Beatrice-Joana*; and although his affection and jealouſie to prevent his Brothers diſgrace, was then the chiefe occaſion of that his Letter, yet ſith he was ſince diſaſtrouſly and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that deare and ſweet Brother of his, whom he ever held and eſteemed farre dearer then his life, his thoughts, like ſo many lines, concur in this Centre, from whence he cannot be otherwiſe conceited or drawne, but that *Beatrice-Ioana* and *Alſemero* had a hand, and were at leaſt acceſſaries, if not authours of his loſſe: upon the foundation of which beliefe he rayſeth this reſolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not ſatisfaction for that irreparable loſſe which he ſuſtaineth in that of his Brother; and the ſooner is he drawne thereunto, becauſe he believes, that as *Alſemero* was ordained of old to chaſtize *Beatrice-Ioana*, ſo he was by the ſame Power reſerved to be revenged of *Alſemero*. Whereupon, although it be not the cuſtome of *Spaine* to fight Duels (as deſiring rather the death of their enemies then of their friends) he reſolves to fight with him; and to that end, underſtanding *Alſemero* to be then in *Alicant*, ſends him this Challenge:

THOMASO PIRACQVO to ALSEMERO.

IT is with too much aſſurance, that I feare Beatrice-Ioana's *vanity, and your raſhneſſe, hath bereaved mee of a Brother, whom I ever eſteemed and prized farre dearer then my ſelfe: I were unworthy to converſe with the world, much leſſe to beare the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I ſhould not ſeeke ſatisfaction for his death, with the hazard of mine owne life: for if a Friend be bound to performe the like courteſie and dutie to his Friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chaſtiſed* Beatrice-Ioana's *errour, and I muſt ſee whether mine be reſerved to correct yours. As you are your ſelfe, meet mee at the foot of* Gliſſeran hill *to morrow at five in the morning without ſeconds, and it ſhal be at your choyce, either to uſe your Sword on Horſe-backe, or your Rapier on foot.*

THOMASO PIRACQVO.

Alſemero accepts this Challenge, and promiſeth that he and his Rapier will not faile to meete him; yet as he one way wondereth at *Piracquo's* valour and reſolution, o ſanother way hee conſidereth the great loſſe he hath received in that of his Brother, and the juſtneſſe of his quarell againſt him; who although he were not acceſſary to his Murther, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof: and indeed this villany makes him loſe his accuſtomed courage, and thinke of a moſt baſe cowardize, and treacherous ſtratagem: But this diſhonourable reſolution and deſigne of his ſhall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and puniſhment as bitter as juſt.

They meet at the houre and place appointed: *Piracquo* is firſt in the Field, and *Alſemero* ſtayes not long after; but he hath two ſmall Piſtols charged in his pockets, which in killing his enemy ſhall ruine himſelfe. They draw, and as they approach, *Alſemero* throwes away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand prayes *Piracquo* to heare him in his juſt defence, and that he is ready to joyne with him to revenge his Brothers Murtherers. *Piracquo* being as courteous as couragious, and as honourable as valiant, likewiſe throwes away his Rapier, & with his Hat in his hand comes to meet him: but it is a folly to unarme our ſelves in our enemies preſence: for it is better and fitter that he ſtand to our courteſie, then we to his: when *Piracquo* fearing nothing leſſe then Treaſon, *Alſemero* drawes out his Piſtols, and diſchargeth them, the firſt thorow his head, and the ſecond thorow his breſt; of which two wounds he ſpeaking onely thus, *O Villaine, O Traytour!* falls downe dead at his feet. Loe here the third bloody part of this Hiſtory.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther: but for a Gentleman to deſtroy another in this baſe and cruell manner, this exceeds all baſeneſſe and cruelty it ſelfe: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a Halter.

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The newes of this bloody fact rattles in the streets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the firmament : *Piracquo's* Chirurgion being an eyewitnesse herof reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of *Alsemero* : all *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extoll *Thomaso Piracquo's* valor, and his singular affection to his dead Brother, and both detest & curse the treachery and memory of *Alsemero*. The criminall Iudges are advertised hereof, who speedily send poast after him : but hee is mounted on a swift Gennet, and like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather flie then gallop : but his hast is in vaine, for the justice of the Lord will both stop his Horse, and arrest him. He is not recovered halfe way from *Alicant* towards *Valentia*, but his Horse stumbles and breakes his foreleg, and *Alsemero* his right arme ; he is amazed, perplexed, and inraged hereat, and knowes not what to doe, or whither to flie for safety : for he sees no bush nor hedge to hide him, nor lane to save him ; and now he repents himselfe of his fact, but it is too late : his Horse fayling him, he trusteth to his legs, and so throwing off his cloake, runnes as speedily as he may : but the foulnesse of his fact doth still so affright him, and terrifie his conscience, as he is afrayd of his owne shadow, lookes still backe, imagining that every stone he sees is a Sergeant come to arrest him ; yea, his thoughts, like so many Blood-hounds, pursue and follow him, sweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but especially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind ; yea, every poynt of a minute he both expecteth and feares his apprehension.

Neither is his feare or expectation vaine ; for loe, he at last perceives foure come galloping after him as fast as their Horses can drive. So they finding first his poore Horse, and now espying his miserable selfe, he sees he is invironed of all sides, and thinkes the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him ; yet remembring himselfe a Gentleman, and withall a Souldier, he resolves rather to sell his life dearely in that place, then to be made a Spectacle upon an infamous Scaffold : but this courage and resolution shall neither prevaile or rescue him.

Hee to this effect drawes his Rapier, the which the foure Sergeants will him to yield, and render up to the Kings lawes and justice : but he is resolute to defend himselfe : They threaten him with their Pistols ; but their sight doe as little amaze him, as their report and bullets. So they alight from their Horses, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they breake his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yields himselfe. *Alsemero* thus taken, is the same night brought backe to *Alicant* in whose Gates and Streets a wonderfull concourse of people assemble to see him passe, who as much pitty his person, as execrate and condemne his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and *Alsemero* brought to appeare, who considering the hainousnesse of his treacherous and bloody fact ; which the Divell had caused him to commit, he stayes for no witnesses, but accuseth himselfe of this Murther, the which from point to point he confesseth ; and so they adjudge him to lose his head : but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath so treacherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As he is on the Scaffold, preparing himselfe to dye, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now, either to dissemble with God, or to feare the Law, he, to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that although he killed *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother *Don Alonso*, whom (he sayd) *De Flores*, at the instigation of his wicked and wretched wife *Beatrice-Ioana* had murthered and buryed in the East *Casemate* of the Castle ; and withall affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that Murther, it was onely in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he said) he now most heartily repented himselfe, as being unwilling any longer to charge his soule with it, sith he was ready to leave this world, and to goe to another, and so besought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whose sacred Majesty, he confessed, hee had

hadhighly and infinitely offended; and wiſhed them all to beware, and flie the temptations of the Devill, and to become better Chriſtians by his example.

The Iudges advertiſed hereof,cauſe his head to be ſtricken off for murthering of *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*; an d his body to be throwne into the Sea, for concealing that of *Don Alonſo*; which was accordingly executed:and from the place of Execution they immediately goe to the Caſtle,and ſo to the Eaſt *Caſemate*, where cauſing the ſtones to bee removed,they finde the mournefull murthered body of *Don Alonſo Piracquo*, which they give to his kinsfolkes to receive a more honourable Buriall,according to his rancke and degree : and from thence they returne to the Churches, where the Bodies of *De Flores* and *Beatrice Ioana* were interred (after they were brought backe from *Valentia*) the which for their horrible Murther, they at the common place of Execution cauſe to be burned,and their aſhes to be throwne into the ayre,as unworthy to have any reſting place on earth,which they had ſo cruelly ſtayned and polluted with innocent bloud.

Loe here the juſt puniſhment of God againſt theſe devilliſh and bloudy Murtherers! at the ſight of whoſe executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators,univerſally laud aud prayſe the Majeſty of God, for purging the earth of ſuch unnaturall and bloudy Monſters.

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GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE V.

Alibius *murthereth his wife* Merilla *: he is diſcovered, firſt by* Bernardo, *then by* Emelia *his owne daughter: ſo he is apprehended and hanged for the Fact.*

HOw far are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their owne wives: yea, when they murther them in their beds, inſtead of repoſing their ſecrets and affections in their boſomes! Theſe are helliſh reſolutions, and infernal ſtratagems, that nature neither allowes, nor grace approves. For beſides the Vnion betwixt God and his Church, there is none ſo abſolute and perfect on earth, as is that of Man and Wife: for as this world hath made them two perſons, ſo God hath conjoyned and made them one; and therefore what madneſſe, nay what cruelty is it to be ſo cruell to thoſe, who (if not our ſelves) are at leaſt our ſecond ſelves? Charity (the daughter of heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but eſpecially thoſe who are our kinſfolkes or friends. Religion (the mother of Charity) ſteps a degree farther, and inioyneth us to love thoſe who hate us; yea, theſe likewiſe are not onely the rules of nature, but the precepts of grace: therefore to kill thoſe who love us, and to deprive thoſe of life, who (did occaſion preſent) are ready to ſacrifice theirs for the preſervation of ours, it muſt needs proceed rather from a monſter then a man, or rather from a devill then a monſter: but ſuch devils and ſuch monſters are but too rife and common in theſe our ſinfull times. And amongſt others, I here produce one for example, who for that cruell and inhumane fact of his, by the juſtice of God, was juſtly rewarded with a halter. And may all thoſe, who perpetrate the like crime, participate of the ſame, or of a worſe puniſhment.

IN the Pariſh of *Spreare*, ſome fifteene miles diſtant from the beautifull and noble City of *Breſcia* (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poore countrey man, termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceaſed parents, but that he was a man of a comely ſtature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honeſt fame and reputation: ſo if his vertues had anſwered theirs, his poverty had never proved ſo pernicious and fatall an enemy to him, as to ruine his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes: or had the vices of his ſoule not contamined or ſtayned the perfections of his body, my penne had ſlept in ſilence, and his Hiſtory laine raked up in the duſt of his grave: but ſith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of nature and grace, yea, ſith he hath learned of the Devill to imbath his hands in poyſon, and to imbrue them in innocent bloud, I (incou-

raged

raged by the connivencie and ſilence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Alibius*, but in deteſtation of his bloody reſolution and actions, and chiefly and eſpecially to the comfort and inſtruction of the living, who may abhorre his crime by the ſight of his puniſhment: I have adventured and reſolved to give this a place among the reſt of my tragicall Hiſtories, that *Italie*, as well as *Breſcia* and *Spreare* (& peradventure the whole Chriſtian world with *Italie*) may underſtand therof.

This *Alibius*, as ſoone as he had attained the age of five and twenty yeares, married an honeſt maiden, termed *Merilla*, being a farmers daughter of the ſame pariſh of *Spre-ar*, with whom he had but ſmall meanes, and ſhe (to ſpeake truth) but little wit, and leſſe beauty; yet ſhe was neither ſo poore, but that ſhe deſerved a good huſband, nor ſo hard favoured, but ſhe might content an honeſt one. And indeede, had *Alibius* his care and induſtry anſwered *Merilla's* providence and frugality, or his luſtfull eye not ſtrayed either beyond his vow given her in marriage, or her indifferent beauty, this match might have proved as fortunat, as it hath ſince ſucceeded miſerable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*, whoſe thoughts flew a pitch above his birth, ranke, and meanes, had not lived many yeares, in wedlocke, till his prodigality and vanity had waſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of that ſmall eſtate he had; ſo as neceſſity looking now on him, becauſe formerly he diſdained to looke on it, knowing better how to play, then worke, or rather not how to worke, but play; and ſeeing that his preſent meanes could not maintaine him, nor his future hopes promiſe it, he as a true truant, and a perfect prodigall, diſdaining to want when he hath it, and when he hath it not, ſets up this lewd and unthrifty reſolution with himſelfe, to ſet all at ſixe and ſeven. But this prodigall humour of his doth as much grieve his Wife, as delight him: for now ſhe ſees that her ſpinning at home could neither ſerve nor ſatisfie his expences abroad, and that all her care and labour was by farre too little to maintaine his vanity; which ſhe (poore good woman) perceiving, yea, more then ſo, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, ſhe with faire wordes, and ſecret and ſweete perſwaſions endeavoureth to reclaime him from it; but this courſe of hers workes a contrary effect: for if before he played the prodigall in her abſence, now hee playes the Tyrant in her preſence: for he not onely rejoyceth, and ſtops his eares againſt her counſell, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous ſpeeches, ſuch as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a huſband to give, or a wife to receive. And this, as I have beene informed, was the firſt diſtaſt betwixt *Alibius* and *Merilla*.

But we need not goe farre for a Second: There is no peſtilent Infection, nor infectious Peſtilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a rocke, wherein many have ſuffered Shipwracke; it is a Fountaine that ſends forth many poyſoned ſtreames to thoſe that taſt or drinke thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whoſe fruit is by ſo much the more bitter to the ſtomacke, as it ſeemes pleaſing to the palate, like Pills of poyſon candy'd in Sugar: and as that which moſt delights, moſt confounds the ſenſe; ſo uſe breeding an habite, and habite a Second nature, vicious company, whom wee take to be our deareſt friends, doe in fine prove our moſt dangerous enemies, and ſo much the more dangerous, ſith when we would forſake them, we cannot; which our *Alibius* wil at laſt finde true in himſelf: yea, we ſhal ſee him infored to acknowledg it, as having bought and purchaſed it with a woefull and lamentable experience: for now he beginnes to love Swearing, Whordome, and Drunkenneſſe, that before he hated; and to hate the Goſpel of Chriſt, and the Profeſſours thereof, that before he loved. A moſt wretched exchange, where we take from our ſoules, to give to our ſenſes, and a woefull bargaine, where we ſell God, to buy the Devill.

Poore *Merilla* grieving to ſee that ſhe could not unſee, theſe his ungodly courſes, as alſo that it not onely conſumed the ſmall remaynder of his meanes, but likewiſe loſt his friends, and darkned and eclipſed his reputation, thinkes it not onely a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to requeſt ſome vertuous friend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deale with him herein, thereby to endeavour to perſwade him

from

from theſe his irregular and prophane courſes : But as thoſe who are ſicke, are ſo deprived of their taſte, as they cannot diſcerne betweene ſweet and bitter ; So *Alibius*, ſicke of the Lethargie of theſe his enormous and diſſolute Vices, was ſo farre from relliſhing this wholeſome counſell, as he not onely rejected it, but ſcoffed and reviled the partie who gave it him : and it being not ſo ſecretly (or peradventure not ſo wiſely) mannaged, but he comming to underſtand it proceeded from his wife *Merilla*, he tooke it ſo paſſionatly and outragiouſly, to ſee his follies revealed by her, who was bound to conceale them, as moſt uncivilly and inhumanely checking her, he in the heat of his diſpleaſure and revenge, ſome moneths forſakes her company, and many her bed ; whereat, ſuch was her tender affection to him, and his diſreſpect to her, as I know not whether ſhe more grieved, or he rejoyced.

The motives of his third diſtate to his Wife, were grounded upon her barrenneſſe and ſterility ; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleaſure and providence was to give none to her, without conſidering that the barrenneſſe and fruitfulneſſe of a woman comes all from the Lord, or without remembring that ſome Children are borne for a curſe, as others for a bleſſing to their parents: or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods ſecret Divinity, what were fitteſt for him, and yet theſe reaſons cannot prevaile againſt his unreaſonable ſelfe, and therefore this, amongſt the reſt of his diſtaſtes, hee, or rather the Divell for him, throwes in againſt his Wife : *That if he had a Child, he ſhould be a good husband, and not before* : as if hee deſired and ſought ſome pretext and colour, though never ſo unjuſt and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the World to bolſter out and apologize his jarring and ſquaring with his Wife : yea, his impudencie was growne to the height of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his Wife was the cauſe of his poverty ; for if ſhe would give him no Child, God would give him no proſperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally deſire Children ; ſo it is a great affliction (I will not ſay a curſe) to them, if they have none. But theſe unjuſt ſpeeches of *Alibius*, doe juſtly and infinitely afflict his Wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther diſcord might trouble the harmony of their wedlocke) ſends her teares to earth, and her prayers to heaven that her bleſſed Saviour would be pleaſed to bleſſe her with a child ; when God, ſeeing his prophane hypocriſie, which he will revenge, and underſtanding her religious zeale, which hee will reward, out of the ineſtimable treaſure of his Mercie and providence, grants her her requeſt, and him his deſire : ſo as in ſhort time ſhee ſees her ſelfe the mother, and him the father of a young daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reaſon of his diſtaſte of his Wife, was, that ſeeing time runne on in his ſwift cariere, and his prodigality ſtill remayning, as alſo that his maſke of his Wife's ſterilitie was taken away ; hee that was heretofore ſo deſirous of a child, now thinkes this one to bee one too many, becauſe (ſaith hee) hee can no way indure the crying and trouble thereof. But is there any thing ſo unnaturall or ridiculous as this ? Now, if he murmure at this his child, during her infancie, he will much more ſtorme at her, when ſhe comes to riper yeares : and obſerving that her mother doth ſubtract from his prodigality, to adde to her maintenance, this doth againe extreamely vexe and afflict him : ſo that his child, whom hee pretended ſhould bee the cauſe of his joy and proſperity, is now that of his griefe ; and as hee thinkes, of his farther poverty and miſery : the which, poore *Merilla* his wife, to her unſpeakeable and ineffable griefe, palpably perceiveth, aſwell in his uncharitable and malicious ſpeeches, banded to her for her daughter *Emelia's* ſake, as to *Emelia* for her ſake : But whar know we, whether God hath purpoſely ſent his daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her father intendeth to her Mother ?

His fift, and (as yet) his laſt diſtaſte againſt his wife, proceeds from his obſerving that her beauty is withered and decayed ; not that heretofore hee knew her faire : but that ſhee is not ſo faire now, as when hee firſt married her : as if time and age had not power to wither the bloſſomes of our youth, as the Sunne hath to daver the freſheſt

freſheſt Roſes and Lillies. But as all his former diſtaſts towards his wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophaneneſſe: ſo this laſt of his doth manifeſtly diſcover his addiction to luſt, and his affection to Whoredome: for it is impoſſible for our wives to ſeeme foule in our eyes, except there be ſome others ſeemes fayrer: as blackneſſe ſeemes blacker when it is compared and paralleld with whiteneſſe: and this indeed is the Vulture and Viper that ſtickes ſo cloſe to his breſt, and ſo neere to his heart, yea, this is his darling and boſome ſinne that wil ſtrangle him, when it makes greateſt ſhew to kiſſe and imbrace him.

Alibius, powerfully ſollicited by theſe five ſeverall diſtaſtes conceived againſt his wife *Merilla*, who poore woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles hee (in the heat and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuouſneſſe and ſenſualitie, but eſpecially provoked by his owne poverty and penury; who now beganne to appeare to him in a leane and miſerable ſhape: hee leaves his wife and family, and betakes himſelfe to the ſervice of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to ſtop the current of his prodigality, and to finde out the invention and meanes, futurely to get that which formerly he had expended: which reſolution of his had beene indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had beene anſwerable to the ſweetneſſe of his tongue: but wee ſhall ſee the contrary, and finde by his example, that Snakes alwaies lurke under the fayreſt and greeneſt leaves.

During which time, hee ſerves ſome Gentleman of worth and quality, but one of eſpeciall accompt and reputation; not diſtant above three ſmall miles from the City of *Breſcia*, who being an excellent Houſe-keeper, and a good member of the common-weale, there *Alibius* (had hee had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as impiety) might have forgotten his old vices, and have learned new Vertues: but if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was firſt to bee a perfect Carver and Wayter, then to be decent in his apparell; and laſt of all, to bee ſmooth in his ſpeeches, and affable and pleaſing in his complements, without any regard at all, either to reforme the vanity of his thoughts, or to controule his diſſolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus paſt away many yeares abroad in ſervice, and very ſeldome or never either ſeene *Spreare*, or viſited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*: hee at laſt ſeeing of the one ſide, that age beganne to Snow on his head; and that the greateſt wealth of a Servingman, was, to have onely a new Livery, and a full belly, to have many verball, but no reall friends, reſolved to leave his ſervice, as alſo his wife and daughter in *Spreare*: and ſo to travell to *Venice*, hoping there in ſome honeſt place, and imployment, to ſerve the Seigniorie, or at leaſt ſome one of the *Magnifico's* or *Clariſſimo's*: but then conſidering the charge of the journey, the weakeneſſe of his purſe, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, he reſolves for a time to ſojourne in *Breſcia*; and to watch if any occaſion or accident preſented, whereby hee might repaire and raiſe his fortunes.

Hee had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, ſituation, wealth and fidelity (after *Venice* it ſelfe) gives not the hand to any of her ſiſter Cities of that ſtate;) but his eies (as the luſtfull ſentynells of his heart) eſpie ſo many beauties, as he began to loath his own wife *Merilla*, and to wiſh her in another world, that he might have another wife in this. Lo, here the divell beginnes with him anew to perſwade him to hate his wife.

Abiding thus in *Breſcia*, it fell out that hee, who bore the ſilver rod in token of honour, and Juſtice (or rather of honour to Juſtice) before the podeſtate or chiefe Magiſtrate of this City dyed: and to this Office *Alibius* (becauſe hee knew himſelfe a grave and perſonall man) aſpired: and what through the reſpect of his gravitie, through his ſmooth tongue, and fayre ſpeeches: but eſpecially by making many friends to the Podeſtate and Senators, he at laſt obtained it: a place indeed, more honourable then profitable, and yet worth at leaſt one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, beſides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* looke aloft, and ſo hee ſcornes his poore wife *Merilla*, as if there were no paritie and ſimpathie betwixt her rags and his robes:

robes: yea, hee would not ſee *Spreare*, nor ſuffer her to ſee *Breſcia*, and the devill was ſo buſie with him, or hee with the divell, that in hope of a richer and fayrer Wife, hee reſolues to poyſon her according as hee heretofore had many times thought and premeditated: and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himſelfe, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as povertie many times befalls us for our good, ſo ſometimes, wealth and proſperity brings us misfortune and miſery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewiſe much rejoyce him, An honeſt Cittizen of *Breſcia*, of his own name, though no way his kinſman, dies (& as ſince it hath been ſhrewdly imagined, not without vehement ſuſpicion of poyſon) leaving a rich widdow, named *Philatea*: and for the familiarity and good conceit hee had of our *Alibius*, as alſo induced thereunto through his hypocritall ſhew of honeſty and piety, makes him ſole overſeer of his will: ſo neatly & ſmoothly did our *Alibius* work and inſinuate himſelfe in his favour: But the maſke of this his hypocriſie ſhall be ſoon puld off.

Alibius ſeeing *Philatea* young, rich and faire, hee lookes on her more often then on her huſbands teſtament: and ſo wiſhing his wife *Merilla* in his adopted kinſmans grave, and himſelfe in *Philatea's* bed, hee bends his purpoſes and intents that way, as ſo many lines that runne to their Center: yea, ſo ſtrongly hath the devill poſſeſſed him with theſe helliſh deſignes and bloudy reſolutions, as his love to *Philatea*, defacing his reſpect to *Merilla*, hee ſees her a blocke in his way, and a ſtop to his perferment, and ſo concludes that ſhee muſt bee removed and diſpatched: to which effect, to draw his ſinfull contemplation into bloudy action, hee rides over to *Spreare* to her; and under colour of tender love and affection, hee in Milke, Wine, and roſted Apples, gives, her poyſon; when ſeeing it would not worke his deſired effect, he after takes an occaſion, purpoſely to quarrell with her, & ſo very lamentably (in preſence of their daughter *Emelia*) reviles and beates her, and returnes to *Breſcia*, ſtill hoping that the poyſon yet might operate, and diſperſe it ſelfe in her veines, and that ſhortly hee ſhould heare newes of her death. Loe here *Alibius* his firſt attempt in ſeeking to murther his Wife.

In this meane time hee layes cloſe ſiedge to *Philatea's* Chaſtity, who not ſo honeſt as faire, is ſoone drawne to ſinne, and proſtitutes her ſelfe to his beaſtly pleaſure, and having no regard to her reputation, conſcience, or ſoule, conſents to this bitter-ſweet ſinne of Adultery; the which laſcivious familiarity is ſo long continued betwixt them, till at laſt *Philatea's* ſtraight Bodies become too ſmall, and her Apron too ſhort for her; when ſeeing it high time to provide for her fame, ſhee acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and aſkes his advice, whether ſhe ſhall marry with one of her ſervants: *Alibius* meaning to keepe the Farme for himſelfe, whereof hee had already taken poſſeſſion, bids her not to take care for a huſband, but to bee of good comfort, and that farre within her time, hee would provide a place for her to lay downe her great belly; yea, ſo ſecret, as her owne heart could either wiſh or deſire.

But if our miſerable *Alibius* were before reſolved to murther his poore harmeleſſe Wife *Merilla*, this newes, and theſe ſpeeches of *Philatea*, ſet him all on fire; and ſo (having conſulted with the Devill) he vowes ſhe ſhall not live: to which end, he provides himſelfe of ſtronger poiſon, and in a dark night (when as he flatters himſelfe with hope, that the Heavens were ſo unjuſt and inhumane to conſpire with him in the Murther of his Wife) he takes horſe in the Eaſt Suburbe of *Breſcia*, and ſo rides toward *Spreare*.

But ſee the juſtice, and withall the providence and mercie of our indulgent God! who vouchafed, and yet reſolved to reſtraine and divert him from this his bloudy enterpriſe, by an accident as ſtrange as true: for a mile out of *Breſcia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of execution, his Horſe ſtumbles, and falls under him right againſt it, with which fall his ſhoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a caveat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the leaſt ſparke of grace to have made good uſe hereof! But the Devill had bewitched his underſtanding and judgement: for he could ſee by no other eyes, but by thoſe of revenge and bloud.

Arriving at his houſe at *Spreare*, hee, contrary to his hopes, findes his daught *Emelia* with her mother (who by this time was married likewiſe to a poore Cou trey man of *Spreare*) whoſe ſight and preſence was, for that time, a ſtop to the ex cution of her fathers poyſoning deſigne on her mother; for hee feared that ſhee h formerly diſcovered and ſuſpected this his purpoſe and reſolution, as indeed ſhee ha wherefore hee forbore to adminiſter it, onely becauſe hee would not loſe all his l bour, hee againe quarrells with his Wife, and after hee had reviled her with ma ſcandalous and contumelious ſpeeches, hee in the preſence of his (mournefull) daug ter, doth exceedingly beate her; who (weeping to ſee her mother weepe) infinite grieved to bee an eye-witneſſe of this inhumane and babarous cruelty of her fathe And ſo for that time *Alibius* againe permitted his Wife to live; But this will prove n pardon, but onely a ſhort reprivall for her.

Returning againe to *Breſcia*, it is not long before *Philatea* doth againe importu him to provide for the concealing and ſalving of her ſhame, alleadging that her ti drew on, and that it was more then time to provide her a husband. *Alibius*, theſe her ſecond aſſummons, beginnes to looke about, and reſolves at what rate, in what manner ſoever, now to ſend his Wife into another world; yet (as I think or ever underſtood) conceales his purpoſe from *Philatea*. Miſerable wretch! had h not participated more of the nature of a Tyger, then a man, or of a Devill then a T ger, hee would never have layd violent hands on his owne Wife, whom earth a heaven had made fleſh of his fleſh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had hee had much grace to have conſidered, that the ſilver wand he bore before the *Podeſtate*, w for the ſcourging and puniſhing of ſinne: Methinks it ſhould have made him mo charitable, and not ſo bloudy to attempt it. But what wil not luſt enterpriſe, and reven execute, if wee neither feare God with our hearts, nor love him with our ſoules?

Perſeverance in Grace and vertue is excellent, but in ſinne lamentable. *Alibi* hath had yeares and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his wife: but t longer he lives, the deeper roote it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower his youth, nor the branne of his age to God, but that to pleaſure, this to Revenge a Murther, and both to the devill: for now he is reſolute to finiſh this mournefull a bloudy Tragedy, that he hath ſo long deſired, and ſo often attempted: and now i deed the fatall time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the Murtherous ha of her husband, muſt be ſent out of this World to ſee a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podeſtate* to ſupper, takes horſe, a little before the gat of the City were ſhut: and having his former poyſon in his pocket, away hee rides t *Spreare*: but to act his villany with the greater ſecrecy, he maſketh and diſguiſeth him ſelfe: approaching his houſe, hee in the next Meddow ties up his horſe to a tree, and knockes at doore. Poore *Merilla* his wife was in bed and a ſleepe with (a little Girle) he Grandchild, named *Pomerea*, the daughter of her daughter *Emelia*, whom, without Candle, ſhee ſends downe to open the doore, aſſuring her ſelfe (as indeed it proved to true for her) that it was her huſband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the doore, lets one in, b whom ſhee knowes not: and then for feare retires to the kitchin, which ſhe ſhuts faſt o her. So *Alibius* mounts to his wives Chamber, and after ſome words gives her a potio (ſome ſay of milke) bitterly ſugred with poyſon, and forceth it downe her: who poor ſoule is amazed hereat, and with her weake ſtrength cryes out for helpe, but in vain Hee being devilliſhly reſolved, now to make ſure worke, takes a billet out of th Chimney, and ſo diſpatcheth and kils her in her bed (without giving her any time t commend her ſoule unto God) and ſo very haſtily ruſheth forth the doore.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a candle, and aſcends up the cham ber where ſhee ſees the lamentable ſpectacle of her Murthered Grand-Mother, hot reeking and ſmoaking in her bed: whereat ſhee is amazed, and makes moſt woefull cries and mournefull lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly ſighing and weeping, ſhee knowes not what to doe, or what not to doe in this her bitter and

wretched

wretched perplexity, in which meane time *Alibius* going for his horſe, findes onely the halter: for his horſe is grazing in the Meddow: hee diligently ſeekes him, but cannot a long time ſet ſight of him; which indeed doth much aſtoniſh and amaze him: but at laſt he findes him, and ſo gallops away to *Breſcia*: where the better to delude the World, and to caſt a miſt before their eies, hee is againe by ſixe of the Clocke in the morning waiting upon the *Podeſtate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedral Church of that City. But this policy of his ſhal not prevent his detection & puniſhment.

In this meane time, *Pomerea* runnes to the neereſt neighbours, and divulgeth the Murther of her Grandmother. Many of the neighbours, flock thither, to ſee this bloudy and woefull ſpectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare* are acquainted herewith: they ſend for Chirurgions, who viſit the dead body, and report ſhee is both poiſoned and beaten to death: they examine poore *Pomerea*, who relates what ſhee ſees and knowes: they ſend every where to ſearch for the Murtherer. By this time the newes hereof comes to *Breſcia*. *Alibius* (like a counterfet miſcreant) is all in teares, yea, hee ſheweth ſuch living affection to the memory of his dead wife, as hee ſends every where to find out the Murtherer, But God will not have him eſcape, for in due time wee ſhall ſee him brought forth and appeare to the world in his colours.

Alibius, notwithſtanding his teares in his eyes, having ſtill a hell in his conſcience, is afrayd, leaſt *Emelia* his daughter (meaſuring the ſubſequent by the antecedent) hold him to bee her mothers Murtherer; and becauſe the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare* (ſuſpecting her) have taken ſureties for her apparance: hee, the better to inſinuate with her, uſeth her with more then wonted courteſie and affability, imagining, that if her mouth were ſtopped, hee needed not feare any others tongue: But this politike ſleight of his ſhall not prevaile.

Now by little and little, Time, (the conſumer of all things) beginnes to weare away the crying rumor of this Murther: and ſo *Alibius* thinking himſelfe ſecure, e're three moneths be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his ſecond wife: which being knowne in *Breſcia*, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any ſubſtantial ground, but onely out of preſumptive circumſtances) vehemently ſuſpect that *Alibius* had a deepe hand in the Murther of his late wife *Merilla*: but they dare not ſpeake it alowd, becauſe he was well beloved both of the *Podeſtate* himſelfe (for that yeere being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as Murther pierceth the Cloudes, and cryes for revenge from Heaven, ſo wee ſhall ſee this of *Alibius*, miraculouſly diſcovered, and e're long, ſeverely puniſhed: for when hee thought the ſtorme paſt, and ſaw the Skies cleere, when, I ſay, hee imagined that all rumours and tongues were huſhed up in ſilence, and that hee thought on nothing elſe, but to paſſe his time ſweetly and voluptuouſly with his new and faire wife *Philatea*, then, when all other meanes and inſtruments wanted, to bring this his obſcure and bloudy fact to light: Lo, by the Divine providence of God, wee ſhall ſee *Alibius* himſelfe be the cauſe, and inſtrument of his owne diſcovery.

For after he had married *Philatea* (which I take to bee the firſt light of ſuſpecting him of his wife *Merilla's* Murther) (if my information bee true, as I confidently beleeve it is) this is the ſecond: *Alibius* under the pretext of other buſineſſe, ſends for one *Bernardo*, of the pariſh of *Spreare*, to come to him to *Breſcia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as alſo for the more orderly contriving of this Hiſtory, we muſt underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was an old aſſociate and diſſolute companion of *Alibius*: whom (as it is well knowne by thoſe who knew them) hee had many times uſed and made his ſtickler and agent in many of his former lewde courſes and enterpriſes: not that I any way thinke hee had any hand in the preſent Murther of *Merilla*: for then (I know) ſuch is the Candour and Wiſedome of the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare*, and ſuch is the cleere judgement and zeale of the Senators of *Breſcia* to juſtice, that hee had never eſcaped, but had beene apprehended and brought to his tryall.

Wee muſt farther underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was likewiſe a companion of *E-*

melia's husband : yea ſcarce any one day paſt, but they were knowne and ſeene together in tippling houſes, and other ſuch lewd and vicious places, whereas drinke was ſtill a moſt treacherous and unſecret Secretary.

It may bee that what *Merilla* told her husband privately, hee diſcovered it publikely to *Bernardo* : who comming (as we have formerly heard) to *Breſcia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, hee fell to his old vaine of tippling and carowſing, and there without the North gate of *Breſcia* (which lookes towards *Bergamo*) having more money then wit, and more wine then mony, in the middeſt of his cups, told hee was a Contadyne, or Countreyman of *Spreare*: that hee knew *Alibius* as great as now hee bore himſelfe, and that hee Murthered his poore wife in the Countrey, to have this fine one in the City. Which ſpeeches of his hee reiterated and repeated often: yea, ſo often, as they fell not to the ground, but ſome of his lewd companions tooke notice thereof; and one amongſt the reſt, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius* went and ſecretly advertiſed him hereof: who (under-hand) ſends away for *Bernardo* where hee was, and wrought ſo with him, as ſince that time he was never ſeene in *Breſcia*. But this report of his remained behind him.

A ſecond light which *Alibius* gave to the diſcovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way cleere, and all ſuſpicion vaniſhed, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courteſie to diſreſpect and unkindneſſe towards his daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greateſt part of that ſmall meanes hee gave her towards her maintenance: which uncharitable and unnaturall part of his, threw this poore woman into ſo bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her conſcience that her father was her Mother Murtherer, ſhee exceedingly apprehended and feared; leſt he would attempt to diſpatch her likewiſe: the which ſhee farre the more doubted, becauſe her father had bayled her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare*. But here, as ſimple as ſhee was ſhee enters into many conſiderations with her ſelfe; that to accuſe her father, would be as great a diſobedience in her, as it was cruelty in him to Murther her mother. She is a long time irreſolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpoſe and enterpriſe: and here ſhee conſults betwixt nature and grace, betwixt the Lawes of earth and heaven, what ſhee ſhould doe, or how ſhe ſhould beare her ſelfe in a matter of ſo unnaturall a nature, It grieves her to bee the meane of her fathers death, of whom ſhee had received her being : and yet ſhee ſorroweth not to reveale the murtherer of her mother, of whom ſhee injoyed her life. But though ſence and nature cannot, yet Reaſon and Religion will reconcile, and cleare theſe doubts: yea, evaporate thoſe miſts, and diſperſe theſe clouds from our eyes, and makes us ſee cleere, that Earth may not conceale Murther, ſith God receives glory both in the detection and puniſhment thereof.

Some will ſay, this daughter did ill to accuſe her father. But who will not affirme that hee did farre worſe, to Murther her mother Neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it: for ſhee enters into this reſolution with teares, and perſevereth therein with ſighes and lamentations: but if ſhee were at firſt reſolute herein, this reſolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when ſhe ſees her father ſo ſuddenly married, and her mother in law ready to lay downe her great belly, eſpecially when ſhee heares the reports of his ſuſpition bruited in *Breſcia*. So now ſhe can no longer containe herſelfe, but goes to the next Corrigador, and reveales him, that her father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her mother *Merilla*.

The Corrigador being a wiſe and grave Gentleman, wondering at this lamentable newes, retaines *Emelia* in his houſe, and writes away to the Podeſtate of *Breſcia* hereof who receives this newes on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chiefe Senators thereof: who repaire to his houſe. The probabilities and circumſtances are ſtrong againſt *Alibius*. So they all conclude to impriſon him: hee is at the doore, ruffling in his garded gowne and velvet cap, with his ſilver wand in his hand (as if hee were fitter to checke others then to be controulled himſelfe :) wayting to be conducted

conduct the podeſtate to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreames how neere hee is to danger, or danger to him: hee is by an Iſbiere or Serjeant called in to ſpeake with the Podeſtate: and although his conſcience inwardly torment him, yet hee puts a good (or at leaſt a brazen) countenance on all, and ſo very cheerefully comes before him: at his firſt arrivall, his velvet cap and ſilver wand (thoſe dignified markes of honour and juſtice) are taken from him, and conſequently his office: (becauſe theſe are rewards onely proper to vertue, and not to vice) hee is examined by thoſe worthy Magiſtrates, who beare gravity in their lookes, wiſdome in their ſpeeches, and juſtice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many ſmooth words, for the defence of his crime, which with the ayd and varniſh of his gracefull geſture, hee ſtrives to extenuate and palliate, but in vaine: for hee hath to doe with thoſe Magiſtrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the ſugar of a lye, or the charme of an evaſion. So they commit him cloſe priſoner, where hee hath both time and leaſure to thinke on the foulenеſſe of his fact, and the unnaturalneſſe and barbariſme of his cruelty.

The Munday following, the Corrigadors of *Spreare* ſend *Emelia* to *Breſcia*, where, the next day the Podeſtate, Prefect and Senators examine her: they firſt exhort her to conſider, that ſhee ſpeakes before God: and although *Alibius* be her earthly father, yet hee is her heavenly: they conjure and ſweare her to ſpeake the truth, and no more: and becauſe they ſee her a ſimple illiterated woman, they informe her what the vertue and nature of an oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and ſtedfaſtly looking up towards heaven, ſhe (bitterly weeping & ſighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word: The Prefect with milde exhortations and ſpeeches incourageth her to ſpeake, when with many teares and interrupted ſighes, ſhe at laſt proffereth theſe words, My father hath often beaten my Mother, and even layne her for dead: and at other times, hee hath given her poyſon, and hee it is and no other that hath now murthred her. One of the Senators, (ſome ſay it was the Podeſtate, who as much favoured *Alibius*, as hated his crime:) bade *Emelia* looke to her conſcience, and her conſcience to God, and withall to conſider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, ſo *Alibius* was her Father. Whereat ſhe bitterly weeping, againe ſaid, that what ſhe had already ſpoken was true, as ſhe hoped to injoy any part of heaven. So they binding her to give evidence at the great Court of the Province, which ſome foure moneths after was to be held in the Caſtle of their Citie, they diſmiſſe her.

In which meane time *Alibius* is viſited in priſon by divers of his acquaintance: yea, ſome of the chiefeſt Senators themſelves afford him that honour and charity, they deale with him about his crime: but in vaine, for he takes heaven and earth to witneſſe, that he is innocent, yea, he ſeemes to be ſo religious and conſcionable in his ſpeeches, as he drew many of inferiour ranke and underſtanding to beleeve, that his accuſation was not true, and his impriſonment unjuſt and falſe. But God will ſhortly unmaſke his hypocriſie, and to his ſhame and confuſion, lay open and diſcover to the whole World, his unnatural and bloudy cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Duke and Seigniory of *Venice* are uſed to depute and ſend forth Criminall Iudges, to deſcend and paſſe thorow the provinces of their territories and dominions: to ſit upon all capitall malefactors, and to puniſh them according to their deſerts. A cuſtome indeed held famous, not onely in the Chriſtian, but in the whole univerſall world: and whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receive both glory, vigour, and life, ſith it not onely preſerveth their peace, and propagateth their tranquillity; but alſo rooteth out and exterminateth all thoſe that (by their lewd and diſſolute actions) ſeeke to impugne and infringe it.

Thus theſe high and Honourable Iudges (being in number two for every diviſion) having diſpatcht their buſineſſe (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vincenſa* *Verona* and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Breſcia*, in the Caſtle whereof, (which is both beautifull and conſpicuous to the eye) they keepe their *Forum* and Tribunall. And becauſe this Citie is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed

with a peculiar juriſdiction, and honoured with many honourable priviledges and prerogatives: therefore (*Merilla* being Murthered in the Province) *Alibius* is fetched out of his firſt priſon, and by one of the chiefeſt and graveſt Senators deputed for that purpoſe by the Podeſtate, and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Caſtle, there to bee arraigned by thoſe two great Iudges: and although this aforeſaid Senator was ſo wiſe and religious, as hee ſeemed to have the art of perſwaſion in his ſpeeches: yet by the way, uſing his beſt oratory and charity to draw *Alibius* from denyall, to confeſſion, and from that to contrition and repentance, his heart was ſtill ſo perverſe and obdurate, as he notwithſtanding perſevered in his willfull obſtinacy, and peremptorily continued and ſtood upon the poynts of his innocency, and juſtification. So ſtrong was the Divell yet with him:

But while an infinite number of ſpectators gaze on *Alibius* as he is in the Caſtle: and he cheerefully and careleſly converſed with ſome of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conſcience were ſuch, as his heart felt no griefe nor perturbation: Lo, he is called to his arraignement, whereunto that World of people, who were then in the Caſtle, flocke and concurre.

His thoughts are ſo vaine, and his vanity ſo ambitious, as he comes to the barre in a blacke beaten Satin ſute, with a faire Gowne, and a ſpruce ſet Ruffe, having both the haire of his head and his long gray beard neately kombed and cut, yea, with ſo pleaſant a look, and ſo confident a demeanour, as if he were to receive, not the ſentence of his guiltineſſe and death, but that of his innocency and inlargement. Theſe honourable Iudges cauſe his Inditement to be read, wherein his poyſoning and Murthering of his wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumſtances, whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithſtanding) ſo great, as by his lookes he ſeemes no way moved, much leſſe aſtoniſhed or afflicted: the witneſſes are produced: firſt, his owne daughter *Emelia*, who with teares in her eyes ſtands firme to her former diſpoſition, that he had often beaten her Mother almoſt to death, and now had killed and poyſoned her; agreeing in every point with her diſpoſition given to the Podeſtate and Prefect of *Breſcia*: which to refell, her father *Alibius*, with many plauſible and ſugred ſpeeches, tells his Iudges, that his daughter is incenſed or lunatike; or elſe that ſhe purpoſely ſeekes his life, to enjoy that ſmall meanes he hath after his death, and ſo runnes on in a moſt extravagant and impertinent apologie for himſelfe, with many invective and ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any poyſon.

His Iudges, out of their honourable inclination, and zeale to ſacred juſtice, permit him to ſpeake without interruption: when having ended, they beginne to ſhew him the foulneſſe of his fact; yea, like heavenly Orators, they paint him out the devilliſh nature & monſtrous crime of Murther: the which they ſay he redoubleth by denying it, notwithſtanding that they have evidence as cleere as the Sun to convince him therof: and ſo they call for two Apothecaries boyes, who ſeverally affirme, they ſold him Rattes-bane at two ſeverall times.

But the devill is ſtill ſo ſtrong with *Alibius*, as though his conſcience doth hereat afflict and torment him: yet, there is no change nor ſigne thereof, either ſeene in his countenance, or diſcerned in his ſpeeches, but ſtill he perſevers in his obſtinacy; and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries boyes evidence with this poore evaſion, that he bought and uſed it onely to poyſon Rattes: And ſo againe with many ſmooth words, humble crouches, aed hypocriticall complements, he uſeth the prime of his ſubtilty and invention to make it appeare to his Iudges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the bloud of his wife: But this will not availe him, for he is before Lynce-eyed Iudges, whoſe integrity and wiſedome can pierce thorow the foggy miſts of excuſes, and the obſcure Clouds of his far-fetched ſhifts, and cunningly-compacted evaſions.

And now to cloſe and winde up this Hiſtory, after the Iury impannelled had amply

ply heard, aſwell the witneſſes againſt *Alibius*, as his defence for himſelfe: and that al the world could teſtifie that his Iudges gave him a faire trial, they return and report him guilty of Murthering his wife *Merilla*; whereat he is put off the barre, and ſo for that time ſent backe to his priſon: and yet the heate of his obſtinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his denyall any way rebated, nor the obdurateneſſe of his heart, the leaſt thing mollified: hee, by the way as he paſſeth, beating his breſt, and ſometimes out-ſpreading his armes, ſaith, it is not his crime, but the malice of his Devilliſh daughter that hath caſt him away: yea, although many of his compaſſionate and Chriſtian friends doe now againe in priſon worke and perſwade him to confeſſion, by alleadging him, that God is as mercifull to the repentant, as ſevere to the impenitent and obſtinate, yet, all this will not prevaile.

The ſecond morne after his conviction, he is brought againe from his priſon, to the Caſtle, and ſo to the barre, to receive his Iudgement, where one of the two moſt honourable Iudges ſhew him:

That it is his hearkning to the Devill, and his forſaking of God, that hath brought him to this miſery; paints and points him out his diſſolute life, his frequenting of bad company, his prodigality and adultery: but above all, his maſked hypocriſie, which he ſaith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himſelfe: yea, in heavenly and religious ſpeeches, informes him how mercifull and indulgent God is to repentant ſinners: that hee muſt now caſt off his thoughts from earth, and aſcend and mount them to heaven, and no longer to thinke of his body, but of his ſoule; and ſo after a learned and Chriſtian-like ſpeech, as well for the inſtruction of the living as the conſolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himſelfe to dye: hee pronounceth, that for his execrable Murther committed on his owne wife *Merilla*, he ſhould hang till he were dead: and ſo beſought the Lord to be mercifull to his ſoule.

And now is *Alibius* againe returned to his priſon, but ſtill remaineth obſtinate and perverſe, affirming to all the World, that as he hath lived, ſo hee will dye innocently: But God will not ſuffer him to dye, without confeſſing and repenting this his bloudy and unnaturall Murther.

Theſe his grave and religious Iudges, out of an honourable and Chriſtian charity, ſend him Divines, to prepare his body to the death of this world, and his ſoule to the life of that to come: they deale moſt effectually, powerfully and religiouſly with him in priſon: and although they found, that the devill had ſtrongly inſnared and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardned his heart to his perdition: yet God, out of his infinit and ineffable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their ſpeeches, and exhortations, ſo as his eyes being opened, and his heart pierced and mollified: they at laſt ſo prevaile with him, that being terrified with Gods juſtice, and incouraged and comforted with his mercies: he with teares, ſighs and groanes confeſſeth this murther of his wife, and not onely bitterly repents it, but alſo doth thanke theſe Godly Divines, for their charity, care, and zeale for the preſervation and ſaving of his ſoule, and doth upon his knees beſeech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

Wee have ſeene *Alibius* Murther his wife *Merilla*: we have ſeene his apprehenſion, impriſonment, triall, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloudy fact: wherein we may obſerve how the juſtice of God ſtill triumpheth o're the temptation and malice of the Devill, and how Murther, though never ſo ſecretly acted, and concealed, will at laſt be detected and puniſhed. What reſteth there now, but that after we have hereby made good uſe of this example, we ſee *Alibius* fetched from his priſon, & conveyed to the place of execution: (whereat (as we have heard) he formerly ſtumbled in jeſt, but muſt now in earneſt) where, although it were timely in the morn, (as having the favour to dye alone, and at leaſt three houres before the other condemned malefactors) an infinite number of the Citizens of *Breſcia*, (of all ranks and of both ſexes) aſſembled to ſee *Alibius* take his laſt farewell of this World.

At his aſcending up the ladder, his faire gray beard and comely preſence drew pit-

ty

ty from the hearts, and teares from the eyes of the greateſt part of the ſpectators, to ſee that the Devill had ſo ſtrongly inchanted and ſeduced him to lay violent hands on his wife, and to ſee ſo grave and ſo proper an aged man thus misfortunately and untimely caſt away.

His ſpeech at his end was briefe and ſhort; onely he freely confeſt his crime, and with infinite ſighes and teares beſought the world to pray for his ſoule: he lamented the Vanity of his youth, and the diſſoluteneſſe of his age: told them, that his neglect of prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the devill, had brought him to this ſhamefull end; and therefore beſought them againe and againe to beware by his example: and ſo having ſolemnely freed his ſecond wife *Philatea* from being any way acquainted or acceſſary with the number of his firſt wife *Merilla*: hee recommending his ſoule into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived diſſolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*: the which I was the more willingly induced to publiſh, partly, becauſe I was an eye-witneſſe, both of his arraignement and death, (as I returned from my travels,) but more eſpecially, in hope that his example and Hiſtory may prove to be as great a conſolation to the Godly, as a terrour to the unrighteous.

To God bee all Glory and prayſe.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable ſinne of Murther.

Expreſſed

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories (digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great variety of mournefull and memorable Accidents, Amourous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke II.

Written by *IOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *William Lee* and are to bee ſold at his ſhop in Fleet ſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head neere the Mitre Taverne. 1639.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND TRVELY NOBLE, RICHARD Lord Buckhurſt, Earle of Dorſet, and Lord Lievetenant of his Majeſties County of *Suſſex*.

Right Honourable,

VT of a reſolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have adventured this ſecond Book of my Tragicall Hiſtories *to the World, under your Honours Patronage and protection: Neither need I goe farre to yeeld either your Honour, or the World, a reaſon of this my* Preſumption *and* Ambition, *ſith your Vertues innobling your bloud, as much as your* Nobility *illuſtrates your Vertues, was the firſt motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others indeavour to be great, your Honour (reſembling your ſelfe) not onely indeavours, but ſtrives to be good; as well knowing that* Goodneſſe *is the glory and eſſence, yea the life, and as I may ſay, the ſoule of* Greatneſſe; *and that betwixt* Greatneſſe *and* Goodneſſe *there is this difference and diſparity; that, makes us famous, this, immortall; that, beloved of men, this, of* God; *that, accompanieth us only to our Graves, and this, to* Heaven. *My ſecond prevayling Motive in this my* Dedication *proceeded from the reſpect of my particular duty, (as my firſt was ſolely derived from the conſideration of your owne generall and generous Vertues) for having the honour to*

retaine

retaine to your Noble *Brother, Sir* Edward Sackvile *Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and (immerited) favours (whiles I am my selfe) I owe not onely my service, but my selfe; I therein hold me oblieged and bound to proffer and impart this part of my Labours to your Honour, as the first publike testimony of my zeale and service, eternally devoted and consecrated to the* Illustrious *Name and Family of the* Sackeviles; *whereof* Gods *Divine providence hath made your Honour chiefe Heire and Pillar. The drift and scope of these Histories are to informe the World how* Gods Revenge still fights and triumphs against the crying and execrable sinne of (wilfull and premeditated) Murther, *which in these our (impure and profane) times, is so fatally and frequently coincident to unregenerate* Christians; *which Scarlet and bloudy (rime is infallibly met with, and rewarded by* Gods *sharpe and severe punishments; having purposely published and divulged them to my deare Countrey of* England *that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of* Iulius Cæsars *bloudy Robe (shewed by* Marcus Antonius *to the* Romans *in* Campo Martio, *when he there pronounced his funerall* Oration) *thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horrour and execration with the people. The* Histories *of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: their Scenes being wilfully and sinfully laid in divers parts of* Christendome *beyond the seas, and the Tragedies unfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhering to impiety, then* Grace, *and to Satan then* God, *made shipwracke, if not of their soules with their bodies; I am sure of their lives with their fortunes, and of their fortunes with their lives. They themselves (or rather their sinnes) first brought the Materials, I, onely the collection, illustration, and polishing of these their deplorable* Histories, *which are penned in so low a sphære of speech, and so inelegant a phrase, as they can no way merit the* Honour *of your perusall, much lesse of your judgement, and least of all, of your Noble protection and Patronage.*

Howsoever, my hopes (led and marshalled by the premises) doe as as it were flatter mee, that your perfections will winke at my imperfections

fections, and your curioſity at my ignorance and preſumption, in daigning permit this my rude Pamphlet, to ſalute and pilgrimage the World, under the authenticall paſſe-port of your honours favour; who of herſelfe is compoſed of ſo poore metall (or rather droſſe) as without the pure gold of your Honourable Name, it would runne a hazard, not to paſſe currant with the curious wits, and cenſures of this our (too curious & too cenſorious) age; wherof could I reſt aſſured, I ſhould then not onely rejoyce, but triumph in this my happineſſe, as ſo richly exceeding the proportion of my poore Labours and merits, that I could not aſpire to a Greater honour, nor deſire a ſweeter felicity: And ſo recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy ſelfe to your pardon, and your Honour, *your* Noble Counteſſe, *and the ſweet young* Lady *your* Daughter, *to* Gods *beſt favours and mercies, I will aſſume the confidence and conſtancy to remaine,*

Your *Honours* in all humility and ſervice,

H IOHN REYNOLDS.

The Grounds, and Contents of theſe HISTORIES.

HISTORIE VI.

Victorina *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtabbe and murther her firſt husband* Souranza, *and ſhe her ſelfe poyſoneth* Faſſino *her ſecond: ſo they both being miraculouſly detected and convicted of theſe their cruell Murthers, he is beheaded, and ſhe hanged and burnt for the ſame.*

HISTORIE VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her Wayting-Maid* Anſilva *two ſeverall times attempt to poyſon her owne Siſter* Berinthia; *wherein failing, ſhe afterwards makes an Empericke, termed* Sarmiata, *poyſon her ſaid maid* Anſilva: Catalina *is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and* Sarmiata *hang'd for poyſoning* Anſilva. Antonio *ſteales* Berinthia *away by her owne conſent; whereupon her Brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kils him in a Duell:* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother* Sebaſtiano; *ſhe is adjudged to be immured betwixt two Wals, and there languiſheth and dyes.*

HISTORIE VIII.

Belluile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Miſtris, betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him thorow the body with a Piſtoll, when aſſiſted by her Wayting-Maid* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken and hang'd and burnt for the ſame.*

HISTORIE IX.

Iacomo de Caſtelnovo *luſtfully fals in love with his daughter in law* Perina, *his owne ſonne* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *Wife, whom to injoy, hee cauſeth* Ierantha *firſt to poyſon his owne Lady* Fidelia, *and then his ſaid ſonne* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murthereth him in his bed.* Ierantha, *ready to dye in travell of childe, confeſſeth her two Murthers, for the which ſhe is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dyes.*

HISTORIE X.

Bertolini *ſeekes* Paulina *in marriage, but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelfe: he prayes her Brother* Brellati, *his deare friend, to ſollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile; whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgracefull ſpeeches, both againſt her honour, and his reputation: for which* Brellati *challengeth the Field of him, wher* Bertolini *kils him, & he flies for the ſame.* Sturio *ſeekes to marry her, but his father will not conſent thereunto, and conveyes him away ſecretly: for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dyes for ſorrow.* Sturio *findes out* Bertolini, *and ſends him a Challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his requeſt: he afterwards very treacherouſly kils* Sturio *with a Petronell in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this ſecond Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.*

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE VI.

Victorina *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtabbe and murther her firſt husband* Souranza, *and ſhe her ſelfe poyſoneth* Faſſino *her ſecond: ſo they both being miraculouſly detected and convicted of theſe their cruell Murthers, he is beheaded, and ſhe hanged and burnt for the ſame.*

WHere Luſt takes up our deſires and Revenge and Murther ſeizeth on our reſolutions, it is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our ſoules miſerable in that to come: for if Chaſtity and Charity (the two precious Vertues and ornaments of a Chriſtian) ſteere not our actions on Earth, how ſhall (nay, how can) we hope to arrive to the Harbour of Heaven? or if we abandon theſe celeſtiall Vertues, to follow and imbrace thoſe infernall Vices, what doe we but take our ſelves from felicity to miſery, and conſequently give our ſelves from God to Satan? But did we ſeriouſly (and not trivially) conſider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a hell to puniſh the ungodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our ſoules with the thought, much leſſe with the action of ſuch beaſtly and inhumane crimes: but in this ſinnefull age of ours, the number is but too great of laſcivious and impious Chriſtians, who delight in the affection and practice thereof: among whom I here repreſent the Hiſtory of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover, who were both borne to honour, and not to infamy: had they had as much grace to ſecure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruine them. The Hiſtory is bloudy, and therefore mournefull: but if we deteſt their crimes, wee need not feare their puniſhments: for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent as juſt and ſevere to chaſtiſe the guilty.

IN *Italie*, the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice* (the glory of *Italy*, the Nymph of the Sea, and the pearle and diamond of the world) in the latter yeares of the raigne of noble *Leonardo Donato* (who, as Duke, ſate to the helme of that potent and powerfull Eſtate) ſo famous for baniſhing the Ieſuits, and for oppoſing himſelfe againſt the intruſion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the juſt defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and priviledges of the *Seignory*) There was at that time a gentleman, a younger brother, yet of well neere fifty yeares old, of the noble Family of the *Beraldi*, named *Seignior Iacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto* Bridge (that famous Maſter-piece of Architecture) upon the *Canalla Grando*, who in the *Aprill* of his

youth tooke to Wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seigniour Lorenza Burſſo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom hee had ſeven Children, four Sonnes and three Daughters: ſo as his Wife and hee eſteeming themſelves happy in their Iſſue, paſt away their time in much content and felicity: but God (for ſome ſecret and ſacred reaſons to his Divine Majeſty beſt knowne) converting his ſmiles into frownes, within the ſpace of ſeven yeares, takes away ſixe of their Children, ſo as their eldeſt daughter onely remained living, being a young Gentlewoman of ſome eighteene yeares old; named *Dona Victorina*.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and faire (three powerfull and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her deſert had divers Gallants who ſought her in Marriage: but ſhe was of nature proud, chollericke, diſdainefull, and malicious; Vices enow to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her ſutors and ſervants, he whom ſhe beſt loved and affected, was one *Seigniour Sypontus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble then rich, and yet more deboſht and vicious then noble; but otherwiſe a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body are nothing to be compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the minde, for thoſe are but the varniſhes and ſhaddowes of a meete man, but theſe the perfections and excellencies of a wiſe man, and therein noble; ſith indeed wiſdome is one of the trueſt degrees, and moſt eſſentiall parts of Nobility. Now if *Victorina* love *Sypontus*, with no leſſe reciprocall flame and zeale doth *Sypontus* affect *Victorina*: or as his eyes behold the delicacie of her perſonage, and the ſweetneſſe of her beauty: ſo his heart loves either, and adores both: yea, ſo deep an impreſſion hath ſhe ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he ſee her, nor pleaſed till he injoy the felicity of her company; which *Victorina* rejoyceth to ſee, and obſerves with infinite content and delectation. *Sypontus* thus intangled in the ſnares of *Victorina*'s beauty, and ſhee likewiſe in thoſe of his perfections, he reſolves to court her, and ſeeke her in Marriage, which he performes with much affection, zeale, and conſtancie, leaving no induſtry, care, curioſity, or coſt unattempted, to inrich and crowne his deſires with the precious and ineſtimable treaſures of her love. I ſhould make this ſhort diſcourſe ſwell into an ample Hiſtory, to particularize, or punctually relate the Letters, Sonnets, Preſents, Meetings, Dancings, Muſicke, and Banquets, which paſt twixt theſe two Lovers, and wherewith *Sypontus* entertained his deare Miſtreſſe *Victorina*: I wil therefore purpoſely omit it, and cover my ſelfe with this excuſe, which may ſatisfy my Reader, to conſider that *Sypontus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whoſe cuſtome and nature rather exceedes then comes ſhort, in all amorous ceremonies and complements: And therefore againe to reſume my Hiſtory, I muſt briefely declare, that after the protraction and receſſe of a yeares time, *Victoryna* conſenteth to *Sypontus*, to be his Wife, ſo farre forth as hee can obtaine thoſe of her father and mother: a fit and vertuous anſwer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether ſhe bewray more modeſty and diſcretion in her ſelfe, or reſpect and obedience to her parents.

Sypontus infinitely pleaſed with this ſweet newes and delightful melody, is as it were raviſhed and rapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himſelfe with this poore hope, that as *Victoryna* was courteous, ſo he ſhould finde her parents knde to him; he, with much reſpect and honour, repaires to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in faire and diſcreet termes acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Victorina*; whom (with as much earneſtneſſe as humility) hee prayes to beſtow her on him for his wife: but this old Couple are as much diſpleaſed at *Sypontus* his motion, as their Daughter *Victoryna* rejoyceth thereat, and ſo they returne him their deniall inſtead of their conſent, only in general tearmes they thanke him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwiſe diſpoſed of their daughter. *Sypontus* bites the lip, and *Victoryna* hangs her head at this their bitter and diſtaſtfull anſwer: but hee is too generous and amorous to be put off with this firſt repulſe. Whereupon he imployes his Parents and kinsfolkes (whereof ſome were of the chiefeſt ranke of *Senatours* and *Magnifico's*)

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to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to consent to this match; but in vaine: for they are deafe to those requests, and resolute in their denyall, grounding their refusall upon *Sypontus* his poverty: for they see he is become poore; because in the last trans-marine Warres, the *Turkes* tooke from his father and himselfe most of his Lands and Possessions neere *Scuttari* in *Dalmatia*: and therefore they resolve to provide a richer husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times are as strange as lamentable: for in matters of Marriage, parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their children, still preferre gold before grace, and many times Riches before vertue and Nobility, which concurre and meet in one personage: but diverse of these Marriages, in the end, finde either shame, misery, or repentance, and sometimes all.

Sypontus stormes as much as *Victoryna* grieves at his refusall: but to frustrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deales with *Seigniour Iovan Baptista Souranza*, to marry his daughter *Victoryna*, who is a Gentleman of a good house, but farre richer then *Sypontus*; but withall farre different in age: for *Sypontus* is but twenty eight yeares old, and *Souranza* neer threescore. So as gold playing the chiefest part in this contract, *Souranza* is sure of *Victoryna* for his wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath seene her. *Beraldi* advertizeth his daughter of his will and pleasure herein: so *Souranza* sees her with affection and joy, and she him with disdaine and griefe: and thus this old Lover the first time entertaines his young Mistresse with kisses, and she him with teares. He is no sooner departed, but *Victoryna* very sorrowfully and pensively throwes her selfe to her Parents feet, and with showres of teares very earnestly and passionately beseeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whom (she affirmes) she cannot love, much lesse obey, prayes them to consider what a misery, nay, what a hell it will bee to her thoughts and selfe, to have him in her bed, & *Sypontus* in her heart. When she could no further proceed, because her sighes cut her words in pieces, and so griefe daunting her heart, and her feare to *Souranza*, and affection to *Sypontus*, casting a milke-white Vayle over her Vermillian cheekes, she sinkes to the earth in a faynting cold swoone: when her hard-hearted and cruell parents (more with astonishment then commiseration and pitty) step to her assistance, and againe bring her to her sences: who not forgetting where her speeches ended, she remembers to beginne and continue them thus: O my deare Parents, name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that blood of yours, which streameth in all the veines of my body, of two let me injoy one, either *Sypontus*, or my Grave; he the beginner of my joyes, or this the ender of all my miseries and sorrowes; neither is it disobedience in mee, but feare of cruelty in your selves, that throwes me on the exigent of this request and resolution: whereon I pray, consider by the bonds of nature, and not by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her father and mother (without any respect to her youth and teares, or regard to her affection and prayers) love *Souranza's* wealth so well, as they will hate *Sypontus* his poverty, and in it himselfe: and therefore checking *Victoryna* for her folly, and taxing her of indiscretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obdience and desires: And to conclude, they are so bitter, and withall, so cruell to her, that within few dayes they violently inforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and misery of all sides.

As it is a duty in children to honour and obey their parents, so it is no lesse in parents carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their children: but in Matches that are concluded with wealth without affection, their Parents ought proceede with judgement, not with passion, with perswasion, not with force: for can there bee any hell upon earth comparable to that of a discontented bed, or is it not a griefe to Parents, through their cruelty, to see their children live in despaire in stead of hope, in affliction in stead of joy; and to dye miserably, whereas they might have lived pleasantly and prosperously? Tis true, that young folkes affections are not still well grounded, but for want of advice and counsell many times meet with misery for felicity: yet sith Marriage is a Contract, not for a day, but for ever, not for an houre, but for the tearme

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and leaſe of our lives; therefore Parents, in matching their children, ſhould be rather charitable then greedy for the world, and rather compaſſionate then rigid: but enough of this, and againe to our *Hiſtory*.

Wee have ſeene *Victoryna*, with an unwilling willingneſſe, inforc'd to marry *Souranza*: we ſhall not goe farre, before wee ſee what ſharpe calamities and bitter afflictions and miſeries this Match produceth: *The argument and cauſe briefely is thus*; Victorina *lyes with her husband* Souranza, *but cannot love him*: from whence (as ſo many lines from their centre) ſpring forth many mournfull and diſaſtrous accidents: the little ring of Matrimony incloſeth many great and waighty conſiderations, and among others this is not one of the leaſt: diſparity in yeares makes no true harmony in affections; for there is no affinity twixt *Ianuary* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impoſſible, yet difficult for youth and age to ſympathize: *Souranza's* beſt performance of the rites and duties of Marriage, is but deſire; yea, his age cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſſe reward the dainties of *Victoryna's* youth; for hee is more ſuperſtitious then amorous, as delighting rather to kiſſe an Image in the Church, then his wife in his bed, and not to betray the truth. I muſt crave leave of modeſty, to averre that ſhe findes little difference twixt a Mayd and a Wife, ſo as her luſt out-braving her chaſtity, and ſenſuality trampling her vertues and honour under foote, whereas her affection ſhould looke from *Sypontus* to *Souranza*, both ſhee and it contrariwiſe looke from *Souranza* to *Sypontus*. Diſſembling pleaſures, which ſtrangle when they ſeem to imbrace and kiſſe us, bitter Pills candid in Sugar, Cordialls to the ſence, but Corroſives to the ſoule! Yea, *Victoryna* in forgetting her modeſty, will not remember her vow in Marriage; for had ſhee been as vertuous as young, or as chaſt as faire, it had not onely beene her vertue, but her duety, to have ſmothered the defects, and concealed the imperfections and impotencie of her old huſband: Chaſtity would have perſwaded her to this, but incontinency and luſt draw her to a contrary reſolution.

Sypontus likewiſe ſtormes and grieves at this unwiſhed and unequall Match of old *Souranza* with his young and faire *Victoryna*; yea, hee hates him ſo much, and loves her ſo tenderly and dearely, as hee would, but cannot prevent it: for (as before) they are marryed; and hee in ſtead of the *Laurell* is inforced to weare the *Willow*: but his griefe findes this comfort, and her diſcontent this conſolation, that ſith *Victoryna* is not his Wife, ſhe is his Miſtreſſe; and ſith *Sypontus* is not her Huſband, he is her Servant, or (to uſe the *Venetian* phraſe) ſhee is his *Courtizana*, and hee her *Enamorato*: but ſuch leagues and contracts vicious of affections ſeldome make happy ends; for as they beginne in luſt, ſo commonly they terminate in infamy and miſery. *Sypontus* often familiarizeth wih *Victoryna*, yea, their familiarity is ſuch, as I in modeſty will not report, ſith in chaſtity I cannot, and although they beare their affections and pleaſures ſecret, yet cuſtome breeding a habit, and that a ſecond nature, *Souranza* is now no ſooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, ſo as in effect *Souranza* is but the ſhaddow, and *Sypontus* the ſubſtance of *Victoryna's* huſband: but theſe laſcivious Lovers ſhall pay deare for their affections; *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another mans Wife, and *Victoryna* for breaking her vow in wedlocke to her huſband, in defiling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foule ſinne of Adultery.

It had bin good & ſafe for them, if they had not begun theſe their beaſtly pleaſures, but to give no end to them, muſt needs prove dangerous & ruinous: to commit this ſin of Adultery is odious, but to perſevere therein, is moſt abominable before God: the reaſon hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a ſingle be death, the redoubling thereof muſt needs be double damnation: but as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other ſins, ſo *Victorina* is not only content to love *Sypontus*, but ſhe makes a farther progreſſion in impiety, and will needes hate her huſband *Souranza*; who poore honeſt Gentleman, ſicke with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, is now diſtaſtfull, and which is worſe, odious to her: ſo that ſhee which ſhould be a cordiall to his age, his age is now a corroſive to her youth, and ſhe ſo farre forgets

forgets both herſelfe and her duety, as ſhe rather contemnes then loves him, and as he rejoyceth in her ſight, ſo ſhe delights in nothing ſo much as in his abſence, and *Sypontus* preſence : ſhe makes her diſcontents and malice to her huſband knowne to *Sypontus*, who doth pitty, but will not remedie them : all her ſpeeches tend to wiſh her ſelfe in another world, or her huſband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat ſhe aymes ; but although he injoy the wife, yet he cannot finde in his heart, but is too conſcienci-ous to murther the huſband : had he remained in the conſtancie of this reſolution, he had been happy, and not ſo miſerable and unfortunate to end his daies with ſhame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident drawes and throwes him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the *Gentrie* and *Nobility* of *Venice* are for the moſt part Merchants) ſo *Sypontus* receiveth ſudden and ſorrowfull newes of two great loſſes befalne him, in the *Levant* Seas, in two ſeveral ſhips, the one comming from *Alle-po* taken by the *Turkiſh* Pyrates of *Rhodes*, the other from *Alexandria*, taken, as is ſuppo-ſed, by one of the *Duke* of *Oſſunas Neopolitan* Gallies, ſcowring the *Ilands* of the *Archipe-lagus*, in which two Veſſels he loſt at leaſt ſeventy thouſand *Zeckynes*, it being the two third parts of his whole eſtate : and now to maintaine his greatneſſe, and beare up his port and reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitly rich, and his wife *Victorina* yong, amorous, and faire, he agrees with the devill, and ſo reſolves to murther him, and then to marry her ; which he knowes ſhe above any earthly matter chiefely deſires. Lo here the foundation and project of a Murther, as lamentable as execrable ! Neceſſity in baſe ſpirits may be a powerfull, but in thoſe more vertuous and noble, it ſhould never be a pernicious and prodigious counſellour : for there is as much generoſity and fortitude in ſupporting poverty with patience, as there is covetouſneſſe in being ambitious to purchace wealth with infamy.

At the next enterview and meeting of *Sypontus* and *Victorina*, ſhe like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and diſcon-tents againſt her huſband ; and becauſe *Sypontus* knowes it wiſedome to ſtrike whiles the Iron is hot, as alſo that Time muſt be taken by the forelocke, he like a wretched Poli-tician layes hold of this occaſion and opportunity, and ſo conſenteth to the Murther of her huſband, when from this bloudy reſolution, they paſſe to the manner how to ef-fect it : they conſult on this lamentable buſineſſe. *Victorina* (induſtrious in her malice) propoſeth to poyſon him, and ſo to bury him in her little garden : but *Sypontus* diſlikes this project, and profers her to murther him in his *Gondola*, as he comes from *Lucifizi-na* : whereon they agree. So ſome ten dayes after, *Victorina* advertiſeth him, that her huſband is to goe to his houſe of pleaſure in the Country, neere *Padua*, on the banke of the River *Brenta*, where he is onely to ſtay three days. *Sypontus* imbraceth this occa-ſion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his abſence, promiſeth her to meet her huſband at his returne, and then to diſpatch him ; which newes with a longing de-ſire this miſerable Curtezan *Victorina* attends him with as much impatience as impu-dencie. *Sypontus* in the meane time (in favour of twice ten *Zeckynes*) is prepared of two wicked *Gondoliers* or Watermen, who deepely vow and ſweare to conceale this Murther. So the preciſe day of *Souranza's* departure from his Countrey houſe being come, *Sypontus*, not to faile of his promiſe to *Victorina*, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct paſſage betwixt *Lu-cifizina* and *Venice*, for *Souranza* his arrivall, who, poore harmeleſſe Gentleman, loved his young wife ſo tenderly and dearely, as he thought this ſhort time long that hee had wandred from her : but he hath ſeene his laſt of her, and *alaſſe*, *alaſſe*, hee ſhall ſee an end of himſelfe : for about five of the clocke of the evening (it being Summer time) his uſuall houre of returne, hee takes *Gondola* at *Lucifizina*, for *Venice*, and neere midway twixt both, *Sypontus* eſpies him, and the ſooner becauſe it being hot weather, and no wind ſtirring, *Souranza* had cauſed his curtaines to be withdrawne. *Sypontus* (inflamed with boyling malice and Revenge) with all poſſible celerity makes toward his *Gondola*, the which diſguiſed and maſked hee enters, and there with his

Ponyard

Ponyard very divelliſhly ſtabs him three ſeverall times at the heart, when falling downe to his feet, hee moſt barbarouſly cut of his beard, and noſe (that he might not bee knowne) and ſo throwes him into the Sea; as alſo his Waterman after him, that they might tell no tales: when having finiſhed theſe execrable Murthers, he with his *Gondola*, with all poſſible ſpeed hyes firſt to *Murano*, and ſo lands by the *Patriarchy*, from thence by the *Arſenall*, and ſo to his owne houſe behind Saint *Servi's* Church, thereby to caſt a fayrer varniſh on this villany, by landing and comming into the Citie another way, when being arrived at his houſe, hee that night by a confident ſervant of his, ſends *Victorina* this Letter.

SYPONTVS to VICTORYNA.

FAire and deare Victorina, *I have begun, and ended a buſineſſe, which infinitly imports thy good, and my content: the party hath drunke his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternall reſt: ſo a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old teares, and confirme thy new joyes: bee but as affectionate, as I ſecret, and as ſecret, as till death I will bee affectionate, and thou needſt neither feare my fortunes, nor doubt thine own: judge what I would doe to injoy thee and for thy ſake, ſith I have already undertaken and acted a buſineſſe of this nature: we muſt for a time reſraine each others company, that wee may the ſooner meet, and imbrace, with more content, and leſſe danger.*

SYPONTVS.

Victorina infinitly rejoyceth at this newes, and the better to cloke her malice, under the vaile of ſecrecie, ſhee laments and complaines to her father of her huſbands long abſence. *Souranza's* Parents are by *Beraldi* acquainted herewith, they begin to finde the time of his ſtay very long, and now reſolve to ſend his nephew, *Seignior Andrew Souranza* up the river *Brenta*, to know the cauſe thereof: hee paſſeth and repaſſeth the Sluce of *Lucifizina*, and brings word that he departed thence for *Venice*, in a *Gondola*, foure dayes ſince: *Victoryna* his wife grieves, and weepes at his abſence, ſo doe his owne Parents and friends, who enquire of all ſides, but finde comfort or newes from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curioſity carry thee further, I conjure thee to ſtand aſtoniſhed and wonder, at the inſcrutable and wonderfull judgement of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fiſhermen ſome eight dayes caſting out their nets betwixt the *Ilands* of *La Lazareto* and Saint *George Majore*, bring up this dead body of Murthered *Souranza*, being well apparelled: but chiefly for their owne diſcharge, they bring the dead corps to *Venice*, and land him at Saint *Markes* ſtayres; where they extend and expoſe his body to be knowne of paſſengers: now behold further *Gods* miraculous providence, in the diſcovery and finding out hereof: for amongſt the numberleſſe number of ſpectators and walkers, who dayly and almoſt hourely frequent and adorne that famous Burſe and incomparable Palace, it happened that *Andrea Souranza* caſt his eye on this dead and ſea-withered body: on whom he lookes with as much ſtedfaſtneſſe, as curioſity, as if *Nature* had made his living body a part of that dead; or as if his hot blood had ſome ſympathy and affinity with that of the dead perſonage, which long ſince the coldneſſe of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at laſt eſpying a red ſpot in his necke (under his right eare) that hee brought into the world with him, and which all the influence and vertue of the water of the Sea had not power to deface and waſh away: as alſo obſerving a wart over his left eye-lid, which *Nature* had given his birth, and his youth his age: hee paſſionately cries out before the world, that it is the body of his Vncle, *Seignior Iovan Baptiſta Souranza*: ſo it is viſited by his Parents and friends, and knowne to bee the ſame: ſo they carry him to an adjoyning houſe, and there diveſting it naked, finde that hee hath three ſeverall wounds in his body, either of a Sword or Ponyard, which gives matter of talke, and adminiſtreth cauſe of admiration in all the City: ſo they

bury

bury him honourably according to his ranke and degree, and all knowing him to bee Murthered, infinitly bewaile his untimely, and lament his mournfull death: but especially his wife *Victorina*, who having formerly plaid the ſtrumpet, then the Murtheresſe, now takes on the maſke, and aſſumes the repreſentation of an Hypocrite; outwardly ſeeming to dye for ſorrow, when God, and her foule ulcerated conſcience knowes, that inwardly her heart leapt for joy, thus to be depriv'd and freed of her old huſband. Yea, and the more to bleare the eyes, and eclipſe the judgment of the world, for caſting the leaſt ſhadow of ſuſpicion on her for this unnaturall Murther: ſhe and her whole family take on blacke and mourning Attire, and for herſelfe in two moneths after, never goes forth her houſe, except to the Church where her huſband was buryed: where her Hypocriſie is ſo infinitly feigned, and diſſembling, that ſhee is often obſerved to bedew and waſh his Tombe with her teares: but theſe *Crocodile* teares of hers, and theſe her falſe and treacherous ſorrowes ſhall not availe her: for although Gods divine and ſacred *Majeſtie* be mercifull in his juſtice, yet he is ſo juſt in mercies, as neither the politique ſecrecie of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocriticall ſorrowes of *Victorina*, for this cruell Murther, ſhall goe either unmaſked or unpuniſhed: but in their due appointed time, they ſhall be brought forth in their colours, and made publique examples, as well of infamy, as deſtruction for the ſame: the manner is thus:

The deceaſed *Seigniour Iovan Souranza* hath a younger brother, named *Signiour Hieronymo Souranza*: who having carefully and curiouſly obſerved, that his ſiſter in law *Victoryna*, never perfectly nor dearely loved his brother her huſband, and that ſhee was neither ſo familiar, nor dutifull to him, as it behoov'd her, during the tearme of her marriage: which partly he attributed to the diſparity of their yeares, in reſpect of the frozenneſſe of his age, and the heat and freſhneſſe of her youth: He began vehemently to ſuſpect her of this Murther, which hee often revolv'd and ruminated in his minde, as if the ſuggeſtion and perſwaſion thereof, not onely bore probability but truth with it: to which end, as the affection of a true friend (much more of a brother) ſhould paſſe beyond the Grave, and not remaine intomb'd, and buried in the duſt thereof, hee is reſolv'd to put his beſt wits and invention upon the tenter-hookes, to diſcover and reveale the ſame: to which end, hee breakes with *Victoryna's Gentlewoman*, who wayted on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his owne Neece *Felicia*, to know what *Gentlewomen* chiefly frequented her *Lady*. *Felicia* informes her Vnkle, that *Signyor Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity betweene them, and that hee ſends her many Letters. Her Vncle glad of this glimmering light, which hee hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept ſome of his Letters, for the more effectuall diſcovery of his brother, and her Vnkles death. So *Felicia* promiſeth her beſt care and fidelity herein, and ſhortly effecteth it: for in few dayes after, being ſent by her Lady *Victoryna* to a Casket of hers, to fetch her a new paire of *Romiſh* Gloves, ſhee opening an Ivory Box, therein findes a Letter: which ſhe reads, and ſeeing it ſigned by *Sypontus*, ſhee thinkes it no ſinne to bee falſe to her Lady, and true to her Vnkle, and ſo very ſecretly and ſafely ſends it him; which indeede was the very Letter wee have formerly ſeene and read: and now is his jealouſie and ſuſpicion confirm'd. So vowing and Sacrificing Revenge to his dead and Murthered brother, away he goes to three chiefe Iudges of the forty, who ſit on criminall cauſes, and very paſſionatly accuſeth *Sypontus* and *Victoryna* for the Murther, committed on the perſon of his brother *Signiour Iovan Baptiſta Souranza*, at Sea: whereupon they are both committed priſoners, but ſequeſtred in ſeverall Chambers. *Sypontus* is firſt examined, then *Victoryna*: they both very conſtantly deny the Murther, and with many ſugred words, and ſubtill evaſions, intimate and inſinuate, their innocencies therein: ſo the next day the Iudges produce *Sypontus* his owne Letter; the ſight whereof extreamely afflicteth and vexeth him: but hee is conſtant in his denyall, and reſolute in that conſtancy, and ſo takes on a brazen face;

and

and with many aſſeverations and imprecations, againe and againe denies it, averring it is not his hand, but a meere impoſture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfaited it, purpoſely to procure his ruine and deſtruction: yet inwardly to himſelfe he feareth all is diſcovered, and that there is no meanes left him to eſcape death, whoſe Image and forme hee now too apparantly and fatally ſees before his eyes. So hee is ſent backe to his priſon, and his Iudges in the *interim* conſult on his fact; where hee is no ſooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privatly to himſelfe, hee conſidering that either *Victorina*, or ſome for her, had betrayed him by his owne Letter, hee in bitter fury of choller and paſſion, throwes away his Hat, now croſſeth his armes, and then beates his breſt, and ſtamping with his feet, at laſt very low to himſelfe bandeth forth theſe ſpeeches:

And is it poſſible, that I muſt now loſe my life through *Victoryna* her folly and treachery, into whoſe hands I repos'd both my ſecrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her ſake, and is this the requitall ſhee gives me? And ſith there is no other witneſſe, muſt mine owne Letter bee produced in juſtice againſt mee? What will I not doe? what have I not done for her ſake? Woe is me, that I ſhould live to bee rewarded with this monſtrous and inhumane ingratitude; when for ſorrow and indignation, not able to containe himſelfe, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victoryna*, this enſuing Letter.

SIPONTVS to VICTORINA.

IS it poſſible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I truſted with all my ſecrets, art now become the onely woman of the world to betray mee? I have hazarded my life for thy ſake, and muſt I now bee ſo unfortunate and wretched, to loſe it through thy treacherie? When I bore matters with ſuch care and ſecreſie, that no witneſſe whatſoever could be produced againſt mee, muſt mine owne Letter, which was ſafely delivered thee, bee brought forth to convict mee of my crime and ſo to incur death, which otherwiſe I had avoyded? Is this thy reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O Victoryna, Victoryna! *Such is my tender eſteeme of thy ſweet youth and beauty, that had I injoyed a thouſand lives, I wou'd have reputed my ſelfe happy, to have loſt them all for thy ſake and ſervice: and having but one, wilt thou bee ſo cruell to deprive mee thereof? But that my loyalty and my affection may ſhine in thy malice; take this for thy comfort, that as I have ever liv'd, ſo I will now dye thy true Servant and faithfull Lover,*

SYPONTVS.

But obſerve here the errour of *Sypontus* his judgement: for whiles he imputes it to *Victoryna's* treachery, that this his Letter will occaſion his death; hee is ſo irreligious and impious, as hee lookes not up to heaven, to conſider that the detection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate finger and providence. No: No. For the divell yet holds his thoughts ſo faſt captivated and intangled in the ſnares of *Victoryna's* beauty, as hee hath not yet the grace to looke from his crime, to his repentance; nor conſequently from Earth to Heaven: but like a prophane *Libertine* and unregenerate perſon, being within a ſmall point of time neere his end, hee yet thinkes not of his ſoule, nor of God, but onely dallies away the remainder of his houres, in the miſerable contemplation of his fond affection and beaſtly ſenſuality.

By thi time *Victoryna* hath receiv'd his Letter; at the newes and reading whereof, ſuch is the paſſion of her frenzy, which ſhee (though unjuſtly) tearmes love: that ſhee is all in teares, ſighes, and lamentable exclamations: ſhee knowes it impoſſible for any other of the world to bee the revealer of *Sypontus* his Letter, but onely her Mayd *Felicia*, whom in her uncharitable Revenge, ſhee curſeth to the pit of hell: but that which addes a greater torment to her torments, and a more ſenſible degree of

affliction

affliction to her miserable sorrowes, is, to see that her *Sypontus* (whom by many degrees she loves far dearer then her life) sinisterly suspecteth her fidelity toward him: yea so farre, as hee not onely calls her affection but her treachery in question: and this indeed seemes to drowne her in her teares. But yet notwithstanding so fervent is her love towards him, as the feare of his death drawes her to a resolution of her own: so if *Sypontus* dye, she vowes she will be her owne accuser, and so not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, sith love being irregular, and taking false objects, (in its true character) is not love, but folly: to which end, calling for inke and paper, shee bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these few lines, in answer of his.

VICTORYNA to SYPONTVS.

I Were the most wretched and ingratefullest Lady of the world; yea a Lady who should not then deserve either to see or live in the world, if Victoryna *should any way prove treacherous to* Sypontus, *who hath still beene so true and kinde to her. But beleeve mee, Deare* Sypontus, *and I speake it in presence of God, upon perill of my soule, I am as innocent as that witch, that devill, my maid* Felicia *is guilty of the producing of thy Letter; which I feare will prove thy death, and rejoyce that in it, it shall likewise prove mine. For to cleare my selfe of ingratitude & trechery, as I have lived, so I wilde with thee: that as we mutually participated the joyes of life, so we may the torments of death: for although thy Letter accuse me not of my husband* Souranza's *Murther, yet that my affection may shine in my loyalty, and that in my affection I will not survive, but die with thee: for I will accuse my selfe to my Iudges, not onely as accessary, but as author of that Murther: and this resolution of mine I write thee with teares, and will shortly seale it with my blood.*

VICTORYNA.

Sypontus, in the middest of his perplexities, and sorrowes, receives this Letter from *Victoryna*, the sweetnesse of whose affection and constancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him. For now her innocency defaceth his suspicion of her ingratitude and treachery: and withall hee plainely sees, and truely believes, that it was *Felicia*, not *Victorina*, who brought this Letter to Light. But when he descends to the latter part of her Letter, and finds her resolution to dye with him, then hee condemnes his former errour in taxing her, and in requitall, loves her so tenderly and dearely, that he vowes hee will be so farre from accusing her, as accessary of her husbands Murther, as both the Racke, and his death shall cleare and proclaime her innocency. Had the ground of these fervent and reciprocall affections of *Victorina* and *Sypontus*, beene laid in vertue, as they were in vice; or in chastity, and not in lust and adultery, they would have given cause to the whole world, as justly to prayse, as now to dispraise them, and then to have beene as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and detestation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) having fully and definitively resolved not to accuse, but to cleare *Victorina* of this Murther, as also that he would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the injoying of many more earthly pleasures: hee expecting hourely to bee sent for before his Judges, to sit upon his torment or death, thinking himselfe bound both in affection & honour, to signifie *Victorina* his pleasure herein, he craves his Taylors absence, and with much affection and passion, writes her this his last Letter:

SYPONTVS to VICTORYNA.

SWeet Victoryna, *thy Letter hath given mee so full satisfaction, as I repent mee of my rash credulity, conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on* Felicia, *not on thy selfe. It is with a sorrowfull, but true presage, that I foresee, my life hastens to her period: the Racke is already*

prepared for my torments, and I hourely expect when I ſhall be fetch't to receive them, which for thy ſake I will imbrace and ſuffer, with as much conſtancie as patience: I will deny mine owne guiltineſſe the firſt time, but not the ſecond: but in my torments and death I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a reſolution, as Earth expects to loſe mee, and I hope to finde Heaven. Therefore all the by bonds of love and affection that ever hath beene betweene us, I firſt pray, then conjure thee to change thy reſolution, and to ſtand on thine innocency. For if thou wilt, or deſireſt to gratifie me with thy laſt affection and courteſie at my death; let me beare this one content and joy to my grave, that Victoryna *will live for* Sypontus *his ſake, though* Sypontus *die for her.*

SYPONTVS.

Hee had no ſooner ſent away this his Letter to *Victoryna*, but he himſelfe is ſent for to appeare before his Iudges, who upon his ſecond examination and denyall, adjudge him to the Racke; which hee indureth with admirable patience and conſtancy. Yea, he cannot be drawne to confeſſe, but ſtands firme in his denyall, and not onely cleares himſelfe, but alſo acquits *Victoryna: Hieronymo Souranza* doth notwithſtanding earneſtly follow and ſolicite the Iudges, and God, out of his immenſe mercy and profound providence ſo ordaineth, that their conſciences ſuggeſt and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they adminiſter him double torment: when loe, his reſolution and ſtrength fayling him, hee acknowledgeth the letter his, and confeſſeth it was himſelfe that had murthered *Seignior Iovan Baptiſta Souranza*: but withall proteſteth conſtantly that *Victoryna* is innocent, and no way acceſſary hereunto. The Iudges rejoyce at *Sypontus* his confeſſion, as much as they grieve at the fouleneſſe of his fact: and ſo, although they were alſo deſirous to hang him, yet conſidering he was a *Venetian* Gentleman, (and conſequently had a great voyce in the great Counſell of the *Seigniory*) they adjudge him the next day to loſe his head, betwixt the two Columes at Saint *Markes Place*, and ſo for that night ſend him backe to his priſon, to prepare himſelfe to dye. *Sypontus* is no ſooner departed from them, but they conſult on *Victoryna*, whether ſhe were guilty, or innocent of her huſband *Souranza's* Murther, but they differ in opinion: ſome would likewiſe have her Racked: but others of them more adviſed and modeſt, reply that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated onely his affection to *Victoryna*, but no way her malice to her dead huſband *Souranza*, nor that ſhe was any way guilty or acceſſary to his Murther: ſo they reſolve to forbeare her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuſe her at his execution. Now the very night that he was to die the next morne, hee infinitely deſires his Iaylor to permit him to conferre with *Victoryna*, and to take his laſt leave of her, which is denyed him, as having received command from authority to the contrary, whereat extreamely grieving, he is called away by ſome Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate ſend him, to prepare and direct his ſoule, in her paſſage and tranſmigration to Heaven. So paſſing the night in teares and prayers for the fouleneſſe of his crime, the morne being come, and nine of the clocke ſtrucken, he is brought to the ſcaffold, where a world of people concurre and flocke from all parts of the City, to ſee this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the laſt Sceane and part of his life upon this infamous *Theater*. Heere *Sypontus* freely confeſſeth his foule Murther of *Souranza*, but is yet ſo vaine and wretched, as hee takes it to his death, that *Victoryna* is abſolutely innocent hereof: hee ſeemes to bee very repentant and ſorrowfull for all his ſinnes in generall, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is ſevered from his body: a juſt recompence and puniſhment for ſo vicious and bloudy a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more then chaſtity, to revenge then charity, and to the divell then God, forgot himſelfe ſo farre, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our Hiſtory, leades us from dead *Sypontus*, to living

Victoryna,

Victoryna, who, I know not whether more grieved at his death, or rejoyced, that on the Racke and ſcaffold hee hath acquitted her of her huſbands Murther. In a word it is remarkeable to behold the vanity and inconſtancy of this female Monſter: for contrary to her vowes, and repugnant to her Letters and teares, *Sypontus* is no ſooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is ſcarce ſo ſoone cold, as her zeale and friendſhip: for ſhee now holds it a pure folly to caſt away her youth and life, if ſhe may preſerve the one, and ſave the other; and therefore reſolves to try her beſt art and wit, to make her innocency paſſe current with her Iudges: yea, ſo deſirous and ambitious is ſhee to live, as her female heart hath drawne on this maſculine fortitude and generoſity, that if occaſion preſent, ſhee will conſtantly both outdare and out-brave the torments of the Racke, thereby to preuent her death.

Some three daies after *Sypontus* was executed, the Judges againe ſit and conſult on *Victoryna*, but finding no evidence nor witneſſe to accuſe her, they at firſt are of opinion to diſcharge and free her: onely they deeme it requiſite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Racke, before they give her her liberty: whereunto they all agree. So they ſend for her, and threaten her with the Racke: but ſhee vowes, that all the torments of the world ſhall never inforce her to confeſſe an untruth, and that ſhee never had the leaſt ſuſpicion that *Sypontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her huſband: her Judges wil not yet believe her; ſo they cauſe her to be carried to the Racke: whereunto ſhee very cheerefully and patiently permits her ſelfe to bee faſtened, bidding the Executioner doe his worſt: which conſtancie of hers, her Iudges ſeeing and hearing, they, in pitty and commiſeration, as wel of her youth and beauty, as to her deſcent, and the teares and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her father, cauſe her to bee looſed, and ſo in open Court acquit and diſcharge her.

Here wee ſee this wretched *Courtizan Victoryna* acquitted of her Iudges for her huſbands Murther, ſo as triumphing more in her good fortune, then her innocency, ſhee now thinkes the ſtorme of her puniſhment paſt and ore-blowne, and that no future can poſſibly be reſerved for her, or ſhee for it: but her hopes will deceive her: for although ſhee have made her peace with Earth, yet ſhe hath not with Heaven; and although ſhe have deluded the eyes of her Iudges, yet ſhee ſhall not thoſe of God; but when his appoynted houre, and her due time is come, then her crimes and ſins, her adultery and Murther ſhal draw down vengeance from heaven to her confuſion. In the meane time wee ſhall ſee this Monſter, and diſgrace of her ſexe, make ſuch bad uſe of her former danger, as ſhee will againe adde bloud to bloud, and Murther to Murther: but God will reſerve not onely the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full viols of his indignation for her confuſion; as the ſequell will ſhew thee.

Sixe moneths are ſcarce paſt, ſince the Murther of her huſband *Souranza*, and the execution of her *Enamorato Sypontus*, but ſhee hath already quite forgotten theſe two mournefull and tragicall accidents: and which is more, ſhee is ſo frolike and youthfull, as ſhee hath throwne off her mourning attire, and drawne on her rich apparell, and glittering jewels, whereof the curioſity of the nobler ſort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the Citie take exact obſervation: and although *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her father and mother, herein taxe her of indiſcretion and immodeſty, yet ſhee thinkes her ſelfe exempt of their commands, and therefore will doe it, out of the ambitious priviledge of her owne uncontrolable authority and willfulneſſe. Beſides, her thoughts are ſo youthfull, and her carriage ſo light, as notwithſtanding ſhee came (as it were) but now from burying of her firſt huſband, yet ſhee is reſolved without delay, to have a ſecond: her father and mother checke her of levity and incivility in imbracing this reſolution: but in vaine: for her impudencie returnes them this immodeſt anſwer, that ſhee will not trifle away her time, but marry. They adviſe her to be cautious, and to doe nothing raſhly in this her ſecond match, that the misfortune and ſcandall of her firſt may no more reflect on her. But ſhee will make choyce for her ſelfe by the eyes of her youth, and not by thoſe of their age; by thoſe of her owne

fancie, and not by theſe of their election. Her huſband *Souranza* dyed rich, both in lands and monies, and his Widow *Victoryna*, without any oppoſition, injoyeth all: ſo ſhee needs not looke out for Suters, for there are Gallants enow who ſue and ſeeke her: but of them all, he whom ſhee beſt and chiefly affecteth, is one *Seignionr Lodovicus Faßino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the Citie, rich, and well deſcended; his parents and kinſmen for the moſt part being *Clariſſimo's* and *Senators*, and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Victoryna* deſires, and reſolves to make her huſband, grounding her chiefeſt reaſon and affection on this reſolution and foundation, that as *Souranza* was too old for her, ſo *Faßino* was young enough, and therefore fit to bee her huſband, and ſhee his wife, meaſuring him wholly by his exterior perſonage, and not ſo much as once prying either into his vices or vertues. *Faßino*, who carryed a vicious and pernicious heart under a pleaſing geſture and tongue, and loving *Victoryna's* wealth more then her beauty, obſerving her affection and reſpect to him, ſeekes, courtes, and wins her. Her Parents underſtanding hereof, as alſo that *Faßino* is a vicious and deboſht Gentleman, with all their poſſible power and authoritie, they ſeeke to divert their daughter from him. But ſhe is deafe to their requeſts, and reſolved, that as ſhe followed the ſtreame of their commands in her firſt match, ſo ſhee will now the current of her owne pleaſures and affections in this her ſecond: and ſo, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the griefe of all her parents and friends, before ſhe had above ten dayes conferred with *Faßino*, ſhe marries him. But this match ſhall not ſucceed according to their deſires: for *Victoryna* ſhall ſhortly repent it, and *Faßino* aſſoone rue and ſmart for it; ſith it is a *maxime*, that ſudden affections prove ſeldome proſperous: for if they have not time to ſettle and take root, they are incident aſſoone to fade as flouriſh, eſpecially if they are contracted and grounded more for luſt then love and more for wealth then vertue.

The firſt moneth of this marriage, *Faßino* keepes good correſpondence and obſervance with his wife, but thence-forth hee breakes Pale, and rangeth: for the truth is, although hee were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) hee was an old whore-maſter: which laſcivious profeſſion of his, threatens the ruine, not onely of his health, but of his fortune and reputation: ſo now, when he ſhould be at home, hee is abroad: yea, not onely by day, but by night, that upon the whole, *Victoryna* is more a widdow then a wife: at which unlook'd and unwiſh'd for newes, ſhe not onely bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weeps: for it gripes and grieves her at heart, to ſee her ſelfe thus ſlighted, neglected, and abuſed by *Faßino*, whom, of all the Gallants of the City, ſhee had elected and choſen for her huſband: ſhee is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her griefe and ſorrow infinitely exceeds her jealouſie: and now as graceleſſe as ſhee is, ſhee thinkes God hath purpoſely ſent her this laſcivious *Faßino* for her ſecond huſband, as a juſt plague and puniſhment, to revenge her adultery committed againſt *Souranza* her firſt: ſo, had ſhee had more grace, and leſſe vanity and impietie, ſhe would have made better uſe of this conſideration, and not ſo ſoone forgot it, and in it, her ſelfe.

Now as it is the nature of jealouſie, to have more eyes then *Argus*, and ſo to prie and ſee every where: *Victoryna*, her curioſitie, or rather her malice herein, finds out, that her Huſband *Faßino* familiarly frequenteth and uſeth the company of many Courtezans, eſpecially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the moſt famous and reputed beauties of *Venice*: and this newes indeed ſtrikes her at the very gall with ſorrow and vexation; faine ſhe would reforme and remedy this vice of her husband, but how ſhee knowes not, for ſhe ſees little or no hope to reclaime him, ſith he not onely tenderly loves *Paleriana*, but which is worſe, ſhe apparantly ſees, that for her ſake, he contemnes her ſelfe and her company: for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but onely in his Lute, or Bookes, which is but to paſſe his melancholy, for his Lady *Paleriana's* abſence, till he againe reviſit her: ſo as wholly neglected, and as I may truely ſay, almoſt forſaken of her husband, ſhe knowes not what to doe, nor how

to beare her ſelfe in thoſe furious ſtormes of her griefe, and miſerable tempeſt of her jealouſie. But of two different courſes to reclaime him from this his ſin of whoredome, ſhe takes the worſt: for in ſtead of counſelling & diſſwading her huſband, ſhe torments him with a thouſand ſcandalous and injurious ſpeeches: but this, in ſtead of quenching, doth but onely bring oyle to the flame of his luſt: for if he repayred home to her ſeldome before, now he ſcarce at all comes neere her: ſo as ſhee is a Wife, yet no Wife: and hath a Huſband, yet no Huſband: but this is not the way to reclaime him, for faire ſpeeches and ſweet exhortations may prevaile, when choller cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady againe aſſumes bloudy reſolutions againſt her ſecond huſband, as ſhee had formerly done againſt her firſt, vowing that he ſhall dye, ere ſhee will live to bee thus contemned and abuſed of him: yea, her hot love to him is ſo ſoone growne cold, and her fervent affection already ſo frozen, that now ſhee thinkes on nothing elſe but how to bee revenged, and to be rid of him; and is ſo impious and graceleſſe, as ſhee cares not how, nor in what manner ſoever ſhee ſend him from this world to another: for the devill hath drawne a reſolution from her, or rather ſhe from the divell, that here he ſhall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched fury of hell will *Victorina* proove her ſelfe here on Earth? for the bloud and life of one huſband cannot quench the thirſt of her luſt and revenge, but ſhee muſt and will imbrue her hands in that of two: as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that ſhee will needs gallop and ride poaſt to hell. O what pitie is it, to ſee a Lady ſo wretched and execrable! O what an execrable wretchedneſſe is it, to ſee a Lady ſo inhumane, and ſo devoyd of pitie! But the devill is ſtrong with her, becauſe her faith is weake with God: therefore ſhe will advance, ſhe will not retire in this her bloudy deſigne and reſolution. Wherefore we ſhall ſhortly ſee *Faſſino* his adulterie puniſhed with death, by his wife *Victorina's* revenge; and this murther of hers juſtly rewarded and revenged with the puniſhment of her owne: the bloudyer our actions are, the ſeverer Gods judgements, and the ſharper his revenge will bee.

Of all ſorts and degrees of inhumane and violent deaths, this wretched Lady *Victoryna* thinks poyſon the ſureſt, and yet the moſt ſecret to diſpatch her huſband. This invention came immediately from the devill, and is onely practiſed by his members: of which number ſhe will deſperately and damnably make her ſelfe one: her luſt and revenge, like miſerable Advocates, and fatall Orators, perſwade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her huſbands life, ſhee ſhall find that ſhe likewiſe caſts away her owne. So neither Grace nor Nature prevailing, ſhe ſends for an *Apothecary*, named *Auguſtino*; and when ſhe hath conjured, and he promiſed his ſecrecie, ſhee acquaints him, that her new huſband *Faſſino* keeps Courtiſans to her noſe, and dayly and hourely offereth her many other inſupportable abuſes and diſgraces; in requitall and revenge whereof ſhe is reſolved to poyſon him, and prayes him to undertake and performe it, and that ſhe wil reward him with three hundred *Zeckines* for his labour.

Of al profeſſions and faculties, there are good and bad: *Auguſtino* loves God too wel, herein to obey the devil: he hath too much grace, to be ſo impious and graceleſſe, and vowes, that he wil not buy gold at ſo deare a rate, as the price of bloud; ſo as a good Chriſtian, and true child of God, he not onely refuſeth *Victoryna's* motion and proffer, but in religious termes ſeeks to divert and perſwade her from this her bloudy attempt. But ſhe is reſolute in her malice, and wilfull in her revenge, and therefore wil performe it her ſelfe, ſith this *Auguſtino* wil not: ſo (by a ſecond hand) ſhe procures poyſon from a ſtrange *Empericke*, whereof the City of *Venice*, more then other of *Italy*, aboundeth: ſo ſhe onely waits for an opportunitie, which very ſhortly, though, alas, too too ſoone, preſents it ſelfe; the manner thus:

It is impoſſible that *Faſſino* his diſſolute life, and extreme deboſhing can keepe him long from ſickneſſe; for this puniſhment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that ſinne. He complaines thereof to his wife *Victoryna*, who receives this newes rather with gladneſſe, then commiſeration and pitie: and ſo taking his bed, he prayes her

to make him ſome comfortable hot broth for his ſtomacke: which newes ſhee heares and embraceth inwardly with joy, outwardly with diſdaine. For albeit ſhee layes hold of this opportunitie to poyſon him, yet ſhee diſſembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, becauſe ſhe knowes it the ſmoother and ſhorter way to be revenged in poyſoning him, ſhee will not make the broath her ſelfe, but commands her maid *Felicia* to doe it, (of whom wee have formerly ſpoken, in the diſcovery of *Sypontus* his Letter to her Vnkle *Hieronymo Souranza*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and divelliſh *Victorina* her Lady and miſtreſſe, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and helliſh recompence: for while *Felicia* is boyling of the broath, her Lady *Victorina* trips to her chamber and cloſet, and fetcheth out the poyſon, inveloped in a paper, whereof ſhe takes two parts and brings downe with her, and whiles ſhe had purpoſely ſent *Felicia* from the fire, ſhe runs and throwes it into the broath, which for the preſent no whit altered the colour thereof: ſo *Faſſino* calling for it, this poore innocent gentlewomã *Felicia*, (not ſuſpecting or dreaming of poyſon) gives it him, which (as ignorant therof) he ſups up; and this was about nine or ten of the clocke in the morning.

Now whiles *Felicia* is acting this mournfull Tragedie in *Faſſino* his chamber, her Lady *Victorina* is acting another in hers; for ſhee takes the other third part of the poyſon, and ſecretly opening *Felicia's* trunke, puts it into a painted boxe which ſhe found therein, and ſo lockes it againe, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and helliſh hope) that her huſband being dead, his body opened, and the poyſon found in her trunke, ſhe would give out that *Felicia* had poyſoned him with broath that morne, and this found in her cheſt, would make her guilty of the murther; for the which ſhe knew ſhe muſt needs die. See, ſee, the divelliſh double malice of this wretched Lady *Victorina*, as well to her huſband *Faſſino*, as her mayd *Felicia*! But as finely as the devil hath taught her to ſpin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her huſband, nevertheleſſe ſhe ſhall in the end fayle of hers to innocent *Felicia* in the *interim*, though to the eyes of the world it ſeeme at firſt to ſucceed according to her deſires by the by, yet it ſhall not in the maine: but that murther, and this treaſon of *Victorina* ſhall not goe long either undetected, or unpuniſhed.

This poyſon working in *Faſſino* his ſtomacke and body, begins by degrees to cut off his vitall ſpirits, ſo as his ſtrength failes him, his red cheekes already looke pale and earthly, and his body infinitely ſwels: he cals for his wife *Victorina*, who with all haſte and expedition tells her ſecretly, that hee feares, *Felicia* hath poyſoned him with the broath ſhee gave him in the morning; and ſo requeſteth her to ſend for his parents and friends to be preſent at his death, for live he could not. *Victoryna*, like a diſſembling ſhee-divell, teares her hayre for anger, and for meere ſorrow ſeemes to drowne her ſelfe in her teares at this newes, kiſſeth and fawnes on her huſband, and in all poſſible haſte ſends away of all ſides for his kinsfolkes and friends, who haſtily repayre thither, and finde *Faſſino* almoſt dead: ſo they, with teares, inquire his ſickneſſe; when with open voice his wife *Victorina* cryes out, that her wretched maide *Felicia* had with broath, that morne, poyſoned him; which *Faſſino* his memory and tongue yet ſerved him to confeſſe and averre, word for word, as his wife *Victorina* had related them: whereat they are all ſorrowfull, and weepe, and then, and there cauſe *Felicia* to bee apprehended and ſhut faſt in a chamber; who (poore harmeleſſe young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and ſtrangeneſſe of this newes, and cries out and weepes ſo bitterly, as ſhe ſeemes to melt her ſelfe into teares, only ſhe knowes her ſelfe innocent, and yet feares that this malice and revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Victoryna*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus under ſure keeping, her Maſter *Faſſino* dyes: which newes is ſoone diſperſed and divulged abroad, to the griefe and admiration of the whole Citie. The next morne the criminall Iudges are advertiſed hereof, who repaire to *Faſſino* his houſe, who by this time is dead, & there ſee his breathles carkaſſe, which they ordaine to be opened: the poyſon is apparantly found on his ſtomack, in its naturall & priſtine colour; when examining firſt *Faſſino*, then *Victoryna's* parents, they report *Faſſino* his own

owne words uttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that morne poyſoned him with broath: which is averred by *Victoryna*, who ſaith, ſhe ſaw her give it him. So they ſend away poore *Felicia* to priſon, but yet with a vehement ſuſpicion, that this poyſoned arrow came out of *Victoryna* her owne quiver, which they the ſooner believe, in reſpect of her former troubles, and ſuſpicions for the murther of her firſt huſband *Souranza*: So the Iudges returne and betake themſelves, that very inſtant, to their Tribunall of Iuſtice, in the Dukes Palace of Saint *Markes*: where they ſend for *Felicia*, who is brought them, unaccompanied of any: for as misfortune would, both her Vnkle *Hieronymo*, and her Couſin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, imployed in ſome publike affaires for the Seigniory. The Iudges examine *Felicia*, concerning the broath and poyſon ſhe gave her Maſter. Shee bitterly ſighing and weeping, confeſſeth the broath, but denies the poyſon; vowing by her part and hope of heaven, ſhee never touched nor knew what poyſon was, and deſired no favour of them, if it were found or prooved againſt her; withall, ſhe acquaints them, that ſhe feares it is a tricke of malice and revenge, clapt on her by her Lady *Victoryna*, for the diſcovery of *Sypontus* his Letter. And to ſpeake truth, the Iudges in their hearts partly adhere and concurre with her in this opinion: they demand her whether her Lady *Victoryna* touched this broath, either by the fire, or the bed? Shee, according to the truth, anſwers, that to her knowledge or ſight, ſhe touched it not, nor no other but her ſelfe. So they ſend her againe to priſon, and returne ſpeedily to *Faſsino* his houſe; where committing *Victoryna* to a ſure guard, they aſcend her chamber and cloſet, ſearch all her trunkes, caſkets and boxes, for poyſon, but find none: and the like they doe to *Felicia's* trunkes, which they breake open, ſhe having the key; and in a boxe find a quantitie of the ſame poyſon, whereby it was apparant ſhe abſolutely poyſoned her Maſter *Faſsino*. The Iudges having thus found out and revealed, as they thought, the true author of this murther, they deſcend, againe examine *Victoryna*, and ſo acquit her. Poore *Felicia* is advertiſed hereof; whereat ſhe is amazed and aſtoniſhed, and thinkes that ſome witch or divell caſt it there for her deſtruction. She is againe ſent for before her Iudges, who produce the poyſon found in her trunke: ſhe denies both the poyſon and the murther, with many ſighes and teares: ſo they adjudge her to the racke, which torment ſhe ſuffereth with much patience and conſtancy; notwithſtanding, her Iudges conſidering that ſhe made and gave *Faſsino* the broath, that none touched it but her ſelfe, that he died of it, and that they found the remainder of the poyſon in her trunke, they thinke her the murtherer; ſo they pronounce ſentence, that the next morne ſhe ſhall be hanged at Saint *Markes* place. She poore ſoule is returned to her priſon; ſhe bewailes her misfortune thus to die, and be caſt away innocently, taxing her Iudges of injuſtice, as her ſoule is ready to anſwer it to God.

All *Venice* pratleth of this cruell murther committed by this young Gentlewoman; but for her Lady *Victoryna*, ſhee triumphs and laughs like a Gypſey, to ſee how with one ſtone ſhee hath given two ſtrokes, and how one poore drug hath freed her this day of her huſband *Faſsino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom ſhe rejoyceth in her ſelfe, that now ſhe hath cryed quittance for the diſcovery of *Sypontus* his Letter, which procured his death: but her hopes may deceive her, or rather, the divell will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or falſe, righteous or ſinfull our actions bee, God in his due time will make them appeare in their naked colours, and reward thoſe with glory, and theſe with ſhame.

The next morne, according to the laudable cuſtome of *Venice*, the mourners of the Seigniory accompany our ſorrowfull *Felicia* to the place of execution, where ſhe modeſtly aſcended the ladder, with much ſilence, penſiveneſſe and affliction: at the ſight of whoſe youth and beauty, moſt of that great infinitie of Spectators cannot refraine from teares, and commiſerating and pitying, that ſo ſweet a young *Gentlewoman* ſhould come to ſo infamous and untimely a death: when *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards heaven, ſhe briefly ſpeakes to this effect: She takes heaven and earth to witneſſe, that ſhe is innocent of the poyſoning of her Maſter *Faſsino*,

and

and ignorant how that poyſon ſhould be brought into her Trunke; that as her knowledge cannot accuſe, ſo her Conſcience will not acquit her Lady *Victoryna* of that fact, onely ſhe leaves the detection and judgement thereof to God, that being ready to forſake the world, ſith the world is reſolved to forſake her, ſhe as much triumphs in her innocencie, as grieves at her misfortune: and that ſhe may not only appeare in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Chriſtian, ſhe firſt forgives her Lady *Victoryna*, and her Iudges, and then beſeecheth God to forgive her all her ſinnes, whereunto ſhe humbly and heartily prayes all that are preſent, to adde their prayers to hers: and ſo ſhe begins to take off her band, and to prepare her ſelfe to dye.

Now, *Chriſtian Reader*, what humane wiſedome, or earthly capacitie would here conceive or thinke, that there were any ſublunary meanes left for this comfortleſſe Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her ſelfe that ſhe could avoid death? But loe, as the children of God cannot fall, becauſe he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we ſhall ſee to our comforts, and finde to Gods glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman ſhall be miraculouſly freed of her dangers, and puniſhment, and her inveterate arch enemy *Victoryna* brought in her ſtead, to receive this ſhamefull death, in expiation of the horrible murthers of her two huſbands, which God will now diſcover, and make apparant to the eyes of the world: for as the Fryers and Nunnes prepare *Felicia*, to take her laſt farewell of this world, and ſo to ſhut up her life in the direfull and mournefull Cataſtrophe of her death; Behold, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecarie *Auguſtino* (of whom this our Hiſtorie hath formerly made an honeſt and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Iſtria*: and having left his ſhip at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at Saint *Markes* ſtayers; when knowing and ſeeing an execution towards, hee thruſts himſelfe in amongſt the crowd of people: where beholding ſo young and ſo faire a Gentlewoman, ready to die: hee demands of thoſe next by him, what ſhee was, and her crime: when being anſwered, that her name was *Felicia*, a wayting Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victoryna*, who had poyſoned her Maſter *Faſsino*: at the very firſt report of the names of *Victoryna*, and her huſband *Faſsino*, *Auguſtino* his bloud flaſheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were acceſſary to this murther: hee was informed, that her Lady *Victoryna* was vehemently ſuſpected thereof: but ſhe was cleared, and onely *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman found guiltie thereof: which words were no ſooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady *Victoryna* would have formerly ſeduced him for three hundred *Zeckines*, to have poyſoned her huſband *Faſsino*, he confidently believing this young Gentlewoman innocent hereof, with all poſſible ſpeed, as faſt as his legges could drive, hee runnes up to the Southeaſt part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, where the Officers ſit to ſee execution done; the which he requeſteth for that time to ſtop, becauſe he hath ſomething to ſay concerning the murther of Signiour *Faſsino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbeare: which bred infinit admiration in al the ſpectators, as wondering at the cauſe and reaſon thereof, when in conſtant and diſcreet termes, *Auguſtino* informes the Iudges, that he thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victoryna* guiltie of this murther, and ſo relates them the manner, time, and place where *Victoryna* her ſelfe ſeduced him to poyſon her huſband *Faſsino*, how ſhe proffered him three hundred *Zeckines* to perform it, which he refuſed, and to the utmoſt of his power, ſought to diſſwade her from this bloudy and execrable buſineſſe. The Judges are aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſſe of this newes, which they begin confidently to believe, and ſo bleſſe the houre of *Auguſtino's* arrivall, that hath withheld them from ſpilling the innocent bloud of *Felicia*, when commanding her from the place of execution, to her priſon, they inſtantly give order for the Lady *Victorina's* apprehenſion, who already had built trophees and triumphs of joy in her heart, to ſee that all her bloudy deſignes ſo well ſucceeded. But now is the Lords appoynted time come, wherein all her cruell Murthers, whoredome, treachery, and hypocriſie, ſhall be brought

brought to light and puniſhed: yea, now it ſhall no longer be in her power, or in that of the devill, her Schoolemaſter and Seducer, either to diminiſh the leaſt part of her puniſhment, or to adde the leaſt moment or point of time to her life. She is all in teares at her apprehenſion, but they rather ingender envie, then pitty in her Judges: And ſo from the delights and pleaſures of her houſe, ſhe is haſtily conveyed to priſon.

Her Judges, in honour to the ſacred dignity of Juſtice (the Queene of Earth, and the daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Auguſtino*, who averres his former depoſition as conſtantly in her face, as ſhe denies it impudently in his. But this will not prevaile her: for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the ſight of her crime too apparant. So without any regard to her prayers, teares, or exclamations, they adjudge her to the Racke, where the tenderneſſe of her limbs, the ſharpeneſſe of her torments, but eſpecially the griefes and pinches of her conſcience, make her acquit *Felicia*, acknowledge *Auguſtino* his evidence, and condemne her ſelfe to be the author both of her firſt husbands ſtabbing, as alſo her ſeconds poyſoning: her Judges as much praiſe God for her confeſſion, as they deteſt and are aſtoniſhed at the falſeneſſe of theſe her horrible crimes. So with much joy they firſt free innocent *Felicia* of her unjuſt impriſonment; and then knowing it pitty that ſo wretched a Lady as *Victorina* ſhould live any longer, they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemne her the next morne to bee hang'd and burnt on Saint *Markes Place*. At the knowledge and divulging of which newes, as her father, mother, and kinſfolkes extreamely grieve, ſo all *Venice* bleſſe and glorifie God, firſt, that innocent *Felicia* is ſaved, and guilty *Victorina* detected and condemned to the ſhame and puniſhment of a deſerved death.

The ſame night the Prieſts and Fryers deale with her about the ſtate of her ſoule, and its pilgrimage and tranſmigration to heaven: they finde that her youth, luſt, and revenge hath taken a ſtrange poſſeſſion of the devill, and he in them: for ſhe ſtill loves the memory of *Sypontus*, and envies and deteſts that of her two husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*: but they deale effectually with her, and in her ſpeeches depainting her forth the joyes of heaven and the torments of hell, they at laſt happily prevaile, and ſo make her forſake the vanity and impiety of theſe her paſſions, by reliſhing the ſweet ſhowres of Gods mercies: ſo the next morne ſhe is brought to her execution: where the world expecting to heare much matter from her, ſhe is very penſive and contemplative, and ſaies little, onely ſhe prayes *Felicia* to forgive her; as alſo all the Parents of her two Husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*, and likewiſe of *Sypontus*; but chiefely ſhe invokes God her Saviour an[illegible] Redeemer, to pardon theſe her horrible ſins of adultery and murther, and beſeecheth all that are preſent to pray for her ſoule; and ſo according to her ſentence, ſhe is firſt hang'd and then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourſe of people praiſe the providence and juſtice of God, in cutting off this female monſter and ſhame of her ſexe *Victorina*: whoſe tragicall and mournefull Hiſtory may wee all reade and remember, with deteſtation, that the example hereof be our forewarning and caveat, not to truſt in the deceiveable luſts of the fleſh, and the treacherous tentations of the devill, but ro rely on the mercies and promiſes of God which will never faile his elect, but will aſſuredly make them happy in their lives, bleſſed in their deaths, and conſtantly glorious in their reſurrections.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her Wayting-Maid* Anſilva *two ſeverall times attempt to poyſon her owne Siſter* Berinthia; *wherein failing, ſhe afterwards makes an Empericke, termed* Sarmiata, *poyſon her ſaid maid* Anſilva: Catalina *is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and* Sarmiata *hang'd for poyſoning* Anſilva. Antonio *ſteales* Berinthia *away by her owne conſent; whereupon her Brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kils him in a Duell:* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother* Sebaſtiano; *ſhe is adjudged to be immured betwixt two Wals, and there languiſheth and dyes.*

HOw fooliſhly and impiouſly doth our malice betray our ſelves, or the devill our ſoules, when wee maliciouſly betray others? for wee are as farre from Grace as Wiſedome, when we permit either irregular affection, or unlawfull paſſion, to hale us on to choller, choller to revenge, and revenge to Murther: Nay, how exempt are wee of Religion, and devoyd of all Chriſtian piety and charity, when our thoughts are ſo eclipſed, and our judgements darkened, when our conſciences are ſo defiled, and our ſoules ſo polluted with revenge, that the eldeſt ſiſter ſeeks to poyſon her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her own and only brother, becauſe in a Duell he had formerly ſlaine her lover? Alaſſe, alaſſe, theſe are bloudy accidents, which not only fight againſt grace, but nature, not only againſt earth, but heaven, and not only againſt our ſoules, but againſt God; neither are theſe the only Tragedies that our inſuing Hiſtory reporteth and relateth: for we ſhall therein farther ſee a wretched wayting-gentlewoman poyſoned by her more wretched Lady and Miſtreſſe, together with her execrable Agent, a bloudy and graceleſſe Empiricke: and all juſtly revenged, and ſeverely puniſhed by the ſword of Gods wrath and indgnation. Wherein the Chriſtian Reader may obſerve as well to Gods glory, as his owne conſolation, that never pretended or actuall Murthers were either contrived more ſecretly, perpetrated more cloſely, detected more miraculouſly, or puniſhed more ſtrangely and ſeverely: ſo as if the divell have not fully poſſeſt our hearts and ſoules, or if our thoughts and reſolutions, doe yet retaine the leaſt ſparke of Grace and Chriſtianity, we ſhall flie their crimes by the ſight and feare of their puniſhments, refetch our wandering and erronious ſenſes, from hell to earth, purpoſely to erraiſe them from Earth to Heaven; and ſo religiouſly to give and conſecrate, both them, and our ſelves, and ſoules, from ſinne to righteouſneſſe, and conſequently (with as much felicitie as glory) from Satan to God.

There

THere dwelt in the Citie of *Avero* in *Portugall*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Gasper de Vilarezo*, rich in either qualitie of earthly greatnesse, as well of bloud as revenewes, who was neerely allied to the Marquesse of *Denia* (in *Spaine*) as marrying a Neece of his named *Dona Alphanta*, a Lady exquisitely endued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace: for she was both faire and vertuous, that adding lustre to these, and these returning and reflecting embellishment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all those who had the honour to know her; and to crowne the felicitie of their affections and marriage, they had three hopefull children, one sonne, and two daughters: he termed *Don Sebastiano*, and they the *Donas*, *Catalina*, and *Berinthia*: Hee having attained his fifteenth yeare, was by his Father made Page to Count *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court, and they from their tenth to their thirteenth yeares, lived sometimes at *Coimbra*, other whiles at *Lisbon*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who so carefully trained them up in those qualities & perfections, requisite for Ladies of their ranke, as they were no sooner seene, but admired of all who saw them.

But before we make a farther progression in this Historie, (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it) I hold it rather necessarie then impertinent, that wee take a cursory, though not a curious survey of both these young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their vices and vertues, their beauty and deformitie: that as objects are best knowne by the opposition of their contraries: so by the way of comparison wee may distinguish how to know, and know how to distinguish of the disparitie of these two sisters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was somewhat short of stature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but slender: *Catalina* was of taint and complection, more browne then faire: *Berinthia* not browne, but sweetly faire, or fairely sweet: *Catalina* had a disdainefull, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extreamely imperious, ambitious, and revengefull, and *Berinthia* modestly courteous, gracious and religious. So these two young Ladies growing now to bee capable of marriage, many gallant Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in respect of their Fathers Nobilitie and wealth, as for their owne beauties and vertues: yea their fame is generally so spread, that from *Lisbone*, and most of the chiefest Cities of *Portugall*, divers Nobles and Knights resort to their Father *Don Vilarezo's* house, to proffer up their affections to the dignitie and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of marriage, puts them all off, either in generall termes, or honourable excuses, as holding the matching of his daughters of so eminent and important consideration, as hee thinkes it fit he should advisedly consult, and not rashly conclude them: which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is still as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebastiano their brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Vallidolyd* and *Lisbone*, becomes very intimately and singularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivere*, a noble and rich young *Cavalier*, by birth likewise a *Portugall*, of the City of *Elvas*, who was first and chiefe Gentleman to the Duke of *Braganza*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiaritie, he proffers him his eldest sister in marriage, and prayes him at his first conveniencie, to ride over to *Avero* to see her, offering himselfe to accompany him in this journey, and to second him in that enterprize, as well towards his father as sister. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully listeneth to *Don Sebastiano's* courteous and affectionate proffer; and knowing it so farre from the least disparagement, as it was a great happinesse and honour for him to match himselfe in so noble a Family, they assigne a day for that journey, against when, *Don Antonio* makes readie his preparatives and traine in all respects answerable to his ranke and generositie. They arrive at *Avero*, where *Don Gasper de Vilarezo*, for his owne worth, and his sonnes report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably, and entertaines him courteously: he visiteth and saluteth, first the mother, then the two young Ladies her daughters: and although hee

hee cannot diſlike *Catalina*, yet ſo precious and amiable is ſweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as he no ſooner ſees, but loves her : yea, her piercing eye, her vermillion cheeke, and delicate ſtature, act ſuch wonders in his heart, as he ſecretly proclaimes himſelfe her Servant, and publikely ſhe his Miſtreſſe : to which end hee takes time and opportunitie at advantage, and ſo reveales her ſo much in tearmes, that intimate the fervencie of his zeale, and endeare the zeale of his affection and conſtancie. *Berinthia* entertaines his motion and ſpeeches with many bluſhes, which now and then caſt a roſiat vaile ore the milke-white lillies of her complexion; and to ſpeake truth, if *Antonio* bee inamoured of *Berinthia*, no leſſe is ſhe of him : ſo as not onely their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts ſeeme already to ſympathize, and burne in the flame of an equall affection. In a word, by ſtealth he courts her often. And not to detaine my Reader in the intricat Labyrinth of the whole paſſages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time finds *Berinthia* in this reſolution, that as ſhe hath not the will to grant, ſo ſhe hath not the power to deny his ſuit : the reſt, time will produce.

But ſo powerfully doe the beautie and vertues of ſweet *Berinthia* worke in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delayes, he findes out her father and mother, and in due termes (requiſite for him to give, and they receive) demands their daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replies, that of his two daughters, he thinkes *Berinthia* his younger as unworthy of him, as *Catalina* his eldeſt worthily beſtowed on him. *Antonio* anſwers, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is faire, yet he muſt confeſſe that *Berinthia* is more beautifull to his eye, and more pleaſing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* laſtly replies, that hee will firſt match *Catalina*, ere *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the firſt, as not as yet reſolved to diſpoſe of the ſecond: and ſo for this time, they on theſe termes depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his ſonne *Sebaſtiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forreſt hath plentie. But whiles *Antonio* his body purſues the Stagge, his thoughts are flying after the beautie of his deare and faire *Berinthia*; who as the Paragon of Beautie and Nature, ſits Empreſſe, and Queene-Regent in the Court of his contemplations and affections : hee is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his anſwere, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her fathers reſolution, onely modeſty (that ſweet companion, and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extreamitie of her power, endeavored to keepe *Antonio* from perceiving or ſuſpecting ſo much. *Antonio* prayes his deare friend *Sebaſtiano* to perſwade his father to give him his ſiſter *Berinthia* to wife : hee performes the true part of a true friend and a Gentleman, but in vaine : for his father *Vilarezo* is reſolute, firſt to marry *Catalina*; when *Antonio*, not of power ſo ſoone to leave the ſight and preſence of his ſweet *Berinthia*, muſt invent ſome matter for his ſtay. And indeed as Love is the whet ſtone of wit to give an edge to Invention; ſo *Antonio* to injoy the preſence of his faire *Berinthia*, is inforced to make ſhew that he neglects her, & affecteth *Catalina* : & ſo converſeth often with her; but ſtill in generall termes, whereat ſhe builds many caſtles of hope and content, in the ayre of her thoughts. For if *Berinthia* loved *Antonio*, no leſſe doth *Catalina*; ſtrange effects of affection, where two ſiſters deeply and dearely love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them ſhall enjoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, ſo *Berinthia* is both the ſole object and cauſe of *Antonio's* ſtay, whom hee courts and layeth cloſe ſiege to, as often as opportunitie makes him happie in the deſired happineſſe and felicitie of her company : Shee gives him bluſhes for his ſighes, and ſometimes (although a man) the fervencie of his affection was ſuch, as he cannot refraine from returning her teares for her bluſhes : when albeit love perſwades him to ſtay longer in *Avero*, yet diſcretion calls and commands him away to *Lisbone* : and all the fruit of his journey that hee ſhall carry thither with him, is this, that for injoying of faire *Berinthia* to his wife, he conceives farre more reaſon to hope, then to deſpaire. Next death, there is no ſecond affliction ſo grievous or bitter to Lovers, as ſeparation and parting : this *Berinthia* feeles, but will not acknowledge; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth, becauſe feeles. After Supper, taking her to a

window, hee ſecretly prayes her to honour him with the acceptance of a poore Scarfe and plaine paire of Gloves (which notwithſtanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully faire) in token of his affection; and ſhee, the mourne of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, ſends him a Handkerchiefe, curiouſly wrought with hearts and flames of ſilke and gold, in ſigne of her thankefulneſſe: hee promiſeth *Berinthia* to write, and ſee her ſhortly; and *Catalina* intreats him to bee no ſtranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* hee gives many words, but few kiſſes; to *Berinthia* many kiſſes, but more teares: His departure makes *Berinthia* ſad, as grieving at his abſence; and *Catalina* joyfull, as hoping of his returne: *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* ſhall bee her huſband; and *Berinthia* now beginnes to looke pale with ſorrow, fearing ſhe ſhall not bee ſo happy to bee his wife. By this time breakfaſt is ſerved in, when *Sebaſtiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two ſiſters, and carries them to the Parlour, where *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio's* comming. They all ſit downe; and although their fare be curious, yet *Antonio's* eyes feed and feaſt upon more curious dainties; as the ſparkling eyes, flaxen hayre, and vermillion cheekes of *Berinthia's* incomparable beauty, which is obſerved of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is ſo ſecret and cautious in her carriage, as although her affection, yet her diſcretion will not permit her modeſtie either to obſerve or ſee it. Breakfaſt ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* apart, firſt give them infinite thankes for his honourable and courteous entertainment, and then very earneſtly againe prayes them not to reject his ſut for their daughter *Berinthia*. *Vilarezo* and his wife pray *Antonio* to excuſe his bad reception, which they know comes many wayes ſhort of his deſerts and merits, and alſo requeſts him to imbrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus after many other complements, hee takes his conge of *Vilarezo*, kiſſeth his wife and two daughters, firſt *Catalina* then *Berinthia*, who though laſt in yeares, yet is the firſt Lady in his deſires and thoughts, and the onely Queene of his affection. So they are as it were inforced to make a vertue of neceſſitie, and to take a ſhort farewell, in ſtead of a more ſolemne, which either of them wiſhed, and both deſired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot expreſſe: and ſo *Antonio* and *Sebaſtiano* take Coach, and away for *Lisbone*, *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beauty of his faire *Berinthia*, as his friend *Sebaſtiano* grieves, that of his two Siſters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his father conſent to give him *Berinthia* for his wife: notwithſtanding, they confirme their familiarity and friendſhip with many interchangeable and reciprocall proteſtations; that ſith they cannot be brothers they will live and die deare and intimate friends: but I feare the contrary.

Being arrived at *Lisbone*, *Antonio* feeles ſtrange alterations in his thoughts and paſſions. For now hee is ſo intangled in the fetters of *Berinthia's* beautie and vertues, that hee will ſee no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almoſt) ſpeake of any Lady, but of her ſelfe; and in theſe his amorous contemplations hee both rejoyceth and triumpheth; but againe remembring the aſſurance of *Vilarezo* his refuſall, and the incertaintie of *Berinthia's* affection and conſent, his hopes are nipt in their bloſſomes, and his joyes as ſoone fade as flouriſh; he wiſheth that *Avero* were *Lisbone*, and either him ſelfe in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or ſhee in *Lisbone* with him. To attempt the one, hee holds it as great a folly, as a vanitie to wiſh the other: But hee bethinkes himſelfe of a remedie for this his perplexitie, and reputes himſelfe obliged in the bonds, as well of reſpect, as love, to write to his faire *Berinthia*: and then againe hee feares that it will find a difficult paſſage and acceſſe to her, becauſe of her fathers diſtaſte, and Siſters jealouſie: but the Sunne of his affection doth ſoone diſpell and diſſipate theſe doubts, or rather diſperſe them as clouds before the winde: and now to prevent thoſe who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinkes himſelfe of an invention, as worthy, as commendable in a Lover: hee writes *Berinthia* a letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, ſends it her by *Diego* his owne Page to *Avero*, whom purpoſely and feignedly hee cauſeth to arme himſelfe with this pretext and colour, that hee is in love with *Anſilva* the Lady *Catalina's* wayting Gentlewoman, and hath now gotten leave

of

of his Maſter to come to *Avero* to ſeeke her in marriage: where after ſome fifteene daies he arrives, and very ſecretly delivers his Maſters Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (ſweet Lady) was then toſt with the winde of feare, and the waves of ſorrow, that in all this time ſhe heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed leſt the change of ayre, places, and objects, might have power to change his affection, when now bluſhing for joy, as much as before ſhe looked pale for ſorrow, ſhee takes the Ring and Letter, and kiſſing both, ſecretly flies to her Chamber, when bolting the doore, ſhe with as much affection as impatience breaking up the ſeales, therein findes theſe lines:

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

SWeet Berinthia *wert thou as courteous as faire, thou wouldeſt reſt as confident of my affections, as I doe of thy beauty, and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, ſo now doth my pen art, to informe thee, how dearely I love thy beauty, and honour thy vertues: ſo as could thy thoughts prie into mine, or my heart bee ſo happy to dictate to thine thoſe ſhould know, and this ſee, that* Antonio *is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, then either to live thy husband, or die thy Martyr. Thinke with thy ſelfe, how farre thou undervalueſt, and unrequiteſt my zeale, when I will deſpaire of loving* Catalina, *and yet cannot hope that* Berinthia, *will affect me: onely therefore in thee (ſweet Lady) it remaines, either to crowne my joyes by thy conſent, or to immortallize my torments by thy refuſall, be pleaſed therefore faire* Berinthia, *to ſignifie me thy reſolution, that I may know my doome, and prepare my ſelfe, either to wed thee or my grave.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having again & again peruſed & ore-read this Letter, gives it a thouſand kiſſes for his ſake who wrot and ſent it her, and ſo very ſecretly lockes it up in her Casket, as alſo the Diamond, and now attends an opportunitie to conferre privately with *Diego*, when he will reſolve to returne to his Maſter at *Lisbone*, that ſhe may returne him an anſwer, though not ſo ſweet as he expects, yet not ſo bitter as he feares: in the meane time *Diego* delivereth her father *Vilarezo* his Maſters letter, in favour of his (pretended) ſute to *Anſilva*, as alſo in thankefulneſſe of his entertainement, without naming either *Catalina*, or *Berinthia* his daughters, or once mentioning his returne to *Avero*, whereat *Vilarezo* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the lip. But *Berinthia* cannot but ſmile to ſee *Antonio* his invention, for the ſafe delivery of his letters, nor yet refraine from laughing in her ſelfe, to ſee how cunningly his Page *Diego* courts *Anſilva*: for he makes ſuch demonſtration of love to her, and ſhe is ſo enamoured of him, that *Catalina* thinkes a ſhort time will finiſh this match, but he and her ſiſter *Berinthia* know the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three daies is deſirous to depart, and *Berinthia* extreamely glad of his reſolution to ſtay no longer: ſo ſhe takes herſelfe to her chamber, and writes this letter to her *Antonio* in anſwer of his.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

HAd I not beene more courteous to thee, then I am faire in my ſelfe, thou hadſt not taſted ſo much of my affection, nor I ſo many of my fathers frownes: and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeale intended and devoted to my poore merits, yet judge with thy ſelfe, whether it bee fit for mee to requite thee with obſervance; or him that gave mee my being with diſobedience. As I deſire not to have thee dye my Martyr, ſo my father will not permit thee to live my husband: and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the firſt, ſo it is not impoſſible for time to effect and compaſſe the laſt; not that I reſolve to give thee too much hope; rather that I aime to take away ſome of thy deſpaire, to the end that I may finde thee as conſtant in thy affection, as thou mee ſincere in my conſtancy. My ſiſters jealouſie of mee, and my fathers

diſtaſte of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much ſecrecie as circumſpecti

BERINTHIA.

Having folded up and ſealed her Letter, ſhe finds out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the garden; where, in one of the Bowers ſhe delivers him this Letter together with a Roſe of Opales, the which in token of her love, ſhe conjures him with ſafetie and ſpeed to deliver to his Maſter *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his diſpatch of *Berinthia*, ſoone gives *Anſilva* hers, promiſing to returne ſome three weekes after; at which time he prayes her to expect him: when thanking *Vilarezo* for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Maſter he would be glad to ſee him in *Avero*, he leaps to horſe, and ſo poaſts away for *Lisbone*.

I cannot relate with what incredible and infinite joy *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*: and to write the truth, I thinke the letter ſcarce contained ſo many ſillables, as he often read it over and kiſſed it: he ſees *Berinthia's* modeſtie reſplend and ſhine in her affection, and her affection in her modeſty towards him, wherein he glories in that, rejoyceth in this, and triumphs in both: but although hee be ſure of her affection, yet he is not of himſelfe; for he ſees her Letter containeth many verball complements, but all of them not one reall promiſe: and therefore hee cannot repute his tranquillitie and felicitie complete, ere he be crowned with this happineſſe: beſides, he feares that his abſence and her fathers preſence, may in tract of time by degrees coole the fervencie of *Berinthia's* affection; and yet then, he as ſoone checkes his own timiditie, in conceaving the leaſt ſuſpicion of her conſtancie: now hee thinkes to acquaint his intimate friend and her deare brother *Sebaſtiano* with their affections, but then he condemnes that opinion, and revokes it as erronious and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in ſailing without the compaſſe of *Berinthia's* advice and commands, by the which he holds it both ſafetie and diſcretion to ſteere his courſe and actions: Againe, he ſo infinitely and earneſtly longs to reſee his deare and ſweet Miſtreſſe, as he reſolves to ride over againe to *Avero*: but the obſtinacy of *Vilarezo*, and the jealouſie of *Catalina*, make him end that journey ere he began it. In this perplexitie and conteſtation of reaſons, he is irreſolute what, or what not to doe; but in fine, conſidering that delayes are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packes up his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebaſtiano*, under pretext of his health, leaves *Lisbone* and the Duke his Lord and maſter, and retires to his own home at *Elvas*, (where his father dying ſome three yeares before, had left him ſole heyre to many rich Mannors and Poſſeſſions) purpoſely hereby to be neere to *Avero*, that he might give order for all things, and let ſlip no occaſion in the proceſſe and proſecution of his affection. The ſecond day after his arrivall to *Elvas*, it being welneere a moneth ſince he ſent his firſt, and till then his laſt Letter to *Berinthia*, he now againe diſpatcheth his Page *Diego* with his ſecond Letter to her, by whom he ſends her a chaine of rich pearle, and a paire of gold bracelets richly enameled. *Diego's* arrivall is pleaſing to *Anſilva*, but extremely joyfull to *Berinthia*; onely it nipt *Catalina's* hopes, becauſe ſhe could not underſtand by him any certaine reſolution or aſſurance of his Maſters comming thither. *Diego* hath no ſooner ſaluted his *Anſilva*, but (as his more important buſineſſe) hee ſeekes meanes to ſpeake with *Berinthia*, which ſhe her ſelfe proffereth him: he delivers her his Maſters tokens and letter, which ſhe very joyfully receiveth, and ſo trips away to her chamber; where opening the ſeales, ſhe therein finds theſe words.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

IT is impoſſible for my penne to expreſſe the joyes my heart received at the reading of thy Letter: and as I diſpraiſe not thy obedience to thy Father, ſo I infinitely both praiſe and prize thy affection to mee: a thouſand times I kiſſed thy lines, and as often bleſt the hand that

wrote

wrote them; and although they gave me hope for deſpaire, yet, not to diſſemble, theſe hopes have brought me doubt, and that doubt, feare; not that thou loveſt me, for that were to diſparage my judgement, in ſeeking to prophane thy affection, but that thou wilt not pleaſe to accept of my promiſe, nor to returne me thine: wherein if thou weigh the fervencie of my love, I hope thou wilt not taxe the incredulitie of my feare; for till I am ſo happie, not onely to hope, but to aſſure my ſelfe that Berinthia *will be* Antonio's, *as* Antonio *is already* Berinthia's, *I muſt needs feare, and therefore cannot truely rejoyce. I have left* Liſbone, *to reſide at* Elvas; *therefore faire and deare Lady, I beſeech thee deſtinate mee, diſpoſe my ſervice, and command both. I long to injoy the felicitie of thy preſence: for I take heaven to witneſſe, thy abſence is my hell upon earth.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, ſhe approves of *Antonio's* feare, and attributes it to the fervencie and ſinceritie of his affection: ſhee eſteemes her ſelfe infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choyce of ſo brave a Cavalier for her ſervant, whom ſhee hopes a little time will make her huſband; to which end ſhee will no longer feed him with delayes, but now reſolves, by his Page *Diego* at his returne to ſignifie him ſo much: and in a word, to ſend him her heart, as ſhe hath already recieved his. But ſhe knowes not what the *Interim* of this time will bring forth.

Paſſe wee from *Berinthia* to her Siſter *Catalina*, whoſe affection is likewiſe ſuch to *Antonio*, as by this time ſhe hath perſwaded and induced her Father *Vilarezo* to write him a Letter in her behalfe by *Diego*, thereby to draw his reſolution, whether he intend to ſeeke her for his wife or no; or at leaſt to invite him to *Averò*. And although his affection to her ſiſter *Berinthia* be kept from her, yet ſhe not onely ſuſpects, but feares it. Glad ſhe is of the opportunitie of *Diego* his being there, to convey her Fathers Letter to his Maſter: and yet that joy of hers is ſoone diſſolved into griefe, becauſe all this time he never vouchſafed to write to her: her affection to him flattereth her ſtill with hope, and yet her judgement in her ſelfe ſtill ſuggeſteth her deſpaire; for ſhe hath alwayes the image of this conceit in her imagination, that *Antonio* loves her Siſter *Berinthia*, and not her ſelfe: her ſuſpicion makes her ſubtill, and ſo ſhe deales with *Anſilva*, to draw the truth hereof from *Diego*, who having learned his leſſon, acteth his part well, and I know not, whether with more fidelitie or diſcretion, flatly denyes it: but loe, here betides an accident, which bewrayes the whole myſterie and Hiſtory of their affections. On a Sunday morning, when *Berinthia* was deſcended to the garden to gather flowers, againſt her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Siſter *Catalina* ruſheth into her Chamber, to ſeeke the Hiſtory of *Cervantez*, which the day before ſhe had lent her; and not finding it either on the Table, or the Window, ſeekes in the pocket of her gowne, that ſhe wore the day before; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly findes the laſt Letter that *Antonio* had ſent her; whereby ſhe perceived, it was in vaine for her to hope to enjoy *Antonio*, ſith ſhee now apparantly ſaw that he was her ſiſter *Berinthia's*, and ſhe his. *Catalina* is hereat both ſorrowfull and glad; ſorrowfull, that ſhe ſhould loſe *Antonio*, and glad that ſhee had found his Letter. And now to ſhew her affection to him, and her malice to her ſiſter, ſhe will trie her wits, to ſee whether ſhe can fruſtrate *Berinthia*, and ſo obtaine *Antonio* for her ſelfe. The paſſions of men may eaſily be found out and detected, but the ſecrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end *Catalina* ſhewes this letter to her Father, who exceedingly ſtormes hereat, and with many checkes and frownes curbes *Berinthia* of her liberty, and reſolves in his firſt letter to *Antonio*, to forbid him his houſe, and her company, except he will leave *Berinthia*, and take *Catalina*: and ſuſpecting that his Page *Diego's* courting of *Anſilva*, was but onely a policie and colour, thereby to convey Letters betwixt his daughter *Berinthia* and his Maſter; hee once thought to give him his Conge, and prohibit him his houſe, had not *Catalina* prayed the contrary, who would no way diſpleaſe her wayting-Gentlewoman *Anſilva*, becauſe

ſhe was to uſe her aid and aſſiſtance in a matter of great importance: the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus:

Catalina her affection to *Antonio*, and conſequently her malice to her ſiſter *Berinthia* is ſo violent, that as her father hath bereaved her of a great part of her liberty, ſo ſhe is ſo bloudy and cruell, as ſhe vowes to deprive her of her life: a helliſh reſolution in any woman, but a moſt unnaturall and damnable attempt of one Siſter to another: but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwarke; and Religion, which is the preſervative and Antidote of our ſoules, ſhe runnes ſo wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the devill, as ſhe will advance, and diſdaines to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirſt be quenched with her ſiſters bloud: to which end ſhee perſwades and bribes *Anſilva* with a hundred duckets, to poyſon her ſiſter *Berinthia*, and promiſeth her ſo much more, when ſhe hath effected it: whereunto this wreched and execrable young waiting Gentlewoman conſenteth, and in briefe, promiſeth to performe it: But God hath otherwiſe decreed and ordained. To which end ſhe ſends into the City for ſome ſtrong poyſon by an unknowne meſſenger, which is inſtantly brought her in a ſmall gally pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at Gods miraculous diſcovery and prevention thereof: For that very night, when *Anſilva* had determinately reſolved to have poyſoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* ſeekes out his Miſtreſſe *Anſilva*, and finds her ſolitarily alone in one of the cloſe over-ſhadowed Bowers of the garden, whom hee ſalutes and entertaines with many amorous diſcourſes, and more kiſſes; in the middeſt whereof his noſe fell ſuddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and ſhe grieved; till at laſt having bloodied all his owne handkerchiefe, *Anſilva* ruſheth haſtily to her pocket for hers for him, which ſuddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her quite forget her poyſon, ſhe with her handkerchiefe drawes out the gally-pot, which falling on the floore of the bower, (that was paved with ſquare ſtones) it immediatly burſt in pieces; when *Diego's* Spaniell licking up the poyſon, inſtantly ſweld, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but farre more *Anſilva*, who bluſhing with ſhame, & then growing pale for feare, could not invent either what to ſay or doe, at the ſtrangeneſſe and ſuddenneſſe of this accident. *Diego* preſſeth her to know for whom this poyſon was provided, and of whom ſhe had it. Her anſwers are variable, and are ſo farre from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her, the more feare, and in him aſtoniſhment. He conjurres her by al the bonds of their affection, to diſcover it, with many millions of proteſtations profeſſeth it ſhall dye with him; he addes vowes to his requeſts, oathes to his vowes, and kiſſes to his oathes; ſo as mayds can difficultly conceale any thing from their Lovers; but eſpecially fearing that he might peradventure ſuſpect that this poyſon was meant and intended him: ſhee at laſt vanquiſhed with his importunacy, and this conſideration, diſcovereth (as we have formerly underſtood) that her Lady *Catalina* had wonne her, therewith to poyſon her ſiſter *Berinthia*, becauſe ſhe ſuſpected ſhee was better beloved of his Maſter *Don Antonio* then her ſelfe. *Diego* is infinitely aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſſe of this newes, and like a true and faithfull Page to his Maſter, having drawne this worme from *Anſilva's* noſe, and this newes from her tongue, under colour to ſeeke a remedy to ſtop his bloud, giving her many kiſſes, and promiſing her his ſpeedy returne, hee leaves her in the garden, and ſo very ſpeedily finds out *Berinthia*, to whom (with as much truth as curioſitie) he from poynt to poynt reveales it, praying her to be carefull not to receive any thing, either from *Catalina*, or *Anſilva*, and withall to write, for the next morne he will hye to *Elvas*, to reveale it to his Maſter. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this ſtrang and unexpected newes: ſo having firſt thanked God for the diſcovery of this poyſon, and her Siſters malice, ſhe promiſeth him a Letter to his Maſter, and heartily thankes him for his fidelitie and affection towards her, the which ſhe voweth to requite; and for a pledge and earneſt thereof, drawes off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for this good office.

No ſooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and *Phœbus* diſcovered his golden

golden beames in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* cauſeth his horſe to bee made ready, and tells *Anſilva*, that his father hath ſent for him to meet him at *la Secca*, & that he will not fayle to be backe with her within three dayes, being ready to depart.

He, under colour of giving order for his horſe, leaves her, and ſteales into *Berinthia's* Chamber, whom (poore Lady) feare would not permit to take any reſt or ſleepe that night, the which ſhee had partly worne out and imployed in writing her minde to her deare *Antonio*, and knowing her ſelfe not ſafe in *Avaro* with her father and ſiſter, ſhee reſolved to commit her honour and her life into his protection: yea, ſhee had no ſooner finiſhed and ſealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knockes ſoftly at her chamber doore. *Berinthia* in her night gowne and attire is ready for him, ſhe admits him, commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Maſter, and prayes him to uſe all poſſible diligence in his returne: and ſo having received all her commands, he ſecretly deſcends the ſtayres; and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and laſtly, kiſſing his Miſtreſſe *Anſilva*, he leapes to horſe, rides the firſt Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Poaſt.

Leave we *Diego* poaſting towards *Elvas*, and come wee to *Catalina*, whoſe malice finding no reſt, nor her revenge remedy, ſhee that very morne, aſſoone as *Anſilva* came into her chamber, demands whether ſhee be prepared to performe her owne promiſe, and her hopes? She anſwereth her Lady, that leſſe then three dayes ſhall effect it, and give a period to all her ſiſter *Berinthia's*. Whereat ſhee is exceedingly glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath ſeene, and *Berinthia* knowes to this effect, *Anſilva* preſuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his ſecreſie; and therefore leſſe ſuſpecting his journey to *Elvas*, remaines ſtill ſo graceleſſe and impious in her bloudy reſolution, as ſhee now not onely preſumes, but aſſures her ſelfe that *Berinthia* is neere the ebbe of her dayes, and the ſetting of her life: and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Divell, ſhe hath now made ready and provided her ſelfe of a ſecond poyſoned potion, which ſhee no way doubts but ſhall ſend her to her laſt ſleepe. But this female Monſter, this bloody *ſhee-Empericke* may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time *Diego* arrives at *Elvas*, and finds out his Maſter, to whom he very haſtily delivers *Berinthia's* Letter; the which *Antonio* having kiſſed, breakes off the ſeales, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his deſires, reades theſe lines:

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY ſiſter Catalina's *malice is ſo extreme to mee, ſith my affection is ſuch to thee, as ſhee degenerates not onely from* Grace, *but* Nature, *and ſeekes to bereave me of my life. This bearer, thy* Page, *who I pray, love for my ſake, ſith he under God, hath now preſerved mee for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So, ſith there is no ſafetie for mee in my Fathers houſe, into whoſe armes and protection ſhall I throw my ſelfe, but onely into thine, of whoſe true and ſincere affection I am ſo conſtant and confident, as I reſt aſſured thou wilt ſhew thy ſelfe thy ſelfe, in preſerving my life with mine honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no poynt of diſobedience in mee to my Father, but of deare reſpect to mine owne life; and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me ſo earneſtly deſire both thy aſſiſtance and ſight, ſith the firſt will lead me from deſpaire, the ſecond to hope and joy, and both to content; till when, feare and love, with much impatiencie, make me think houres yeares, and minutes moneths.*

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this ſtrange and unexpected newes, and curiouſly gathers all the circumſtances thereof from his Page, when love, feare, hope, ſorrow, and joy act their ſeverall parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia's* life and ſafetie a thouſand time before his owne, he with great expedition diſpatcheth

away

away *Diego* the ſame night to *Avero*, with this enſuing Letter, which he commands him deliver his Miſtreſſe *Berinthia*: with all poſſible ſpeed and ſecrecie.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

AS the Sunne, breaking forth of an obſcure cloud, ſhines the clearer, ſo doeth thy true affection to mee, in that damnable malice of thy Siſter Catalina *to thy ſelfe for my ſake, in ſuch ſort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, then deteſt the other. Having therefore firſt thanked God for thy happie and miraculous preſervation, I next commend my Page, as the ſecond cauſe of the diſcovery thereof: and this fidelitie of his ſhall neither bee forgotten or unrequited. Thinke how tedious time is to me, ſith I blame and envy this ſhort Letter of mine, for taking up and uſurping any part thereof, till I injoy the honour to ſee thee, and the felicitie to aſſiſt thee. I returne it thee Poaſt by* Diego, *who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tells mee, I ſhall rather flie then runne towards thee. Let the preciſe houre, I beſeech thee, be on Munday night at twelve of the clocke, when I will awayt thy ſelfe, and expect thy commands at the Poſterne of thy Fathers Arbour: where, let the light of the candle be my ſignet, and the report of my Piſtoll ſhall be thine. I am throwing away my penne, were it not to ſignifie thee, that my ſword ſhall protect thy life, and mine honour preſerve thine: as alſo that* Antonio *thinks himſelfe the moſt unfortunate man of the world, till* Berinthia *be impaled in his armes, or he encloyſtered in hers.*

ANTONIO.

Whiles *Diego* is poaſting to *Avero*, *Antonio* his Maſter is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morne) his Coach with ſixe horſes, and three reſolute Gentlemen his friends to aſſiſt him, with each his Rapier and caſe of Piſtols. *Diego* firſt arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Anſilva* checkes him for his long ſtay; and *Berinthia* a thouſand times thankes him for his ſpeedy returne. He delivers her his Maſters Letter, and prayes her to prepare her ſelfe againſt the prefixed houre. Shee reades her *Antonio's* Letter with much joy and comfort, which her lookes teſtifie, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: ſhee will not be ſlacke or backwards in a matter which ſo deeply imports her well-fare and content; and ſo with all poſſible ſecrecie packes up the chiefeſt of her apparell and jewels in a ſmall trunke, or caſket, and wiſheth the houre come, that ſhe were either in *Antonio's* armes, or he in hers: and for *Diego*, he caſteth ſo ſubtill a miſt and vaile before *Anſilva's* eyes, as it is impoſſible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceive any thing. But loe, a ſecond treachery is provided, to effect that which the firſt could not: and indeed, which went neere to have performed it, had not God miraculouſly & indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* ſtill perſevers in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her ſiſter *Berinthia*, as if *God* had not yet taught her, or rather, that ſhe would not learne the way from Satan; or Grace inſtructed and directed her from the impietie of ſo foule a ſinne, as the murthering of her owne and onely ſiſter. For the very night that *Antonio* had promiſed and aſſigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as ſhe had by times retired her ſelfe to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night abiliments, in comes *Anſilva*, ſent by her good and kinde (or rather wicked and cruell) ſiſter, with a ſweet Poſſet, (or rather a deadly poyſon in her hand, in a ſilver covered cup) telling her, that her lady had drunke the one halfe, and ſent her the other, it being (as ſhe affirmed) very cold and refreſhing for the liver, againſt the hotneſſe of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet ſhee ſeemes joyfull thereof, and ſo accepts it, returning her ſiſter *Catalina* thanks, ſaying, ſhe will drinke it ere ſhee goe to bed; onely ſhe prayes *Anſilva* firſt to fetch her prayer booke and gloves, which in the morne ſhee had left in her ſiſters chamber. So whiles ſhee is wanting, ſhe privately powres it into a ſilver baſon in her Studie, and waſhing the cup three or foure ſeverall times, ſhe fills ſome Almond milke therein; and *Anſilva* being returned, takes the

the ſaid cup, and prayes her to tell her Siſter, that ſhe drinkes it to her health, and withall, gives her the good night: and ſo likewiſe doth *Anſilva* to her. But what a good night thought ſhe in her heart and conſcience, when ſhe knew *Berinthia* ſhould never ſee day more? So away ſhe trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demand her if the buſineſſe be diſpatched, and her ſiſter gone to her reſt? Who replies, ſhe hath drunke her laſt, and is gone to her eternall reſt. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmeticke: For although *Catalina* extreamely rejoyce in the confident and aſſured death of her ſiſter, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes ſhall deceive them: as marke the ſequell, and you ſhall ſee how.

About an houre after *Anſilva's* departure, by *Berinthia's* order and appoyntment, in wonderfull ſecret ſort in comes *Diego* to her Chamber, to awayt the houre of his Maſters arrivall, and to aſſiſt her in her eſcape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Siſter *Catalina* had right now ſent her by *Anſilva*: he is aſtoniſhed at this newes, as being aſſured it was poyſon, and humbly prayes her to make proofe hereof on *Catalina's* Parrot, which that afternoone ſhe had brought with her into her Chamber: and ſo by her conſent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and with a ſpoone forceth ſome downe its throat: who poore harmeleſſe bird, immediately ſwells and dyes before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one inſtant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Siſter *Catalina's* malice and crueltie, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance: firſt prayſing God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the inſtrument thereof: and ſo they throw the remaynder of the poyſon out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and awayting the houre of her happyneſſe, which is that of her *Antonio's* arrivall, and of her owne departure, with as much deſire as impatiencie; *Diego* often looking on the houre-glaſſe, and *Berinthia* a thouſand times on her Watch. So at laſt with a longing, longing deſire, the joyfull houre of twelve is come, wherein *Antonio* arrives: he ſees the happy light of her candle, and ſhe heares the ſweet muſicke of his Piſtoll, which reviveth and raviſheth theſe two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpreſſible joy and content, when all things being huſh'd up in ſilence, and every perſon of the houſe ſoundly ſleeping, *Diego* ſoftly takes up the ſmall trunke, and *Berinthia* as ſecretly followes him: and ſo they wonderfull privately ſlip into the firſt Court, and from thence to the poſterne doore of the garden, where *Antonio* with a thouſand kiſſes receives her in his armes, having no other light but the luſtre of her eyes to light them: for the Moone, that bright *Cynthia*, had conſpired & conſented to *Berinthia's* eſcape, and therefore purpoſely withdrawne her brightneſſe by hiding and inveloping her ſelfe in the darkneſſe of an obſcure cloud. *Antonio* locking this ſweet prize, this his deare and ſweet *Berinthia* in his armes, he with the three Gentlemen his friends, conduct her to the end of the ſtreet; and *Diego* following them with the Caſket, where they all privatly and ſilently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a ſilver key, away they ſpeed for *Elvas* with al poſſible celerity; but I write with griefe, that as theſe affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, ſo (I feare) they will end in as much ſorrow and miſery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Elvas*: and returne we to *Avero* to bloudy *Catalina*, and wretched *Anſilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia's* Chamber, could not poſſibly heare ſo much as the leaſt ſtep of her deſcent and departure: although their malice were ſo extreame as to write the truth, they all that night could not ſleepe for joy that *Berinthia* was diſpatched: ſo they prepare themſelves againſt the morne, to heare ſome pittifull out cries in the houſe for *Berinthia's* death: but ſeeing it neere ten of the clocke, and no rumour nor ſtirre heard, they both (as they were accuſtomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feaſt their eies upon the lamentable object of this breathleſſe Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloudy hopes, they finde the neſt, I meane the bed, emptie, and *Berinthia* not dead, but eſcaped and flowne away: Onely *Catalina*, in ſtead of her Siſter, findes her owne Parrot dead on the table: they are aſtoniſhed at this newes, and looke fearefully and deſperately each on other. *Anſilva*

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for her part proteſts and vowes, that ſhe ſaw *Berinthia* drinke the poyſon. But finding *Berinthia's* ſmall trunke wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knowes for certaine, that ſhe was eſcaped, and her poyſoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarum in the houſe, and ſhe goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother of her Siſter *Berinthia's* flight, but ſpeakes not a word of the poyſon, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to ſee himſelfe robbed of his daughter, and *Sebaſtiano* of his Siſter: but when they underſtand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently aſſured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, who told them, that'twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and foure Cavaliers, and a Page (drawne by ſixe horſes) paſt the gate very ſpeedily. *Vilarezo* and his ſonne *Sebaſtiano* ſtorme at this affront and diſgrace: they conſult what to doe herein: ſo firſt they reſolve to ſend one to *Elvas*, to know yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio*? The meſſenger ſent, returnes, and aſſures them thereof, as alſo, that *Antonio* is retyred from *Elvas*, to a Caſtle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keepes the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and reſpect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and ſtrength, he would himſelfe in perſon have undertaken this journey, but being ſicke of the Gowt, he ſends his ſonne *Sebaſtiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with ſixe reſolute Gentlemen, his neere allies and friends, to draw reaſon of *Antonio* for this affront and diſgrace; and ſo either by Law, Force, Policie, or perſwaſion, to bring backe *Berinthia*. *Sebaſtiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Siſter, and *Antonio* his former ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingneſſe accepts of this journey: he comes to *Elvas*, and findes his former intelligence true, he repayres to *Antonio's* Caſtle, accompanied with his ſixe aſſociates. *Antonio* admits them all into the firſt Court, and onely two more of them into the ſecond; where he ſalutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Caſtle. *Sebaſtiano* layes before him the foulneſſe of his fact, in ſtealing away his Siſter in that clandeſtine and baſe manner, the ſcandall which he hath layd upon her, and conſequently on all their family and bloud, tells him that his father and himſelfe are reſolved to have her againe at what price ſoever; and therfore conjures him by the reſpect of his owne honour, and by the conſideration and remembrance of all their former friendſhip, to deliver him his Siſter *Berinthia*. *Antonio* anſwereth *Sebaſtiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no baſe reſpect which led him to aſſiſt his Siſter *Berinthia* in her flight and eſcape: that he never was nor would bee a juſt ſcandall either to her, her family, or bloud; that his malicious Siſter *Catalina* was the authour and cauſe thereof, who by her wayting Gentlewoman *Anſilva* had twice ſought to poyſon her: and therefore, ſith he could not deliver her with her owne ſafety, and his honour and conſcience, he was reſolved to protect her in his Caſtle, againſt any whoſoever, that ſhould ſeeke either to enforce or offend her.

Sebaſtiano is perplexed at this ſtrange newes, and wondereth at *Antonio's* reſolution: ſo doe the two Gentlemen with him: he deſires *Antonio* that he may ſee and ſpeake with his Siſter *Berinthia*; the which he freely and honourably grants: and ſo taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall: where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio* his Siſters) aſſoone comes, and with a cheerefull countenance advanceth towards her Brother: hee ſalutes her, and ſhe firſt him, then the other two Gentlemen her Couſins. *Sebaſtiano* prayes *Antonio*, that he may conferre apart with his Siſter. *Antonio* replies, that his Siſter *Berinthia's* pleaſure ſhall ever be his. She willingly conſents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the fartheſt window, and there ſhewes her her diſobedience to her Father her diſhonour to her ſelfe, and griefe to her friends, for this her unadviſed and raſh flight, and ſo perſwades her to returne: and that if ſhe intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a courſe as irregular as ſhamefull. His Siſter *Berinthia* delivers him at full the cauſe of her departure, and very conſtantly affirmes what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Siſter *Catalina's* two ſeverall attempts to poyſon her

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by her wayting Gentlewoman *Anſilva*, though with more ample circumſtance and dilation: and to teſtifie the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vowes and proteſts the ſame. *Sebaſtiano* checkes her of folly and cruelty, ſhewes her, that in ſeeking to wrong others, ſhe onely wrongs her ſelfe; that in inventing and caſting a feigned crime on her Siſter *Catalina*, ſhe makes her owne conſpicuous and true; that ſhe hath no ſafety but in her returne: whereunto with many reaſons he ſeekes to perſwade and induce her.

His Siſter *Berinthia* againe anſwereth him, that there is no ſafety for her in *Avero*, and that ſhe cannot expect greater then ſhe finds in *Elvas*: ſhe praves him to thinke charitably and honourably of her departure: and if ever her Father wil love her, ſhe requeſts him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whoſe Caſtle ſhe finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conſcience and ſoule to witneſſe, that her Siſter *Catalina's* crime is true and not faigned. *Sebaſtiano* ſeeing *Antonio* reſolute, and his Siſter wilfull and obſtinate, beginnes to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her ſhame, and her ſhame to her repentance, and ſo concludes to goe into the City, to reſolve on what he hath to doe, for her good and his owne honour. *Antonio* prayes him to dine in his Caſtle with his Siſter: but he refuſeth it, ſaith he hath given the firſt breach to their friendſhip, and his owne honour, which he ſhall repent, if not repaire, and ſo departs. Being come into the City, he conſults this buſineſſe with the Gentlemen, his aſſociats, and both himſelfe and they are of opinion to ſend one poaſt to acquaint his Father herewith, and ſo to crave his pleaſure and reſolution, how he ſhall beare himſelfe herein. It is ever an excellent poynt both of wiſedome and diſcretion, for a ſonne to ſteere his actions by the compaſſe of his Fathers commands. His couſin *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Vilarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and in ſtead of comfort, receives more affliction his care, curioſitie, paſſion and griefe: ſeverally examineth firſt *Catalina*, then *Anſilva*, who (like theeves in a faire, or murtherers in a Forreſt) he finds equally conſtant in their denyall, being ſo devoyd of grace, and repleat of impietie, as they confirme and maintaine their innocencies with many bitter oathes and aſſeverations: ſo he returnes *Villandras* to *Elvas*, with this Letter to his ſonne *Sebaſtiano*,

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

I commend thy wiſedome, as much as I diſpraiſe Antonio's *reſolution, and grieve at thy Siſter* Berinthia's *folly and diſobedience: I have carefully and curiouſly examined the two parties, whom I finde as innocent as conſtant in the true deniall of their falſely objected crimes: I have conſulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might bee directed by them, and conſequently, thou by mee; ſo they ſuggeſt me this advice, and I adviſe thee this reſolution, either by the Law of the kingdome, or by that of thy ſword, with expedition to returne me my Daughter, thy Siſter* Berinthia, *and let not the Oratorie either of* Antonio's *tongue, or her teares perſwade thee to the contrary: for then as ſhee is guiltie of our diſhonours, ſo we ſhall be acceſſary to hers: Let me underſtand the proceeding herein, & according as occaſion ſhal preſent, if my ſickneſſe and weakneſſe will not leave me, I notwithſtanding will leave* Avero *to ſee* Elvas.

VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebaſtiano* is conſulting how to free his Siſter *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, ſpeake we a little of *Catalina*, who (as ſkilfull in ſubtiltie as malice) ſeeing her treachery and bloodie intents revealed, thinkes it now high time to make away and poyſon *Anſilva*; grounding her reſolution on this maxime, both of policie and eſtate, that dead folkes doe neither harme, nor tell tales. Behold here the juſtice and providence of God! ſhe who laid ſnares for others, muſt now be taken in them her ſelfe: punishment which the ſinne of this wretched Gentlewoman findes, becauſe deſerved: there is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours, *Catalina* finds

fault...

fault with two or three red pimples that *Anſilva* hath in her face, which ſhee will have taken away. She ſends for an Empericke; one *Pedro Sarmiata*, and proffereth him one hundred Duckets to poyſon her, which like a limbe of the devill he undertakes; and infuſing poyſon in ſome potions, hee adminiſtreth it her: ſhe the very next day dyes: a fit reward and puniſhment for ſo graceleſſe and bloudy a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formerly ſeene) made no religion nor conſcience, to attempt two ſeverall times to poyſon the faire and vertuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedie is acting at *Avero*, *Sebaſtiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thouſand times leſſe impious, and more honourable: For having received his Fathers order by *Villandras*, he now ſends him into the Caſtle, to take *Antonio's*, & *Berinthia's* laſt reſolution; he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his ſpeech firſt to *Berinthia*, then to *Antonio*, to whom he relateth his meſſage, and *Sebaſtiano's* pleaſure. *Berinthia* returnes him this anſwer: Couſin *Villandras*, recommend me courteouſly to my brother *Sebaſtiano*, and tell him, my firſt anſwer and reſolution is, and ſhall be my laſt. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewiſe informe him from me, that *Berinthia's* will is my law, and her reſolution mine, and that I will be as carefull, as willing and ready to loſe my life in defence and preſervation of hers. *Villandras* returnes and acquaints *Sebaſtiano* with this their laſt reſolutions; from which he alleageth it is impoſſible for them to be diſſwaded or diverted. *Sebaſtiano* is beaten with two contrary and irreſolute windes, what to doe in a buſineſſe of this nature, either to recover his ſiſter by Law, or by Armes: by Law, he holds it a courſe both cowardly and prejudiciall: by Armes, he ſees he muſt kill himſelfe or his friend: to undertake the firſt, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the ſecond, the ſhame of all *Portugall* and *Spaine*: he therefore preferres generoſity before reaſon, and paſſion above judgement, and ſo reſolves to fight with *Antonio*: to which end he makes choice of his Coſin *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morne ſends him to the Caſtle with this Challenge:

SEBASTIANO to ANTONIO.

I Muſt either returne my ſiſter Berinthia *to* Avero, *or loſe my life here at* Elvas: *for I had rather dye, then live to ſee her diſhonour, ſith hers is mine: neither doe I firſt infringe or violate the bonds of our familiarity, rather thy ſelfe, ſith thou art both the authour and cauſe thereof: wherefore of two things reſolve on one: Either before to morrow morning ſixe of the clocke render mee my ſiſter* Berinthia, *or elſe at that houre meet mee on foot, with thy Second, in the ſquare greene Meadow under thine owne Caſtle, where the choice of two ſingle Rapiers ſhall await or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my firſt; if generous, not deny my ſecond requeſt.*

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio receives this Challenge, beares it privately, from all the world, eſpecially from his ſweet *Berinthia*, who (poore Lady) little imagines or ſuſpects her brother & lover are ruſhing forth for her ſake: He returnes this anſwer by *Villandras*, that he cannot grant *Sebaſtiano* his firſt requeſt, nor will not denie him his ſecond. So he chuſeth a Coſin-germane of his, a valiant young Gentleman, tearmed *Don Belaſco*, who willingly and freely ingageth himſelfe in this quarrell. So he and *Villandras* that night (with as much friendſhip as ſecreſie) meet in the City, and reſolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requiſite in *Duels*. The morne appeares, when our Combatants leape from their beds to the field; where, a little before ſixe (being the appointed houre) all parties appeare: the Seconds performe their office in viſiting the Principals, who caſt off their doublets and draw, and ſo traverſing their ground, they, with judgement and generoſity, fall to their buſineſſe; at the firſt cloze, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arme, and *Sebaſtiano* in the left ſide, which glaunced on a rib: at the ſecond, *Sebaſtiano* wounds *Antonio* twixt the breaſt and ſhoulder, a little above his right pap; and he him cleane thorow the body, of

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a large and dangerous wound, whence iſſueth forth aboundance of bloud: ſo they divide themſelves and take breath: they againe fall to it, and at this third cloſe, *Sebaſtiano* repaies *Antonio* with a mournefull and fatall intereſt: for he runnes him thorow the body on the left ſide, a little below the heart; whereof ſtaggering, he fals, and ſo *Sebaſtiano* diſpatcheth him, and nailes him to the ground ſtarke dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory, which *Sebaſtiano* with much modeſty aſcribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakeneſſe of his owne arme. *Bellaſco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principall, but rather like a generous Gentleman and valiant Second, reſolves to ſell it deerely to *Villandras*. They are not long unſheathing of their Rapiers: for as ſoone as *Bellaſco* hath covered up *Antonio* with his cloake, they approach, at their very firſt meeting, *Bellaſco* ſleightly hurts *Villandras* in the right ſhoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the body and reynes with a fatall wound, wherewith his ſword fell from him, and he to the ground; when fearing and preſaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, who at the ſight and hearing hereof, throwes away his owne Rapier, and ſtoupes to aſſiſt him. But in vaine; for it is not in his power to give him his life: for by this time he is dead, and his ſoule departed to another world. This tragicall newes is ſoone knowne and bruited in *Elvas*, whereof the criminall Judges of that City remit *Sebaſtiano* with as much eaſe, as *Villandras* with difficulty (in favour of mony and friends) and obtaine their pardons. And now the newes hereof likewiſe flies to *Antonio's* Caſtle, where his dead body, and that of *Bellaſco*, are ſpeedily conveyed and brought, to the griefe and ſorrow of all thoſe of the Caſtle, who bitterly weepe for the diſaſter of their Lord and Maſter. But all theſe teares are nothing to thoſe of *Antonio's* two ſiſters; nor theirs any thing, in compariſon of theſe of our ſweet *Berinthia*, who is no ſooner advertiſed hereof, but ſhee falls to the ground with ſorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breaſt, and teares off her haire, in ſuch mournefull and pittifull ſort, that Cruelty herſelfe could not refraine from teares, to ſee the numberleſſe infinitie of hers: Counſell, advice, perſwaſion cannot perſwade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her ſorrowes: for they are ſo violent, as their extremity exceeds all excelle. She will ſee the dead body of her deare *Antonio*; all thoſe of the Caſtle are not capable to divert her eyes from this wofull and pittifull object; at the ſight whereof ſhee falls to the ground on her knees, and gives to his breathleſſe body a thouſand kiſſes: yea, ſhe waſheth his ſweet cheekes with a whole deluge and inundation of her ſalt teares: ſhe cannot ſpeake for ſighing, nor utter a word for weeping; onely wringing her hands, ſhee at laſt breathed forth theſe mournefull and paſſionate ſpeeches: O my deare *Antonio*, my ſweet and deare *Antonio*, *Antonio*, would God my death had ranſomed and prevented thine, O my *Antonio*, my *Antonio*.

Leave we *Berinthia* to her paſſionate ſorrowes, and ſorrowful paſſions, from which her brother *Sebaſtiano* will ſoone awake her; who by this time as Victor and Conquerour, is come to the Caſtle gate, and demands her, where he ſees himſelfe refuſed, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawne up, and rampired with Barricadoes: hee craves ayd of the Criminall Judges, who ſend the *Provoſt* with an armed company of Souldiers: ſo they force the Caſtle gate with a *Petard*, where ſorrowfull *Berinthia* is delivered into the hands of her joyfull and rejoycing brother *Sebaſtiano*, who with ſweet perſwaſions and advice ſeekes to exhale and dry up her teares: but her affection is ſo great, as ſhe is not capable of conſolation. In a word, ſhe cannot looke on her Brother with the eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation; yea; ſhe wiſheth herſelfe metamorphoſed from a virgin to a man that ſhe might be revenged of her Brother for the death of her deare Lover *Antonio*. *Sebaſtiano* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* & *Belaſco* to their Graves, takes Coach with his incenſed and ſorrowfull Siſter *Berinthia*; and ſo leaves *Elvas* and returnes towards *Avero*: where his Father *Vilarezo* and his Mother *Albanta* welcome him home with praiſe, and their Daughter *Berinthia* with checks and frownes, who (the beſt ſhe may) ſmothers her diſcontents; but yet vowes to be revenged

of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vowes of this bloudy nature and quality are better broken then kept, which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtlesse her hand had proved more joyfull, and not so fatall and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio*, dead, and her Sister *Berinthia* returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice, she secretly confesseth her fault to her sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poysoned her by *Ansilva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice to affection, and so reconciles her selfe to her; whereunto her sister *Berinthia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Sister, but shee hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Ansilva's* death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. Gods judgements are as just as secret, and as true as wonderfull; for hee hath a thousand meanes to punish us, when wee thinke our selves safe and furthest from punishment; which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable Empericke *Sarmiata* shall see verified in themselves. For the smoke of this their bloudy crime of Murther, hath pierced the Vaults and Windowes of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrels of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready his Arrowes to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus:

A sister of *Ansilva's*, named *Isabella*, is to bee marryed in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her Wedding. *Berinthia* is too sorrowfull to bee so merry, as desirous rather to goe to her owne Grave, then to any others Nuptialls: so shee stayes at home, onely her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but see the Providence and Justice of God, how it surprises and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*! for as shee was in her way, the Sunne is instantly eclipsed, and the Skies overcast, and so a terrible and fearefull Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the brest, and layes her neere dead in her Coach: her Wayting-maids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismall accident; so they thinke it fit to returne. *Catalina* is for a time speechlesse, her Parents are as it were dead with griefe and sorrow hereat, shee is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her body above her waste is found coleblacke: the best Physitians and Chirurgians are sent for, they see her death-strooken with that Planet, and therefore adjudge their skill but vaine: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happinesse to perceive, and grace to feele, will no longer be seduced with the devils temptations. The Divines prepare her soule for Heaven, and now shee will no longer dissemble with man or God; shee will not charge her conscience with so foule a Crime as Murther, the which shee knowes will prove a stop to the fruition of her felicity. Shee confesseth, shee twice procured her Wayting-gentlewoman *Ansilva* to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*; and since that, shee hath given *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyson the said *Ansilva*, which hee performed, and whereof shee humbly begges pardon of all the world, and religiously of God whom shee beseecheth to bee mercifull to her soule: and so, though shee lived prophanely and impiously, yet shee dyed repentantly and religiously. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old parents, grieve and storme at her death, but more extreamely at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloudy crimes, as well towards living *Berinthia*, as dead *Ansilva*, onely their Daughter *Berinthia* is silent hereat; glad, that shee is freed of an enemy, sorrowfull, to have lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their daughter *Catalina's* crimes, yet they are inforced to it, that thereby this *Sarmiata*, this Agent of Hell, may receive condigne punishment for his bloudy offence here on earth. So they acquaint the Criminall Iudges hereof, who decree order and power for his apprehension. *Sarmiata* is revelling and feasting at *Isabella's* wedding; to which he is appointed and requested to furnish the Sweet-meates for the Banquets: but hee little thinkes what sowre sauce there is providing for him.

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We are never neereſt danger, then when wee thinke our ſelves furtheſt from it: and although his ſinnefull ſecurity was ſuch, as the Devill had made him forget his murther of *Anſilva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his ſtorme, here his apprehenſion, and preſently his puniſhment. By this time the newes of *Catalina's* ſuddaine death (but not of her ſecret confeſſion) is publiſhed in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-houſe, which gives both aſtoniſhment and griefe to all the world; but eſpecially to *Sarmiata*, whoſe heart and conſcience now rings him many thundering peales of feare, terrour and deſpaire: his bloudy thoughts purſue him like ſo many bloudhounds, and becauſe he hath forſaken God, therefore the devill will not forſake him; he counſelleth him to flie, and to provide for his ſafety: but what ſafety ſo unſecure, dangerous, or miſerable for a Chriſtian, as to throw himſelfe into the Devils protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poyſoning of *Alſilva*, very ſecretly ſteales away his Cloake, and ſo ſlips downe to a Poſterne doore of the little Court, hoping to eſcape; but he is deceived of his hopes: for the eye of Gods providence findes him out. The houſe is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as he iſſueth forth, and ſo commit him cloſe priſoner. In the afternoone the Judges examine him upon the poyſoning of *Anſilva*, and the receipt of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*, which ſhe at her death confeſſed. He addes ſinne to ſinne, and denyes it with many impious oathes and fearefull imprecations; but they availe him nothing: his Judges cenſure him to the Racke, where, upon the firſt torment he confeſſeth it, but with ſo graceleſſe an impudency, as he rather rejoyceth then grieves hereat: where we may obſerve how ſtrongly the Devill ſtickes to him, and how cloſely he is bewitched to the Devill: ſo for reparation of this foule crime of his, he is condemned to be hanged, which the next morne is performed right againſt *Vilarezo* his houſe, at the Gallowes purpoſely erected; and which is worſe then all the reſt, as this lewd villaine *Sarmiata* lived prophanely, ſo he dyed as deſperately, without repenting his bloudy fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the ſame, O miſerable example! O fearefull end! O bloudy and damnable miſcreant! Wee have ſeene the Theater of this Hiſtory gored with great variety of bloud, the mournefull and lamentable ſpectacle whereof is capable to make any Chriſtian heart relent into pitty, compaſſion, and teares. But this is not all, we ſhall yet ſee more, not that it any way increaſeth our terrour, but rather our conſolation, ſith thereby we may obſerve that Murther comes from Sathan, and its puniſhment from God.

Catalina's confeſſion and death is not capable to deface and waſh away *Berinthia's* malice and revenge to her brother *Sebaſtiano*, for killing of her deare and ſweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are paſt, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo now at laſt (though indeed too too ſoone) it comes on the Stage. The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affection is ſtill freſh in her youthfull thoughts and contemplations, yea, his dead *Idea* is alwayes preſent and living in her heart and breſt: 'tis true, *Sebaſtiano* is her brother; 'tis as true ſhe ſaith, that if he had not killed *Antonio*, *Antonio* had beene her husband. Againe ſhe conſidereth, that as *Antonio's* life preſerved hers from death; ſo her life hath beene the cauſe of his: and as ſhe loſt his life for her ſake, why ſhould not ſhe likewiſe leave hers for his? or rather, why ſhould ſhe permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him; But her living affection to her dead friend is ſo violent, and withall ſo prejudicate and revengefull, as ſhe neither can, nor will ſee her Brother, who kill'd him, but with malice and indignation. Inſtead of conſulting with nature and grace, ſhe onely converſeth with choller and paſſion; yea ſhe is ſo miſerably tranſported in her rage, and ſo outragiouſly wilfull in her reſolution, as ſhe ſhuts the doore of her heart to the two former vertues, to whom ſhe ſhould open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, 'gainſt whom ſhe ſhould ſhut it. A miſery equally ominous and fatall, where Reaſon is not the Miſtris of our Paſſions, and Religion the Queene of our Reaſon. Shee ſees this bloudy attempt of hers, whereinto ſhe is entring, is ſinnefull and impious; and yet her faith is ſo weake towards God,

and the Devill ſo ſtrong with her, as ſhe is conſtant to advance, and reſolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia's* former Vertues ſhould be diſgraced with ſo foule a Vice! and oh that a face ſo ſweetly faire ſhould be accompanyed and linked with a heart ſo cruelly barbarous, ſo bloudily inhumane! for what can ſhe hope from this attempt in killing her brother, but likewiſe to ruine her ſelfe? nay, had ſhe had any ſparke of wit or grace left her, ſhe ſhould conſider, that for this foule offence her body ſhall receive puniſhment in this world, and her ſoule, without repentance in that to come: but ſhe cannot erect her eyes to heaven, ſhe is all ſet on revenge; ſo the Devill hath plotted the Murther of her brother *Sebaſtiano*, & ſhe, like a moſt wretched and inhumane ſiſter, will ſpeedily act it. The manner is thus: (the which I cannot remember without griefe, nor pen without teares) She provides her ſelfe of a long and ſharpe knife, the which, ſome ten dayes after the death of her ſiſter *Catalina*, 'twixt foure and five of the clocke in the morning, ſhe hides in one of her ſleeves; and the better to cover and overvaile her villany, ſhe in the ſame hand takes her Lute, and ſo enters her brothers Chamber, and findes him ſleeping, being a pretty way diſtant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, reſolving that if ſhe had found him waking, ſhe would play on her Lute, and affirme, ſhe came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebaſtiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was ſuch, that he was then ſoundly ſleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what ſhould befall him; when his wretched and execrable ſiſter *Berinthia*, ſtalkes cloſe to him, and laying her Lute ſoftly on the window, drawes out her devilliſh knife forth her ſleeve, and as a ſhe-devill incarnate, cuts his throate, to the end he might neither cry nor ſpeake; and ſo, though with a female hand, yet with a maſculine courage, ſhe (with as much malice as haſte) gives him ſeaven ſeverall wounds thorow the body, and as neere the heart as ſhe could; whereof he twice turning himſelfe in his bed, never ſprawled more: and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reeking in his bloud, ſhe after this her helliſh fact, hyes her ſelfe to her Chamber.

This cruell Murther is not ſo cloſely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo*, *Sebaſtiano's* page, heares ſome extraordinary ſtirring and ſtrugling in his Maſters chamber, and ſo leapes out of his bed, and taking his cloake on his ſhoulders, & his Rapier in his hand, he aſcends the ſtaires; where *Berinthia* hath not made ſo great ſpeed, but he ſees her entring her Chamber, and throwing her doore after her: whence running to his Maſters Chamber, he findes the doore open, and his maſter moſt cruelly murthered in his bed, of eight ſeverall wounds; at which bloudy and lamentable ſpectacle he makes many bitter and pittifull outcryes, whereat all the houſe is in allarum, and the folke and ſervants repaire thither of all ſides. By this time *Berinthia* hath ſhifted her outward Taffata gowne, ſprinkled all with bloud, and wrapt her bloudy knife cloſe in it, and for the more ſecreſie, throwes it into her Cloſeſtoole, and ſo awaits the comming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournefull eccho and ſorrowfull newes of their ſon *Sebaſtiano's* cruell murther, had with an ocean of teares wafted to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewiſe, all blubber'd with teares, enters. They are all amazed at the ſight of this bloudy and breathleſſe corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants looke one on another in this calamity, and at this ſorrowfull diſaſter, They ſearch every Chamber, Vault, and Doore of the Houſe, and finde no body, nor print of drops of bloud whatſoever; when *Philippo* the Page cries out that he feares it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murthered her Brother, and his Maſter *Sebaſtiano*, for that he ſaw her flying to her Chamber as he aſcended the Stayres. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his wife are doubly amazed at this report, but graceleſſe *Berinthia* is no way daunted or aſtoniſhed hereat, but affirmes, ſhe likewiſe heard ſome ſtirring in her Brothers Chamber, which made her ariſe and come to the Stayre-head, where ſeeing *Philippo*, ſhee being in her night attire, modeſty made her retire to her Chamber. They all believe the ſugar of her words, and the circumſtance of her excuſe; yet they will not proclaime her innocency, till they have ſearched her Cham-

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ber, and all her Trunks, where they finde no Knife, Stilletto, Dagger, or any other offenſive Weapon; and ſo her Father and Mother acquit her: but God will not. Notwithſtanding they muſt advertiſe the Criminall Iudges of this lamentable and bloudy murther of their ſonne, which they doe. So they arrive, viſit the dead body, and cauſe all the Houſe to be ſearched: but as ſoone as they heard *Philippo's* ſpeeches and ſuſpition of *Berinthia*, then, conſidering her affection to *Antonio*, and her brother *Sebaſtiano's* killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from paſſionate revenge; when the ſequell and circumſtances thereof being apparent in themſelves, they not regarding her Fathers prayers, her mothers requeſts, and her owne teares, ſeize on her, and ſo ſend and commit her cloſe Priſoner: where wretched Gentlewoman, ſhee hath a whole night left and given her, to ſee and conſider the foulenеſſe of her fact, and to prepare herſelfe to her anſwer: which whether it will breede in her confeſſion or denyall, obſtinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her impriſonment, come we to her anſwer.

Avero rings with the newes of this foule and bloudy Murther. All bewaile, all lament the death of *Sebaſtiano*, as a Gentleman, who was truely noble, truely generous: but his Father *Vilarezo* and Mother *Alphanta* ſeeme to drowne themſelves in their teares, at theſe mournefull accidents, ſtrange croſſes, and unheard of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deepely feare, that their daughter *Berinthia* was the murtherer of her brother *Sebaſtiano*: and as affection ſeemes to divert them from this opinion, ſo reaſon indeavoureth to perſwade and confirme them in the contrary. The next morne the Judges ſit, and ſend for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her parents, and many of her kinsfolkes: they againe examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; ſhe is firme in her denyall, and her Judges finde circumſtances, but no probability nor witneſſe againſt her, ſufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemne her to the Racke. One of her Iudges pittying her deſcent, youth, and beauty, as much as he deteſts this murther, intreats that her Chamber may be firſt curiouſly ſearched, ere ſhe expoſed to the Racke. This advice and requeſt is heard and followed with approbation. He, and two other Officers, accompanied with ſome of her friends, repaire to *Vilarezo* his houſe, and *Berinthia* her chamber; they leave no place, Trunke, Cheſt, or Boxe, unſearched: yea, their curioſity, or to ſay truer, their zeale and fidelity to Juſtice deſcends ſo low, as to viſit her Cloſe-ſtoole, which, for want of the key, they breake open; and behold the providence and Juſtice of God! here they finde *Berinthia's* bloudy Gowne, and therein very cloſely wrapt up that helliſh Knife, wherewith ſhee perpetrated this inhumane murther on her onely brother. They praiſe and glorifie God for the diſcovery hereof, and ſo returne to their Tribunall of Juſtice, bringing theſe bloudy evidences with them, which *Berinthia* mought all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her ſhame, had not all this time purpoſely blinded the eyes of her judgement to the contrary. At the ſight hereof, ſhe without any torment, confeſſeth the Murther, and with many teares repents herſelfe of it; adding withall that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her brother: and therefore beſeecheth her Judges to have compaſſion on her youth. But the foulenеſſe of her fact in thoſe grave and juſt perſonages, wipes off the faireneſſe of her requeſt: So they conſult and pronounce Sentence againſt her, That for expiation of this her cruell murther on the perſon of her brother, ſhee the next morne ſhall be hanged in the publike Market place. So all praiſe God for the detection of this lamentable Murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murtheреſſe: and thoſe who before locked on her youth and beauty with pitty, now behold her foule crime with hatred and deteſtation; and as they applaud the ſincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, ſo they farre more deteſt and condemne this her inhumane cruelty to her owne brother *Sebaſtiano*. But what griefe is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? whoſe age, content, and patience is not onely battered, but razed downe with the ſe-

verall aſſaults of affliction: ſo as they wiſh themſelves buried, or that their Children had beene unborne: for it is rather a torment then a griefe to them, that they, whom they hoped would have beene props and comforts to their age, ſhould now prove inſtruments and ſubjects to ſhorten their dayes, and conſequently to draw their age to the miſeries of an untimely and ſorrowfull grave. But although they have taſted a world of griefe and anxiety, firſt for the death of their daughter *Catalina*, and then of their onely Sonne *Sebaſtiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their laſt Daughter and Childe *Berinthia* ſhould paſſe by the paſſage of a halter, and end her dayes upon ſo ignominious and ſhamefull a Stage as the Gallowes; which would adde a blemiſh to the luſtre of their bloud and poſterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or waſh away: which to prevent, *Vilarezo* & his wife *Alphanta* uſe all their friends and mortall powers, towards the Iudges, to convert their Daughters Sentence into a leſſe ſhamefull and more honourable death. So although the Gallowes be erected, *Berinthia* prepared to die, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concurr'd and ſeated to ſee her now take her laſt farewell of the world; yet the importunacie and miſery of her parents, her owne deſcent, youth and beauty, as alſo her endeered affection and fervent love to her lover *Antonio*, at laſt obtaine compaſſion and favour of her Iudges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and ſweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and milde, and leſſe ſharpe, bitter, and ſhamefull, and definitively adjudge her to be immured up betwixt two wals, and there with a ſlender diet to end the remainder of her daies. And this ſentence is ſpeedily put in execution; whereat her parents, friends, and acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and farre the more, in reſpect they cannot be permitted to ſee or viſit her, or ſhe them; onely the Phyſitians and Divines have admittance and acceſſe to her, thoſe to provide earthly phyſicke for her body; and theſe, ſpirituall for her ſoule. And in this lamentable eſtate ſhe is very penitent and repentant for all her ſinnes in generall, and for this her vile murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little impriſonment, or rather the ſpirit of God hath opened the eyes of her faith, who now defying the Devill who had ſeduced and drawne her hereunto, ſhe makes her peace with God, and aſſures herſelfe, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So unaccuſtomed to be pent up in ſo ſtraight and darke a Mew, the yellow Iaundies, and a burning Feavour ſurpriſe her: and ſo ſhe ends her miſerable dayes.

Lo, theſe are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the iuſt judgement of God) are inforced to taſte and ſwallow downe, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety they leaſt dreame or thinke thereof: by the ſight of which great effuſion of bloud, yea, by all theſe varieties of mournefull and fatall accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven, we ſhall then, as true Chriſtians, and ſons of the eternall God, runne the race of our mortality in peace in this world, and conſequently be rewarded with a glorious Crowne of immortall felicity in that to come.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE VIII.

Belluile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Miſtris, betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him thorow the body with a Piſtoll, when aſſiſted by her Wayting-Maid* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken hang'd and burnt for the ſame.*

IT is an infallible *Maxime*, that if we open our hearts to ſinne, we ſhut them to godlineſſe; for as ſoone as we follow Satan, God flies from us, becauſe we firſt fled from him: but that his mercy may ſhine in our ingratitude, he by his ſervants, his holy Spirit and himſelfe, ſeekes all meanes to reclaime us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophaneneſſe and impurity of our actions: but if we become obſtinate and obdurate in our tranſgreſſions, and ſo like Heathens fall from vice to vice; whereas wee ſhould as Chriſtians, grow up from vertue to vertue; then it is not he, but our ſelves that make ſhipwracke both of our ſelves and ſoules; of our ſelves in this life, of our ſoules in that to come; then which no miſery can be ſo great, none ſo unfortunate and miſerable. It is true, the beſt of Gods children are ſubject to ſinne; but to delight and perſevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure and chaſte thoughts, neither can we ſo conſerve or ſanctifie our bodies, but that concupiſcence may, and will ſometimes aſſayle us (or rather the divell in it) but to pollute them with fornication, and to tranſforme them from the Temples of the holy Ghoſt, to the members of a harlot; this, though corrupt Nature ſeeme to allow or tolerate, yet Grace doth not onely deny, but deteſt. But as one ſinne is ſeldome without another, either at her heeles or elbow; ſo too too often it falls out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adulterie: as if one of theſe foule crimes were not enough to make us miſerable, but that in ſtead of going, we will needs ride poaſt to hell. A woefull Preſident, and lamentable and mourneful Example whereof, I here produce to the view of the world in three unfortunate perſonages, in a laſcivious Ladie, and two lewd and deboſht young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably caſt themſelves away upon the *Sylla* of Fornication, and the *Charybdis* of murther: for they found the fruits and end of their beaſtly

pleaſures

pleaſures farre more bitter, then their beginning was ſweet: yea, and becauſe at firſt they would not looke on repentance, at laſt ſhame lookes on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miſerable ſhame, and a ſhamefull miſery. May we all reade it to Gods glory, and conſequently to the reformation of our lives, and the conſolation and ſalvation of our owne ſoules.

IN the beautifull City of *Avignion*, (ſeated in the Kingdome of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capitall of the Dutchie of *Veniſſa*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the terme of well neere eighty yeeres, they held their Pontificall See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of ſome twenty yeeres of age, tearmed *Madamoyſelle Laurieta*, whoſe father and mother being dead, was left alone to herſelfe, their onely childe and heire, being richer in beauty then lands, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and luſtre to her beauty, as her beauty did to them: For ſhe ſpake the Latine and Italian tongue perfect, was very expert and excellent in ſinging, dancing, muſicke, painting and the like, which made her famous in that Citie. But as there needes but one vice to eclipſe and drowne many vertues; ſo this faire *Laurieta* was more beautifull then chaſte, and not halfe ſo modeſt as laſcivious. It is as great a happineſſe for children to enioy their Parents, as a miſery to want them: For *Laurieta's* Father and Mother had beene infinitely carefull and curious to traine her up in the Schoole of Vertue and Piety, and wherein her youth had (during the terme of their lives) made a happy entrance, and as I may ſay, a fortunate and glorious progreſſion: But when God, the great Moderator, and ſoveraigne Iudge of the world, had in his eternall Decree and ſacred Providence taken them out of this world, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or governour, expoſed to the variety of the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a ſhip without Pilot or Helme, ſubject to the mercy of every mercileſſe winde and wave of the Sea: yea, and then it was that ſhe forgot her former modeſtie and chaſtity, and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and proſtituting her body to the beaſtly pleaſures of luſt and fornication, wherein (it grieves me to relate) ſhe tooke a great delight and felicity. But ſhe ſhall pay deare for this bitter-ſweet vice of hers: yea, and though it ſeeme to begin in content and pleaſure, yet we ſhall aſſuredly ſee it end in ſhame, repentance and miſery: for this ſinne of Whoredome betrayes, when it ſeemes to delight us, and ſtrangleth, when it maketh greateſt ſhew to imbrace us: ſo ſweet and pure vertues, are modeſtie and chaſtitie; ſo foule and fatall vices, are concupiſcence and luſt. But he with whom ſhe was moſt familiar, and to whom ſhe imparted the greateſt part of her favours, was to one *Monſieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling neere the Citie of *Arles*, by birth and extraction, noble, but otherwiſe more rich then wiſe: who comming to *Avignion*, no ſooner ſaw *Laurieta*, but he both gloried in the ſight of her ſingular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquiſite and incomparable beauty, making that his beſt content, and this his ſweeteſt felicity; that, his ſoveraigne good; and this, his heaven upon earth: ſo as loſing himſelfe in the labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the ſea of his concupiſcence and ſenſuality, he ſpends not onely his whole time, but a great part of his wealth in wantonizing and entertaining her: a vicious and foule fault, not onely peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatall to too many Gallants, as well of moſt parts of Chriſtendome in generall, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a diſaſterous and dangerous rocke, whereon many inconſiderate and wretched Gentlemen have ſuffered ſhipwracke, not onely of their reputations, healths and eſtates, but many times of their lives.

In the meane time, *Laurieta* (more jealous of her fame, then carefull to preſerve her chaſtity) is advertiſed, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himſelfe and his diſcretion ſo farre, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall ſome ſpeeches tending to the blemiſh and diſparagement of her honour: ſo as vaine

and

and laſcivious as ſhe is, yet the touching of this ſtring, affords her harſh and diſtaſtefull melody: For ſhe will ſeek to cover her ſhame by her hypocriſie, and ſo reſolves to make him know the fouleneſſe of his offence, in that of his baſeneſſe and ingratitude. To which end, at her firſt interview and meeting of him, ſhe not onely checks him for it, but forbids and baniſheth him her company: which indeed had beene a juſt cauſe and opportunity for him to have converted his luſt into chaſtity, and his folly into repentance. But he is too diſſolute and vicious, to be ſo happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is reſolved, not onely to juſtifie his innocency, but thereby alſo to perſevere in his ſinne: He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themſelves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the trophees of their vanities upon the diſparagement of Ladies honours: yea, he ſeemes to be ſo farre from being guilty of this errour, as he taxeth and condemnes others, in being guilty or acceſſary thereunto. So, although his Miſtreſſe *Laurieta* remaine ſtill coy, ſtrange and haggard to him, yet he perſevereth in his affection to her; who at laſt judging of his innocency by his conſtancy; and of that, by his many letters and preſents which he ſtill ſent her; as alſo obſerving that ſhe had no firme grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valable witneſſes of this report; ſhe againe exchangeth her frownes into ſmiles, and ſo receives and entertaines him into her favour, only with this premonition and caution, That if ever hereafter ſhe heard of his folly or ingratitude in this kinde, ſhe would never looke him in the face, except with contempt and deteſtation. So theſe their diſ-joynted affections, as well by oathes as proteſtations, are againe confirmed and cimented: but ſuch luſtfull contracts, and laſcivious familiarities and ſympathies, ſeldome or never make proſperous ends.

Now to give forme and life to this Hiſtory: Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Mompellier*, named *Monſieur de Poligny*, having ſome occaſion, comes to *Avignion*, who frequenting their publike Balls or Dancings, no ſooner ſaw our faire and beautifull *Laurieta*, but he fals in love with her, and ſalutes and courts her: and from thenceforth deemes her ſo faire, as he uſeth all meanes to become her ſervant, but not in the way of honour and Marriage, rather with a purpoſe to make her his Courtezan then his Wife. But he ſees himſelfe deceived in the irregular paſſion of his affection: for *Laurieta* is averſe, and will not be either tractable or flexible to his deſires: ſo as his ſuite is vaine, and ſhe ſo deafe to his requeſts, as neither his prayers, ſighes, Letters, nor Preſents are capable to purchaſe her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves hereat, which notwithſtanding makes the flame of his luſt rather increaſe then diminiſh: ſo as after much penſiveneſſe, he begins to beate his wits, and to awaken his invention, how he may crowne his deſires by injoying *Laurieta*, when loe, an occaſion preſenteth it ſelfe to him unexpected.

Madamoyſelle la Palaiſiere, a rich young Gentlewoman neere *Pont Saint Eſprit*, living in *Avignion*, and ſeeing *Poligny* at the dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, ſhee ſo admires the ſweetneſſe of his favour, and the excellency of his perſonage, as ſhe reioyceth in nothing ſo much; and to write the truth, in nothing elſe but in his company: ſo as, had not modeſty with-held her, ſhe would have proved her owne Advocate, and have informed him thereof her ſelfe. *Poligny* receives ſo many ſecret ſignes and teſtimonies of her affection, by private glances and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his love, or rather his luſt to *Laurieta*, hath ſo abſolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *la Palaiſiere*: ſo as here we may obſerve and remarke a different commixture, and diſparity of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta*, and not ſhe him: *la Palaiſiere* affects *Poligny*, and not he her: what theſe paſſions and occurrences will produce, we ſhall ſhortly ſee.

La Palaiſiere, having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta's* ſervant, and ſhe the Miſtreſſe of *Belluile*, either out of her affection, or jealouſie, or both, reſolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purpoſely to withdraw his affection from her to herſelfe: The occaſion is proffered, and opportunitie

nitie ſeemes to favour and ſecond her deſires. Some three dayes after, the *Ieſuites* (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdomes and Eſtates, leave no invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to ſeduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cauſe their Schollers to act a Comedie in their Colledge in this Citie, whereat all the Nobilitie and Gentrie of the Citie and adjacent Countrey aſſemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to ſee *Laurieta*, and *la Palaiſiere* to ſee *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day is ſicke, and *Belluile* ſtayes with her to comfort her. So firſt comes *Poligny*, and ſeeing hee could not ſee his *Laurieta*, ſits downe penſively: then comes *la Palaiſiere*, and ſeeing *Poligny* a farre off, prayes her brother, who conducted her to place her neere him. *Poligny* can doe no leſſe then ſalute her, and ſhee triumphing in her good fortune, takes the advantage of this occaſion, and in ſweet and ſugered termes (after many pauſes, ſighs and bluſhes) gives him to underſtand, that ſhee knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withall, that *Belluile* and no other was her ſervant and favourite. This ſpeech of hers ſtrikes *Poligny* to the quick; ſo as thereat hee not onely bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected newes, as alſo *Belluile* and *Laurieta's* abſence, ſo nettle him, and frame ſuch a *Chymera* of extravagant paſſions in his heart and thoughts, as hee could not have the patience to ſit out the Comedy, but feigning himſelfe ſicke, departs to his Chmber: where a thouſand jealouſies ingendered of his affection, perplexed and torment him; when remembring *la Palaiſiers* ſpeeches, and being infinitely deſirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and of hers to him, he ſees no meanes, nor perſon ſo fit to reveale the ſame as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta's* Wayting-mayd. This *Lucilla Poligny* wins with gold, in conſideration whereof, ſhe reveales him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefeſt Minion and Favourite: and yet, for ſome words he the other day in ignorance or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, ſhe was like to caſheere and diſcard him. *Lucilla* having thus forgotten her owne fidelitie, in bewraying the diſhonour of her Miſtreſſe; *Poligny* underſtanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be ſo compleate a Gallant as he ſuppoſed him, he of a ſubtill and malicious invention reſolves to worke on him; and ſo conceives a plot, which we ſhall ſee preſently put in execution and acted: he very politikely puts a good face on all his diſcontents and paſſions: and although *Laurieta* would not ſee him, yet hee fairely intrudes himſelfe into *Belluile's* company, and of purpoſe becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet: for they fence, dance, ride, vault and hunt together: ſo as at laſt none are ſo great Conſorts and Cammerades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every houre a yeere, before hee had played his prize, makes a partie at Tennis with *Belluile* for a collation, and beats him; and ſo taking two Gentlemen, *La Fontaine*, and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they goe all foure to a Taverne. *Poligny* as ſecret as malicious in this his plot, in the middeſt of their mirth ſpeakes thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth hee, I am ſorry for your loſſe of this Collation: but if it pleaſe you to honour me with your company to morrow to *Orenge*, a Citie which I much deſire to ſee, I will pay you the dinner in requitall thereof. *Belluile* very readily and willingly conſents hereunto, and *La Fontaine* and *Borelles* vow they will likewiſe have their ſhare, both of the journey and dinner. So the next morne they all take horſe for *Orenge*: but firſt *Belluile* gives his Miſtreſſe *Laurieta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with his journey. They view this old Citie, the ancient patrimony and Principality of the *Illuſtrious Princes of Orenge*, from whence they derive their name: where *Poligny* having given order for the dinner, away they goe, viſite the Caſtle, and ſalute the deputed Governour thereof *Mounſieur Vosberghe*; they ſee the part of the Amphitheatre yet ſtanding, the Cathedrall Church, the double wall of the Citie, and the old *Roman Arch* not farre off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cooke and their ſtomakes taxe them of their long ſtay. So they returne to their Inne fall to their Viands, and like frolike Gentlemen, waſh them downe with ſtore of Claret: and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleaſant in countenance and converſation, here caſts forth his lure and ſnare to ſurprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth hee, how happie the Gentlmen of *Italy* are to us of *France*. ſith after dinner every one goes freely to

to his Courtizan without controulment ! I know not, quoth *la Fontaine*, what *Orenge* is; but I thinke *Avignion* is not deſtitute of good fellow Wenches, who make *Venus* their queene, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for Iewes and Courtizans, for the greatneſſe of it, it may compare with the beſt Citie of *Italy*: for from the Lady to the Kitchen-mayd I dare ſay they'l all proove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except ſtill our holy Siſters the *Nunnes*. Not I faith quoth hee, nor my Miſtreſſe neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, if I knew you had a Miſtreſſe of that complexion, I would adventure a glaſſe of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a phantaſtick French humour) affirmed he had a Miſtris, whoſe beauty was ſo excellent, as he knew hee could not receive ſhame to name her; and if you pleaſe to honour her ſelfe and mee with her health, I proclaime that *Madamoyſelle Laurieta* is my Miſtreſſe, and my ſelfe her ſervant.

Of wiſe and Chriſtian Gentlemen, what prophane ſpeeches and deboſht table-talke are theſe they uſe heere, as if their glory conſiſted in their ſhame, or their beſt vertues were to bee diſcovered in the worſt of vices ? For howſoever the Viands they did eat, may preſerve the health of their bodies, yet this diſſolute communication of theirs muſt needs poyſon and deſtroy that of their ſoules: for as they ſhould praiſe God in the receit of the one; ſo contrariwiſe they incenſe and diſpleaſe his ſacred Majeſtie in giving him the other: yea, this is ſo farre from Chriſtianitie and heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheiſme and hell: for whores and healths, inſtead of prayer and thankeſgiving, are the prodigious and certaine forerunners of a ſeared conſcience, and the dangerous and execrable ſymptoms of a leprous ſoule.

Birds are taken by their feet, and men by their tongues. *Belluile* having ſo baſely and ſottiſhly abuſed himſelfe in the diſparaging of his Miſtreſſe *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand, for which hee purpoſely came to *Orenge*. So dinner ended, they very pleaſantly returne for *Avignion*. That night *Poligny* cannot ſleepe for joy, or rather for revenge: For now hee preſumes to know how to worke himſelfe into *Laurieta's* favour, by unhorſing *Belluile*. It is a diſhoneſt and baſe part to betray our friend, and under the cloake of friendſhip and familiarity, to harbour and retaine malice againſt them: but this irregular and violent paſſion of love in young and unſtayed judgments, many times beares downe all other reſpects and conſiderations. For if Religion and Conſcience bee contemned, what hope is there that either honeſty bee regarded, or friendſhip obſerved, ſith it is the onely ciment and ſinewes thereof? But *Poligny* is as reſolute as malicious in his purpoſe; and therefore the next morne by his Lackey, ſends the Lady *Laurieta* this Letter.

POLIGNY to LAVRIETA.

IT is out of ſyncere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to Belluile, *that I preſume to ſignifie thee, how lately in my preſence at* Orenge *his tongue let fall ſome words that tended to the prejudice and diſparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not onely the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to bee rather curious in preſerving, then any way ingratefull in revealing thereof. Neither doe I attempt to ſend thee this newes, thereby to inſinuate, or draw thee to affect mee the more, or him the leſſe: onely ſith it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to bee wronged in my preſence; how much leſſe thy ſelfe, to whom I not owe my ſervice, but my life? If thou wilt not approve my zeale, yet thou haſt all the reaſon of the world to pardon my preſumption: and to make my letter reall: what my pen affirmes to* Laurieta, *my ſword is ready to confirme to* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremitie and exceſſe of thoſe three different paſſions, griefe, choller and aſtoniſhment, *Laurieta* receives and reads this Letter, and like a diſſolute Gentlewoman,

man, being more carefull of her reputation to the world, then of her ſoule towards God, ſhee knowes not whether ſhee have more cauſe and reaſon either to approve *Poligny's* affection, or to condemne *Belluiles* folly: it grieves her to the heart to have beſtowed her favours on ſo baſe and ingratefull a Gentleman as *Belluile*; vowes ſhee will make him repent it, and is reſolute, that this vanity and folly of his, ſhall coſt him deare; yea, ſhee is ſo impatient in theſe her fumes of griefe and revenge, that ſhe thought once with all expedition to haue ſent for *Belluile*, to make him as well ſee the fruites of his owne ingratitude, as to taſte the effects of her revenge and indignation: but ſhee holds it requiſite and fit, and her ſelfe in a manner bound firſt to thanke *Poligny* for his courteſie, by returning him a Letter in anſwer of his, which ſhee ſpeedily diſpatcheth him by his owne Lackey, to this effect:

LAVRIETA to POLIGNY.

I Know not whether thou haſt ſhewed mee a truer teſtimonie of thy diſcretion and affection, then Belluile *of his envie and folly. But as I reſt infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; ſo I reſolve ſhortly to make him know what hee deſerves in attempting to eclipſe and diſparage it. Now as I grieve not, ſo I muſt confeſſe I cannot refraine from ſorrowing, at this his undeſerved ſlaunder: for as mine innocencie defends me from the firſt, ſo my ſexe cannot exempt me from the ſecond; and looke what diſparity there is betwixt thy generoſity and his baſenes, ſo much there is betwixt the whiteneſſe of my chaſtity and the foulneſſe of his aſperſion. I reſt ſo confident of the truth of thy Pen, as I deſire no confirmation of thy Sword; and I flatter not, rather aſſure my ſelfe, that ſith* Belluile *was ſo Indiſcreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himſelfe. I returne thee many hearty thankes for this kind office and curteſy of thine; the which though I cannot requite, yet I will not only indeavour, but ſtrive to deſerve.*

LAVRIETA.

VVhiles *Poligny* receives *Laureta's* Letter with much content, and many kiſſes, as triumphing to ſee how hee hath baffled *Belluile* by working him out, and conſequently himſelfe into her favour, wee will for a while leave him, to conſider whether the end of his trechery to *Belluile* will prove as fortunate and pleaſing to him, as the beginning promiſeth. And in the meane time we will a little ſpeake of *Laurieta*, to ſee what courſe and reſolution ſhee meanes to hold and obſerve with *Belluile*. It is not enough that ſhee hath written *Poligny* a Letter, but her envie and contempt towards *Belluile* is ſo implacable, as ſhee with much haſt and ſecrecie ſends for him: her requeſts to him are commands; yea, hee needes no other ſpurres but thoſe of his luſt, and of her beauty, to make him rather fly, then poaſt to her preſence; when not ſo much as once dreaming of his former fooliſh ſpeeches delivered againſt his Miſtreſſe *Laurieta* much leſſe of *Poligny's* treaſon conſpired and acted againſt him, hee thinkes to kiſſe her, whome ſo often hee hath formerly kiſſed; but his hopes and her diſdaine deceive him: for ſhee peremptorily ſlights him; when having fier in her lookes, and thunder in her ſpeeches, ſhee chargeth him with this ſcandall delivered by him at *Orange*, in preſence of *Poligny*, againſt her honour and chaſtity. And is this (quoth ſhee) the reward a Lady ſhall deſerve and receive by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? and is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophees of his glory upon his Miſtreſſe diſgrace? are theſe the fruits of thy ſighs and teares, or the effects of thy requeſts, oaths, and Letters? Yea, ſuch was then her furious rage, and devilliſh revenge, as ſhee was provided of a Stilletto, to have there ſtab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Wayting mayd *Lucilla*, with her beſt oratory and perſwaſion, powerfully diverted her to the contrary, by alledging her the eminencie of the danger, which the foulneſſe and haynouſneſſe of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this newes, when now proving as prophane to God, as before hee was baſe and

and ingratefull to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations denies theſe ſpeeches, and this ſlander; and with much paſſion proteſteth of his innocencie. But this will not ſatisfie *Laurieta*; for to make his ſhame the more notorious in his guiltineſſe, ſhe produceth him *Poligny's* Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and ſeemes to let fall the plumes, not onely of his Pride, but of his courage and juſtification, yet he bitterly and vehemently perſevereth in his denyall: but all this is not capable to appeaſe or content *Laurieta*; and which is worſt of all, nothing can poſſibly doe it, except he make good her honour, and his owne innocencie, by a combate or Duell againſt *Poligny*. So *Belluile* ſees himſelfe driven to a narrow and ſhrewd puſh: He hath wronged *Laurieta*, and knowes not how to right her: *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himſelfe, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearely, and therefore muſt reſolve to fight, or loſe her. As for his owne part, to give him his true character and deſcription, hee is rather a City ſwaggerer, then a Field ſouldier, loves rather to have a faire Sword, then a good one, and to weare it only for ſhew, not for uſe; he is ambitious of nothing more, then to be reputed rather then found valiant; In a word, for a Taverne quarrell, or a Stewes brawle he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the field with a naked Sword, that doth not onely daunt, but terrifie him. The greateſt comfort and conſolation hee findes in this his perplexity, is, that he knowes hee hath many fellowes and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very cowards as himſelfe: of which numbers, he flattereth himſelfe with this poore baſe hope, that it is not impoſſible for *Poligny* to bee one. But what is this to give ſatisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may ſhew himſelfe to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all theſe conſiderations notwithſtanding, hee loves *Laurieta* ſo tenderly and dearely, as not daring ſee her, till hee had met *Poligny*, hee pluckes up his ſpirits, and infuſing more mettle and courage into his reſolutions then accuſtomed, reſolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himſelfe of an excellent Rapier, whoſe temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confeſſe was farre better then that of his heart, hee, by his Lackey ſome three dayes after, ſends *Poligny* this Challenge.

BELLVILE to POLIGNY.

THy malice and treachery to mee is as odious as remarkeable; for whiles I ſought to cheriſh thy friendſhip, it hath purpoſely beene thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of diſcord betwixt the Lady thou woteſt of, and my ſelfe, upon the point of her honour; for whoſe defence and preſervation I owe not onely my ſervice, but my life: which errour, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may ſeeme to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, ſith I have beene the undeſerved object of thy malice, finde it not ſtrange, that I juſtly repute and hold thee the cauſe of my envie; which can receiue no other ſatisfaction or reconcilement, but that to morrow at five in the morne thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the iron ſtumpe (the limits 'twixt the King and the Pope) with thy ſingle Rapier, where I wil attend thee with another: of which two take thou the choyce, & give me the refuſal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt not but to ſend thee to thine eternal reſt

BELLVILE.

Poligny receives this challenge, and admires to ſee *Belluiles* reſolution, from which all former reports could never draw aſſurance; it is not feare that caſts his head into theſe doubts, or theſe doubts into his head: for hee is too generous to bee a daſtard, and too Eagle-bred to turn Craven; for rejoycing in having made *Belluile* ſwallow a Gudgin, and triumphing in preſuming himſelfe ſeated in the throne of *Laurieta's* favour, makes him as reſolute to receive this Challenge, as willing and ready to performe it; onely the remembrance that *Belluile* ſent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throwes him into as much diſdaine as choller: but he reſembling himſelfe, paſſeth over this reſpect without reſpect, and ſo bids the Lackey tell his Maſter, that he will not faile to meet him at the houre and place appointed.

The night doth, or ſhould bring counſell: *Belluile* wiſheth his Challenge unſent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall it. *Poligny* is of a contrary temper, and glad in his acceptance thereof, deſires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-paſſing the night, which *Belluile* paſſeth over with as much feare, as *Poligny* with generoſity, the Curtaines of the night being with-drawne, and the day appearing, ere five have ſtrucken, *Belluile* notwithſtanding is firſt on the Bridge, and *Poligny* immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefely unbrace, but not uncaſe their Doublets. *Belluile* will be valorous in words; and ſo according to his challenge, and the right of Duells, offereth *Poligny* the ſight and choyce of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refuſall. So (courteſie for a while contending with valour) they both aſſume and accept of their owne Rapiers; when dividing themſelves, they joyne with reſolution and fury. At firſt comming up, *Poligny* gives *Belluile* the firſt wound in his right Shoulder, without receiving any, whereat hee is more affrighted then *Poligny* rejoyced; at the ſecond, hee receives another wound in the left ſide, but is not yet ſo happy to ſee, or aſſure himſelfe, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* body, or which is leſſe, his cloathes: whereupon, conſidering *Poligny's* generoſity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrell with the faintneſſe and baſeneſſe of his courage, hee throwes off his Sword, prayes *Poligny* to deſiſt; for hee holds himſelfe ſatisfyed. When *Poligny* diſdaining to taint his honour with the leaſt ſhaddow of diſhonour, in receiving *Belluiles* ſhame, gives him the happineſſe and fruition of his life: and ſo they part. Lo here the firſt fruits of their fooliſh and laſcivious affections to *Laurieta*: but I feare the ſecond will prove more bitter and bloudy. *Belluile* going home with his ſhame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his honour and glory, they hush themſelves up in ſilence, *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chirurgions houſe to dreſſe his wounds, hoping that as they in their fight ſaw no body, ſo that none had ſeen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Caſtle walls not onely eſpy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertiſed, ſhee ſends a confident Gentleman, a coſin germane of hers, to finde out *Belluile* and to know the truth and iſſue of his combate; but indeed his cowardiſe hath purchaſed him ſo much ſhame, as hee will not bee ſeene, much leſſe ſpoken withall: which *Laurieta* underſtanding, beginnes to conceive that the two Souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly hee and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalfe: whereupon gheſſing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the foyle, ſhee was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to bee informed of the particulars and ſucceſſe of their combat, which ſo much imported as well her honour as her content. But *Poligny's* affection prevents her curioſity: for as ſhee was calling for pen and paper, hee in perſon aſcends the ſtayres to her Chamber, where, after a complementall and courteous ſalute, he informes her (as we have formerly underſtood) that hee hath given *Belluile* two wounds; for her ſake, and now his life for his owne. Shee demands if he himſelfe were not hurt; he anſwers, No. At both which good newes ſhe infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulneſſe permits him to gather many kiſſes, as well from the roſes of her cheekes, as the cherries of her lips: and ſo from thenceforth he vowes to be her profeſſed ſervant; and ſhe promiſeth him to be, though not his Miſtreſſe, yet at leaſt his friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written onely in vice, and ſealed in luſt, wee ſhall ſhortly ſee cancelled and annihilated, with as much pitty, as infamy and miſery, as the ſequell of this Hiſtory will ſhew and demonſtrate.

Whiles thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluiles* foyle, and their own familiarity and affection, how is it poſſible but he muſt infinitely grieve for his loſſe of *Laurieta*, and *la Palaiſiere* as much ſorrow to ſee her ſelfe deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny*? But they brooke their afflictions and paſſions with variable reſolutions; for whiles *la Palaiſiere* is imbathing her ſelfe in her teares and diſcontents, *Belluile* is reſolute

to

to quench his revenge in *Poligny's* blood. For forgetting as well his God as his soule, his honour as himselfe, he intends to doe it by the by, and not by the maine, by execrable treachery, not by magnanimous generosity; yea, the divell is so strong with his faith, because that is so weake with his Saviour and Redeemer, as shutting the doores of his humanity and charity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is so inraged, and his lookes are so gastly and distracted, as if his thoughts were conducting & incouraging his hands to perpetrate some bloudy stratagem & designe: which is observed and doubted by his chiefest familiars and intimate friends, as also by *la Palaisiere*, whose company hee sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her, as for consolation from her to himselfe, sith wee are subject both to hope and believe that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the sight and relation of that of others, as simpathizing and participating with them; first in their flames of love, then of griefe and sorrow, in being disdained of those we love. Neither could *Belluile* so cunningly or closely rake up the fiery sparkes of his malice and revenge, under the embers of silence and secrecie, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealousie of his good, made her so tender-ear'd, and sharpe-sighted, as she over-heard some words that either in jest or earnest fell from *Belluiles* tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that hee intended no good, but pretended a secret fatall malice to him, which a little time might too too soone and unexpectedly discover: whereupon her love to *Poligny* was so deare and honourable, although he were so firmely intangled in the beauty of *Laurieta*, as hee wold not vouchsafe, rather disdained to love her self that she thought the discovery of *Belluiles* malice to *Poligny*, so much imported *Poligny's* good, as she held her selfe bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveale and relate it him; which she doth in this Letter:

La Palaisiere to Poligny.

To testifie thee now the constancie of my affection with inke, as I have formerly done the fervencie thereof with teares, know, thou hast some cause to feare, and I to doubt, that Belluile *hath some dangerous project, or bloudy designe to put in execution, against his honour, and thy life; and as I reveale it thee out of my care, so looke thou prevent it out of thine owne discretion, lest he bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast done him of his* Laurieta, *if thou slight this my advice, as thou hast already my affection: yet as I remaine witnesse of the purity of the last, so will these lines beare testimonie to the world of the candour and sinceritie of the first. Neither doe I presume to send them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchase the honour of thy favour, but only to let thee know that my affection is both powerfull and capable to shine thorow the cloudes of thy disdaine, and that the obscurity of that neither hath defaced the lustre, nor can eclipse the resplendencie of this. Regard therefore thine owne safety, albeit thou wilt not respect my content, and although thou please not give me the honour to be thy Mistresse, yet I will take the ambition and resolution to live and dye thine hand-mayd.*

La Palaisiere.

Poligny breaking up the seales of this Letter, laughes to see *la Palaisieres* affection, and to understand *Belluiles* malice; and being besotted with *Laurieta*, hee lost both his wit and judgement in the sight and contemplation of her beauty, yea, he is growne so fond in his affection, and respect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this simplicity, to deem it a kinde of treason to conceale any secret from her: to which end, he shews her *la Palaisieres* Letter, which hee makes his pastime, and shee her Maygame; yea, so vaine is her folly, and so fooliish her vanity, to see the passages and events of these their passions, as she not onely exceeds the *decorum* of discretion, but of modesty in her laughter: and which is more, when she againe considereth how *Belluile* loves her selfe, and not she him, *la Palaisiere Poligny*, and not he her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhilaration in such sort, as shee seemes to burst with the violence & excesse thereof, but this mirth of hers shall bee shortly wayted and attended on with misery and mourning.

But *Poligny* notwithstanding sees him selfe doubly obliged to *la Palaisiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and so holds himselfe obliged in either of these respects and considerations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now unknowne to *Laurieta*, he writes, and sends her to this effect:

POLIGNY to LA PALAISIERE.

IT is not the least of my joyes, that Belluile *cannot beare mee so much malice, as thou dost affection. Tis true, I have not deserved thy love, tis more true, I have not merited his hatred: for that proceeds from heaven, as a divine influence, this from hell, as an infernall frenzie. I will not feede thee with hope, neither can hee give mee despaire: for (not to dissemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impossible I shall feare him: he may have the will to doe me hurt, I wish it were in my power to doe thee good; neither can he be more malicious to performe me that, then I will be ambitious to confirme thee this: his malice I entertaine with much contempt, thy kinde advice and sincere affection with infinite thankes: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly expresse or define, whether he beginne to hate me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deedes proove words to mee, and I beseech thee feare not but my wordes shall proove deedes to thee: for I am as confident shortly to salute faire* la Palaisiere, *as careless when I meet foolish* Belluile. POLIGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts, and the beastlinesse of his concupiscence and sensuality, not onely surpriseth his reason, but captivates his judgement; so as *Laurieta's* sight defacing *Belluiles* memory, hee thinkes so much on her affection, as hee respects not his malice: but this Vice and that errour shall cost him deare. For whiles hee is feasting his eyes on the daynties and rarities of *Laurieta's* beauty, *Belluiles* heart hath agreed with the divell to prepare him a bloudy Banquet: Grace cannot containe him within her limits; therefore Impiety dallies so long with him, and he with Impiety, that at last this bloudy sentence is past in the court of his hellish resolutions, That *Poligny* must dye. The divells assistance is never wanting in such infernall stratagems: for this is an infallible maxime, as remarkeable as ruinous, That he alwayes makes us sertile, not barren to doe evill, never to doe good. At first *Belluile* thinkes on poyson or Pistoll to dispatch *Poligny*: but hee findes the first too difficult to attempt; the second, too publike to performe. Sometimes he is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murther him in his bed; then to shoot him out at a window as he passeth the street: but to conclude, understanding that hee often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinkes it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as hee issueth forth her house. And to make short, hereon he resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, hee retires himselfe from *Avignion*, and lives privately some sixe dayes in *Orenge*, giving it out, that hee was gone to the City of *Aix* in *Provence*, where, at that famous court of Parliament he had a Processe for a title of Land, shortly to be adjudged; and so in a darke night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being disguised, in favour of money, passeth the gate of *Avignion*, and giving his horse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, hee goes directly to her doore, and there at the corner of a little street stands with his Rapier drawne under his cloake, with a revenging and greedy desire of bloud to awayt *Poligny's* comming forth. The Clocke striking one, the doore is opened, and *Poligny* secretly issueth forth without candle, having purposely sent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Masters Rapier with him. Hee is no sooner in the street, but *Belluile*, as a murtherous villaine, rusheth forth, and so like a limbe of the Divell, sheathes his Rapier in his brest; when *Poligny* more hurt then amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, indeavoureth by struggling to close with his assassinate; and so cries out for assistance: but the dead of the night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his Sword, hee redoubleth his cruelty, and so againe runnes him in at the small of the belly, thorow the reines, whereat hee presently

ſently falls downe dead to his feete, having the power to groane and cry, but not to utter a word. Which *Belluile* eſpying, and knowing him diſpatcht, runnes to his horſe, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next ſtreete, and ſo rides to the ſame gate hee entred, which was kept ready for him; which paſſing, he with all expedition drives away for *Orenge*: from whence, the next morne before day, he takes poaſt for *Aix*, the better to conceale and o're-vaile this damnable Murther of his. But this policie of his ſhall deceive his hopes, and returne him a fatall reward and intereſt. For although he can bleere the eyes of men, yet hee neither can, nor ſhall thoſe of God, who in his due time will out of his ſacred juſtice repay and puniſh him with confuſion.

By this time the ſtreete and neighbours have taken the allarum of this tragicall accident: ſo Candles and Torches come from every where, only *Laurieta* having played the Whore before, will ſeeme now (though falſely) to play the honeſt woman: for ſhe, to cover her ſhame, will not diſcover that her ſelfe or any of her houſe are ſtirring: and ſo although ſhee underſtood this newes, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet ſhee keepes faſt her doores and like an ingratefull ſtrumpet, will permit none of her ſervants for a long time to deſcend. The Criminall Judge and Preſident of the City is advertiſed of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is knowne to be *Mounſieur Poligny*, and being beloved, he is exceedingly bewayled of all who knew him, and inquiry and ſearch is made of all ſides, and the Lievtenant Criminall ſhewes himſelfe wiſe, becauſe honeſt and curious, becauſe wiſe in the perquiſition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and giver of time, is not as yet pleaſed to bring it to light; only *Laurieta* knew, and *la Palaſiere* ſuſpected, and all thoſe who were of the counſell of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, do likewiſe both feare and ſuſpect, that onely *Belluile* was the bloody and execrable author thereof; but to report or divulge ſo much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *la Palaſiere*, her thoughts are taken up and preoccupated with two ſeverall paſſions: for as ſhe grieves at *Poligny's* death, ſo ſhe rejoyceth that ſhe hath no hand, nor was any way acceſſary to his Murther; rather, that if hee had ſayled by the compaſſe of her advice, he had undoubtedly avoyded the ſhipwracke of his life, and prevented the misfortune of his death; what to thinke of *Belluile* ſhe knowes not, but if he were her friend before; hee hath now made and proclaimed himſelfe her enemy, by killing her deare and onely friend *Poligny*: and therefore is reſolved, that as ſhee could never perfectly brooke his company, ſo now this bloudy fact ſhall make her deteſt both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and deſcend to ſpeake of *Laurieta*, to ſee how ſhee brookes the murther of her intimate friend *Poligny*: for ſith ſhe aſſuredly knowes and believes that this cruell Murther was performed by no other, but by her profeſſed enemy *Belluile*, or by ſome of his bloody agents, love and revenge conſpire to act two different Scenes upon the Theatre of her heart: for in memory and deepe affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled teares and mournfull ſighes infinitely deplore and bewayle his diſaſtrous end; ſo as ſorrow withering the roſes of her cheekes, and griefe making her caſt off her glittering, to take on mournefull attire, ſhe could not refraine from giving all *Avignion* notice how pleaſing *Poligny's* life was to her, by the exceſſe of her lamentations and afflictions demonſtrated for his death; or if her ſighes found any conſolation, or her teares receſſe or truce, it was adminiſtred her by her revenge, which ſhee conceived and intended towards *Belluile*, for this his bloudy fact. So as conſulting with Choller, not with Reaſon, with Nature, not with Grace, with Satan, not with God; ſhe vowes to be ſharpely revenged of him, and to make him pay deare for this his baſe and treacherous Murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are ſo implacable, and tranſport her reſolutions to ſo bloudy an impetuoſitie, that reſembling her ſexe and ſelfe, ſhe inhumanely and ſacrilegiouſly darts forth an oath, which her heart ſends to her ſoule, and her ſoule from Earth to Hell, that if the meanes find not her, ſhe will infallibly find out the meanes to quench & dry up her tears for *Polygnie's* death, in the bloud of *Belluile*: which, ſith ſhe is ſo devoid of reaſon, religion, & grace, I feare we ſhal ſhortly ſee her attempt & perform.

But leaving her in *Avignion*, let us finde out *Belluile* in *Aix*, who is a Gentleman ſo prophane in his life, and deboſht in his actions and converſations, as in ſtead of repenting hee triumphs at this his Murther; yea, hee is become ſo impious and impudent, as hee grieves not thereat, but onely that he had not ſooner diſpatched his rivall *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or ſword were guilty in ſending *Poligny* from this world in a bloudy winding ſheet, his thoughts like ſo many hounds purſuing his conſcience, and his conſcience his ſoule, hee thinkes himſelfe not ſafe in *Aix*, where the ſharpe-ſighted Preſidents, and Counſellours of that illuſtrious Senate of Parliament might at laſt accuſe and find him out for the Authour of this bloudy Murther, and therefore leaves both it and *Province*, and ſo rides to the City of *Lyons*, accompanyed with none but his two Lackeyes, who, to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny's* mournfull Tragedy; neither doth he yet thinke himſelfe ſafe there: but within a moneth after the Murther, thinking directly and ſecurely to flye from the eyes and hands of juſtice, thereby to avoyd the ſtorme of his puniſhment, hee againe takes horſe for that great City and Forreſt *Paris*, where hee hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horſes would not only ſecure his feare, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a ſecure Sanctuary & ſafe harbour, he might quietly ride at anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his puniſhment; for it may bee, God, out of his inſcrutable will and Divine providence, will, when hee beſt pleaſeth, returne him from whence hee came, and by ſome extraordinary accident make him there feele the foulneſſe of his fact, in the ſharpneſſe and ſuddennеſſe of his puniſhment; which, as a fierce guſt and bitter ſtorme, ſhall then ſurpriſe him, when hee leaſt ſuſpects or dreames thereof. But in this *interim* of his reſidence, hee forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old ſinnes of Concupiſcence and Whoredome: and ſo rather like a laſcivious Courtier, then a civill morall Chriſtian, hee cannot ſee the Church for the Stewes, nor the Preachers or Prieſts for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his ſhall coſt him deare, and hee ſhall bee ſo miſerable to feele the puniſhment, ſith hee will not be ſo happy to ſeeke the meanes to avoyd it: for now ſixe moneths having exhauſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of his gold, and his credit comming ſhort of his hopes, it ſeems the aire of *Paris* is diſpleaſing to him, ſith hee cannot be agreeable to it; and therefore (neceſſity giving a law to the vanity of his deſires) hee beginnes to loath the Ile of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to ſee *Avignion*. And now it is, that the divell, that ſubtile and fatall ſeducer, ſteps in, and at one time bewitching both his reaſon and judgement, preſents him a freſh with the freſhneſſe and delicacie of *Laurieta's* beauty, which ſo inkindleth and revives the ſparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the aſhes of ſilence, as he vowes there is no beauty to hers; and if hee chance eſpie any faire Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he preſently affirmeth, and infinitely proteſteth, they come far ſhort of his *Laurieta's* delicacie, perfection, and grace; ſo as his purſe tyrannizing o're his ambition, and his concupiſcence o're his judgement, he not ſo much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred ſhee formerly bore him, and thinking it impoſſible for her to conceive, much leſſe to know that he murthered *Poligny*, he is conſtant and reſolute to reſeeke the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to dy in the purſute thereof; but that will prove as impoſſible, as this apparent and feaſable. So as abſence adding fire to his luſt, and excellencie to her beauty, he is reſolute to ſend one of his Lackeyes to *Avignion*; partly to returne with money, and ſo to meet him at *Lyons*, *Moulins*, or *Nevers*; but more eſpecially, in great ſecrecie to deliver a Letter to his faire and ſweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him backe her anſwer, as if hee were ſtill at *Paris*, and not in his journey downewards. When meaning as yet to conceale his Murther of *Poligny*, hee calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon theſe lines:

BELLVILE to LAVRIETA.

IF Poligny *had but the thouſandth part as truely reſpected mee, as I dearely loved thee, thou hadſt not ſo ſoone caſt me out of thy favour, nor God ſo ſuddenly him out of this world: but I know*

know not whether more to bewayle my unfortunacie occaſioned by thy cruelty, or his miſery ingendred through his owne treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that ſo I ſorrow at this; for although hee dyed mine enemy, yet in deſpight of his malice and death, I will live his friend: and if thou lovedſt him, as I thinke thou diddſt, I wiſh I might fight with his Murtherer for his owne ſake, and kill him for thine. I may ſay thy affection and beauty deſerved his better, though dare not affirme, I am reſerved to bee made happy in injoying of either, much leſſe of both, and leaſt of all, of thy ſelfe; and yet I muſt confeſſe, that if our births and qualities were knowne, I ſhould goe as neere to be thy equall, as hee infinitely came ſhort of being mine. What or what not, I have performed for thy ſake, is beſt knowne to my ſelfe, ſith thou diſdayneſt to know it: but if thou wilt pleaſe to abandon thy diſdaine, then my affection and the truth will informe thee, that I have ever conſtantly reſolved to dye thy Servant, though thou have ſworne never to live my Miſtreſſe. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unjuſtly and unfortunately loſt it, Belluile *would quickely forſake* Paris *to ſee* Avignion, *and abandon all the beauties of the world, to continue his homage and ſervice to that of his onely faire and ſweet* Laurieta.

BELLVILE.

With this his Letter hee ſends a Diamond Ring from his finger, and ſo diſpatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before hee arrive at *Avignion*, where very ſecretly hee delivers *Laurieta* his Maſters Token and Letter, and treacherous fury as ſhee is, ſhee kiſſeth both, and breaking off the Seales, reades the contents, whereat ſhe infinitely ſeems to rejoyce, and ſo queſtioneth with the Lackey about his Maſters returne; who being taught his Leſſon, told her that that depended on her pleaſure, ſith hers was his, and withall prayes her for an anſwer; for that two dayes hence hee was againe to returne to his Maſter for *Paris*: the which ſhee promiſeth. The Lackey gone, ſhee cannot refraine from laughing, yea, ſhe leaps for joy, to ſee how *Belluile* is againe ſo beſotted, to throw himſelfe into her favour and mercy, and to obſerve how willing and forward he was to runne hoodwink'd to his untimely death and deſtruction: for the Divell hath fortifyed her in her former bloudy reſolution; ſo that hap what will, ſhee vowes ſhee will not faile to kill *Belluile*, becauſe he had ſlaine her *Poligny*, and already ſhe wiſheth him in *Avignion*, that ſhe might ſee an end to this her wiſhed and deſired Tragedy. In the meane time ſhe prepares her hypocriticall and treacherous Letter, and a rich Watchet Scarfe imbroydered with flames of ſilver. So his Lackey repayreth to her, to whom ſhe delivereth both, with remembrance of her beſt love to his Maſter, and that ſhee hoped ſhortly to ſee him in *Avignion*. The Lackey being provided of his Maſters Gold, and this Scarfe and Letter, trips away ſpeedily for *Lyons*, where he findes his Maſter privatly huſht up in a friends houſe, expecting his returne; he is glad of his owne gold, but more of *Laurieta's* Letter, when thinking every minute a yeare before he had read it, he haſtily breaking off the ſeales, findes theſe lines therein contained:

LAVRIETA to BELLVILE.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, *ſo I confeſſe I never hated thee; and if his treacherous inſinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, I beſeech thee attribute it to my indiſcretion, as being a woman, and not to my inconſtancie, as being thy friend: for if he dyed thine enemy, let it ſuffice that I live thine hand-mayd, and that as he was not reſerved for me, ſo I hope I am wholly for thy ſelfe. How farre he was my inferiour, I will not inquire, onely it is both my content and honour, that thou pleaſe vouchſafe to repute me thy equall. I am ſo farre from diſdayning, as I infinitely deſire to know what thou haſt done for my ſake, that I may requite thy love with kiſſes, and make my thankes wipe off the conceipt of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never loſt to thee, nor ſhall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wiſh that our little* Avignion *were thy great* Paris, *and if thy love be as unfeigned as mine is firme, let my* Belluile *make haſt to ſee his* Laurieta, *who hath vowed to rejoyce a thouſand times more at his returne, then ever ſhe grieved at* Poligny's *death.*

LAVRIETA.

At

At the reading of this her Letter hee is beyond himſelfe, yea beyond the Moone for joy; ſo as hee wiſheth nothing ſo much, as himſelfe in her armes, or ſhee in his. So hee fits himſelfe with a couple of good horſes, puts his Lackeyes into new Sutes, and knowing that time and his abſence had waſhed away the remembrance of *Poligny's* murther, hee ſpeeds away for *Avignion*; where the firſt night of his arrivall he privately viſiteth *Laurieta*, 'twixt whom there is nothing but kiſſes and imbracings; yea ſhee ſo treacherouſly and ſweetly lulles him aſleepe with the *Syren* melody of her deceiptfull ſpeeches, as ſhe prayes him to viſit her often, and that a little time ſhall crowne him with the fruits of his deſire: ſo for that night they part. The next day he repayres to her againe, when amidſt the confluence of many millions of kiſſes, ſhee prayes and conjures him to diſcover her what he hath done for her ſake; when hee tying her by oath to ſecrecie, and ſhe ſwearing it, he relates her that it was himſelfe, that in affection to her had ſlaine *Poligny*, as he iſſued forth her lodging: when having wreſted and extorted this myſtery from him, it confirmes her malice, and haſtneth on her reſolution of his death, which his laſcivious thoughts have neither the grace to foreſee, nor the reaſon to prevent: ſhee eſpyes he hath ſtill a Piſtoll with him, and deſires to know why hee beares it: who anſwereth her, it is to defend himſelfe from his enemies, and that hee will never goe without it. So againe they fall to their kiſſes, and he to his requeſts of a further and ſweeter favour of her; which ſhe for that time againe denyes him, adding withall, that if hee will come to her after dinner to morrow, ſhee will ſo diſpoſe of matters, as his pleaſure ſhall be hers, and ſhe will not be her owne, but his. So being ſurprized and raviſhed with the extaſie of a thouſand ſweete approaching pleaſures, hee returnes to his Chamber, and ſhee to her malice: where whiles he gluts himſelfe with his hope of delight, ſhee doth no leſſe with her deſire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, ſhee thinkes nothing ſo fit or eaſie to diſpatch him, as his owne Piſtoll, and ſo thinking ſhee ſhould need her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla's* aſſiſtance (of whom this our Hiſtory hath formerly made mention) ſhee acquaints her with her purpoſe, the next day to murther *Belluile* in her Chamber: and ſo with the lure of gold, and many faire promiſes, drawes her to conſent hereunto, and injoynes her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her gowne for the ſame purpoſe, if need ſhould require; which *Lucilla* promiſeth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not ſleepe for joy, ſo could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is ſo weighed downe to malice and murther, as ſhee wiſheth the houre come for her to reduce her divelliſh contemplation into bloody action. But this houre ſhall come too ſoone for them both: for as Lovers are impatient of delayes, ſo *Belluile* hath no ſooner dined, but taking his horſe and two Lackeyes, hee ſayes he will take the aire of the fields that afternoone, but will firſt call in and ſee his Miſtreſſe *Laurieta*. So hee alights at her doore, and without the leaſt feare of danger or apprehenſion of death, very joyfully aſcends *Laurieta's* chamber; who, diſſembling wretch as ſhe is, very kindly meets and receives him: and the better to ſmother and diſſemble her murtherous intent, is not onely prodigall in taking but in giving him kiſſes. *Belluile*, like a diſſolute and laſcivious Gentleman, whiſpers *Laurieta* in her eare, that hee is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promiſe and courteſie: when conſidering that his horſe and two Lackyes were at doore, ſhe returnes him this in his eare, that ſhe is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuſe him any thing, onely ſhe prayes him to ſend away his Lackeyes, becauſe their familiarity needed no witneſſes. Thus whiles hee calls them up, to bid them carry away his horſe to the gate that leades to *Marſeilles*, and there to awayt his comming, *Laurieta* ſteps to her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and ſtand cloſe to her: for now (quoth ſhe) the houre is come that I will bee revenged of *Belluile* for my *Poligny's* death: the which ſhee had no ſooner ſpoken, but *Belluile* returnes to her; when redoubling his kiſſes, hee little, or rather not at all fearing he was ſo neere death, or death him, being ready to retire himſelfe to a withdrawing Chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherouſly informed him ſhe had purpoſely provided for

for him, hee takes his Piſtoll, and layes it on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which ſhee eſpying, as the inſtrument ſhee infinitely deſired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prayes him to ſhew her how to ſhoote it off: ſo taking it from her, hee told her, if ſhee pleaſed, hee would diſcharge it before her, for her ſake. Why (quoth ſhee) is it charg'd? Yea, replies *Belluile*, with a ſingle bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one bullet more, and if you can eſpye any Crow out of the window, either on the houſe or Church top, if it pleaſe you, I will play the man, and ſhoote at it for your ſake: When poore *Belluile*, deſirous to pleaſe her in any thing, looks out the window, and eſpies two Crowes on the Croſſe of the *Auguſtine* Fryers Church, which hee very joyfully relates *Laurieta*; and ſo at her requeſt claps in a ſecond bullet more: for (quoth ſhe) if I ſtrike not both, I will be ſure to pay one; and ſo prayes him to leane out at window, to ſee how neare ſhee could feather them: which (miſerable Gentleman) hee performing, the Piſtoll being bent, ſhee behind him diſchargeth it directly in his own reines. Whereat he amazedly ſtaggering, *Lucilla* ſeconding her bloody Miſtreſſe, ſteps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or ſixe wounds thorow the body; ſo as without ſpeaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet. Whereat *Laurieta* triumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth theſe bloudy and prophane ſpeeches: O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in heaven, thus have I done in earth for thy ſake, and in revenge of thy cruell death! Which having performed, they more cruelly then cruelty her ſelfe, drag his breathleſſe carkaſſe, reeking in his bloud, downe the ſtayres, into a low obſcure Cellar, where making a ſhallow grave, they there bury him in his clothes, and ſo pile up a great quantity of Billets on him; as if that wooden monument had power to conceale their Murther, and his body from the eyes and ſuſpicion of all the world. Good God! what divells incarnate, and infernall Furies are theſe, thus to imbrue their hands in the bloud of this Gentleman? But as cloſe as they act and contrive this their bloudy and inhumane Murther on earth, yet heaven will both detect and revenge it: for when they leaſt dreame thereof, Gods wrath and vengeance will ſurpriſe them, to their utter confuſion and deſtruction, and it may be ſooner then they are aware of.

For the two Lackeyes having ſtayed at the City gate with their Maſters horſe till night, they returne and ſeeke him at *Laurieta's* houſe, where they left him; *Laurieta* informes them hee ſtayed not an houre after them, and ſince ſhee ſaw him not; which newes doth infinitely afflict and vexe them. But they returne to his lodging, and like dutifull and faithfull ſervants, betwixt hope and feare, awayt his returne that night, and all the next day; but in vaine. And now they beginne to bee amazed at his long and unaccuſtomed abſence, and ſo conſult this important buſineſſe to ſome Gentlemen, their Maſters confident and intimate friends; who together with them repayre to *Laurieta's* houſe, and againe and againe demand her for *Mounſieur de Belluile*: but they finde her conſtant in her firſt anſwer, and yet guided by the finger and providence of God, they bewray a kinde of perturbation in her lookes, and diſcover ſome diſtraction and extravagancie in her ſpeeches: whereupon calling to their mindes her former diſcourteſie to him for *Poligny's* ſake, and his fighting with him on the Bridge for hers, as alſo this ſudden and violent ſuſpected murther of him, they ſuſpect and feare there is more in the winde then as yet they know; and ſo acquaint the Criminall Iudges herewith, who as wiſe Senatours, having ſeverally examined both her and her Mayd *Lucilla*, and *Belluiles* Lackeyes, they conclude to impriſon *Laurieta*; which is inſtantly performed: whereat ſhee is extreamly amazed and terrifyed; but howſoever, ſhe is reſolute to deny all, and conſtant to ſtand upon her juſtification and innocencie. So her Iudges adjudge her to the torments of the Racke, which (with a maſculine, yea, with a helliſh fortitude) ſhee indureth, without revealing the leaſt ſhaddow, either of feare or guiltineſſe; but they detaine her ſtill priſoner, and hope that God will make time diſcover the murther of *Belluile*; for eight dayes being now paſt, they are become confident that hee is not in this world, but in another. In the meane time her bloudy

Wayting-

Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* hath continuall recourſe to her Lady *Lurieta* in priſon, where like impious & prophane wretches, they interchangeably ſweare ſecreſie each to other, ſith on eithers diſcovery depends no leſſe then both their deaths.

Whiles this newes is generally divulged in *Avignion*, *Provence*, *Daulphine*, and *Languedock*, and no newes at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile*, *La Palaiſiere*, who ſhined with as many vertues as *Laurieta* was obſcured with Vices, out of compaſſion and Chriſtian charity, ſome three weeks after viſiteth *Laurieta* in priſon, although ſhe partly believed and knew, that ſhee never affected or loved her; when aiming to adde conſolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, *Laurieta*, out of her ignorance, or folly, returnes *la Palaiſiere* this unlooked for anſwer: That her ſelfe was as innocent of *Belluiles* death, as ſhee was of *Poligny's*. Which words being over-heard by ſome curious head of the company, were inſtantly carryed and reported to the Criminall Judges, who inſtantly cauſe *la Palaiſiere* to bee apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine upon *Poligny's* death; which doth no way affright or afflict her, becauſe her conſcience was untainted, and her ſelfe as innocent as innocencie her ſelfe thereof. They deale further with her, to underſtand the paſſages of former buſineſſes betwixt herſelfe, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. Shee gives them a true and faithfull account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more, then this Hiſtory hath formerly related us; and to verifie and confirme her ſpeeches, like a diſcreet young Gentlewoman, ſhee gives them the keyes of a Trunke of hers, wherein ſhee ſaith is her copy of a Letter ſhee wrote to *Poligny*, and his anſwer againe to her, which ſhee prayes them to ſend for, for her better cleering and diſcharge. The Judges ſend ſpeedily away for theſe Letters, which are found produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumſtance of her former depoſition: whereupon with much applauſe and commendation they acquit and diſcharge her. But if *la Palaiſieres* Vertues have cleered her; *Laurieta's* Vices (which the Iudges begin to ſmell out by *Poligny's* Letter) doe the more narrowly and ſtreightly impriſon her; and yet knowing that *la Palaiſiere* neither had, nor could any way accuſe her, for either of theſe two Murthers, ſhee ſets a good face on her bad heart, and ſo very bravely frollikes it in priſon, and to ſpeake truth, with farre more joy, and leſſe feare then heretofore: but to checke and overthrow theſe vaine triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, newes is brought her that her wayting-mayd *Lucilla* is ſecretly fled: which her Iudges underſtanding, they now more vehemently then ever heretofore ſuſpect, that (without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author, and her Mayd *Lucilla* the acceſſary of *Belluiles* Murther: and ſo they ſet all the city and countrey for her apprehenſion. And this newes indeed makes *Laurieta* feare that ſhee will infallibly be taken, which doth amaze and afflict her, and indeed hereat ſhe cannot refraine from biting her lip, and hanging downe her head: but ſee the miraculous and juſt judgement of the Lord, upon this wretched and bloudy *Lucilla*! for ſhe, for feare flying, as it is ſuppoſed, that night from *Avignion* to *Orenge*, to her parents, was there drowned, and the next morne found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which newes being reported to *Laurieta*, ſhee againe converts her feare into hope, and ſorrowes into joyes, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the wiſedome and integrity of the Iudges, by the apparencie of *Laurieta's* crime in that of her Wayting-mayds flight, againe command her to be racked: but the devill is yet ſo ſtrong with her, and ſhee with the divell, that ſhe againe indures the cruelty of theſe torments with a wonderfull patience, with an admirable conſtancie and reſolution, and ſo couragiouſly and ſtoutly denying her crime, and peremptorily maintaining her innocencie and juſtification, her Iudges, led by the conſideration of the ſharpneſſe and bitterneſſe of her torments, as alſo that they could finde no direct proofe or ſubſtantiall evidence againſt her, beginne to conceive and imagine that it might bee the Wayting-mayd, and not the Miſtreſſe, that had ſent *Belluile* into another world; and ſo reſolve, the weeke following, if they heard nothing in the meane time to accuſe *Laurieta*, to releaſe and acquit her: which *Laurieta* underſtanding, the torments which

he

her limbes and body feele are nothing in reſpect of thoſe contentments and joyes her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building caſtles and triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her ſpeedy inlargement, ſhe, in her apparell and behaviour, flaunts it out farre braver then before. But ſhe hath not yet made her peace with her Judges, neither have they pronounced her *Quieta eſt*. And alas, how fooliſhly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulneſſe of her ſoule, and contamination of her conſcience, every houre and minute prompt her, that God, the Judge of Judges, who hath ſeene, will in his good time and pleaſure both detect and puniſh as well her whoredome as her murther, in her death! And lo, here comes both the cauſe and the manner thereof, wherein Gods providence and juſtice doe miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-lord *Mounſeur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole yeares rent, as for three hundred Livres in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delayes, but more of her diſgrace, lets out that part of his houſe, which ſhee held of him, to the Deane of *Carpentras*, who for his healths ſake came to ſojourne that Winter in *Avignion*; and deſpairing of her inlargement, and to ſatisfie himſelfe, beginnes to ſell away her houſehold-ſtuffe, yea, to the very Billets which ſhee had in her Cellar, which he retaines for himſelfe; whereof when his ſervants came to cleere the Cellar, they removing the laſt Billets, finde the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: whereof wondering, they preſently informe their Maſter, who viewing the ſame, as God would have it, hee inſtantly apprehended and believed, that *Laurieta* had undoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his ſervants to remove the leaſt jot of earth, hee as a diſcreet and honeſt Citizen, with all poſſible celeritie trips away to the Criminall Judges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they diſpeed themſelves to his houſe and Cellar, where cauſing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miſerable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely throwne in and buried in his cloaths, which cauſing to bee taken off, thereby to ſearch his body, they find him ſhot into the reines with two Piſtoll bullets, and his body ſtabd and pierced with ſixe ſeverall wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitifull and lamentable ſpectacle; and ſo reſting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Mayd *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruell Murther, they very privately and ſecretly cauſe *Belluiles* dead body to bee conveyed to the priſon, and there, when *Laurieta* leaſt dreamt thereof, expoſe it to her ſight, and in rough termes charge and crie out upon her for this Murther; but this monſter of nature, and ſhee-divell of her ſexe, hath yet her heart ſo obdurated with revenge, and her ſoule ſo o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as ſhee is nothing daunted or terrifyed with the ſight hereof; but with many fearefull imprecations and aſſeverations ſtands peremptorily in her innocencie, and out of the heat of her malice and choller termes them divells or witches, that are her accuſers. But her Iudges, who can no longer be deluded with her vowes, nor will no more give eare to her perfidious oaths, command to have her Paps ſeared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruell murther, from the falſehood of her impious and impudent denyall thereof. Whereat amazed and aſtoniſhed, and ſeeing this cruell torment ready to bee inflicted and preſented her, God was ſo indulgent to her ſinnes, and ſo mercifull to her ſoule, as the devill flying from her, and ſhee from his temptations, ſhe rayning downe many rivolets and ſhowres of teares from her eyes, and evaporating many volleyes of ſighes from her heart, throwing her ſelfe downe on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands unto Heaven, with much bewayling and bitterneſſe, ſhee at laſt confeſſeth to her Iudges, that ſhee and her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belluile*, and for the which ſhee ſaid, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, ſhee hoped that God would pardon her ſoule in the life to come, though ſhee knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Iudges, in horrour and execration

cration of her inhumane and bloudy crime, pronounce ſentence of death upon her, and condemne her the next day after dinner, firſt to be hanged, then burnt in the ſame ſtreet, right againſt her lodging, *Mounſieur de Richconrts* houſe; and likewiſe, ſith *Lucilla* was both an acceſſary and actor in this bloudy Tragedy, that her body ſhould be taken up out of her Grave, and likewiſe burnt with hers in the ſame fire: which accordingly was executed in the preſence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of *Avignion*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a ſhort, but a moſt Chriſtian and penitent ſpeech to the people, tending firſt to diſſwade them all by her example from thoſe foule and crying ſinnes of whoredome, revenge and murther; and then to requeſt and perſwade them, that they would aſſiſt her with their religious and devout prayers in her ſoules paſſage and flight towards Heaven: yet adding withall, that as her crime, ſo her griefe was redoubled, becauſe as ſhee had killed *Bellvile* for *Poligny's* ſake, ſo ſhe was ſure that *Bellvile* had killed *Poligny* for hers.

And thus, Chriſtian Reader, were the diſſolute lives and mournefull deaths of theſe two unfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Bellvile*, and of this laſcivious and bloudy Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Wayting-maid *Lucilla*. A tragical Hiſtory, worthy both of our obſervation and deteſtation; and indeed, theſe are the bitter fruits of Luſt, Whoredome, and Revenge, and the inſeparable companyons which infallibly await and attend them; the very ſight & conſideration wherof are capeable, not only to adminiſter conſolation to the righteous, but to ſtrike terrour to the ungodly. O therefore, that we may all beware by theſe their fatall and dangerous ſinnes: for this is the onely perfect and true way to prevent and avoid their puniſhments.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

Hiſtory IX.

Iacomo de Caſtelnovo *luſtfully fals in love with his daughter in law* Perina, *his owne ſonne* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *Wife*; *whom to injoy, hee cauſeth* Ierantha *firſt to poyſon his owne Lady* Fidelia, *and then his ſaid ſonne* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murthereth him in his bed.* Ierantha, *ready to dye in travell of childe confeſſeth her two Murthers, for the which ſhe is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dyes.*

WEe need not ſend our curioſity (or our curioſity us) to ſeeke Tygers and monſters in *Africa*; for *Europe* hath but too many, who are ſo cruell and inhumane, not onely to imbrue, but to imbath themſelves in the innocent bloud of their Chriſtian brethren. And as Religion prohibites us to kill, and commands us to love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murther our friends, nay thoſe of our owne bloud, and who are the greateſt part of our ſelves? And although *Italy* have lately afforded many tragicall preſidents, and fearefull Examples of this nature (whereof I have given ſome to my former, and reſerved others to my future bookes) yet in my conceit it hath produced none more bloudy and inhumane then this, whether we reſpect the Murthers or the perſons. For here we ſhall ſee a wretched and execrable old man ſo beſotted in luſt, and flaming in malice and revenge, as being both a husband and a father, he by a helliſh young Gentlewoman (his ſtrumpet) poyſoneth both his owne wife and his owne ſonne: It was his vanity which firſt inkindled the fire of his luſt; it is then his impiety which gives way to the devill to blow the coales thereto, and ſo to convert it into Murther. O that Sinne ſhould ſo triumph or'e Grace, and not Grace or'e Sinne! O that Age and Nature ſhould not teach us to bee leſſe bloudy, and more compaſſionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by Poyſon, that drug of the Devill, who firſt brought the damnable invention thereof from hell, to bee practiſed here on earth onely by his agents and members! We ſhall likewiſe ſee him killed by his daughter in law, for formerly poyſoning of her husband: Luſt ſeduced him to perpetrate thoſe; Affection, or rather bloudy Revenge, drew her on to performe this, and conſequently to her puniſhment due for the ſame. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have beene ſo inhumane; but falling from that, no marvell if they fell to be ſo wretched and miſerable: for if we die well, we ſeldome live ill; if live ill, wee uſually never dye well, for it is the end that crownes the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and bleſſed in our deaths, wee muſt follow Vertue and flie from Vice, love Chaſtity and Charity, and hate Luſt and Envie; prefer Heaven before Earth, our Soules before our Bodies, and defie Satan, with a holy reſolution both to feare and love God.

SAvoy is the Countrey, and *Nice* the City (ſeated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the ſtrongeſt Bulwark againſt *France*, and the beſt Fortreſſe and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this inſuing Tragical Hiſtory is layd, the which to refetch from the Head-ſpring and Fountaine of its originall, it muſt carry our curioſity and underſtanding over thoſe famous Mountaines, the *Alpes*, and from thence to the City of *Saint Iohn de Maurina*; where of late and freſh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceaſed wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son, and a Daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*, & this, the Lady *Perina*; a little different in yeares, for he was eighteen and ſhe but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by nature perverſe & chollericke, but ſhe, milde, courteous, and gracious: Againe, they differed much in the lineaments & proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro*, like his Father, was ſhort, crook-backt, and hard favour'd: and *Perina* reſembling her mother, tall, ſtraight-waſted, and faire: ſo as it being a principle and Maxime in Nature, that parents (for the moſt part) love thoſe Children beſt, who beſt reſemble them; as the mother *Eleanora* preferr'd *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*, ſo contrariwiſe their father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro* before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her huſband *Arconeto* to ſurvive her; ſo *Alexandro's* joy prov'd his ſiſter *Perina's* miſery and affliction: for he was ſo happy to ſee himſelfe tenderly cheriſhed and affected, and ſhe ſo unfortunate to perceive her ſelfe ſlighted and diſreſpected of her father: wherein, as I praiſe *Arconeto's* intimate love to his ſonne, ſo I cannot but diſcommend; and withall pitty his immerited & unnaturall neglect to his daughter, wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphed in the one, judge judicious *Reader*, if *Perina* had not cauſe enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and ſcope of this Hiſtory looks another way, ſo for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the leaſt of my intent or purpoſe to give inſtructions and direction, how parents ſhould beare themſelves in their affections towards their children; onely, becauſe I may not here too palpably bewray mine ignorance in my ſilence, I hope, nay, I am confident, that with as much truth as ſafety I may conclude, it is a happineſſe both for parents and children, where parents beare their affections equally to their children: for loving one, and hating another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others ſorrow; and in giving that too much hope, wee many times adminiſter this too much cauſe of deſpaire; or if the inclinations and affections of parents be more narrowly tyed, and ſtrictly linked to preferre & love one child above the other, yet ſith they are the equall iſſue of their loyns, & we the onely parents of their youth, we ſhould bee as well cautious in the diſtribution of our favors, as in the demonſtration of our diſreſpects towards them. But enough of this digreſſion; and now againe to our Hiſtory.

As *Alexandro* growes up in yeares, ſo hee doth in ambition and oſtentation: for if hee play the *Bravaſho* abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, ſo authoriſed by his fathers hatred of his ſiſter, hee at home becomes a petty tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is ſo ſterne and imperious towards her, as if ſhee were rather his ſlave then his ſiſter, or his laundres and hand-mayd, then any part of himſelfe, which notwithſtanding it was both a daily griefe to her heart, and a continuall torment to her thoughts, yet *Perina's* ſweet perfections, and gracious vertues and behavior, make her digeſt and brook all with wonderfull conſtancie, & an admirable patience: for well ſhe knowes, that if ſhe ſhould complain to her father of her brothers unkindnes towards her, ſhe ſhould thereby reape no other remedy and redreſſe but this, that the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the iſſue thereof would prove her complaints to be the May-game of the one, and mocking-ſtock of the other. But God hath ordayned briefly to eaſe her of a great part of her undeſerved diſcontents and afflictions: for lo, her brother *Alexandro*, debauching and ſurfeting at a Banquet at *Suſa*, returnes home, ſurpriſed of a hot peſtilent Fever, which notwithſtanding the care of his father, or the art of his experteſt Phyſicians, he in three dayes is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the inſtinct of common ſence and reaſon

ſon, who would not ſurmiſe or thinke, but that *Arconeto*, having buryed his ſon *Alexandro*, ſhould now love his onely daughter and child *Perina* far dearer and tenderer then before. But alas, nothing leſſe: for he is not ſo kinde, and therefore ſhee cannot be ſo happy; yea, which is worſe, although his words be her commands, and his pleaſure her law, yet he contemnes both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but ſtill with diſdain & envy: yea, in a word, his diſtaſt is ſo extream and bitter againſt her, as he is never beſt pleaſed, then when ſhe is furtheſt from him; ſo as her abſence may delight and content him, but her preſence cannot. Which unnaturall diſreſpect, & unjuſt cruelty of her father towards her, doth ſo nip the joyes of her youth, and the bloſſomes of her health and beauty, as, poore young Gentlewoman, ſhe becomes infinite melancholy, and extreame weake and ſickly; which being obſerved and pittyed of all her kinſfolkes and friends, as being her Fathers onely child, and heire to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her mothers ſiſter, and likewiſe her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the ſame City; workes ſo with her brother in law *Arconeto*, that hee is content to permit his daughter *Perina* to reſide and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, ſo the Neece beyond meaſure infinitely rejoyceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her abſence may, and will procure her fathers affection, which her preſence could not; and that having more liberty and leſſe bondage, ſhe might againe in a ſhort time recover her former health and content; or elſe that God, out of his divine providence, and pleaſure in heaven, might call and allot her out ſome gallant Huſband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleaſures of Marriage, ſhe might end her future dayes in as much tranquillity and felicity, as ſhee had formerly lived in diſcontent and affliction: and indeed the events, though not in the firſt, yet in the two laſt poynts, anſwereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavalier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelaſſi*, by deſcent noble, and of good revenewes and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their Marriage: to which end, up comes *Spelaſſi* from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Maurienc*, aſſiſted and followed by many gallant young Gentlemen of his kinſfolkes and friends, and, in a word, with a train well befitting his ranke and quality; where theſe Nuptialls are ſolemnized with great variety of pompe and pleaſure; as Feaſting, Dancing, Maſks, Running at the Ring, and the like: for in theſe amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humours) take a ſingular delight and felicity: But as many times one Wedding occaſioneth and produceth another, ſo Fortune, or to ſpeake more properly and truely, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appoynted her Neece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groome her Sonne in law, *Spelaſſi*, to the Church; and he had alloted one of the nobleſt and eminent Cavalliers that came with him, named *Seignior Franciſco de Caſtelnovo*, to performe the ſame ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and ſon and heir to *Seignior Iacomo de Caſtelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a moſt beautifull and faire young Lady, ſo was our young *Caſtelnovo* a very proper and gallant Cavallier; and ſith the occaſion of this Marriage, and the fortunacie and opportunity of their united office, by a kinde of deſtinated and happy priviledge, authorized each to bee familiar in the others company and preſence: ſo, as Lovers beginne to court firſt in jeſt, then in earneſt, the hearts and breſts of this ſweet young couple are in the end equally ſurpriſed with the flame of affection; yea, his perſonage and dancing, and her beauty and ſinging, mutually inkindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations, which either imagineth, and both perceive and underſtand, by the dumbe Oratorie and ſilent Rhetoricke of their eyes: Which *Caſtelnovo* knowing her deſcent and quality anſwerable to his, hee intends to ſeeke her in Marriage. When not any longer to ſurpreſſe or conceal their affections, they after dinner dancing in company of divers others in the garden, hee ſingleth the Lady *Perina*, his new Mrs apart in a bower cloſely overvail'd with *Vines*, *Sicamores*, & *Cypreſs* trees

and there 'twixt ſighs and words, reveales his deepe affection to her. But to avoyd the prolixious relation of this their Garden enterview and conference, although at firſt *Perina's* modeſty (the ſweeteſt ornament and vertue of a Lady) was ſuch, as ſhe not onely kept her ſelfe, but likewiſe her affections to her ſelfe, yet her courteous and thankefull anſweres, wayted and ſeconded by many delicious bluſhes, and amorous ſighes, although not publikely, yet privately inform'd her Lover *Caſtelnovo*, that ſhe likewiſe loved him: ſo as during the terme of fifteene dayes, which *Spelaſſi* and hee remained in *Saint John de Mauriene*, he never left courting her, till he had obtained her affection, and conſent to be his wife; drawne thereunto by theſe two attractive and ſeducing reaſons: Firſt, that *Caſtelnovo* was a gallant & proper Cavallier, as alſo her equall in deſcent and meanes; and then that ſhe ſhould live in *Nice* with a huſband who dearely loved her, and no longer in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with a Father who extreamely hated her: Neither can theſe our yong Lovers bear their affections ſo ſecret, but the whole company, eſpecially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceives it, & deeming it a fit Match for her Neece rejoyceth thereat. *Caſtelnovo* ſecretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her beſt aſſiſtance therein towards her brother *Arconeto*; which ſhee promiſeth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Caſtelnovo*, taking time at advantage, ſeconds her in his ſuite for the Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the naturall affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is ſo willing to depart with her to any Huſband, that he may no more ſee her, nor bee troubled with her preſence, as thinking a farre worſe Match good enough, hee thinkes this infinitely too good for her; and ſo at the leaſt ſhaddow of the very firſt motion conſents thereunto: which not onely baniſheth *Perina's* old griefe, but confirmeth *Caſtelnovo's* new joyes; yea they, like two ſweete and vertuous Lovers, ſo extremely rejoyce and triumph thereat as hee riding home poaſt to *Nice*, to acquaint his owne Father *Seignior Iacomo de Caſtelnovo* therewith, and ſwiftly returning againe to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with his conſent and approbation, this Mariage of *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina* is there almoſt as ſoone ſolemnized, as that of *Spelaſſi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obſcure, and with far leſſe pompe and bravery, in reſpect of the perverſeneſſe and diſtaſt of her froward old Father *Arconeto*. So fifteene dayes being expired ſince *Spelaſſi* and *Caſtelnovo* their firſt departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, to returne and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that to inrich this City with two ſuch beautyfull and gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to adde life and forme to this *Hiſtory*, or rather to approch the more material and eſſentia parts thereof, we muſt here leave to ſpeake of *Spelaſſi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tye our thoughts and curioſity to *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina*, two principall and unfortunate perſonatours, who both have mournefull parts to act upon the Stage and Theater of *Nice*: for this Marriage of theirs is not begun with the tenth part of ſo many joyes, as we ſhall ſhortly ſee it wayted and attended on, yea, diſſolved and finiſhed both with teares and blood.

Caſtelnovo having brought home his faire and deare *Perina* to *Nice*, ſhe is very honourably welcomed, and courteouſly received and entertayned of his old Father, *Seignior Iacomo de Caſtelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother, and ſo are all her kin ſfolkes and friends who accompany her; yea, there wants no feaſting nor revelling in *Nice*, to teſtifie how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their ſonnes good fortune and happineſſe. And for *Caſtelnovo* & *Perina* themſelves, why they are ſo raviſhed in the content, and drowned in the joyes and delights of Marriage, as though they have two bodies, yet they have but one heart, deſire, and affection; yea, they are ſo extreamely in love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon earth, to that of each others preſence. But they ſhall bee deceived herein: for there are Tragicall ſtormes ariſing, to trouble the ſerenity of this mariage, and the felicity and tranquillity of theſe affections.

For it is both with griefe and ſhame, that I muſt bee ſo immodeſt, and therefore unfortunate

unfortunate to relate, that the old Baron *Iacomo de Caſtelnovo*, aged of ſome threeſcore and eight yeares, hath ſo farre forgotten his God and himſelfe, his conſcience and his ſoule, grace and nature, religion and humanity, as gazing on the freſh and delicious beauty of our ſweete Lady *Perina*, his owne ſonnes wife, hee gives the reignes both of his obſcene deſires, and inordinate affections, to luſt after her. O how my heart trembles to thinke how he that is white with the ſnow of a venerable age, ſhould now laſciviouſly idolatrize to beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his grave, ſhould luſtfully deſire to have the other in his Sonnes bed! how hee that hath his veines dryed up and withered, & nothing living in him but deſire, ſhould yet of all the beauties of the world, deſire onely to enjoy that of his Sonnes wife! how hee, that hath ſcarce any time left him to bee repentant and ſorrowfull for his old ſinnes, will now anew make himſelfe guilty of theſe foule ſinnes of Adultery, and I may in a manner ſay of Inceſt! how hee that hath not given the flower of his youth, will yet ſtill laſciviouſly and wilfully refuſe to beſtow the branne of his age on his God! Alas miſerable *Caſtelnovo*, wretched old man, or rather lubritious and beaſtly Lecher, thus to drowne thy thoughts in the hell of concupiſcence and adultery, when it were farre fitter thou ſhouldſt lift them up to heaven, in the ſacrifice of prayer, & other pious & religious contemplations! But all this will not prevaile to ſtope the current of his voluptuouſneſſe, and the progreſſion of his ſenſuality: for without reſpect of his God, or regard of his ſoule, he is reſolute in his deſires to make a ſtrumpet of his Daughter in Law, and to make his Sonnes wife his whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his villany.

Now the better, and ſooner to draw her to his laſcivious deſires, hee is wonderfull courteous and affable to her, ſtill walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kiſſing her, whereof both her Huſband and ſelfe are infinitely joyfull, but eſpecially *Perina*, becauſe ſhee findes a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Caſtelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her owne Father *Arconeto* is cruell. But poore innocent ſoule, and ſweete and chaſt Lady, little doſt thou either dreame, or thinke on his laſcivious intent againſt thine honour and chaſtity. Old *Caſtelnovo* wallowing in the filthineſſe, and burning in the fire of his new luſt, and loſing himſelfe and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in law *Perina's* beauty, hee thinkes on nothing ſo much, nay, on nothing elſe, but how to obtaine her to his laſcivious will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and beaſtly purpoſe, whiles his ſon her huſband is at home preſent with her, hee forgeth and frames a plot, both unnaturall and treacherous, to make him imbrace and follow the Wars in wayting on the *Duke Charles Emanuel*, or the *Prince Amadee Victor* his ſon and heire, who with their warlike troopes were reſolute to expell the *Duke of Feria, Viceroy of Millan*, with his Spaniſh Regiments, out of *Vercele, Caſſall*, and the other Townes of *Piedmont*, to which end his luſtful affection to *Perina* made him eloquent in perſwading, and powerfull in drawing her huſband to this Martiall action, ſo full of honor & glory; adding that his honour, and the ſervice of his Prince and Country, called him to the Field, and that he ſhould not wholly drowne himſelfe in the beauty of his young Wife, and the pleaſures of Marriage. His ſon *Caſtelnovo* not at al ſuſpecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking under the greene leaves of his fathers ſugered ſpeeches and perſwaſions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needes no other advocate but his own honor & Martiall diſpoſition to imbarke him in theſe Wars: and although the beauty, requeſts, and teares of his young Lady were vehement ſollicitours to divert him, yet he is reſolute to leave her for three or foure moneths. And ſo making ready his armes, traine, horſes and preparatives, he giving her many kiſſes, and ſhe returning him a world of ſighes and teares, leaves *Nice*, and ſo findes out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a queſtion very diſputeable, and which by my weake capacity and judgement cannot well bee decided, whether this departure of young *Caſtelnovo* to the Warres, made his father more glad, or his wife ſorrowfull: for as ſhee was all in teares, ſo was

he in mirth and jollity, being ſo vaine in his luſt, and ſo luſtfull in his vanity, as he trims up his beard, and goes neater and withall more youthfull in his apparrell then accuſtomed; yea, his luſt had ſo metamorphoſed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and ſecret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of chaſtity can wee expect or hope for in youth, when we ſee no better ſignes and fruits in one of threeſcore & eight years? But I will follow the ſtream of our Hiſtory, though indeed the relation of this old laſcivious Lechers Luſt and vanity to his daughter in law *Perina*, equally afflict mee with griefe and pitty to publiſh it.

I am then conſtrained to write and averre, that although meer ſhame and unnaturalneſſe do as yet with-hold this wretched fathers tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated luſt to his faire and chaſt daughter in law *Perina*, yet his luſt is ſo immodeſtly laſcivious, as hee cannot keepe himſelfe out of her company, nor being in it, refraine from kiſſing her: but to ſee the innocency, and obſerve the purity of her thoughts, ſhee nevertheleſſe not ſo much as any way ſuſpects or dreames of his laſcivious intent, although indeed ſhee thinkes this courteſie of his ſomewhat exceeds the priviledge of a Father, and the duety of a Daughter; but meaſuring this by the cruelty of her owne Father, ſhe, poore ſilly ſoule, thinkes her ſelfe in this reſpect now as happy, as heretofore ſhe was miſerable. Only the abſence of her deare husband *Caſtelnovo*, doth both torture and torment her; and the more, for that he is in the field at warres; when, God knoweth, ſhe deſireth and wiſheth he ſhould be at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* lookes from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*, from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her ſelfe to her Lord and Huſband, her other ſelfe, wee muſt not forget, becauſe our Hiſtory will remember, her Mother in law *Fidelia*, which now wee muſt admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theatre hereof: who obſerving her Huſbands immodeſt and unwiſe familiarity demonſtrated to the young Lady *Perina*, her ſonnes Wife, as alſo his alteration in humours and apparell; but chiefely his unaccuſtomed diſtraction and ſighes in his reſt and repoſe; ſhee, more out of vertuous wiſedome, then fooliſh jealouſie, aimes at his vaine luſt towards this young Lady her daughter in law: whereat ſhe both admires with griefe, and wonders with the anxiety of affliction and ſorrow, to ſee her old Huſband, in the winter of his age, ſo ſottiſh and beaſtly to luſt after his owne ſonnes young Wife, to ſee that no reſpect of heaven, no regard of conſcience, nor apprehenſion of damnation and hell, had the grace or power, either to kill theſe laſcivious thoughts in their conception, or to ſtrangle them in their birth, to ſee that hee who was ready to goe to his bed of death, ſhould now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) bee burning with deſire, to goe to that of Luſt and Adultery, and to ſee him ſo devoyd of pitty, as hee muſt needs joyne Inceſt with Adultery, as if one of theſe beaſtly ſinnes alone were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miſerable and his death wretched. And although ſhee have cauſe enough of ſorrow in her ſelfe, yet when ſhee thinkes of her Huſbands age, and Daughters youth, of his luſt, and her chaſtity, and which is more, of the moſt degenerate and unnaturall part of a Father, to ſeeke to pollute and defile his owne Sonnes bed, and conſequently his owne honour: This indeed goes neere her, and this, and onely this makes her looke on him, both with envy and pitty: but her age having taught her to love diſcretion, and to hate and diſdaine jealouſie, ſhe beares this as patiently as ſhe may, till at laſt ſeeking and finding out a fit opportunity, ſhe both with teares in her eyes, and griefe in her ſpeeches, very ſecretly checks him for theſe his inordinate and laſcivious deſires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter in law.

But as it is the nature of ſinne ſo to betray and inveagle our judgements, that wee flatter our ſelves with a falſe conceit, none can perceive it in us; ſo this old lecher her Huſband, thinking that hee had danced in a net, from the jealouſie and ſuſpicion of all the world, in thus affecting his Sonnes wife, hee like a lewd and wretched old varlet, is ſo farre from relliſhing theſe his old wifes ſpeeches and exhortations, or from being reclaymed thereby, as hee diſdaineth both them and her; and from henceforth

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is ſo imperious, and withall bitter to her, as hee never lookes on her with affection, but envy: which nevertheleſſe ſhee (as a modeſt wife, and grave Matrone) holds it a part not onely of her love, but of her duty, by ſweet ſpeeches, and ſoft meanes of perſwaſion, to divert him from this fond and laſcivious humour of his. But obſerve the vanity of his laſciviouſneſſe, and the impiety of his thoughts and reſolutions: for all her prayers and perſwaſions ſerve only rather to ſet, then rebate the edge of his luſt, and rather bring oyle to increaſe, then water to quench the flame of his immodeſt and irregular affection, ſo as ſeeing that ſhe ſtood in the way of obtaining his beaſtly pleaſures, hee, like a prophane and barbarous Huſband, termes her no more his wife, but his *Medea*; and which is worſe, hee, out of the heat both of his luſt and choller, vowes hee will ſoone remove her from this world to another.

And here the divell, ambitious and deſirous of nothing ſo much, as to fill up the empty roomes of his vaſt and infernall kingdome, by miſerable and execrable degrees takes poſſeſſion firſt of his thoughts, then of his heart, and laſtly of his ſoule; ſo as being conſtant in his indignation and choller, and reſolute in this his impious and bloudy revenge, hee meanes to diſpatch and murther her, who for the terme of forty two yeares had beene his moſt loving wife, and faithfull bed-fellow: but withall hee will act it ſo privately, as not having as yet diſcovered his affection to his daughter *Perina*, hee will therefore conceale both from her and all the world the Murther of this his wife *Fidelia*, except only to thoſe graceleſſe and execrable Agents hee meant imploy in this mournfull and bloudy buſineſſe.

To which end (with a helliſh ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, hee having runne over the circumſtances of many violent and tragicall deaths, at laſt reſolves to poyſon her; and deemes none ſo fit to undertake it, as her owne Wayting-gentlewoman *Ierantha*: the which authorized by his former laſcivious dalliance with her, as alſo in favour of five hundred Ducats, that he will give her, hee is confident ſhe will undertake and finiſh; neither doth he faile in his bloudy hopes. For what with the honey of his flattering ſpeeches, and the ſugar of his Gold, ſhe like an infernall Fury, and a very Monſter of her ſex, moſt ingratefully and inhumanely conſents thereunto; ſo as putting poyſon into Whitebroth, which ſome mornings ſhe was accuſtomed to make and give her Lady, it ſpreading into her veines, and exhaling the radicall humour of her life and ſtrength, within eight dayes carries this aged and vertuous Matrone to her grave, and her ſoule to heaven. But her Murtherers ſhall pay deare for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia's* kinſfolkes and friends infinitely lament and bewayle her death; and indeede ſo doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her deſcent and vertues ſhee is infinitely beloved and affected; but all theſe teares of theirs are nothing in compariſon of thoſe of her wicked and execrable Huſband *Caſtelnovo*, who, although hee inwardly rejoyce, yet hee outwardly ſeemes to bee exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as hee hath heretofore acted the part of a Murtherer, and now of an hypocrite; yet, have we but a little patience, and we ſhal ſee that detected, this unmaſked, and both puniſhed.

Whiles this mournefull Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the mediation of the *French King* and *Pope* reconcile the differences, give end to the Warres, and conclude peace betwixt *Spaine* and *Savoy*. So home returnes the *Duke* of *Feria*, to *Millan*; the noble *Duke* of *Savoy*, and the generous *Princes* his Sonnes, to *Turin*; the *Marſhall de Deſdiguieres*, and the *Baron* of *Termes* into *France*; and conſequently home comes our Knight *Caſtelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoyce with his young wife, hee is ſo unfortunate to mourne for the death of his old mother; but God knowes, that neither of them know the leaſt ſparke or ſhadow of her cruell and untimely Murther, and leſſe, the cauſe thereof. Now for his laſcivious and bloudy father, albeit, to caſt a vaile before his thoughts, and his intents and actions, hee publikely mournes for his wifes death, and rejoyceth for his Sonnes returne; yet contrariwiſe hee privately mournes for this, and rejoyceth

ceth for that. But to leave the rememembrance of *Fidelia*, to aſſume that of our *Perina*; I know not whether ſhee grieved more at her Huſbands abſence, or rejoyce at his preſence, ſith her affection to him was ſo tender and fervent, as in her heart and ſoule ſhee eſteemed that as much her hell, as this her heaven upon earth: but theſe joyes of hers are but fires of ſtraw, or flattering Sun-ſhines, which are ſuddenly either waſhed away with a ſhowre, or eclipſed and baniſhed by a Tempeſt: for whiles her hopes flatter her beliefe of her Huſbands continual ſtay and reſidence with her, her Father in laws luſt to her, foreſeeing and conſidering that it was impoſſible to thinke to obtaine her at home, e're her Huſband, his ſon, were againe imployed and ſent abroad, makes all his thoughts aime, and care and induſtry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former murther of his wife, or grace influence to renounce the future defiling and diſhonouring of his Daughter in law.

But hee is as conſtant in his luſt to her, as reſolute in his diſpatching and ſending away of him; onely hee muſt finde out ſome pregnant, vertuous, and honourble pretext and colour for the effecting of his deſigne and reſolution, becauſe he well knowes his Sonne *Caſtelnovo* is as wiſe and generous in him ſelfe, as amorous of his beautifull young Lady *Perina*: but his luſt, which is the cauſe of his reſolution, or rather his vanity, which is the authour of his luſt, at one time ſuggeſts him theſe two ſeverall imployments for his Sonne: either to ſend him into *France* with the *Prince Major*, who was lately contracted, and ſhortly to eſpouſe *Madame Chriſtiene* the *Kings*, ſecond Siſter; or elſe under the inſinuation of ſome great Penſions and offices that were ſhortly to bee diſpoſed of in *Malta*, againe to ſend him backe thither: and his harping on theſe two ſtrings, was the onely muſicke and melody which he now gave his Sonne; who after hee had a moneth or two at moſt, recreated himſelfe in the ſweet company of his deare and ſweet wife *Perina*, hee leaſt of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his abſence againe gives way, and conſents to his deſires of his departure: onely the choyce of theſe two different imployments is yet queſtionable and unreſolved of 'twixt the father and the ſonne. For as the ſonnes curioſity deſireth to ſee the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not ſeene; ſo his fathers luſt and malice is to have him returne honourably to *Malta*, from whence he hath formerly received his honour of Knighthood, and there to obtaine a Penſion during the terme of his life. The ſonne imbraceth the pleaſures of the journey of *France*, before the profit and honour of the Voyage of *Malta*. But the father ayming at other ends, preferres this of *Malta* before that of *France*; ſo as time working an impreſſion in his thoughts, and his fathers deſire a kinde of naturall command in his wil, and of filial obedience in his reſolution, he at laſt reſolves on *Malta*. But as neither of theſe two enterpriſes of young *Caſtelnovo* is pleaſing, but diſtaſtfull to his young and faire Lady *Perina*; So if her affliction and miſery be ſuch, as of the two her huſband muſt needes attempt and proſecute one, then ſith he may goe into *France* by land, and cannot to *Malta*, but by ſea, ſhee at laſt, with an inforced willingneſſe (ſympathizing with his firſt inclination) likewiſe deſireth that the object of his journey, and the period of his Voyage bee *France*, and not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to ſtand at the ſpeed and fidelity of a Poſt, then at the inconſtancie of the windes, and the mercy of the ſeas. So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her huſband *Caſtelnovo* confidently promiſing his ſpeedy returne, ſhe conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca* in her Coach, they there, with many reciprocall kiſſes, ſighes and teares, take leave each of other; he imbarking himſelfe upon a *French* Galley, bound from *Marſelles* to *Malta*, (which ſtopt there accidentally) and ſhe committig him to the auſpicious favour of the wind and ſea, very ſorrowfully returnes for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the ſonne ſloating and wafting on the ſeas, let us againe returne to his unnaturall and beaſtly father, who ſeeing his wife gone to heaven, and his ſon to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to ſucceed according to his laſcivious deſires, doth now aſſure himſelfe, that either by faire or foule meanes he will reape his pleaſure of his beautifull

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daughter in law *Perina*. To which end he gives her the ſole governement and ſuperintendance of his houſe, with intent and hope the ſooner to governe, and ſurer to command her: & ſo forgetting modeſty, & his luſt giving a law to his conſcience, fifteen daies are ſcarce paſt, till finding her in her chamber playing on her Lute, he after ſome pauſes, coughes, and kiſſes, bewrayes and vomiteth her forth his fervent affection and deſire.

But for mine owne part, I highly diſdaine to pollute and vilifie this Hiſtory with the obſcene and laſcivious ſpeeches, wherewith this old lecher *Caſtelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his daughter in law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Readers knowledge; of my modeſt pen, as of their chaſt eares, onely judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beaſtlineſſe and unexpectedneſſe thereof, firſt made *Perina* extremely bluſh for ſhame and choller, and then immediately againe looke pale with griefe and diſdaine, when not able to brooke, or hearken to his lewd ſpeeches, much leſſe, his hatefull preſence, ſhe, in the defence and preſervation of her chaſtity, which ſhe preferred before her life, giving him a ſharpe anſwer, and a bitter deniall, and grieving to ſee a father ſo graceleſſe and impious, to ſeek to defile his own ſons bed in her diſhonour, ſhee throwes away her Lute; and ſo very haſtily and chollerickly abandoneth his preſence, and her owne chamber. At whch he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at laſt, ſin & the divell raigning in him, makes that he will not take this her firſt repulſe for his laſt anſwer and denyall: but reſolute to perſevere in his lubricitie, hee in every walke, garden and roome, frequents and haunts her as her ghoſt, as thinking to obtaine that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his perſwaſion; but this his impudency ſhall not prevaile.

Now as his ſinfull motion infinitely grieved her, ſo his perſeverance and importunacie therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appeaſe this ſtorme, to quench the fire of his luſt, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her griefe, ſhe knowes not. For alas, alas, ſhee is ſo unhappy, as her owne father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at St. *Iohn de Mauriene*, her ſweet and deare huſband in *Malta*, and her mother in law, the Lady *Fidelia* in heaven; ſo as ſhee hath no intimate nor ſecret familiars, nor any boſome friend to reveale theſe her ſorrowes and afflictions. Once ſhee thought to ſteale away from *Nice*, ſo to paſſe the Mountaines, and to flye backe to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*: but againe conſidering the diſhonour, and withall, the danger to undertake this journey, as alſo the cold reception and entertainement ſhee ſhould there finde of her owne hard hearted father, who would rather deride then pitty her afflictions: ſhee altereth this her reſolution, and ſo reſolves a little longer to ſtay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her father in law *Caſtelnovo's* judgement, and reforme the errours of his laſcivious thoughts and deſires. And ſo for her part, hating the father as much as ſhe loved the ſonne her huſband, he could not bee more prodigall of his lewd ſpeeches, and tentations to her, then ſhee was of her ſighes and teares to underſtand and repell them. A thouſand times ſhee wiſheth her ſelfe in *Malta*, with the Knight her huſband, or he in *Nice* with her: and could her body ſo ſoone have flowne or ſailed thither as her thoughts, hee had long ſince injoyed the happineſſe of her preſence, and ſhe the felicity of his fathers abſence. But ſith ſhee is too miſerable to be ſo fortunate, ſhe hath yet this conſolation left her to ſweeten the bitterneſſe of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her againſt her deſpaire, that her Letter may procure his ſpeedy returne from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon reſolving, although the occaſion and grounds thereof were as ſtrange as ſhamefull, ſhe ſecretly ſteales to her chamber, and locking her doore to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with teares then Ink, writes him theſe few lines:

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

ALthough mine eyes and heart can better weepe and ſigh for mine afflictions, then my pen depaint them, yet I ſhould infinitly wrong thee in my ſelfe, and my ſelfe in thee, if I informe

forme thee not by this my Letter (the secret Ambassadour of my heart) that my affection deserves, and mine honour requires thy speedy returne to me; I would unlocke thee this mystery, and make it more obvious & apparant to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine own modesty, and anothers shame commands my pen to silence herein. And againe, my teares so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighes, they my teares, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to inlarge thee. Onely my deare Castelnovo, *if ever thy* Perina *were deare to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deemes her selfe not onely miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till* Nice *be thy* Malta, *Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce me.*

PERINA.

Having written this her Letter, shee findes a confident and intimate friend of her husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who undertakes the safe conveyance, and secret delivery thereof into *Malta* to *Castelnovo*: so giving it him with store of gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as also a paire of gold bracelets for a token to her Knight and husband, hee imbarkes for *Genoua*, so to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Neopolitan* Galley, arrives in short time, to the renowned and famous Ile of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwarke of Christendome, and the curbe and bridle of audacious insulting *Turky*, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, hee effectually and fairely delivers him his Ladies letter, bracelets, and message, who withdrawing himselfe to a window, hath no sooner broken up the seales and read the letter, but hee is at first much perplexed at the unexpected newes therof: hee reades it o're againe and againe, and findes it so obscure, as hee cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at last construing it onely to bee a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: hee loath as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of preferment in that Iland, which now the great Master hath promised him, dispatcheth *Sabia* backe for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emerauld from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina*, as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a letter in answer of hers.

In the *Interim* of *Sabia* his absence to *Malta*, our old lascivious Baron *Castelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in still seeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his adulterous desire, and will, yea, hee is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not onely exceed chastity, but civility, so as shee (poore Lady) can finde no truce, nor obtaine any intermission from these his beastly sollicitations; but resolving still to preserve her honour with her life, her pure chastity shines cleerer in the middest of these his impure temptations, then the Sunne doth, being invironed and incompassed with many obscure clouds: but shee thinkes every houre a yeare, before shee see her Knight *Castelnovo* safely returned from *Malta*, when lo, *Sabia* arriving at *Villafranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and understanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, hee repaires to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Castelnovo's* Ring and Letter, although not himselfe; when tearing off the Seales, she therein findes these words:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

My faire and deare Perina, *the knowledge of thy sighes and teares the more afflict and grieve mee, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: 'tis true, thy affection deserves my returne, and the preservation of thine honour, not onely to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the first to thy grave, and the second to heaven. So, if any one since my departure have falne in love with thy beauty, thou must not finde it strange, much lesse grieve thereat, sith the excellencie thereof hath power, not onely to captivate one but many: yea the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce, then afflict thee, sith whatsoever hee bee, the shame in the end will remaine his, and the glory thine. But deare and sweet Lady, I thinke thine honour is onely the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my returne: whereunto I would willingly*

lingly conſent, but that the dayly expectance of my preferment muſt a little longer detaine me here: onely this is my reſolution, and I pray let it be thy aſſurance, I will diſpatch my affaires here with all poſſible expedition, and ſhall never thinke my ſelfe happy, till I re-imbarke from Malta, *and land at* Nice.

CASTELNOVO.

Having ore-read her Letter, ſhe, the better to diſſemble her ſecret paſſions and griefes, very courteouſly conferres with *Sabia*: of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave; ſhe for meere ſorrow and affliction, throwes herſelfe on her bed, from thence on the floore, to ſee her hopes deceived of her husbands returne; and now ſhe knowes neither what to ſay or doe in this her miſery and perplexity: for ſhe ſes that her father in lawes obſtinacy, and conſequently her ſorrow growes from bad to worſe, that hee is ſo farre from reclayming, as he is reſolute in his laſcivious and beaſtly ſolicitations: So that ſeeing his faire ſpeeches and entreaties cannot prevaile with her, he exchangeth his reſolution and former language, and ſo addes threats to his requeſts, and frownes to his ſmiles, as if force ſhould extort and obtaine that, which faire meanes could not, yea, and ſometimes he intermingleth and adminiſtreth her ſuch heart-killing menaces, as ſhe hath now reaſon not onely to doubt of his luſt, but alſo to feare his revenge: which conſidering, ſhee, as well to preſerve her honour, as to provide for the ſafety of her life, will once againe prove the kindneſſe of her owne unkind father *Arconeto*, and ſo determineth to leave *Nice*, and to flye unto *Saint John de Mauriene*: now to aſſiſt her and accompany her in this her ſecret eſcape, ſhee thinkes none ſo fit as *Sabia*, who for her husbands affection, and her owne vertues, willingly conſenteth to her: ſo ſhee preparing her apparell, and he her traine, they in a darke night (when pale faced *Cynthia* inveloped her ſelfe in a multitude of black and obſcure clouds, purpoſely to aſſiſt and favour her in this her laudable & honourable flight) take horſe, and ſo with great expedition paſſe the Mountaines, and recover *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*; where though ſhee bee not truly welcome to her owne father *Arconeto*, yet her honour and her life are truely ſecured from the luſt and revenge of her laſcivious father in law *Caſtelnovo*: nevertheleſſe the cauſe and manner of her eſcape, but chiefly the conſideration of her husbands abſence in the paſſage of this buſineſſe, doth ſtill ſo bitterly afflict her, as ſhe is become pale and ſickely: whereupon ſhee is reſolute, once againe to ſend backe *Sabia* to *Malta* to her knight and husband, with a ſecond letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her firſt could not: and ſo calling for pen and paper, ſhe traceth thereon theſe few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

SIth thou wilt not leave Malta, *to ſee* Nice *for my ſake, I have left* Nice, *to live or rather to dye in* Saint Iohn de Mauriene *for thine: tis true, my affection hath deſired thy returne, which thou haſt not granted me: tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and ſingular intereſt in thee, and thee in him, hath ſought the deſloration of mine honour, which my heart and dutie have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee: if thine had beene ſo faithfull and fervent to my ſelfe, neither ſea nor land had had power to ſeparate us. If any preferment be dearer to thee then my life, ſtay in* Malta: *or if my life bee dearer then it, then returne to* Saint Iohn de Mauriene, *where thou mayeſt finde me, for in* Nice *I will not be found of thee. Hadſt thou not purpoſely miſtaken the cauſe for the pretext in my importunity of thy returne, I would have digeſted it with farre more content, and leſſe affliction: but ſith neither my affection, or honour hath power to effect it, at leaſt let the regard of my life, ſith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer abſent thy ſelfe from me: make therefore haſte to ſee thy* Perina, *if ever thou thinke to ſee her againe; and let her beare this one content to her grave, that ſhe may diſcloſe thee a ſecret, which, but to thy ſelfe, ſhe will conceale from all the world.*

PERINA.

Whiles

Whiles *Sabia* is againe ſpeeding towards *Malta* with *Perina's* ſecond Letter to her husband *Caſtelnovo*, we will a little ſpeak of old *Caſtelnovo* the father, who ſeeing his daughter in law *Perina* fled, and conſequently his hopes with her, he is extreamely perplexed and affliſted hereat: All the houſe and City is ſought for her, and he himſelfe breakes off the locks of her Chamber-doore, where he findes the neſt, but the bird flowne away, her bed, but not herſelfe: ſo as his thoughts doubly torment and aſtoniſh him, firſt to be fruſtrated of his hopes and deſires to injoy her, then, becauſe ſhee will bewray his laſcivious ſuite and affection to her Husband his ſonne, which of all ſides will procure him not onely ſhame, but infamy; yea, now it is, although before he would not, that hee ſees his errour, and vanity, in attempting to make ſhipwracke of her honour and chaſtity, which is the glory, and ſhould bee the *Palladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her againe: And therefore although hee know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeeme it, ſith his attempt and enterpriſe was not onely odious to God, but infamous to men, oppoſite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Beſides, this his luſtfull folly proceeding from himſelfe, looks two wayes, and hath a double reflection, firſt on *Perina* the wife, then on *Caſtelnovo* her husband, and his owne ſonne, who, he is aſſured will be all fire hereat; yea, this crime of his is of ſo high and ſo beaſtly a nature, as hee knowes not what to ſay to him, or how to looke him in the face, when he ſhall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty conſcience tels him will bee ſhortly; neither doth the Calculation or Arithmeticke of his feare deceive him: for by this time is *Saba* againe arrived at *Malta*, where he delivers *Caſtelnovo* his wifes ſecond Letter; the which doth ſo nettle and ſting his heart to the quicke, at the bitter and unexpected newes it relates, as he eſteemes himſelfe no longer himſelfe, becauſe hee is not with his deare wife, who is the one halfe, yea the greateſt part of himſelfe. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea, in his fathers houſe ſhould bee ſo impudently laſcivious, to ſeeke to blemiſh his honour, in that of his Ladies, hee making her ſighes and teares his, with all expedition and haſte provides for his departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his feare, or both conducing and concurring in one, makes him inſtantly reſolve to diſpatch and returne *Sabia*, as the harbinger to proclaime his comming: the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his faire wife, and deare Lady *Perina*:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THy ſudden departure from Nice *to* Saint Iohn de Mauriene *doth equally afflict & amaze me: I burne with deſire, to know as well the Author, as the Cauſe thereof, that I may likewiſe know how to right thee, in revenging my ſelfe of him. I have thought it fit to returne* Seignior Sabia *againe to thee, as ſoone as he arrived to me, being ready within two dayes to imbark as timely as himſelfe; ſo that if winde and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee my ſelfe, as ſoone as he ſhall thee this my Letter: and judge whether I ſpeake it from my heart and ſoule, ſith the eſtimation of thy love, and the preſervation of thine honour make me already deeme minutes moneths, and houres yeares, till my preſence be made happy with thine. I come, faire* Perina, *ſweet wife and deere Lady, I come; and if Heaven prove propitious to my moſt religious prayers and deſires hereon earth, our meeting ſhall be ſhortly as ſweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and ſorrowfull.*

CASTELNOVO.

So according to this his Letter, as firſt *Sabia* imbarkes from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him, ſo he likewiſe arrives at *Genoua* the day after he did at *Nice*, from whence poaſting ore the Mountaines, hee arrives at *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, where, at his father in law *Arconetoes* houſe, he findes his deare and ſweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and deſire, expected his arrivall (as having the night before

fore received his second and last Letter by *Sabia*, which advertised her thereof) so like true and faithfull Turtle Doves, esteeming each others presence their most soveraigne felicitie, they fall to their billing and kisses, to informe themselves how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight *Castelnovo* cannot bee so curious or hasty to inquire, as his Lady *Perina* was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, occasioned by the unnaturall lust and lasciviousnesse of his Father (as wee have formerly understood) the which, with many sighes and teares, shee depaints forth to him in all its circumstances and colours. He is amazed at this strange and unexpected newes, and far the more to thinke that his owne father should (in the winter of his age) attempt or seeke to defile his honour and bed, in the person of this his faire and chast Lady *Perina*: hee wondereth to see so little grace in so many yeares, and that if Nature had not, yet Religion should have had power to banish these lascivious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with out-spred armes he tenderly imbraceth and kisseth her, highly extolling her chastity, and applauding the discreet carriage of her escape: being himselfe resolute to stay in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with her father *Arconeto*, and not to returne to *Nice* to his owne father *Castelnovo*. But hee shall as soone infringe as make this his resolution; for by this time his father understanding of his Sonnes returne from *Malta*, to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* had not fail'd to bewray him his lascivious suit and desire, attempted against her honour, as also grieving at the remembrance of his former folly and future shame, in knowing what a foule scandall both it and his sonnes absence would procure and ingender him, he resolves to confesse his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive and satisfying Letter, to indeavour to reclaime them againe from *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* to *Nice*: when calling for pen and paper, hee writes these few insuing lines, and sends them his Sonne by a Gentleman of his:

CASTELNOVO to his Sonne CASTELNOVO.

I Am as glad of thy arrivall from Malta, *as sorrowfull for thy absence from* Nice: *and sith to deny is to redouble our errours and imperfections, I will not go further then my selfe to finde the cause thereof, sith I know that my lascivious and graceless attempt against the honour of thy chast Lady, hath drawne thee to this resolution: but now I write it to my future comfort. as much as I conceived it to my former shame, that Grace hath vanquished Nature, and Religion lust in mee: so as I am at present not onely sorrowfull, but repentant for that crime of mine which I no more remember but with horrour, nor thinke of, but with detestation. My soule hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recontract it both with thy selfe and her; and as I hope hee will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive it mee, being ready to confirme this my reconciliation as well with my tongue as pen. Wherefore sith thou art the sole prop of my age and comfort of my life, make mee not so unfortunate or miserable, to be tax'd with the scandall of my shame, and thy absence; but bring backe thy Lady with thee: for here I professe before Heaven and Earth, that I will henceforth as much honour her for her chastity, as heretofore I lasciviously sought to betray and violate it.*

CASTELNOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the Father prevailes with the Sonne, and his faire and chast Lady; so as their secrecies and discretions husb up this businesse in silence, and within eight dayes they both returne from *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* to *Nice*: where they are courteously welcomed, and respectively received and entertayned of their father, whose contrition for his former folly is outwardly so great, as hee hath teares in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: so as making good the promise of his Letter, he very penitently and sorrowfully implores their pardon and remission; which they instantly grant him with as much willingnesse as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obscured and vanished, as if it had never been; and all things and par-

ties so reconciled, as to common sense nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas, alas, we shall very briefly see the contrary: For old *Castelnovo* the Father, notwithstanding all these religious promises, and sincere shewes of repentance and teares, is so far from being the man he seemes to bee, as although he have made his peace with his Sonne and Daughter, yet, ay mee, I write it with griefe, hee hath not with his conscience, nor his conscience with God: for although he have a chast and religious tongue, yet he still retaineth a lascivious and adulterate heart; yea, hee is so farre from conversion and reformation, as the new sight and review of the Lady *Perina's* fresh and delicate beauty doth revive those sparkes, and refresh those flames of his lust, which seemed to bee raked up in the embers of her absence. And what is this, but to bee a Christian in shew, and a miscreant in effect? to hide a foule soule under a faire face? and to make Religion and Hypocrisie, a fatall and miserable cloke for his villany? But though he dissemble with God, yet we shall see, and hee finde, that God will not dissemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As hee resumes his old suit, and newly burnes in love and lustfull desire, to erect the Trophees of his lascivious and incestuous pleasures upon the ruines of his Daughter in lawes chastity and honour; so hee likewise sees it impossible to thinke to performe, or hope to accomplish it, as long as his sonne her husband lives: and therefore, losing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his own concupiscence and lust, he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the lawes and principles of nature, swaps a bargaine with the Divell to poyson him. To which end, to shew himselfe the monster of men, and the bloudiest president of a most degenerate Father, which this, or many precedent ages ever produced or afforded, he hath againe recourse to his Hellish Agent *Ieruntha*, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to send the Sonne into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equall with her, as in nature, so in (the dissolution thereof) death: A bloudy designe, and mournfull project, which wee shall presently be inforced to see acted upon the Theater of this History.

But *Jerantha* is at first so repentant for the death of the mother, as she will not consent to that of the Sonne. And had she continued in this religious resolution, shee had lived more fortunately, and not died so miserably and shamefully, as wee shall briefely see. For our old Lecher *Castelnovo*, her Master, seeing his Gold could not this second time prevaile with *Ieruntha*, being equally inflamed as well with lust to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Sonne *Castelnovo* her husband, he is so implacable therein, as he promiseth to marry her, if shee will attempt and performe it. So although his first battery fayled, yet his second doth not: For the Devill had made her so ambitious of greatnesse and honour, that of a simple wayting Gentlewoman to become a great Lady, shee consents hereunto; and, which is a thousand pitties to report, within lesse then sixe dayes performes it; when (God knowes) the innocencie of this harmelesse young Gentleman his sonne never dreamt or suspected it.

At the sight of this his sudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for griefe; yea to drowne her selfe in the *Ocean* and deluge of her teares; tearing her haire, and striving to deface the excellencie of her beauty, with a kinde of careless neglect, as if she were resolute not to survive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonstrations of sorrow for the death of her husband, no lesse doth his father *Castelnovo* for that of his sonne; onely their griefes (conformable to their passions) are diametrically different and opposite: for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the sinceritie of her affection; and his hypocriticall and faigned, as derived from the profundity of his malice and revenge towards him. And not to transgresse from the *Decorum* and truth of our History, old *Castelnovo* could not so artificially beare and overvaile his sorrowes for his Sonnes death, but (the premises considered) our young afflicted widdow and Lady vehemently suspecteth hee hath a hand therein; and likewise partly beleeves that *Ieruntha* is likewise accessary and ingaged therein, in respect

shee

ſhe lookes more aloft, and is growne more familiar with her Lord and Maſter than before. And indeed as her ſorrowes increaſe her jealouſie, ſo her jealouſie throwes her into a paſſionate and violent reſolution of Revenge, both againſt him and her, if ſhee can bee futurely aſſured that they had murthered and poyſoned the Knight her husband.

Now to be aſſured hereof, ſhe thus reaſoneth with her ſelfe; that if her Father in Law were the Murtherer of his Sonne her Husband, his malice and hatred to him proceeded from his beaſtly luſt to her ſelfe; and that hee now diſpatched, hee would againe ſhortly revive and renew his old laſcivious ſuit to her: which if he did, ſhe vowes to take a ſharp and cruell Revenge of him, which ſhee will limit with no leſſe than his death. And indeed wee ſhall not goe farre to ſee the event and truth anſwer her ſuſpition. For within a moneth or two after her husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old luſtfull and laſcivious Father doth againe burſt and vomit forth his beaſtly ſollicitations againſt her chaſtitie and honour: which obſerving, ſhee ſomewhat diſdainefully and coyly puts him off, but yet not ſo paſſionately nor chollerickely as before, onely of purpoſe to make him the more eager in his purſuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that ſhee might perpetrate her malice, and act her Revenge on him, and ſo make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his luſt and malice were the cauſe of the ſorrowes of her life. But unfortunate and miſerable Lady, what a bloudy and helliſh enterprize doeſt thou ingage thy ſelfe in, and why hath thy affection ſo blinded thy conſcience and ſoule, to make thy ſelfe the Authour and Actour of ſo mournefull and bloudy a Tragedy? For alas, alas, ſweet *Perina*, I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemne thy cruell malice intended to his Father. For, O griefe! O pitie! where are thy Vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy conſcience, thy ſoule, thy God, thus to give thy ſelfe over to the helliſh tentations of Satan? Thou which heretofore fled'ſt from adulterie, wilt thou now follow murther? or becauſe thy heart would not bee acceſſarie to that, ſhall thy ſoule bee now ſo irreligious and impious, to be guiltie of this? But as her Father in Law is reſolute in his luſt towards her, ſo is ſhee likewiſe in her revenge towards him, and farre the more, in that ſhee perceives *Ierantha's* great belly ſufficiently proclaimes that ſhee hath plaid the Strumpet; and which is worſe, ſhee feares, with her execrable and wretched Father in Law: ſo as now no longer able to ſtop the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, ſhee is ſo graceleſſe and bloudy, as ſhee vowes firſt to diſpatch the Lord and Maſter, then the Wayting-Gentlewoman, as her thoughts and ſoule ſuggeſt her they had done firſt the Mother, then the Sonne: ſo impious are her thoughts, ſo inhumane and bloudy her reſolutions.

Now in the *interim* of this time the old Lecher her Father is againe become impudent and impertunate in his ſuit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former vertues, and indeed from her ſelfe, ſhee, after many requeſts and ſollicitations, verie feignedly ſeemes to yeeld, and ſtrike ſaile to his deſire; but indeed with a bloudy intent to diſpatch him out of this world. So having concluded this ſinfull fatall Match, there wants nothing but the finiſhing and accompliſhing thereof: onely they differ in the manner and circumſtances: the Father is deſirous to goe to the Daughter in Lawes bed, the Daughter to the Father in Lawes; but both conclude that the night, and not the day ſhall give end to this laſcivious and beaſtly buſineſſe; his reaſon is, to avoyd the jealouſie and rage of *Ierantha*, whom now, although ſhee bee neere her time of deliverance, he refuſeth to marrie her; but the Lady *Perina's*, if that ſhe may pollute and ſtaine his owne bed with his bloud, and not hers; but eſpecially, becauſe ſhee may have the fitter meanes to ſtab and murther him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not onely the night, but the houre is appointed betwixt them: which being come, and *Caſtelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and deſire for her arrivall, hee thinking on nothing but his beaſtly pleaſures, nor ſhe, but on her cruell malice and revenge: ſhe

ſoftly enters his chamber, but not in her night, but her day attire, having a *Piſa* Ponyard cloſe in her ſleeve; when having bolted his Chamber doore, becauſe none ſhould divert her from this her bloudy deſigne; ſhee approaching his bed, and hee lifting himſelfe up purpoſely to welcome and kiſſe her, ſhee ſeeing his breſt open and naked, like an incenſed Furie, drawes out her Ponyard, and uttering theſe words: *Thou wretched Whore-maſter and Murtherer, this life of mine owne honour, and the death of my deare Knight and husband, thy ſonne.* And ſo ſtabbing him at the heart with many blowes ſhee kills him ſtarke dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot bloud, without giving him time to ſpeake a word; onely hee fetcht a ſcreeke and a groane or two, as his ſoule tooke her laſt farewell of his body. Which being over-heard of the ſervants of the houſe, they aſcend his chamber, and finde our inhumane *Perina* iſſuing foorth, all gored with the effuſion of his bloud, having the bloudy Ponyard, which was the fatall Inſtrument of this cruell Murther in her hand. They are amazed at this bloudy and mournefull ſpectacle: ſo they ſeize on her, and the report hereof flying thorow the Citie, the Criminall Judges that night cauſe her to bee impriſoned for the fact, which ſhe is reſolved no way to deny, but to acknowledge, as rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Ierantha, at the verie firſt underſtanding hereof, vehemently ſuſpects that her two poyſoning Murthers will now come to light; and ſo, as great as her belly is, ſhee, to provide for her ſafetie, verie ſecretly ſteales away to a deare friends houſe of hers in the Citie, which now from all parts rattleth and reſoundeth of this cruell and unnaturall Murther; yea, it likewiſe paſſeth the *Alpes*, and is ſpeedily bruited and knowne in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, where although her father *Arconeto* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloudy attempt and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhumane revenge, will not as yet permit her conſcience to informe and ſhew her the hainouſneſſe of her cruell and bloudy fact. But God will be more mercifull to her and her ſoule.

Some two dayes after ſhee is arraigned for the ſame, where ſhee freely confeſſeth it, having nothing to alledge for her excuſe, but that ſhee perfectly knew, that her Father in Law *Caſtelnovo* and his Strumpet *Ierantha* had at leaſt poyſoned the Knight her husband, if not likewiſe the Lady *Fidelia* his mother; the which although they had ſome reaſon and ground to ſuſpect, becauſe of *Ierantha's* ſudden flight, yet ſith this could no way diminiſh, or extenuate her Murther of her Father in Law, they condemne our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and ſo re-ſend her to priſon, to prepare her ſelfe to dye. But the advice of ſome, and the friendſhip and compaſſion of others, as pitying her youth and beautie, and commending her chaſtitie and affection to her Knight and Husband, counſell and perſwade her to appeale from the Sentence of the Court of *Nice*, to the Senate of *Chambery* (which is the Soveraigne and Capitall of *Savoy*) whither wee ſhall ſhortly ſee her conducted and brought.

In which meane time let us obſerve the wonderfull juſtice and providence of God ſhewed likewiſe upon this execrable Waiting-gentlewomrn *Ierantha*, for ſo cruelly poyſoning the Lady *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Caſtelnovo* her Sonne; who, although ſearch were everie where made for her, yet ſhee having huſht her ſelfe up privately, albeit her bloudy thoughts and guiltie conſcience for the ſame continually torture and torment her, yet ſhee is ſo impious and graceleſſe, as ſhee no way feares the danger of the Law, and much leſſe the ſevere tempeſt of Gods indignation and revenge, which now notwithſtanding in the middeſt of her ſecuritie will, according to her bloudy deſerts and crimes, ſuddenly ſurpriſe and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord *Caſtelnovo's* Murther, and of the Lady *Perina's* impriſonment, or to ſpeake more properly and truly, of Gods ſacred decree and divine judgement, throwes her into the ſharp and bitter paines of travell for child; with whoſe heart-killing gripes and convulſions, ſhee is ſo miſerably tortured and tormented, as ſhee her ſelfe, her Mid-wife, and all the women neere her, judge and thinke it impoſſible for her to eſcape death: when ſeeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her but as it were the

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very image and anatomy of death, shee begins to looke from sinne to repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and so taking on and assuming a Christian resolution, she will not charge her soule with the concealing of this single Adultery, much lesse of her double Murthers; but very penitently confesseth all, as well it, as them; and so commits her selfe to the unparaleld & mercilesse mercies of her paines and torments, hoping they will speedily send her from this world to a better. But her adultery & murthers are such odious and execrable crimes in Gods sight, as he will free her from these dangers of child-birth, and because worthy, will reserve her for a shamefull and infamous death. So she is safely delivered of a young son, who is more faire then happy, as being the off-spring of lascivious parents, and the issue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence and her owne confession, she, for these her beastly and bloudy crimes is the second day committed to prison, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her ashes throwne into the aire. A just reward and punishment for so hellish and inhumane a Gentlewoman; who though otherwise shee shewed many testimonies and signes of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were so foule and odious to the World, as at her death she was so miserable, as she found not one spectatour, either to weepe for her, or to lament, or condole with her.

And now to shut up this History, let us carry our curiosities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*, and from dead *Ierantha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illustrious Senate, in consideration of her famous chastity, and singular affection to the Knight her husband, as also her noble parentage and tender yeares, they moderate the Sentence of *Nice*, for murthering her Father in law *Castelnovo*, and so instead of hanging, adjudge her there to have her right hand cut off, and her selfe to perpetuall imprisonment in *Nice*; where Gods sacred Iustice for this her bloudy Murther, and the remembrance of her dead husband, and living sorrowes, so sharply torment and afflict her, as shee lived not long in prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing consumption: and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her dayes, being exceedingly lamented of her kinsfolkes, and pittyed of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection beene blinded, and her rage and Revenge too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, shee had lived as happy, as shee died miserable; and have serued for as great a grace and Ornament to her Country, as *Ierantha* and old *Castilnovo* her father in law were a scandall and shame.

Thus we see how Gods revenging justice still maetes with Murther. O that we may read this History with feare, and profit thereby in reformation, that dying to sinne, and living to righteousnesse, wee may peaceably dye in this World, and gloriously live and raigne in that to come,

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE Crying and Execrable ſinne of Murther.

HISTORIE X.

Bertolini *ſeekes* Paulina *in marriage, but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelfe: he prayes her Brother* Brellati, *his deare friend, to ſollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile; whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgraceſull ſpeeches, both againſt her honour, and his reputation: for which* Brellati *challengeth the Field of him, where* Bertolini *kils him, & he flies for the ſame.* Sturio *ſeekes to marry her, but his father will not conſent thereunto, and ſo conveyes him away ſecretly: for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dyes for ſorrow.* Sturio *findes out* Bertolini, *and ſends him a Challenge. and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his requeſt: he afterwards very treacherouſly kils* Sturio *with a Petronell in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this ſecond Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.*

ALbeit that Valour be requiſite in a Gentleman, (and one of his moſt eſſentiall vertues and proper ornaments) yet ſith Charity is the true marke and character of a Chriſtian, we ſhould not raſhly reſolve to hazard the loſſe of our lives for the preſervation of the meere title, and vaine point of our honour, but rather religiouſly endeavour to ſave our ſoules in that of our owne lives, as alſo of thoſe of our Chriſtian brethren: for in duels and ſingle combats, (which though the heate of youth and revenge ſeeme to allow, yet, reaſon will not, and Religion cannot) did we only hazard our bodies, and not our ſoules, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as juſt, as now the hazarding of our ſoules and bodies is odious and diſtaſtefull to heaven, ſith in ſeeking to deface man the creature, we aſſuredly attempt to ſtrike and ſtabbe at the Majeſty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or ſhadow of honour to kill our adverſary, for the preſervation of the vaine point of our honour, what an ignoble ingratitude, & damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewiſe treacherouſly to kill another, of whom he hath formerly received his life? yea as Grace fights againſt this former ſort of fighting, ſo both Grace and Nature impugne and deteſt this ſecond ſort of Murther: A wofull and mournefull preſident whereof, I here preſent in the perſon of a baſe and wretched Gentleman, whoſe irregular affection to a Lady, firſt ſlue her brother in the field; and execrable revenge to her lover, next drew him treacherouſly to Murther him in the ſtreet; and conſequently, to his owne condigne

condigne puniſhment, and ſhamefull death for the ſame. May all ſuch bloudy Murtherers ſtill meet with ſuch ends and may his miſerable and infamous death premoniſh all other Gentlemen, to live and become more charitable, and leſſe bloudy by his example.

THe friendſhip and familiaritie betwixt *Seignior Iohn Battiſta Bertolini*, and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and reſident of the Citie of *Rome*, was (without intermiſſion) ſo intire and intimate, for the ſpace of ſixe whole yeares, which led them from their yeares of fourteene to twenty, as it ſeemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impoſſible for either of them to bee truely merry, if the other were abſent: and ſurely, many were the reaſons which laid the foundation of this friendſhip; for as they were equall in yeares, ſo their ſtatures and complexions reſembled, and their humors and inclinations ſimpathized: likewiſe they were anciant ſchoolefellows, and neere neighbours: for their parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the too Cardinals, *Farneſi* and *Caponius*: of if there were any diſparity in their dignities and worths, it conſiſted onely in this, *Bertolini's* parents were richer then *Brellati's*, but *Brellati* was more Nobly diſcended then *Bertolini*: which notwithſtanding could no way impeach or hinder the progreſſe of their friendſhip, but rather it flouriſhed with the time: ſo as they increaſing in yeares, they likewiſe did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing ſo much in this world, as not onely to imitate, but to ſurpaſſe the friendſhip of *Oreſtes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*: whereof, all who knew them and their parents; yea, all that part and diviſion of *Rome*, tooke deepe and ſingular notice: but to ſhew that they were men, and not Angels, and conſequently ſubject to frailty not inherent to perfection, that earth was not heaven, nor *Rome* the ſhaddow thereof; have wee but a little patience, wee ſhall ſhortly ſee, the thred of this friendſhip cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered and laid levell with the ground: yea, we ſhall ſee time, change with time, friendſhip turned into enmitie, fellowes to foes, love to loathing, courtiſie to crueltie; and in a word, life to death: as obſerve the ſequell of this Hiſtory, and it will briefly informe yee how.

Bertolini ſees that *Brellati* hath a faire and delicate ſiſter, named *Dona Paulina*, ſomewhat younger then himſelfe, and yet not ſo young, but that the clocke of her age hath ſtrucken eighteene; and therefore proclaimed her at leaſt capeable, if not deſirous of marriage: and although hee bee a novice in the Art of love, yet Nature hath made him ſo good a Scholler in the principles and rudiments thereof, as hee ſees her faire, and therefore muſt love her; rich in the excellencie and delicacie of beautie, and therefore is reſolute to love her, and onely her: for gazing on the influence and ſplendour of her piercing eyes, hee cannot behold them without wonder, and then prying and contemplating on the roſeat and lillie tincture of her cheeks, he cannot ſee theſe without admiration, nor refraine from admiring them without affection: but againe, remarking the ſlenderneſſe of her body, and the ſweetneſſe of her vertues, and ſeeing her as gracious as faire, and that her inward perfections added as much luſtre to her exteriour beautie, as this reflicted ornament and decoration to theſe, hee, as young as hee was, vowes himſelfe her ſervant, and withall ſwore, that either ſhee, or his grave, muſt be his wife and Miſtreſſe.

Bertolini thus ſurprized and netled with the beautie of his dearely ſweet, and ſweetly faire, *Paulina*, hee is inforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the brother, thereby to court the ſiſter: ſo hee many times purpoſely forſakes *Brellati* to follow *Paulina*, and delights in nothing ſo much as in her preſence, and (in that regard) in his abſence, not that it was poſſible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in generall tearmes he muſt love *Brellati* for *Paulina's* ſake; and in particular, onely affect her for his owne. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident hee ſhould obtaine her for his wife: ſo hee in faire,

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amorous, and honourable tearmes, as well by his owne ſollicitations, letters, promiſes, and preſents, as by thoſe of his parents, ſeekes her in marriage: yea, and when theſe could not ſuffice, hee, to ſhew himſelfe as true as fervent a Lover, addes ſighs, teares, prayers, and oathes. But all theſe Sollicitours ſerve onely to betray and deceive his hopes: for if *Bertolini* were extreamely deſirous to marrie *Paulina*, ſhe is alſo reſolute not to match him: which diſcords in affection, ſeldome or never make any true harmony in mindes.

His wealth deceiving him, hee hath recourſe to her onely brother, and his beſt and deareſt friend *Brellati*, to whom hee relates the profunditie and fervencie of his affection to his ſiſter *Paulina*, acquaints him with his ſuite, and her denyall; his attempt, and her repulſe therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendſhip and familiaritie, intreats and conjures him to become his Oratour and Advocate towards her, in his behalfe; whoſe ſmiles, hee alledgeth, are his life, and frownes, his death. *Brellati* having his generoſitie and judgement blinded with the reſpect of *Bertolini* his wealth, as alſo of the affection hee bore him; all other conſiderations laid apart, like a better friend to him, than a brother to his ſiſter *Paulina*, promiſeth him his beſt furtherance and aſſiſtance in the proceſſe of this his affection: and ſo with his trueſt Oratorie, beſt Eloquence, and ſweeteſt Perſwaſion, begins to deale effectually with her herein. But as our hopes are ſubject and incident to deceive us, ſo *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come farre too ſhort of theirs: for *Paulina* in abſolute and downe-right termes, prayes her brother to informe and reſolve *Bertolini*, that ſhe hath otherwayes ſetled and ingaged her affection: and therefore prayes him to ſeeke another Miſtreſſe, ſith ſhee hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom ſhe means to live and die. Her brother (for his friends ſake) is extremely ſorrowfull hereat, and prayes his ſiſter to name him her ſervant: ſhee bindes him by oath to ſecreſie. So hee ſwearing, ſhee informes him it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a verie ancient Noble-man of the Citie. Hee tels her, hee is a Gentleman more noble than rich: and ſhee replies, that *Bertolini* is more rich than noble; and therefore ſhee will refuſe him, and marrie *Sturio*. Hee is obſtinate in his requeſts, as ſhee reſolute in her denyall. So having performed the part of a friend for his friend, and commending the nobilitie and vertues of *Sturio*, as much as hee pitied the weakneſſe of his eſtate and wealth, hee leaves his ſiſter to her affection and deſignes: and ſo with an unwilling willingneſſe (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive anſwer; yet performes his promiſe to his ſiſter, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choller at this newes, and begins no longer to looke on his friend *Brellati* with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation: and ſo conſulting with his paſſion, not with his judgement; with rage, and not with reaſon; as immoderate anger ſeldome lookes right, commonly ſquint-eyed; hee in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, verie much neglects and ſlights him, yea and moſt uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if hee were no longer worthy of the bare complement of farewell. Which *Brellati* well obſerves, and in obſerving, remembers, and in remembring, grieves at, ſith *Bertolini* was his moſt intimate and deareſt friend; and in whoſe behalfe, did occaſion preſent, hee was ready, not onely to ſacrifice his beſt ſervice, but his beſt life. Lo here the firſt breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendſhip: but the ſecond is not farre behinde: For in the next company hee meets, which was ſome two dayes after, walking in *Cardinall Farneſi* his Galleries, in preſence of ſome foure or five other Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati's* acquaintance, hee forgot himſelfe ſo much, as ſome demanding for his Conſort *Brellati*, hee chollerickly replyed, that he was a baſe and beggerly Gentleman; and therefore henceforth diſdained his company, and that his ſiſter *Paulina* was a laſcivious and diſſembling ſtrumpet. But although the fire of his choller had fooliſhly banded forth theſe ſpeeches in the aire, yet they fell not to the ground; but ſome of the company then preſent

preſent, that verie night report them to *Brellati*. It is impoſſible for my pen to relate how paſſionately and tenderly hee takes it: yea his affliction and griefe herein is farre the more redoubled, in that (contrarie to his deſires and wiſhes) hee is aſſured his ſiſter *Paulina* is likewiſe acquainted with the vanitie & injuſtice of theſe ſpeeches: the conceit and remembrance whereof make her inraged and ſorrowfull eyes powre forth many rivolets and rivers of teares, upon the Roſes and Lillies of her beautie. But as ſhee is too impatient to relliſh this ſcandalous affront and diſparagement: ſo her brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digeſt it; whereof burning to know the truth, and reſolving, if he found it true, ſharply to revenge it on *Bertolini*, he paſſeth away the night in reſtleſſe and diſtracted ſlumbers: And ſo the verie next morne taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his Fathers houſe, and meeting firſt with him, demands of him for his Sonne *Seignior Iohn Battiſta Bertolini*. His Father informes him, he is in the Garden verie ſolitarily walking, and prayes *Brellati* to goe to him; who needing not many requeſts, entreth, and with his hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him halfe way: when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* bluſhing for ſhame, hee prayes him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, becauſe hee hath ſomething to reveale and impart him in ſecret, which needeth no witneſſes: when *Bertolini* commanding his Servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with theſe diſgraceful ſpeeches, vomited forth two dayes ſince, againſt his honour; as alſo that of his onely deare ſiſter *Paulina*, in *Cardinall Farneſi* his *Palace*, in preſence of *Seignior Aleſſandro Fontani*, *Seignior Rhanutio Pluvinio*, and *Seignior Antonio Voltomari* (which words we have formerly underſtood.)

Bertolini is no way diſmayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion: and ſo loſing his honour in his indiſcretion, or rather burying his diſcretion in his diſhonour; hee with fire in his lookes, and thunder in his ſpeeches, tells *Brellati* that hee confeſſeth theſe ſpeeches his; adding withall, that what his tongue hath affirmed, his ſword ſhall bee ready to make good and juſtifie; whereon they cover: When *Brellati* demanding of him if this were his laſt reſolution, he told him yea. Then (quoth hee) I pray expect mine ſhortly: and ſo without giving each other the good morrow, they part; *Brellati* ſtill leaving *Bertolini* in his Fathers Garden. His Siſter *Paulina* having notice of her Brothers ſpeaking with *Bertolini*, verie curiouſly and carefully awaits his returne; when ruſhing into his Chamber, ſhee, with teares, and ſighes, demands him of the iſſue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether hee were ſo impudent to deliver theſe diſhonourable and baſe ſpeeches both of her ſelfe and him. But her brother, like a true noble *Romane*, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his deſigne and reſolution: and ſo in generall tearmes prayes her, not to afflict her ſelfe at theſe ſpeeches, and that this difference will bee verie ſhortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his owne content. Brother (quoth ſhee) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unſpotted puritie of my reputation, I am ſure that my true Lover *Seignior Paulus Sturio* will, though with the hazard and loſſe of his owne life, had hee but the leaſt notice thereof. Hee ſhall not need, Siſter, quoth hee: for a day or two will reconcile and finiſh this buſineſſe: and ſo for that time he leaves his Siſter *Paulina*, and ſhuts himſelfe up in his chamber; where, not long able to containe himſelfe againſt the inſolencie and baſeneſſe of *Bertolini*, he cals for pen and paper, and more reſpecting his honour then his life, writes him this challenge; the which immediately after dinner he ſends him, by *Seignior Valerio*, a confident Gentleman his follower.

Brellati to Bertolini.

THy ſcandalous reports, like thy ſelfe, are ſo baſe, and I and my Siſter ſo honourably deſcended and bred, as I doubt not, but the diſgrace and diſparagement, which thou haſt unjuſtly offered us, will as juſtly retort and fall on thy ſelfe. And to the end thou mayſt finde, that my Sword

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it purpoſely reſerved to correct and chaſtiſe thy tongue, as thou art a Romane, *and a Gentleman, meet mee ſingle to morrow at five in the morne, without* Port Populi, *in the next field behinde* Cardinall Borromeo's *Palace; and there I will give thee the choyce of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refuſall, to draw reaſon of thee for thoſe wrongs wherewith thou haſt injuriouſly and maliciouſly traduced mee: and to write thee the truth, as I deſire, ſo I can receive no other ſatisfaction but this, whereunto thy malice invites, and my honor obligeth mee.*

BRELLATI.

Valerio performes his part well, and fairely working and ſcrewing himſelfe into *Bertolini's* preſence, very ſecretly delivers him his Maſters challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but conjecturing what it meanes, breakes off the Seales, and at the peruſall thereof, though his cauſe bee unjuſt and diſhonourable; yet in his countenance and ſpeeches, hee ſhewes much conſtancie, fortitude, and reſolution; when conſidering they were to fight ſingle, and that therefore *Valerio* could bee no ſecond, hee deeming his Maſter had concealed this ſecret buſineſſe from him, contents himſelfe to give him onely this anſwer: Tell your Maſter *Seignior Brellati* from mee, that I will not faile to meet him, according to his deſire and appoyntment. And ſo *Valerio* takes his leave, and departs: when finding out his Maſter, hee reports him *Bertolini's* anſwer: whereat hee is ſo farre from being any way appald or daunted as hee infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the meane time, hee is curious in preparing two ſingular good Rapiers and Ponyards of equall length, hilts, and temper. And thus with much impatient patience (as Revenge is an enemy to ſleepe) they not out-ſleepe, but out-watch the night. So the morne and day ſtealing and breaking into their windows, they are no ſooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgions awayting their arrivals by the *Pyramides*, in the place of *Port Populi*, by which of neceſſity they were to paſſe: when, tying up their horſes to the hedges, like reſolute Gentlemen, they throw off their doublets, commanding their Chirurgions not to ſtir from their ſtations; when, diſdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds thus:

Brellati preſenteth the firſt thruſt, and *Bertolini* gives him the firſt wound in his left ſhoulder; whereat hee is inflamed; and ſo returnes *Bertolini* the intereſt of a moſt dangerous one, on his right ſide; but it toucht neither his bowels nor quayſe. They try againe: ſo *Brellati* againe wounds *Bertolini* in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his ſinewes and Arteries, hee is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but deſpight his reſolution and courage, it fals out of his hand; which unlookt for diſaſter doth much perplexe and afflict him. But *Brellati* is too generous and noble, to blemiſh or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adverſaries misfortune: and ſo to cleere his doubts and ſcruples, very valiantly and bravely throwes away his owne Ponyard to the hedge, that they might bee as equall in weapons, as courage. But *Bertolini* will baſely requite this courteſie. They retire and take breath; and ſo traverſing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sunne, they againe joyne: at the firſt cloſe of this ſecond meeting *Brellati* runnes *Bertolini* into the right flanke, when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping backe to put himſelfe upon his defenſive guard and poſture, his foot ſlipping, hee could not prevent falling to the ground; when *Bertolini* following him cloſe, and being eager in his purſuit, and blood-thirſty in his revenge, hee forgetting *Brellati's* former courteſie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nayled him to the ground, and ſo redoubling his thruſt, acted a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and ſoule: when *Brellati's* Chirurgian ſhedding teares on his dead Maſter, and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes up his Chirurgian behinde him, and ſo with all poſſible ſpeede and celerity (the better to avoyd the danger of the law) poaſts o're the fields, and comes

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into *Mount Cavallo* Gate, and so husheth himselfe up privately in a friends house of his neere his fathers.

All *Rome* beginnes to ecchо forth and resound this Murther, and farre the more, because *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were so deare and intimate friends: but as good newes comes alwayes lame, and bad rides poast, so within one houre of *Brellati's* Murther, the newes thereof is brought first to his Father, then to his Sister *Paulina*; whereat hee grieves, and shee stormes, hee sorroweth, and shee weepes and laments, and in a word, the Father would, but cannot, and the Daughter can, but will not bee comforted, at this sad and mournefull Tragedy. Neither must wee forget, but remember *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, who loving *Paulina* a thousand times dearer then his owne life, is no sooner acquainted, but afflicted with this newes of *Brellati* his death, as being his deare friend, and which is more, the onely brother of his dearest and onely Mistresse *Paulina*; so as Lovers and friends being best knowne and discerned in calamities and afflictions, hee repaires to her, condoles with her, and useth his chiefest art and zeale, not onely to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her sorrowes; yea, to proove himselfe a constant friend and a faithfull lover to her, hee proffereth her, not onely his service, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her brothers death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perswasion of *Sturio* is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina's* teares.

But againe to *Bertolini*, who is so farre from contrition and repentance of this his bloudy fact, as like a prophane miscreant, and debaush't and dissolute Gentleman, hee triumphes and glories therein; yea, his impudencie is become so ignorant, and his ignorance so sottish, as hee beganne to enter into a resolution againe to court and seeke *Paulina* for his wife, without respecting or regarding either the publike danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina's* private revenge; for sure her brothers death had throwne her into such violent passions of griefe, and extremities of sorrow, as if his folly had made her so happy, doubtlesse her revenge would have made him more miserable: but God had taught her rage more reason, and her malice and cruelty not so much impiety; yea, it pleased his Divine Majesty not so soone to call him to an accompt, and punish him for this his bloudy fact; but reserving him for a future shame and punishment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumour and alarum of a generall search to bee made that night for his apprehension, hee very subtilly, in a *Capuchins* habit, passeth *Saint Iohn de Laterans* Gate, and there having Poast-horses laid for him, hee as swift as the winde gallops away for *Naples*, and imbarking himselfe for *Sicilie*, passeth the *Pharre* of *Messina*, lands at that City, and so rides up for *Palermo* where hee thinkes himselfe safe.

But having not made his peace with God, where ever he flie, God wil in due time find him out, when he least dreames thereof. But although the power and influence of time bee so predominate to deface the actions and accidents of time; yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her teares, nor will shee administer any consolation to her sorrowes for her brothers death: And if ever, now it is that *Sturio* resembling himselfe, beginnes to make her sorrowes his: for having deepely rooted and settled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally ingraven her beauty and picture in the very centre of his heart and thoughts, hee beginnes to make his private affection to her publike, and so having already wonne her heart from her selfe, hee now endeavoureth to winne her from her friends, and then to marry her. But old *Seignior Sturio* his father, is no sooner advertised of *Brellati* his death, of *Bertolini's* flight, and of his sonnes affection and intent to take *Paulina* to wife, but disdaining hee should match so low, and withall so poore, as also fearing that this might likewise ingage his sonne in some quarrell betwixt him and *Bertolini*, hee resolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, in some retired or obscure place, from whence hee should not returne, till his absence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and Revenge to *Bertolini*:

tolini: to which end, three weekes are ſcarce paſt, but taking his ſonne with him in his Coach, under colour to take the ayre in the fields of *Rome*, beyond *Saint Pauls* Church, hee having given the Coach-man his leſſon, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Ruffians* with him, they diſpoſe or rather inforce the humour of his ſonne *Sturio* to patience, as deſpight himſelfe, they carry him to *Naples*, where a *Brigantine* being purpoſely prepared, hee ſhippeth over his ſonne for the Iland of *Capri*, or *Caprea* (where long ſince, *Sejanus* his ambition cauſed *Tiberius* to ſojourne; whiles hee played the petty King, and domineered as Emperour at *Rome* in his abſence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of *Seignior Alphonſus Driſſa*, Captain of that Iland; with requeſt and charge not to permit him to returne, for the maine, for the terme of one whole yeare, without his expreſſe order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to Judge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his ſweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the newes of this their ſudden and unexpected ſeparation: yea, their ſighes and teares are ſo infinite for this their diſaſter, as all the words of the world are not capable to expreſſe them. As for *Paulina*, ſhee had ſo long and ſo bitterly wept for her brothers death, as it was a meere cruelty of ſorrow, to inforce her to play any farther part in ſorrow, for the departure and captivitie of her Lover *Sturio*: but her afflictions falling in, each on the necke of other (in imitation of the waves of the ſea, occaſioned by the breath and blaſt of *Boreas*) threaten her not onely with preſent ſickneſſe, but with approaching death. Againe ſhe underſtands of *Bertolini's* ſafety and proſperity in *Cicilia*, where hee triumphs in his victory, for killing her brother *Brellati*; and like a baſe Gentleman, continually erects his Trophes of detraction upon the ruines and tombe of her honour: and theſe conſiderations (like reſerved afflictions) againe newly afflict and torment her: ſo as having loſt her jewell and her joy, her brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, ſhee beginnes to be extreame ſicke, weake, and faint; yea, the Roſes of her cheekes are transformed to Lillies; the relucent luſtre of her eyes, to dimneſſe and obſcurity; and to uſe but a word, not onely her heart, but her tongue beginnes to faile, and to ſtrike ſaile to immoderate ſorrow and diſconſolation. Her parents and friends grieve hereat, and farre the more, in reſpect they know not how to remedy it: and for her ſelfe, if ſhe enjoy any comfort in this life, it is onely in hope that ſhee ſhall ſhortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus whiles ſorrow, vexation and ſickneſſe make haſt to ſpin out the thred and webbe of her life, if her griefes are extreme and inſupportable in *Rome*, no leſſe are thoſe of her Lover *Sturio* in *Caprea*: for it frets him to the heart and gall, to ſee how his father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Miſtris *Paulina's* preſence, the onely content and felicity which this life or earth could afford him; a thouſand times he wiſheth himſelfe with her, and as often kiſſeth her remembrance and *Idea*; and then, as their affections, ſo their malice concurring and ſympathizing, hee againe wiſheth that hee may bee ſo happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the diſgrace of his Lady *Paulina*, and ſhee for the death of her brother *Brellati*, and in that affection and this revenge. hee with much affliction and no comfort, paſſeth away many bitter dayes and torments, in the miſery of this his inforced exile and baniſhment: and although his curioſity, affection, or ſubtilty could never crowne him with the happineſſe or felicity to free himſelfe of his guards and captivity, and ſo to ſteale away from that Iland in ſome Foiſt or Galley for the maine; yet underſtanding that two dayes after there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vetcha*, hee, to teſtifie his affection, conſtancie, and torments to his deare and faire *Paulina*, takes occaſion to write her a Letter to *Rome*, the which, that it might come the ſafer to her owne hands, he incloſeth in another, to an intimate deare friend of his. The tenour of his Letter was thus:

STVRIO to PAVLINA.

I Know not whether I more grieve at my absence from thee, then at the manner thereof; yet sure I am, that both conjoyn'd, make me in this Iland of Caprea *feele the torments, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell. It was my purpose to condole with thee for the untimely death of thy Brother; it is now not onely my resolution, but my practice, to mourne with my selfe for thy banishment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my sorrowes have most need of consolation, then againe that consolation findes most cause of sorrow: for thinking of* Bertolini, *me thinkes I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue, and thy Brother* Brellati *his true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happinesse to revenge either, and which is worse, not bee permitted to know where hee is, that I may revenge them: but I wish I were onely incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditionally thou wert exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof, which now I can finde no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O that I have often envyed* Leanders *happinesse! And if Love could make impossibilities possible, the* Mediterranean Sea *should long since have beene my* Hellespont, *my Body my Barke, my armes my oares, to have wafted me from my* Abidos, *to thy* Sestos, *from my* Caprea, *to thy* Rome, *to thee sweet* Paulina, *my onely faire and deare* Hero. *And although the constancie and fervencie of my love to thee, suggest me many inventions to escape the misery of my exile, yet the* Argus *eyes of my Fathers malice, in that of my Guardians jealousie, cannot bee inchanted or lulled asleepe with the melody of so unfortunate a* Mercury *as my selfe: but time shall shortly all and finish that which impatience cannot, till when, deare and sweet* Paulina, *retaine me in thy thoughts, as I doe thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weekes will make us as happy, as we are now miserable.*

STVRIO.

Paulina, in the middest of her sorrowes and sickenesse, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend *Sturio*, and although shee rejoyce to heare of his health and wel-fare in *Caprea*, yet she is more glad, that the extremity of her sickenesse and weaknesse informe her, shee shall shortly dye in *Rome*: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of griefe and discontents, shee in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time halfe way in her progresse and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her deare *Sturio*, who wrote her this kinde Letter, she will not be so unkinde, but will kisse it for his sake that sent it her; and peradventure if she had been so happy, that he might have beene the bearer and deliverer thereof himselfe, or that he had borne and delivered himselfe to her in stead of his Letter, hee might then have given some comfort to her sorrowes, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions, whereas now seeing him exiled, and mewed up in *Caprea*, without any apparance of returne, shee sees shee hath more reason to flye to her old despaire, then to any new hope; and so wisheth the desired houre were at last come, wherein shee might give her last farewell to this world: but againe perusing and over-reading his Letter, shee findes it full fraught with love and affection towards her; and therefore disdayning to proove ingratefull to any, especially to *Sturio*, who is so kinde and courteous to her, calls for pen and paper, and by his owne conveyance returnes him this Answer:

PAVLINA to STVRIO.

I Cannot rightly define whether the receipt of thy Letter made me more glad, or the contents sorrowfull: for as I infinitely rejoyced to understand thou wert living, so I extremely grieved to heare there was no certainty of thy releasement and returne. Whether or no Caprea *be thy Purgatory,*

Purgatory, I know not, but ſure I am, Rome *is my Hell, ſith I cannot bee there with thee, nor thou here with mee: and as I lamented with ſighs, I could not dye with my Brother, ſo I grieve with teares, that I cannot live with thee: but why write I of living, when his mournefull Tragedy, and thy diſaſtrous exile hath made me more ready to dye then liue, or rather not fit to live, but dye? for deſpayring of thy returne, how can I hope for comfort, ſith it onely liued in thy preſence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for* Bertolini's *folly to mee, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword puniſh him not, Gods juſt revenge will, and wiſhing this as a woman, as a Chriſtian, I pardon and forgive him; and ſo I pray doe thou for my ſake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers. Could prayers or wiſhes have effected thy returne to mee, my teares had long ſince been thy* Helleſpont *and* Mediterranean Sea, *and my ſighes had fill'd the Sayles of thy deſires and reſolutions, to have paſt* Oſtia, *floated up* Tiber, *and landed at* Rippa *to mee. But alas, alas! here in remembring* Hero's *felicity and joy, I cannot forget my ſorrowes and afflictions: for as* Leander *liv'd in her armes, ſo I cannot bee ſo fortunate, either to live or dye in my* Sturio's; *and if now, as a skilfull* Mercury, *thou couldſt inveagle the eyes both of thy Fathers malice, and guardians jealouſie, yet that happineſſe would come too late, and out of ſeaſon for mee: for before thou ſhalt have plotted thy flight and eſcape from* Caprea *to* Rome, *I ſhall have acted and finiſhed mine from* Rome *to Heaven. I would ſend thee more lines, but that my weake hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though the will, any longer to retaine my pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my deare* Sturio, *let this bee our laſt and beſt conſolation; as theſe joyes are temporary and tranſitory, ſo thoſe will bee permanent and eternall.*

PAVLINA.

This Letter of *Paulina* to *Sturio* meets with a ſpeedy paſſage from *Rome* to *Caprea*, who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breakes up the ſeales thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, underſtanding of her ſickeneſſe and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weepes at his owne misfortune, in her diſcontent and diſaſter; yea, hee paſſionately and ſorrowfully bewayles his Fathers cruelty, in thus baniſhing him from her ſight and preſence, from the contemplation of whoſe beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Deſtinies cannot baniſh him. But alas unfortunate *Sturio*! the newes of thy *Paulina's* ſickeneſſe is but the Prologue to the inſuing ſorrowes and afflictions that are ready to befall and ſurpriſe thee: for the newes of her death ſhall ſhortly follow her Letter; and if that drew teares from thine eyes, this ſhall drowne thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Teares: neither ſhall he ſtay long to feele the miſerable impetuoſity of this mournefull Storme. For ſcarce twenty dayes are paſt, after the writing of her Letter to *Sturio*, but *Paulina* languiſhing with griefe, deſpaire, ſorrow and ſickeneſſe, as a female Love-Martyr, takes her laſt leave and farewell of this world in *Rome*; it being not in the power or affection of her parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her laſt due and tribute unto Nature, ſith we all have our lives lent, not given us; and therefore as we receive, ſo muſt we repay them to our Creatour and Redeemer, of whom we have firſt received them.

Old *Sturio* is as glad in *Rome* for the death of *Paulina*, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to bee as happy and joyfull in his Sonnes preſence, as hee hath formerly made himſelfe ſorrowfull in occaſioning his abſence: whereupon, with all expedition, hee diſpatcheth a Servant of his to *Caprea*, with a Letter, to ſignifie his Son thereof, and conſequently, to recall him. This newes of *Paulina's* Death infinitely afflicts and torments our *Sturio*; for ſhee being the Queene of his affections, and the ſoveraigne Goddeſſe of his delights and deſires, hee reſembleth himſelfe, and ſo like a true Lover, as hee is, acteth a wonderfull mournefull part of ſorrow for her unwiſhed and unexpected Death: hee is no longer himſelfe; nay, ſuch was his living affection to *Paulina*, and ſuch is his immoderate ſorrow for her death, as hee will not bee himſelfe,

becauſe ſhe is gone, who was the greateſt and chiefeſt part of himſelfe. But as wounds cannot be cured, ere ſearched; ſo paſſion tranſporting his thoughts beyond reaſon, and revenge beyond paſſion, he, for the time preſent, forſakes the effect, to follow the cauſe, and ſo hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini's* killing of her Brother *Brellati*, and this of his Fathers unkind baniſhing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that he may out-live his ſorrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corroſive, he vowes to revenge both. The manner is thus: That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*; ſo hee will deceive thoſe of his ſaid Father, in carrying himſelfe from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to find out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him. It is not the point of Honour, much leſſe, Judgement, and leaſt of all, Religion, that precipitates and throwes him on this bloudy, and therefore uncharitable reſolution: but it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his living affection to his dead Miſtris *Paulina*, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all diſſwaſion and oppoſition) finding a Galley of *Naples* bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very ſecretly imbarkes himſelfe in her, and contemning the impetuoſity of the Windes, and the mercyleſſe mercie of the Seas, lands at *Palermo*, where huſhing himſelfe up the firſt night privately in his Inne, and informing himſelfe that *Bertolini* was in that City, he, the next morne, by his Lackey, ſends him this Challenge:

STVRIO to BERTOLINI.

HAving killed my deare Paulina *in the ſcandall of her honour, and the death of her Brother* Brellati, *my afflictions and ſorrowes to ſurvive her, make me contemne mine owne life, to ſeeke thine: to which purpoſe, I have left* Caprea, *to finde* Cicily, *and in it thy ſelfe. Wherefore, as thou art* Bertolini, *faile not to meet me this Evening twixt five and ſixe of the Clocke in the next Meadow, behinde the* Carthuſians Monaſtery; *where my ſelfe, aſſiſted onely with a Chirurgian, and the choyce of two ſingle Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generoſity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth me, to be the onely Gueſts of this bloudy Banquet.*

STVRIO.

Bertolini receives and reades this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not ſo pleaſing to him, as was that of *Brellati*: hee ſees himſelfe and his honour ingaged to fight, and knowes not how to exempt and free himſelfe thereof. For, firſt, hee conſidereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrell is not good, ſith he knew in his ſoule and conſcience, that *Paulina* was as chaſt, as faire, & that he had wronged himſelfe, in ſeeking to wrong and ſcandalize her; then, that hee perfectly underſtood *Sturio* was valiant and generous, yea, and very expert and ſkilfull in handling his Weapons; and withall, that ſingle Combates were variable, and onely conſtant in unconſtancie: ſo that he began not onely to doubt, but feare, that as he had killed *Brellati*, ſo *Sturio* was reſerved to kill him: but againe, conſidering that his birth and bloud was noble, it contrariwiſe ſo incited and animated his courage, and inflamed, and ſet an edge on his Generoſity, as with a kinde of unwilling willingneſſe hee accepts of *Sturio's* Challenge; and ſo bade his Lackey tell his Maſter from him, that hee would not faile to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The Clocke ſtrikes five, and long before ſixe, our two young Gentlemen come ride into the Field; where, giving their Horſes to their Chirurgians, with command not to ſtirre, till their duety and office call them, they both draw; and ſo approach each other: but although this fury of theirs beginne in bloud, yet it ſhall not here end in death. At firſt comming up, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini's* thruſt, and runnes him into the right Flanke, of a deepe wound; at the ſecond, he wounds him againe in the neck, which draws much bloud from him, neither is the third meeting more propitious, or leſſe fatall to him: for *Sturio*, without receiving any touch or ſcarre, gives him

him a third wound 'twixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainteth; when willing to save his life, though with the losse of his honour, he throwes away his Rapier, and with his Hat in hand, begs his life of *Sturio*, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and voweth that he is infinitely sorrowfull and repentant for the scandal, delivered against the honour of his most faire & chast Lady *Paulina*, for the which he craves pardon and remission. *Sturio* is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*: whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdaine then anger; only at first the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina's* deaths, for the present make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making reason give a law to choller, and Religion to Revenge, and considering that he was more then a Man, sith a Christian, as also that the lustre of his bloud and extraction, had distinguished him from the vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble, hee, not as a cruell Tygre, but as a generous Lyon, disdaineth to blemish his reputation and valour, in killing a disarmed man; and so his honour outbraving his valour and revenge, hee as a truely noble Gentleman, gives *Bertolini* his life, as holding himselfe satisfyed, by having righted the honour of his dead Mistresse *Paulina*, in *Bertolini's* confession and contrition. So they sheath up their Swords, and like loving friends, returne together into the City: where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betakes himselfe to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combate, or Duell, is not so secretly carryed betwixt them and their Chirurgians, but all *Palermo* resounds and prattles thereof, and which is more, this newes speedily sayles from *Cicily* to *Naples*, and from thence rides poast to *Rome*, where *Sturio* & *Bertolini* likewise in short space arrive; but first comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, whose Father by this time hath obtained his Pardon for killing of *Brellati*. The Nobility and Gentry of *Rome* speake diversely and differently of our two late return'd Gallants: some, out of reason, highly applaud *Sturio's* fighting with *Bertolini*, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistresse *Paulina*; and then his humanity and curtesie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: others, out of the errours of youth and vanity, taxe and condemne him for not dispatching and killing him: againe, many extoll *Bertolini's* valour in killing *Brellati*, but all taunt and taxe him for his Cowardise, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and which is worse, for disgracefully begging and receiving his life of him. *Bertolini* findes this scandall throwne and retorted on him, to bee very distastefull and dishonourable; in so much as hee cannot relish it, but with discontent, nor digest it, but with extreme indignation and choller: which throwes him so violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as he vowes to make *Sturio* pay deare for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation. Puft up thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdaine, envy and revenge, whereof the least is great and capable enough to ruine both a fortune and a life, he, out of a wretched resolution, (unworthy the generosity of a Gentleman) not onely forgets *Sturio* his singular courtesie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power & pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth, and in that remembrance resolveth to repay him with the ungratefull requitall, and mournefull interest of depriving him of his. O extreme ingratitude! O uncharitable and base resolution! Yea, he is so devoyd of reason, and the purity of his soule and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of bloud, as hee gives way thereto, and resolves thereon; yea, permits it to forsake God, of purpose wilfully to follow the Divell: yea, his thoughts are so surprised and taken up with this execrable and hellish resolution of Murther, as hee thinkes of nothing else but of the meanes and maner how to dispatch *Sturio*; and so to send him in a bloudy winding-sheet, from this life to another. To fight with him againe in the field, hee dares not, to assassinate and murther him in his bed, he cannot, sith he must passe five or sixe severall chambers, ere hee can come at his; and to pistoll him in the open street, though it be lesse difficult,

cult, yet hee findes it moſt dangerous, ſith hee ſees *Sturio* ſtill went better followed and accompanyed then himſelfe, as indeed being more eminent of birth and noble of extraction then himſelfe. But hee ſhall want no invention to accompliſh and bring this his bloudy reſolution to paſſe, for if he faile thereof, the Divell is ſtill at his elbow to prompt and inſtruct him therein; yea, his impiety is growne ſo ſtrong with the Divell, and his faith ſo weake with God, as now having turned over the records of his revenge, hee at laſt reſolves to ſhoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronell, as he paſſeth the ſtreet: and upon the attempt and finiſhing of this helliſh ſtratagem and bloudy Tragedy, the Divell and he ſtrike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof ſhal in the end ſtrangle him, becauſe he was ſo prophane and graceleſſe as he would not ſtrangle the firſt conceit thereof in their births and conceptions.

But leave wee here *Bertolini* ruminating on his intended bloudy crime of Murther, and come wee a little to ſpeake of poore unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of his malice, much leſſe of his ungratefull and bloudy revenge intended againſt him, like a mournful and diſconſolate conſtant Lover, is thinking on nothing ſo much, as on the living beauty and *Idea* of his dead *Paulina*: and although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate ſorrowes, as diſcretion to conceale them; yet their impetuoſity and fervency gives ſuch a predominating law to his reſolutions, as hee cannot refraine from often ſtealing into *Sancta Maria de Rotunda's* Church, where ſhee was buryed, and there ſecretly bedewes her Tombe, and waſhes her Sepulcher with his teares: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither juſtifie, nor can approve. All the care of his father and friends is to ſeeke how to purge his penſiveneſſe, and to wipe off his melancholy ſorrowes and ſorrowfull melancholineſſe: to which end they proffer him great variety of noble and beautifull Ladies in Marriage, hoping that the ſight and preſence of a new beauty would deface the memory and abſence of an old: but their policie proves vain; for *Sturio* will bee as conſtant in his ſorrowes for his ſweet *Paulina's* death, as hee was in his affection to her whiles ſhe lived; and therefore, although their power inforce him to ſee diverſe, yet his will can never bee drawne, or inforced to love any, as having inviolably contracted himſelfe to this definitive reſolution, that ſith he could not be *Paulina's* husband, he will never wed himſelfe to any other wife then his Grave.

And here I beginne to write rather with teares, then inke, when I apprehend and conſider how ſoone our poore and innocent *Sturio* ſhall bee by the bloudy hand of *Bertolini* layd in his unfortunate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*, hadſt thou been more vindictive, and leſſe generous and compaſſionate, thou hadſt prevented thy death by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and expoſed him to the mercie of thy Sword; or if thou hadſt believed this Maxime, that dead men can never offend or hurt, thou needſt not have relyed and truſted upon the falſe promiſes of an incenſed and irreconcileable enemy: but what ſhall I ſay? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini's* infamy, which haſtneth and procureth thy death. O that thou ſhouldeſt bee ſo true a friend to thine enemy, and hee proove ſo deadly an enemy to thee his true friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life, and *Bertolini* in requitall will give *Sturio* his death: but ſuch monſtrous and bloudy ingratitude will never goe unpuniſhed of God; for as it is odious to Earth, ſo it is execrable to Heaven: But I muſt bee ſo unfortunate to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this Hiſtory. A miſery of miſeries, that wee are many times neereſt our ends, when wee thinke our ſelves fartheſt from them; and (not to ruſh into the ſacred and ſecret cloſet of Gods inſcrutable providence) I can finde no other pregnant reaſon thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, wee ſhould bee ſtill prepared and ready for death, e're death for us, and not protracting or procraſtinating the houre thereof; but that whenſoever it ſhall pleaſe God to call us to him, or himſelfe to us, that (like good Chriſtians) death may ſtill finde us alwayes arm'd to meet, never unprovided to incounter it.

But *Bertolini* is ſo obſtinate in his malice, and ſo wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as underſtanding that *Sturio* is accuſtomed to goe to his mornings Maſſe at the *Engliſh Colledge*, hee provides both himſelfe and his Petronell charged with a brace of bullets; or rather the Devill provides both the Bullets, the Petronell, and himſelfe: and ſo, watching the advantage of his houre and time, on a Munday morning, a little after the Cardinalls, *Farneſie* and *Caponius*, were ridden with their traines to the Conſiſtory, putting himſelfe into an unknowne houſe betwixt the ſaid *Engliſh Colledge* and the Palace of *Farneſi*, hee having his Cocke bent, and ſeeing *Sturio* comming in the ſtreete, upon his prauncing *Barbary* Horſe and Foot-cloth, like a graceleſſe and bloudy villaine (having neither the feare of God, nor the ſalvation or damnation of his ſoule before his eyes, nor once imagining that hee ſhootes at the Majeſty of God the Creatour, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets flye at him, and the Divell had made him ſo curious and expert a Marke-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunke of his breſt; with which mortall wounds our innocent *Sturio*, no longer able to ſit his Horſe, tumbles downe dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but onely to breath forth two or three lamentable and deadly groanes. And this was the unfortunate and mournefull end of this noble Gentleman *Sturio*, which I cannot relate without ſighes, nor remember without teares.

This bloudy Tragedy acted on ſo brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extremely amaze, and draw all the Spectatours to lamentation and mourning, and his two ſervants, who walked by his Horſe ſide, are ſo buſie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Maſter, as they forget to reſearch and inquire for his murtherer: but the Aſſiſtants, and ſtanders by, hearing the report of the Peece, and not onely ſeeing the ſmoke in the window and ayre, but this noble Genleman dead in the ſtreet, they aſcend the houſe, finde the Petronell on the Table, but the Shooter fled upon a ſwift Spaniſh Gennet, by the backe doore, they of the houſe affirming with teares, that they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to ſtop or prevent his eſcape.

This Fatall and mournefull newes diſperſed and ſpred o're the City of *Rome*; the Serjeants and Captaines guard are buſie to finde out the Murtherer, who by this time they know to bee *Seignior Bertolini*: but being gallantly mounted, hee ſpeedes away thorow the ſtreets amaine, and is ſo farre from deſpaire, as hee makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran Gate*, and to eſcape this his ſecond danger, as fortunately as hee did his firſt, by flying into the Kingdome of *Naples*: but his hopes ſhall deceive him; for if hee bought *Brellati's* Murther at an eaſie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed that hee ſhall pay deare for this his ſecond of *Sturio*: and lo, here the impetuous ſtorme of Gods juſt revenge and indignation now befalls him, when he leaſt feares or thinkes thereof. The manner thus:

As hee was ſwiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo* (the publike place where the Pope (that *Antichriſt* of *Rome*) burnes the children of God, for the profeſſion of his glorious Goſpell) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the backe-ſide of the *Capitoll*, behold, two Bricke layers building of a houſe upon a Scaffold, two Stories high in the ſtreet, as *Bertolini* paſſed, both the Scaffold and the two Bricke layers fell downe upon him, and his horſe, and ſo beat them both to the ground: but as yet the newes of *Sturio's* Murther was not arrived thither; ſo as danger and feare making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, hee againe riſeth up, and calls for his horſe, which was ſpeedily brought him: ſo leaping into the Saddle, hee ſpurres away, with as much celerity as his Gennet could poſſibly drive under him. But if hee have eſcaped this firſt judgement of God, hee ſhall not the ſecond: for having paſt the *Capitoll* and the *Amphitheater*, his Gennet 'twixt that and the *Lateran*, fell under him, which putting his ſhoulder out of joynt, the Poore afflicted Beaſt could not riſe with his Maſter, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved then the harmeleſſe

Gennet

Gennet hee rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the ſearch would inſtantly follow and ſurpriſe him, hee leaving his horſe, betakes himſelfe to his owne heeles : and ſo with much terrour both of minde and conſcience, hee knowes not whither to goe, or where to hide himſelfe: but at laſt conſidering that the greateſt dangers have neede of the leaſt diſtraction, and moſt diſcretion, hee thinkes to flye on his right hand to *Horta Farneſi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that illuſtrious Family : but then againe fearing to meet with a wooden face, in ſtead of finding an open doore, hee leaves that reſolution, and (as faſt as his legs and feet can beare him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero's* Tower (ſo famous for that Emperours infamy, in ſtanding thereon, when hee delighted to ſee all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruines and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other ſtupendious buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and huſheth up himſelfe, hoping if the day were paſt, to eſcape, and recover ſome ſecret friends houſe by night.

But God is too juſt to let this his cruell fact paſſe unrevenged, and this bloudy Murtherer unpuniſhed : for hee hath ſcarce beene there halfe an houre, but hee is knowne there, found out, and hemm'd in of all ſides by the Captaine's Guard, arm'd with Partiſans and Piſtols. Here *Bertolini* conſidering himſelfe a *Romane* Gentleman, would fayne have made ſome reſiſtance with his Rapier: but ſeeing their numbers to increaſe, and himſelfe alone, as alſo that it would farther augment his crime, and exaſperate his Judges againſt him, hee at their firſt aſſummons delivereth up his Rapier, and yieldes, and rendereth himſelfe into their hands, who preſently convey him to priſon, where hee ſhall have but little time to thinke of his hainous and bloudy Murthers, e're wee ſhall ſee him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges : but in the *Interim* all *Rome* is poſſeſſed and informed hereof.

So the ſecond morne of *Bertolini* his impriſonment, hee is fetcht before his Judges, where at firſt the Devill is ſo ſtrong with him, as hee once thought to have denyed this Murther of *Sturio* : but God proving more mercifull to his ſoule, hee upon his Judges grave and Religious remonſtrances, with many ſighes and teares freely confeſſeth it, humbly beſeeching them to take pittie of his young yeares, and that it was onely the heate of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and ſeduced his ſoule to perpetrate this cruell and impious Murther, and for the which he extremely and bitterly repented himſelfe.

But the arrow of Gods wrath and Revenge is now fully bent againſt *Bertolini*, as his bullets were againſt *Sturio* : ſo as his ſacred Majeſty, cauſing his Judges to reſemble themſelves, they are deafe to his requeſts, and tell him, it is not his youth or his ambition, but the Devill that hath ſeduced and drawn him to performe this bloudy Murther: and ſo for expiation thereof, they, in conſideration he is a *Roman* Gentleman, nobly deſcended, will not hang him, but adjudge his two hands to bee cut off before the houſe where hee ſhot at *Sturio*, and then to be beheaded at the common place of execution, at the foot of *Saint Angelos* bridge, his head to bee ſet upon a pole, over *Saint Iohn de Laterans* gate, and his body to bee throwne into *Tiber* : which the next day was accordingly executed in preſence of many thouſand people of both ſexes, and of all rankes, notwithſtanding the importunate ſollicitations which his father made to *Cardinall Borgheſe* (the *Pope Paulus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary; who was too noble and generous to aſſiſt him in ſo baſe and ignoble a Murther.

And theſe were the lives and deaths of theſe three unfortunate *Roman* Gentlemen, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*, and of that beautifull, chaſte, and ſorrowfull Lady *Paulina*. And here to conclude and ſhut up this their mournefull Hiſtory; I have beene informed that the curious wits of *Rome* made many exquiſite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*, as alſo that *Bertolini* made a religious and moſt Chriſtian ſpeech at his end, of which I muſt confeſſe I was not ſo happy to recover the ſight, or copies of

of either: for if I had, I would not have failed to have inſerted, and placed them at the end of this their Hiſtory, to have ſerved as a grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my proſe with others verſes, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader. But I muſt (juſtly) crave excuſe herein: for my curioſitie ſought them, though my unfortunacie found them not. And becauſe I wholly ayme rather to profite then to pleaſe my Reader, let us forget the ſhadowes, to remember the ſubſtance, and ſo looke from the Mappe, to the Morall of this Hiſtory: that the foule example of *Bertolini's* crime of Murther, and the juſtneſſe of his puniſhment, may make us leſſe bloudy, and more compaſſionate and charitable to our Chriſtian brethren, and conſequently more pious towards God, of whom we all beare the living Image, and true and lively character.

FINIS.

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable ſinne of Murther,

Expreſſed

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories (digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great variety of mournefull and memorable accidents, amorous, Morall, Divine.

Booke III.

Written by *IOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head neere the Mitre Taverne. 1639.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOVRABLE
AND TRVLY WORTHY OF ALL HONOVR
WILLIAM Earle of *PEMBROKE*,
Lord Chamberlaine to his Majeſty, Knight
of the thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of
the Lords of his moſt Honourable Privie Councell.

RIGHT HONOURABLE

IT is not your *Dignities*, but your *Vertues*; not your *Greatneſſe*, but your *Goodneſſe* which firſt conjured my affection, then commanded my reſolution to direct theſe (forraigne) *Tragicall Hiſtories* to your *Honours* protection and patronage; For whiles others (ſayling with the corrupt Tyde and Current of the times) not onely admire, but adore the exteriour parts of men, their *Fortunes*; I, for my part, both honour and reverence their interiour qualities, and ornaments, *Piety*, *Fidelitie*, *Generoſity*, (three daughters of *Heaven*, embleming and perſonating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity*) who tranſ-

ſport and convey our *Memories* as farre as the limits of *Time*, and a degree beyond it, & (on the wings of *Truth*) mount our *Fames* from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Envy* to *Glory*, and from *Mortality* to *Eternity*. Not but that I every way reſpect and honour that bloud which is *Noble*, but that I yet more deerely honour and deeply affect thoſe *Vertues* which have a ſecret, and (as I may juſtly ſay) a ſacred power in them to ennoble *Nobility*, both which tranſcendent *Privileges*, finding hand in hand cheerefully march, and really to ſimpathize in your *Ho.* (ſith upon the reſplendent luſtre of our actions, *Envie* is not capable to inſinuate a blemiſh, nor *Detraction* of power to introduce or inforce a diſparagement) was the ſole prevaling motive of this my *Zeale* and *Ambition*. And when I conſider that the Morality, Ends and puniſhments of theſe foule and crying ſinnes of Murther, which my two former Bookes (of this *Nature*) have already related and divulged to the world, have not only been approved, but applauded of our moſt *Excellent* and *Sacred King*, (as only ayming at Gods glory, & our owne reformation and preſervation) I rather hope then deſpaire, that this *Third* (wherein the juſt revenge of *God*, the Great and Supreame *King* of *Kings*, is no leſſe apparent and conſpicuous) will be accepted and received of your *Ho.* Again, it fights againſt Murther, which not only ſeeks to ſlay *Humanity*, but therein to murther *Religion*, which is the *Life* and *Soule* thereof. It denounceth warre againſt *Nature* and *Grace*, againſt the Divine Ordinances of *Heaven*, and the Coactive and penall Lawes of *Earth*, whereby they are eſtabliſhed and maintained, as being the *Cyment* and *Sinewes*, the *Veines* and *Arteries* of *Monarchies* and *Common-weales*; as alſo againſt the Majeſty

of

of *God*, and the Crownes and Dignities of *Soveraigne Kings* and Princes, his Royall *Depuries* and *Vicegerents* here on earth, ſith thereby hee loſeth ſoules, and theſe ſubjects; yea, ſo generall and ſo prodigious a progreſsion doth this ſcarlet ſinne of premeditated and willfull murther make in the univerſall World, and with ſo bloudy a deluge and inundation, it not onely waſhes, but (as it were) drownes the face of the *Chriſtian*, that wee have now farre truer cauſe to cry out, and juſter reaſon to exclame than did *Quintus Catulus* (ſo many centuries of yeeres ſince) *O with whom, or where ſhall wee live in ſafety, ſith in warres wee kill thoſe who are armed, and in peace who are unarmed?* Yea, your *Honour*, who (with a happy conſtancy, and conſtant happineſſe) is ſtill a profeſſed Champion for *Charity* againſt *Envie*, and a *Tutelary* Protector for *Vertue* againſt *Vice*, (whiles divers great ones of the World make it not onely their practice, but their glory to performe the contrary) will, I hope, runne over theſe mournefull *Hiſtories*, (and the ſeverall accidents they relate) with your eye of pitty, and ſpirit of compaſsion; and therein with a religious joy, and pious inſultation, not onely admire the *Providence*, but applaud and magnifie the *Juſtice* of *God*, in ſo timely cutting off theſe Monſters of *Nature*, and bloudy Butchers of Mankinde, with theſe their condigne puniſhments and deſerved deaths: In which Hope and Confidence, this Booke is no more mine, but your *Honours*, and no leſſe is hee who collected and penned it; and that my Name may futurely oblige mee to make

this preſent promiſe of my penne reall; Whiles many others (in a vertuous emulation) contend to deſerve the *Honour* of your *Favour*, and ſtrive to purchaſe the felicitie of your *Commands*, none ſhall doe it with more Integrity and leſſe Vanity, than

Your Honours truly devoted.

IOHN REYNOLDS.

The Grounds and Contents of theſe Hiſtories.

HISTORIE XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duell*; La Hay *cauſeth* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange; De Sales *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his father* Argentier *will not conſent that hee marry her, ſtifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife*; *Shee turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying he accuſeth her of this bloudy fact, and himſelfe for murthering his father* Argentier: *ſo his dead body is hang'd to the gallowes, then burnt*; La Hay *confeſſeth this murther, and likewiſe that ſhe cauſed* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange: *ſhee hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive*; Michaelle *is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.*

Hiſtory XII.

Albemare *cauſeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *firſt ſought to marry: He cauſeth his man* Valerio *to poyſon* Pedro *in priſon, and by a letter which* Leonardo *ſent him,* Clara *perceives that her husband* Albemare *had hired and cauſed* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her firſt love* Baretano: *which letter ſhee reveales to the Iudge*; *ſo he is hanged, and likewiſe* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for theſe their bloudy crimes.*

Hiſtory XIII.

La Vaſſelay *poyſoneth her wayting-maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her*; *whereupon he lives from her: In revenge whereof, ſhee cauſeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The ſaid* La Villete *ayeere after riding thorow the ſame Wood, his Horſe falls with him, and almoſt kils him; when he confeſſeth the murther of his maſter* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his Wife* La Vaſſela *to be the cauſe thereof: So for theſe their bloudy crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe burnt alive.*

Hiſtory XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Montelione, *with their two Laquayes,* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their father Captaine* Benevente, *which they performe.* Monteleone *and his Laquay* Anſelmo *are drowned,* Fidelia *hangs her ſelfe,* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallowes confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente; Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off*; Cæleſtina *is beheaded and her body burnt.*

Hiſtory XV.

Maurice *like a bloudy villaine, and damnable ſonne, throwes his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well, and drownes her: the ſame hand and arme of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being decrazed of his wits in Priſon, he there confeſſeth this foule and inhumaine murther; for the which he is hanged.*

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable ſinne of Murther,

HISTORIE XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duell*; La Hay *cauſeth* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange; De Sales *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his father* Argentier *will not conſent that hee marry her, ſtifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife*; *Shee turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying he accuſeth her of this bloudy fact, and himſelfe for murthering his father* Argentier: *ſo his dead body is hang'd to the gallowes, then burnt*; La Hay *confeſſeth this murther, and likewiſe that ſhe cauſed* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange: *ſhee hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive*; Michaelle *is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.*

ALthough our perverſe *Nature*, and rebellious thoughts may for a while make us eſteeme Envie to be no *Vice*, and Murder a *Vertue*; yet if we will erect the eyes of our *Faith*, and ſo looke from our ſelves to our ſoules, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we ſhall then aſſuredly finde, that hating our Chriſtian Brother, we hate *Chriſt* who made us Brothers: and murdering him, that wee maliciouſly and preſumptuouſly attempt to recrucifie *Chriſt*, by whom we muſt, without whom we cannot bee ſaved. But if we will turne Atheiſts, and beleeve there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and ſay there is a *God*, but no Heaven, then that uncharitable *Tenent* of Envy may be held lawfull, and this bloudy poſition of Murder, practiſed, becauſe priviledged, elſe not. Wherefore let

let us who are *Chriſtians* reſend this deviliſh doctrine, and doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it firſt came, and to the Devill himſelfe who firſt broached and invented it: ſith we cannot profeſſe it without making our ſelves *Agents*, nor perpetrate it, without becomming his very limbes and members, in regard they will infallibly prove the wofull fore-runners of our miſerie, and the wretched Heralds of our perdition: as the bloudy *Actors* of this inſuing mournefull *Hiſtory* will make good, and inſtance to us in themſelves when the ſevere judgements and puniſhments of God befell them ſo ſuddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewale the enormity of theſe their foule and infernall crimes.

TH*olouſe* (as well for greatneſſe as ſtate, the third city and Court of *Parliament* of *France*) is the place wherein wee ſhall underſtand, there was lately committed and perpetrated, a *tragicall Hiſtory*, which hath many mournefull and bloudy dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we muſt underſtand, that therein lived a Councellour of that famous *Court* (being a rich *Gentleman* well deſcended) tearmed *Monſieur de Argentier*, whoſe wife being deceaſed, left him father onely to one hopefull ſonne, of the age of two and twenty yeeres, tearmed *Monſieur de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the warres (from which martiall Profeſſion it was impoſſible for his old father to divert and withdraw him) hee procured him an *Enſignes* place under *Monſieur de Roquelaure*, whom he ſerved in the *Adriatick* Sea, under the *Noble* and *Generous Venetians*, who then ſtood rather jealous then fearefull of the power and greatneſſe of *Spaine*; but the *Chymera* of that warre (after the terme of three or foure yeares) being vaniſhed and blowne away, and conſequently betwixt thoſe two mighty *Eſtates*, a new *Peace* contracted and concluded, although the old had not beene actually Broken and decelerated) home returnes *Monſieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gaſcogny*, and with him *De Salez* for *Lanquedoc* and *Tholouſe*, where he is received of his father with much content and joy, not that hee was contented to ſee his ſonne profeſſe theſe Military courſes (which onely affords the ſmoake of Honour, and not the ſolidity of profit) but rather that hee exceedingly rejoyced to ſee him returne therefrom; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requeſts will ſolely divert him, yet he is reſolved and aſſured that his Commands both will and ſhall. To which end, (as any humour is ſooneſt ſubject to bee expelled and defaced by its contrary) ſo the old *Councellour*, having as much *Judgement* and *Providence* in his head, as his ſonne hath *Vanity* in his thoughts, and *Raſhneſſe* in his reſolutions, doth both requeſt, and command him to leave the warre for Peace, Armes for Love, the Campe for the City, and his Captaine for a Wife, and ſo no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Hymeneus*; to which effect, he profers him the choice of many rich and faire young *Gentlewomen* of the Countrey to his wife; but eſpecially (and with farre more earneſtneſſe then any other) to an exceeding rich match in the Citie, which was a young *Gentlewoman* tearmed *La Frange*, being the onely childe of *Monſieur de Clugny*, one of the moſt famous and richeſt *Preſidents* of that *Court*, young of yeeres, as being but ſixteene, or ſeventeene, but withall deformed both in favour and body, for ſhee was of a browne and ſoure complexion, and not onely a Dwarfe in ſtature, but alſo exceedingly crooke-back'd, and yet beyond meaſure very amorous, and deſirous of a Husband: onely the endowments of her minde moſt richly recompenced, and made ſatisfaction for the defects of her body, for ſhe had an active and nimble wit, a ſweet and ſugered tongue, a rich *Memory*, and a powerfull and happy *Iudgement*, and was indeed an excellent Dancer, and Singer, and withall a moſt perfect and exquiſite Muſician: But as yet *De Salez* warlike and generous reſolution could not be ſo ſoone made flexible, to embrace the motion of a wife, and ſo returnes his

his deniall in ſtead of his conſent : but his wife old father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his ſonne *De Salez* his proſperity and welfare, becauſe hee apparantly ſaw hee no way regarded, but every way neglected it himſelfe; (his ſonnes exorbitant reſolution notwithſtanding) although he knew that *Madamoyſelle La Frange* had many *noble Suitors*, who ſought her in marriage : yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiaritie with the *Preſident de Clugny*, as alſo that that daughter of his, and this his Sonne were of both parties their onely children. He taking time at advantage, breakes with him about this match : whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight than diſtaſte : for if there were any diſparitie in the dignity of their Offices, hee well knowes, that *Argentiers* blood and wealth did at leaſt equalize, if not exceed his ; or if hee conceited any ſcruple in his thoughts, which impugned or impoſed it, it was onely becauſe *De Salez* was a *Souldier*, and not a *Lawyer*, and conſequently delighted to uſe his Sword before his Pen, and to weare and preferre a Scarlet cloke before a Blacke. But then againe, theſe repugnant and averſe reaſons were as ſoone buried, as borne, and defaced, as conceived and ingraven in him ; when he conſidered that he himſelfe in his adoleſcency was of the ſame humour and inclination, and therefore that *Experience* had made him a *Preſident* to himſelfe, that *Time* was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well borne and well bred ſpirits) the *Precepts* of a father, and the ſweet converſation and counſell of a wife, had power to metamorphoſe the conditions of a young huſband ; whereupon the old fathers often meet and conſult hereon, and ſo being fully agreed on all conditions, they likewiſe appoint a ſolemne meeting for their children, but the effect and iſſue of this their enterview, will not coreſpond and anſwer their deſires.

La Frange (as wee have formerly ſaid) being deformed and crook-backt, was no way agreeable but diſpleaſing to *De Salez*, but hee being a tall, and neat timbred *Gentleman*, of a faire and feminine complexion, ſhee inſtantly moſt tenderly affected, and dearely loved him. In a word, I muſt requeſt the curioſitie of the Reader briefly to bee informed and advertiſed, that as ſhee beheld him with the eyes of *Love* and *Deſire*, ſo did he her with thoſe of *contempt* and *diſdaine*, ſhee building caſtles of content in the aire of her thoughts and hopes, that *Heaven* would make him her huſband ; and hee raſing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth ſhould never make her his wife. Thus though the Parents have already ſhut up the Contract, yet their children ſhall never live to celebrate the *Nuptials*, for wee ſhall ſee diverſity of *tragicall accidents* which are providing, and almoſt ready to oppoſe and impugne it. *Parents* thinke to be the cauſes but *God* will ſtill bee the *Authour* of Marriages: for if his ſacred and divine *Majeſty* make them not firſt in *Heaven*, they ſhall never ſee them ſolemnized nor conſummated on *Earth*.

And here, to make an orderly progreſſion in this *Hiſtory*, the Reader muſt likewiſe underſtand, that of all other of *La Franges* Suitors, none ſought her with ſo much importunity and impatiency, as the *Baron* of *Vaumartin*, whoſe chiefeſt houſe and lands lay betwixt *Aigue-mortes* and *Narbone* (a Nobleman of ſome thirty yeares old, who (like many others of his ſtampe and ranke) had ſpent the greateſt part of his youth and meanes in *Paris*, in laſciviouſly debauſhing and revelling with the *Pariſian* Ladies and Dames : ſo that the vanitie of his pleaſures and expences making his lands fly away peece-meale, and the devaſting and fall of his trees and woods, making the reſt of his Mannors ſhake, an example and preſident for all other debauſhed *Gallants* to obſerve and beware of) hee leaves *Paris* with curſes, and his bitter-ſweet ſinnes with repentance ; and ſo (to repayre his errours, and to redeeme his loſt time, and decayed eſtate) he comes home to *Languedoc*, where hearing in *Tholouſe* of the *Preſident de Clugny's* great wealth which hee muſt ſolely leave to his onely childe and daughter *La Frange*, who was

now

now martiageable, hee reſolves to ſet all his other buſineſſe and deſignes apart, and ſo to lay ſiege and ſeeke her of her father and ſelfe in marriage. Now to take the better direction, and obſervation of this *Hiſtory*, wee muſt likewiſe underſtand that this *Baron* of *Vaumartin* was of a ſwart complexion, a dwarfe of ſtature, and every way as crook-backt as *La Frange*, which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his purſute, hoping indeed (though with as much *Vanitie* as *Ignorance*) that this their corporall reſemblance would the ſooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetique*, or rather his *Iudgement* will deceive him: for it is conformitie of *Humors* and *Inclinations*, and not of faces and bodies, which breedes and inflames a *ſympathy* in affections. But hee is reſolute in his reſearch, and ſo better loving the fathers wealth, than the daughters *Beautie*, hee well aſſiſted and followed (with a traine and equipage worthy of his birth, and her merits) firſt ſeekes the daughter of her father, then her ſelfe of her ſelfe. As for the old *Preſident de Clugny*, hee hath heard of his debauſhed pranks and ryots in *Paris*, and therefore vowes that his wealth gotten with wiſedome, and purchaſed with providence, ſtudy, and care in his *Age*, ſhall never pay for the obſcene pleaſures and vicious prodigalities of his *Youth*: and ſo with many verball complements (reſolving that hee ſhall never triumph in the conqueſt of his daughter) he in generall tearmes puts him off. As for *La Frange* her ſelfe, the ſweetneſſe of *De Salez* complexion and perſonage is ſo deepely imprinted in her heart and thoughts, that it is impoſſible for *Vaumartin* to finde any admittance or entrance; for ſhee ſpeakes of none but *de Salez*, thinkes of none but of *de Salez*, nor wiſheth her ſelfe with any but with *de Salez*. Againe, ſhee wonders at *Vaumartins* ſimplicitie, in ſeeking her for his wife: for if ſhee hate deformitie in her ſelfe, how is it either likely or poſſible that ſhee can love it in her huſband? No, no; though *de Salez* will not love *La Frange* yet *La Frange*, muſt and will love *de Salez*, and none but him; and therefore ſith *de Salez* his ſweet feature is a pearle in her eye, needs muſt *Vaumartin* be an eye-ſore to her; yea, and if modeſty will permit mee to ſpeake or write an immodeſt truth, her heart doth ſo burne and flame in love to *de Salez*, that both day and night ſhee many times with ſighes, ſometimes with teares, wiſheth her ſelfe either impaled in his armes, or he encloyſtred in hers. Now by this time *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertiſment of her affection devoted to none but to *de Salez*, as alſo his ſleighting and diſdaining her: Whereupon encouraged by this, and diſheartened by that, he leaves no coſt, care, or curioſity (either in gifts, dancing, muſicke, or bankets) unattempted, to crowne his wants, rather than his deſires and pleaſures, with this though deformed, yet rich heire *La Frange*: ſo leaving him to his vaine ſuite in courting her, ſpeake wee a little of *de Salez*, that ſith hee will not affect *La Frange*, we may yet obſerve and diſcover which way hee intends to ſhape the courſe of his affections and reſolutions.

For albeit hee had formerly addicted himſelfe and reſolutions to bee a profeſſed Souldier, yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleaſure*, and that to *effeminacy*, a fatall and dangerous *vice*, which in the iniquity of theſe our times, and depraved manners not onely moſt inſenſibly creepes into common Souldiers and Commanders, but alſo into all Armies, and into many *Eſtates* and *Kingdomes*, ſtill to the diſparagment of their glory, and ſometime to the price of their ruine, and perill of their ſubverſion; hee began to let his Colours hang duſtie, and his Pike and Partizan ruſtie by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies, which the old Counſellor his father obſerves with joy, hoping that in the end he ſhall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but theſe hopes of his will proove vaine, and this his joy will ſoone be exchanged into ſorrow, and metamorphoſed into affliction and miſery: for that his *ſonne* is partly reſolved to marry, tis true, but as true it is, that he is fully reſolved never to love, much leſſe to marry *La Frange*.

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Now wee muſt underſtand, that in *Tholouſe* there dwelt a Merchant of Silkes, or as wee in *England* ſay a Silk-man, termed *Monſieur de Soulange*, rather reputed rich of others, than knowne ſo of himſelfe; and yet being an old widdower, to the end the ſooner to get him a new wife, hee puts a good face on his eſtate, and maintaines himſelfe, familie, and houſe, with great pompe and expences, having no ſonne, but three faire daughters, all marriageable; and yet (out of *ambition*, and in *Emulation* of the *Gentry*) ſeverally knowne and ſtiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Meſdamoyſelles de Marſy*, *La Preverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for their pureneſſe and excellency thereof juſtly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngeſt of them *La Hay* was the *Phenix* of all the three: for ſhee was ſo ſweetly faire, and fairely ſweet of complection, as ſhee drew all eyes to doe homage to hers; ſo as it was almoſt impoſſible for any man to looke on her without loving her, or to gaze on her without deſiring her: for her body was ſo ſtraight and ſlender, and the roſes of her cheekes ſo deliciouſly gracing the lillies, and the lillies the roſes, that the greateſt Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himſelfe not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her preſence and company. But in one word, to give theſe three ſiſters their true characters, *de Marſy* and *La Pre-verte* were farre more vertuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were farre fairer than they: for as *Religion* and *Pietie* was their chiefeſt delight and exerciſe, as more deſirous to embeliſh their ſoules than their bodies; ſo wanton pleaſure and vaine laſciviouſneſſe was hers, as rather delighting to pleaſe and adorne her body than her ſoule, they being more vertuous than faire, ſhee more faire than vertuous, different inclinations and reſolutions; theſe as happy and bleſſed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have beene a Preſident, yea a Pilot to have conducted her fame as well to the Temple of *Honour*, as to the harbour of immortall glory, and of glorious immortality, but ſhe vowes ſhe will a prove Preſident to her ſelfe, and her pleaſure ſhall bee a Pilot to her will, although ſhe miſſe the *Temple* of *Honour*, to find out that of beaſtly concupiſcence; and the harbour of immortall glory, to ſuffer ſhipwracke upon the ſhelves of inglorious infamy, and the rocks of infamous perdition.

To this *Monſieur de Soulanges* houſe the beauties of his three daughters, but eſpecially that of *La Hay*, and withall her pleaſing and tractable affabilitie, invites many young *Gentlemen*, and the eminenteſt Citizens, who there paſſe their time in courting and converſing, in dancing, ſinging, and the like, whereunto the Youth of *France* more than any other people of the world are moſt licentiouſly addicted; and as things are beſt diſcerned and diſtinguiſhed by their contraries ſo the vertues of *De Marſy* and *La Preverte* were made more apparant by *La Hayes* vices; and her luſt and whoredomes were more palpably notorious in their chaſtity. O that ſo ſweete a creature ſhould bee ſubject to ſo foule a ſinne, and that Beauty the beſt gift (and as I may ſay the gold) of *Nature*, ſhould bee thus vilified and polluted with the beaſtly pleaſures of carnall concupiſcence and obſcene ſenſualitie! For aye mee, I write it with as much griefe to my ſelfe, as ſhame to her, ſhee was to prodigall of her favours; for ſhee imparted them liberally unto ſome for love, but unto moſt for money, not caring to whom ſhee proſtituted her body, ſo they filled her purſe, thereby to ſupport her pride, and maintaine the exceſſe and vanitie of her bravery; and yet ſhee was ſo ſubtill and cautious therein, that although ſhee were a profeſſed *Courteſan*, ſhee would nevertheleſſe publikely ſeeme a pure and unſpotted *Virgin*; and the better to fortifie her fame, and to make the reputation of her *Chaſtity* paſſe current with the world, ſhee would ſweare all thoſe to conceale her favours, on whomſoever ſhee imparted and beſtowed them: but if this laſcivious ſubtiltie of hers have power to bleare the eyes of the world, how can this her beaſtly ſinne of fornication bee unſeene of God, when the windowes, walls, and

and beames of her chamber, yea her very bed whereon shee hath acted her whoredomes shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be petitioners on earth, that God will require and reward them with vengeance and confusion from heaven.

Now, among the rest of those deboshed Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious service, and sacrificed their fond affections to *La Hays* beauty, in comes our *De Salez* to inroule himselfe one; who, feasting and surfetting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweete complexion, leaves his owne fathers house, to frequent hers; yea his desires are so lustfully inflamed with her beautie, as with his best art and policy hee lyes close siege to her chastity, and with many gifts, requests and oathes, seekes to endeere her to his desires and pleasure: But see the subtillty of this lascivious young *Courtisan*; for knowing *De Salez* deeply in love with her, and to bee the onely childe of his father, and hee one of the richest Councellors of *Tholouse*, shee conceives a plot in her head, to goe a fishing to make him her husband, and so beares her selfe wonderfull modest and coy, casting a cloake and veile of chastitie over her unchast desires and actions, as if shee were now a virgin, yea a Saint to him, though heretofore shee had many times played the Strumpet with others: but her denyall doth rather inflame, than quench the fire of his lust, so as making many assaults to raze downe the defences of her refusall, that hee may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratorie proves vaine; for shee outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of hers makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholie; the true signes and symptomes of a fooliish and fantasticall lover, as in effect wee shall shortly see *De Salez* will prove himselfe: for the colder shee is in affection to him, the hotter is hee in lust with her, forgetting the warres, yea, his discretion, himselfe and all, to crowne his desires in enjoying her: the which shee well observing, beginnes to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairely come to the hooke, and so hopes that if the line of his *folly* and her good *fortune* and *wit* hold, shee will soone make him her husband, and her selfe his wife: For having formerly met with many knaves in others, shee now begins to rest confident either to finde, or make a foole of him, thereby to serve as a veile to over-veile her whoredomes: Hee pleads hard to her for love; shee replies, it is impossible to finde love in lust: Hee vowes hee will die her servant, shee sweares shee will never live his strumpet: Hee protesteth that shee shall share of his estate, shee tells him plainly that shee had rather live a poore *Wife*, than die a rich *Courtesan*: Hee replies, that hee adores her beautie; she answers, that shee knowes no other, but that he only seekes to prophane and defile it. And here, with more facilitie to make him swallow either a Gull, a Gudgin, or both, shee by stealth permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the cherries of her lips, as the roses of her cheekes: and in the Interim like an hypocritall dissembling queane, reads him many lectures on the pureneese of *Chastitie*, and the foulenesse of *Lust*, on the blessednesse of *Marriage*, and the wretched estate of *Fornication*: Prophane and impious giglet, whose speeches are perfumed with *Vertue*, and yet her actions stinke, and are polluted and infected with *Vice*: dissembling *Syrene*, who casts forth bitter sweet inchanting tunes and charmes to please the sense, and yet purposely to poyson the soule; pills of worme-wood candid in sugar, honey to the palate, but gall to the stomack; A fatall rocke whereon many inconsiderate and deboshed young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered shipwracke, a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which containes all varietie of endlesse miseries

and

and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with teares curses, and repentance; A plague sent us from heaven in our age for a just guerdon and recompense of the sinnes and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth and bottomlesse Gulph of misery and calamitie, is our rash and lustfull young *Gallant*, cheerefully entring and steering his course, without either the Starre of hope, or compasse of felicitie and safety, bearing out toppe and top Gallant, yea (as I may say) with all the sayles of his folly bearing; and with the Flagge Ensigne and Pendants of his obscene and lascivious desires, playing and dallying in the Aire of *La Hayes* fatall and infectious beautie; which hath so solely surprised his judgement, captivated his thoughts, and eclipsed his discretion, as in her absence and presence hee extolls as well her *Vertues* as her beautie to the Skies: vowing that shee is so faire a *Nymph*, and so pure a *Virgine*, as shee deserves rather to bee his wife then his Strumpet, or rather not his strumpet but his wife: And so two moneths being past since hee first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtaine her to his lascivious desires; and seeing (dissembling queane as she is) that therein shee bore her selfe infinitely chaste and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remarke any other inclination or testimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are so besotted and intangled in the fetters of her beauty, that hee preferres her sweet feature and complexion, a thousand times before *La Franges*, deformed; and vowes that hee had rather die *La Hayes* slave, than ever live to bee *La Franges* husband: But this folly of his in the end shall cost him deare, and so leade him to another, farre more unnaturall, and as I may justly say, damnable: But wee must proceed orderly in this History, and doe therefore reserve that part till anon.

By this time the slie subtiltie, and seeming chaste behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez* heart, so as shee now hopes confidently, and shortly to play her prise in surprising him, for he is extremely amorous besotted, and as I may say, drunke with the love of her selfe and beauty: so on a Sunday, as shee returned from *Vespres*, repaires to her fathers house to see her, whom hee finds in her chamber alone, waiting and attending him: having purposely dighted her selfe in a rich new Gowne and Petticote, and trimmed and adorned her selfe in her gayest and most curious attire, thereby with more ease and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her beauty being both seconded, and graced by her apparell, she so ravished his heart, and delighted his sences, as hee cannot refraine from kissing her but this hony of her lips, will in the end prove poyson to his heart: And here againe hee layes close siege to her chastity, but still shee gives him the repulse and refusall, as if shee were a *Diana*, and no *Venus*: Hee vowes hee doth affect, and will ever honour her; And shee, that if hee honour her, will still affect him: In the way of *Love*, quoth hee, I am wholly yours; and quoth shee, in that *Honour* I will not bee mine owne but yours: I will quoth hee in all affection both live and die your servant; and replies shee, In all chastity, I will live to die your handmaid: Hee affirmes, hee cannot bee more hers in heart, than hee is; nor I quoth shee, lesse yours in lust, than I am: It is quoth hee my *Love* which makes mee report so much; and quoth shee it is my *Feare* which makes me affirme no lesse: why quoth he, should my love procure your *Feare*? My feare, quoth shee, is wholly ingendred and derived from your lust, but not from your *Love*: I pray expresse your selfe, quoth he; she replies, my blushes may, but my tongue dares not. Quoth he, did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *De Salez*, and not refuse him. Nay quoth shee, did *De Salez* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, hee would not refuse *La Hay*, but accept of her: Why quoth hee, *de Salez* desires none but *La Hay*, Nor quoth shee, *La Hay* any in the world but *de Salez*: Whereupon *de Salez* being provoked

with his owne lust, and animated and encouraged by her sweet speeches, he very joyfully (yet fainly) flattering himselfe with the conquest of her favour and consent, shuts the door, & like a most lascivious & dissolute *Gentleman*, takes her in his arms, & strives to convey her to the bed, resolving there to inrich himselfe with more then kisses, yea, to reap the fruit of his beastly pleasures and obscene and brutish desires; but his hopes shall deceive him: For although *La Hay* be a Courtesan in heart, yet she will not bee so in tongue, especially now, where to get her selfe a rich husband, it behoves her to play her prise in *Chastity*, as if she were as vertuous, as faire, and as chast as lovely; Wherefore exclayming, and storming at this his lascivious attempt and enterprise, levelled at the defloration and shipwracke of her *Honour*, she with a violent power, & an enraged violence, unskrewes her selfe forth his armes, and with a world of hypocriticall sighes and teares, flies to his Ponyard, which hee had throwne on the table, and unsheathing it, vowes that she will bee a second *Lucretia*, and that if she cannot kill him before he have defiled and defloured her, yet that she will assuredly murther her selfe after; because she is fully resolved, that her chastity shal out live her, not she her chastity; A religious and *Honourable* resolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chast and sanctified heart, but alas, nothing lesse; for shee speakes it out of subtiltie, not out of *Vertue*, out of *Policie*, no way out of *Pietie*: *de Selen* by this time having wholly lost his judgement in the sweet & rosea garden of her delicious complexion, vowes that he is now as deeply in love with her chastity, as formerly with her beauty. When seeking to appease her *Choler*, and to pacifie her *Indignation*, as also to give truce to his own thoughts, & content to his desires; he sweares he is so farre from intending her any dishonour, as he is resolved to doe her all the honour of the world: Yea so farre, as if she please, he is ready to accept her for his wife, protesting, that of al the maydens of the world, he is desirous to be husband to none but her selfe, and that the fault shall be hers, if he make not his words deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to heare the pleasing melody of these his sugred speeches, doth thereat presently bury her sighes, and dries up her teares: when throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a most respectful courtesie, and gratefull reverence, shee with extended armes runnes to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that she loves no man in the world but himselfe; and in consenting to be her husband, shee will till death yield, not onely to be his faithfull wife in attending his pleasures, but his observant handmaid, to receive and obey his commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet she knowing that his father *Argintier* was both rich and eminent, and her owne poore and of a farre inferiour ranke, she is so politicke & subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure worke, and to do nothing by halves: so as knowing that words are but wind, & what *de Selen* promiseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow, she intends to catch at opportunities forelocke, and so with a sweet and ingenious insinuation, drawes him to give her a *Diamond* Ring in token of marriage, & she in exchange returnes him a smal gold bracelet, which she wore upon her arme next her heart. And yet againe considering, that his father would very difficultly (or never) bee drawne to consent to this match, shee can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her feare, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance; when not onely feasting, but as it were surfetting him with varietie of kisses, shee bethinkes her selfe of a *Policy*, as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her speech (which shee accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) shee told him she would futurely exceed him in constancy, & now out brave him in affection; when taking pen and paper, she writes him a faire promise, and firme assurance of her self unto him (in the manner of a contract) and to make it the more powerfull and authen-

tical

tically, ſubſcribes her name and ſigne to it, and betwixt ſighes and bluſhing, ſhee delivers it him; no way doubting, but rather aſſuring herſelfe, that he would requite her with the like curteſie and obligation, as indeed the event anſwereth her deſires and wiſhes: For *De Salez* having now no power left him to ſee by his owne eyes, I meane, by thoſe of his judgment, but onely by theſe of his intemperate paſſion, and paſſionate affection, hee is ſo farre from deſcrying (much leſſe from ſuſpecting) her policy, as very ſimply and ſottiſhly he attributes it to the ferveney of her affection, the which hee interprets and entertaines, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and ſo vowing not to dye her debtor for *Courteſie*, he very raſhly, and inconſiderately writes another to the ſame effect, and flyes ſo farre from wit or diſcretion, as to ſhew himſelfe her ſuperiour in affection, as well as in ſex, hee purpoſely cuts his finger, and ſo firmes his name thereunto with his owne bloud, and then with a million of kiſſes delivers it her, vowing that her pleaſure ſhall bee his law in the accompliſhing thereof: onely he prayes her for a time to be ſecret and ſilent herein, for that he feares he ſhall hardly draw his Father to conſent hereunto, the which ſhe very courteouſly grants him: and ſo he triumphing in her beauty, and ſhe in his wealth, he in her youth, and ſhe in his ſimplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they ſhall ſhortly reape the fruites of their matrimoniall deſires and wiſhes; for till then, ſhe ſweares (though with an equivocating reſervation to forſweare herſelfe) ſhe will live a moſt pure and unſpotted Virgin, and that as the leaſt of her affection and courteſie towards him, ſhall be ſmiles, ſo the moſt ſhall be kiſſes.

But this (affection or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himſelfe to *La Hay*, is not ſo ſecretly borne, but as her former unchaſtity was a generall argument of talke to the whole city of *Tholouſe*: ſo now this of her ſubtilty and good fortune, is that of its univerſall prattling and admiration, occaſioned and redoubled by the oppoſite conſiderations of *Argentiers* knowne wealth, and *de Soulanges* ſuppoſed poverty; and againe of *de Salez* ſuppoſed chaſtity, and of *de la Hayes* notoriouſly knowne whoredomes. And as *Fame* is ſtill ſo tatling a goddeſſe, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly ſuppreſſed and ſmothered: ſo by this time contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young lovers, the old Councellor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for newes, and of this unwiſhed for familiarity betwixt his ſonne, and that ſtrumpet *La Hay*, when conſidering the great oppoſition betwixt *de Clugny's* Nobility and wealth and *de Soulanges* meane extraction and poverty; as alſo by a true and uncontroleable *Antitheſis*, comparing the foule and enormous vices of *La Hay* with the ſweet & reſplendant vertues of *La Frange*; he (as much diſdayning that match, as deſiring this for his ſonne, very haſtily ſends for him into the Arbor, where purpoſely attending him, he with lightning in his lookes, and thunder in his ſpeeches, layes before him the ſimplicity, and ſottiſhneſſe of his reſolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a ſtrumpet before a virgin, and a Pedlars brat, before a rich gentlemans onely daughter and heir, ſhewes him the infamy of the firſt, and the glory of laſt match; there his unavoydable miſery, here his aſſured happineſſe; in the firſt his utter ruine and ſhipwracke, and in the laſt, his infallible proſperity and felicity: and ſo intermixing threats with teares, with a paſſionate paternall affection, hee endeavoureth to perſwade him to leave *La Hay*, and to matry *La Frange*; or if not, hee vowes and ſweares wholly to diſinherit him, and from thence-forth never repute or eſteeme him for his ſonne.

But *de Salez* his fooliſh vanity, and vaine affection in himſelfe towards his new contracted Love, *La Hay*, is ſo great, and conſequently his filiall obedience to his father ſo ſmall, as notwithſtanding this his wholeſome adviſe and counſell, he is ſtill reſolute and conſtant to preferre *La Hay* before *La Frange*, the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other, his owne content before his fathers, and *Soulanges* eſtate and birth before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*. but this raſhneſſe, indiſcretion, and ingratitude of his will coſt him deare.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his ſonnes familiarity

with that faire yet lewd Curtezan *La Hay*; no leſſe hath *La Frange*, who poore ſoule is ſo deepely inamoured of *de Salez* as the very firſt newes and conceit, that another ſhould injoy him, and not herſelfe, for very griefe and ſorrow, ſhe ſeemes to drowne her ſelfe in the deluge of her teares. His father is choller icke thereat, ſhe mournefull; he incenſed, ſhe afflicted; he inraged, and ſhe perplexed and tormented: his paſſions and anger proceeds from ſuſpition, that he ſhall ſo ſoone find a daughter in law in *la Hay*, her ſighes and teares from feare, that ſhe ſhall ſo ſoon looſe her Love though not her Lover, his ſonne *de Salez*. Againe the argument of his choller, is *la Hayes* unchaſtity and poverty, and the cauſe of her diſconſolation, *de Salez* his wealth and vertues: likewiſe ſhee ſees that *Argentier* hath no reaſon to hope, that his ſonne will marry herſelfe, ſuch is her deformity, and againe, that he hath all the reaſons of the world, as well to doubt, as feare, that he will wed *La Hay*, ſuch is her beauty: But ſith *de Salez* will beare no more reſpect to his father, nor affection to *la Frange*, leave we therefore his father *Argentiers* paſſions, and *la Franges* perplexities, to be appeaſed and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and giver of time, who out of his all-ſeeing providence and ſacred pleaſure, onely knowes in Heaven, how beſt to diſpoſe and manage the actions of earth, and ſo come we to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like ſo many enteriecting, and intervening poynts, are contained within the circumference of this Hiſtory.

I have ſo long inſiſted on the affections of *de Salez* and *la Hay*, as but to the judicious and temperate Reader it would ſeeme to appeare, that the *Baron* of *Vaumartin*, hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of queſtion, and this queſtion out of doubt, we ſhall ſee him returne too too ſoone, to act a part not ſo religious and honourable, as bloudy, upon the Theatre of this Hiſtory: For by this time both his creditors and his debts are growne ſo clamorous, and his reputation and lands ſo neere forfeited, for want of diſingaging, as to ſecure the one, and to provide for the other, he knowes no other invention nor meanes but to gaine *La Frange* to his wife: when as it were provoked & precipitated on by the neceſſity of this exigent, his thoughts leave heaven to flye to hell, and conſequently fly from *God* to Sathan, to conſult how either by the by, or the maine he may obtaine her; yea, though with the perill and hazzard of his owne life, to cut off theirs, who ſeeke therein to prevent his deſires and deſignes. In which helliſh ratiocination, he as devoyd of *Reaſon*, as that is exempt either of *Grace* or *Piety*, thus reaſoneth with himſelfe: *De Clugny* hates me, for ſeeking to marry his daughter, and that time may remedy for me; but w^ch^ is worſt of all, ſhe loves *De Salez*, and ſeeks and deſires to marry him, and this I muſt remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtaine or enjoy her; and ſo reſolves to make him away: but is as yet irreſolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finiſh ſo execrable a buſineſſe. But this is not onely the voyce of his malice, but the ſentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* muſt dye: wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to beare the name of a man, much leſſe of a *Baron*, but leaſt of all of a *Chriſtian*, in that becauſe *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and ſhe loves him, that therfore thou wilt not love, but hate him; or becauſe ſhee loves him, and not thy ſelfe, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that ſhe may love thee. See, ſee, raſh, and inconſiderate *Nobleman*, how treacherouſly the devill hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgement, & beſotted thy ſenſes, to kill one that loves thee, to kill, I ſay, a *Gentleman* who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wiſdome, that covetouſneſſe muſt redeeme thy former prodigality, *alas*, *alas*, canſt thou yet be ſo cruell to thinke it either lawfull or religious, that future murther ſhould either occaſion or authorize it? But the Deuill hath ſo farre prevailed with his impious reſolutions, that againe he reſolves, *De Salez* muſt die: and yet thou thinkeſt poyſon as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy ſword; ſo had thy laſt reſolution been anſwerable to thy firſt, aſſure thy ſelfe thou hadſt made thy ſelfe more happy, and not ſo miſerable: for as poyſoning was the invention of the Devill, and is practiſed by none but his agents; ſo this diſhonourable point of honour to fight Duels, was never inſtituted by *God*, nor profeſſed by thoſe who really profeſſe his

Goſpell;

Goſpell; yea, it is not onely truely to diſhonour *God*, in ſeeking falſely to preſerve our owne *Honour* and reputation, but we aſſuredly ſtab at the *Maieſtie* of the *Creator*, in ſeeking to deface man his creature; and to uſe but a word, as it is repugnant both to *Nature* and *Grace*, ſo though it begin in the heat of paſſion and pleaſure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but ſtill in true infamy and miſery.

But *Vaumartins* faith being ſo ſtrong with *Satan*, and ſo weake with his *Saviour*, he will not take a law from *Religion* to give to his *Envie*, but rather takes one from his *Envie* to give to his *Religion*; and ſo very prophanely and raſhly by his Lackey *La Roſe*, ſends *De Salez* this Challenge.

VAVMARTIN *to* DE SALEZ.

IF thou ſeeke the cauſe of my malice, thou mayeſt finde it in the Lady La Franges *affection to thee, and hatred to my ſelfe: wherefore hold it not ſtrange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy ſword to meet me to morrow on horſe-backe without Seconds, 'twixt five and ſixe in the morning behinde the* Iacobins *Garden.* Love *and* Valour *thou knoweſt, are never capable of much expoſtulation; as deſirous rather to be tryed in action, than ſeene in words. Could that ſweet* Lady, *(who will not be mine, becauſe thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee leſſe, wee might have proved as true friends, as now our reputations coniure us either to live or dye,* Honorable *enemies.*

VAVMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the *Baron* of *Vaumartins* ſtrange paſſion and reſolution, in ſending it him, eſpecially, ſith hee knowes that the motives and grounds of his malice were ſo unjuſt and frivolous: ſo, how to anſwer him, as yet hee knowes not; for as his Generoſity one way invites him to fight, ſo his diſcretion another way perſwades him from it: But conſidering the poore eſteeme he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection, thinking it folly to fight without cauſe, and to hazard his life without reaſon, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wiſe, yet valiant Gentleman, by his owne Lackey, returnes the *Baron* of *Vaumartin* this anſwer.

DE SALEZ *to* VAVMARTIN.

I Have ſeene many Challenges, *but none of the* Nature *of thine now ſent me: for to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjuſt, falſe, or both: for bring but the eyes of thy Iudgement, and not of thy paſſion, to be Iudge and* Umpier *betwixt us, and thou ſhalt both ſee and finde, that I not onely diſclaime the Lady* La Franges *affection, but her ſelfe; ſith I appertaine to another, and ſhee ſhall never to me. I heere ſhew thee my love through this true proſpective of my heart; & which if it will not ſatisfie thy malice, then know that my weake Valour is neither capable nor deſirous of further expoſtulation then that my* Sword *is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy* Pen *was to ſend mee words: for either ſingle, or with Second, either on foot or horſe-backe, I will ſtill be ready to give reaſon to thoſe who will not reliſh, nor receive any but their owne: and in this reſolution of mine, I know I ſhall either live with* Reputation, *or dye with* Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and peruſed this Letter of refuſall from *De Salez*, hee out of the heat of his paſſion, & height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardiſe, than diſcretion in him; and ſo his courage and revenge the more inſulting and inflam'd thereat, hee bending his browes (as if *Contempt* and *Envie* ſate wreath'd in the furrowes thereof) very ſpeedily againe returnes him his Lackey, with this raſh anſwer:

Vaumartin to De Salez.

THy Anſwer gives mee no ſatisfaction, ſith I know that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, *is to deny the light of the* Sunne *in his brighteſt and hotteſt* Meridian; *neither are the grounds or foundations of my* Challenge *either unjuſt or falſe, as thou in thy falſe Proſpective endeavoureſt to make mee ſee or beleeve: for being ignorant who is thy* Miſtris, *I know thou reſolveſt to make no* Lady *of the world thy wife but* La Frange, *ſo as I cannot rightly define whether thy proceeding with mee bee more ſubtill or malicious, or in what end thou ſhouldeſt attempt the one, or practice the other towards mee, unleſſe out of a premeditated reſolution and purpoſe, thereby to make thy* glory *the more apparent and conſpicuous in my* ſhame: *Wherefore ſith thy friendſhip is falſe to mee, I muſt, nay I will ſee if thy valour will prove true to thy ſelfe, and whether the effects of thy Sword bee as great in ſubſtance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in ſhew, and oſtentation: ſo my* Challenge *is ſtill my Reſolution, and the performance thereof muſt bee mine, except thou reſolve to live with as much Infamy, as the concluſion of thy letter promiſeth thou art ready to dye with* Reputation *and* Honour.

Vaumartin.

De Salez having received and runne over this Letter, and ſeeing that *Vaumartin* was ſtill wilfull and reſolute to fight, thinks that he ſhould degenerate from himſelfe, his Blood, and Profeſſion, if hee did not now accept and anſwer this his Challenge: wherefore calling for *Vaumartins* Lackey, hee rounds him thus in the eare, *Tell thy Maſter, that if I live, I will not faile to breake faſt with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation.* Thus we ſee theſe two inconſiderate *Gentlemen* agreed, their match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting, as if their glory conſiſted in their ſhame, and as if *Nature* had never taught them how to preſerve their lives, nor *Grace*, their ſoules.

So the Morne peeping forth through the windows of *Heaven*, as ſoone as the *Sunne* with his gliſtering beames began to ſalute the woods and mountaines, our two reſolute *Champions* bravely mounted with each his *Chirurgeon*, are in the field at the aſſigned Rendevous; and firſt comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediately *De Salez*, when their *Chirurgeons* performing the dutie and office of Seconds, being ſome hundred paces diſtant, they give ſpurs to their Steeds, and ſo drawing their ſwords, ſwiftly part, like two flaſhes of lightning each towards other. At their firſt meeting, *de Salez* gives *Vaumartin* the firſt hurt in the right ſhoulder, and he *de Salez* another in requitall, in the right ſide of the necke: when being both good *Cavaliers*, (and wel neere as equall in yeeres as courages) they turne ſhort, and then fall to it againe with bravery and reſolution, when againe *Vaumartin* runs *de Salez* through his left arme of a deepe and wide wound, and he onely ſleightly cuts his ſhirt upon his ribbes, giving him onely a raze or ſcar, but as yet both free from any danger of death, ſo they mutually conſent to breath: but their ambitions and courage of both ſides, are ſo exaſperated and inflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will will not ſuffice: ſo they fall to it againe, and in this cloſe *De Salez* his horſe ſtumbles with him

him; whereat *Vaumartin*, (though a dwarfe in ſtature, yet not in Valour and policy) taking the aduantage of this accident, gives him firſt a licke ore his pate, and then runnes him at the ſhort ribbes: but *de Salez* rayning up his horſe, prooued fauourable to him; for by that meanes *Vaumartins* ſword met and glanced on a rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez* ſeeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage, and diſdaining thus to be outbraved and beaten by a *Pigmey*, he lyes home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next cloſe, runnes him thorow the body, of a deepe and mortall wound, a little aboue the navell: whereat his ſword preſently falls out of his hand to the ground, and hee immediately likewiſe from his horſe ſtarke dead, without having the Grace or happineſſe, either to call on, or name *God*. O what pitty, what miſery is it, that a *Chriſtian* ſhould die like a beaſt, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we ſee the Challenger killed, and hee who would have murthered a ſtranger, murthered himſelfe by a ſtranger: a Leſſon to teach others to beware, by the *Tragicall* and mournfull end of this raſh Nobleman. *De Salez* ſeeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiſeth *God* for his victory; and ſo leaving his breathleſſe corps to his ſorrowfull *Chirurgion*, he gallops away to the next Village, where he cauſeth his wounds to be dreſſed, and from thence provides for his ſafety.

All *Thoulouſe* rings and reſounds of this diſaſterous and *Tragical* accident: *De Clugny* is glad, that *De Salez* hath eſcaped death, yet ſorrowfull that *Vaumartin* is killed, in reſpect hee feares hee undertooke this quarrell for his daughter *La Franges* ſake: who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortall, infinitely reioyceth, and triumpheth thereat, flattering her ſelfe (though with this falſe hope) that he affected her farre more dearer than he made ſhew of, or elſe that he would never haue fought with *Vaumartin* for her ſake, nor haue killed him but for his owne. And thus, though humanitie made her grieve for *Vaumartins* death, yet that griefe of hers was as ſuddenly converted into ioy, when ſhe ſaw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom ſhe reſpected and affected more dearer then all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his father *Argentier*, the life of his ſonne likewiſe wiped off the rememberance of *Vaumartins* death, and yet it grieved him inwardly that he to whom he gave life, ſhould give death to another: and farre the more, in that this unfortunate accident muſt now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave *Court of Parliament*, for this murther perpetrated by his ſon, ſith he had formerly ſo often pleaded for juſtice againſt others, for the like crime and offence; But all theſe joyes of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his daughter *La Frange*, are nothing to thoſe of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her deare *De Salez*: leaping as it were for meere content and pleaſure, that ſhee ſhould ſhortly ſee, and inioy him for her husband, and that God hath both reſerved and preſerved him to crowne her with the ſweetneſſe of this deſired felicitie.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the returne of *De Salez*, ſo *Argentier* publikely, and *De Clugny* privately, imploy their chiefeſt power, friends and authoritie, to procure his pardon firſt from the King, then from the *Parliament*, whereof they are two famous members. Which at laſt, (by the meanes and fauour of the *Duke* of *Ventadour*) they obtaine: So this murther of his, is remitted in Earth, but I feare me, will not be forgotten in *Heaven*: for though men be inconſtant in their decrees, yet God will be firme and upright, aſwell in the diſtribution, as execution of his judgements. Men as they are men may erre, but as they are *Chriſtians* they ſhould not; but God (either to pleaſe or diſpleaſe them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no ſooner hath eſcaped this danger, but forgetting his former follies, and his fathers aduiſe and houſe, he againe, in a manner voluntarily impriſoneth himſelfe with his miſtris *La Hay* in hers; whereat as his father ſtormes, ſo *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bit the lip: hoping that this good office in procuring him his pardon, would more ſtrictly have united him to her ſelfe, and conſequently ſequeſtred him from *La Hay*; but nothing leſſe, for he ſings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his fathers diſpleaſure, than

than leave *La Hay* to take *la Frange*: whereat his father *Argentier* reneweth his choller, and revives his indignation againſt him, as deſiring nothing ſo much in this life, as to ſee him married to *la Frange*, but he ſhal never live to ſee it; for there are too many diſaſterous accidents preparing to croſſe and prevent it.

Whiles theſe things happen in *Tholouſe*, there betides an unexpected and unwiſhed buſineſſe, which muſt call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: For the Lords of the Privie counſell of *France* having received ſome informations & grievances againſt the body of the Court of *Parliament of Tholouſe*; command them ſpeedily to ſend up ſome Deputies to anſwer ſuch matters as ſhall be objected againſt them: whereupon, the gravitie and wiſdome of that Court, in obedience to their ſuperiours, elect two *Preſidents* and foure Counſellours to undertake that journey and buſineſſe, among whom *De Clugny* is choſen for one of the *Preſidents*, and *Argentier* for one of the Counſellours: as indeed their integritie and profound *Wiſdome* and *experience* had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny* at his importunate requeſt (made to the Court) he was diſpenſed with, from that journey; by alleadging that his age and ſickeneſſe made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evaſions and excuſes, which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he muſt needs ſee *Paris*. But firſt, before his departure he had a long and ſerious conference with *de Clugny*, how to effect the ſo long deſired match of his ſonne and daughter, the finiſhing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which ſweet newes infinitely rejoyced and delighted the young Ladie *La Frange*, and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, hee calls his ſonne *de Salez* to him, and with a perſwaſive and powerfull ſpeech, requeſted him in his abſence to Love *la Frange*, which hee in plaine termes proteſted and vowed to his father, he could not; then hee conjures him, never to marry *la Hay*, which likewiſe he would not grant: and to conclude, ſith his father could not prevaile in the two former, he commanded him upon his bleſſing, that he would never marry any wife whatſoever without his conſent, the which indeed *de Salez* could not denie, but faithfully promiſed his father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet ſtill hoping, that it was as poſſible for him to draw his father to conſent hee ſhould marry *la Hay*, as it was as impoſſible for his father ever to perſwade him to marry *la Frange*: and ſo that night the father takes leave of the ſonne, and hee the next morning of his father, wiſhing him a proſperous journey, and a ſpeedy returne: who ſuſpecting, and fearing, that in his abſence, contrary to his requeſts and prayers his Sonne would onely abandon *la Frange* to frequent *la Hay*; hee being arrived to the Cittie of *Toures*, thought him ſelfe bound in *Nature*, aſwell for his owne content, as his ſonnes tranquillitie and proſperitie; againe, to ſignifie him his mind in ſome few lines of adviſe and counſell, and to ſend it him by the ordinary Carrier of *Tholouſe* which was then in that Cittie, bound thither from *Paris*: his letter ſpake thus.

ARGENTIER to DE SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may ſay) a religious care of thy good, that I now ſend thee theſe few enſuing lines, for thy Youth *cannot ſee that which my* Age *knowes, how many miſeries are ſubiect, to wayt and attend on* Vice, *and how many bleſſings on* Vertue; *if* La Frange *be not faire, yet ſhee is comely, not contemptible: but ſith her defects of* Nature *are ſo richly recompenſed with the Ornaments of* Fortune, *and the excellencies of* Grace; *why ſhould thy affection preferre* La Hay *before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overvaile the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a* Saint *to marry a ſtrumpet, then take* La Hay, *and forſake* La Frange; *but if thou wilt forſake*

forsake a strumpet to take a Saint, *then marry* La Frange *and leave* La Hay, *for looke what difference there is betweene their births, thou shalt finde tenne times more betweene the chastity of the one, and the lewdnesse of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt finde* Content *and* Honour; *if the second, shame and repentance: for I know not whether* La Frange *will bring thee more happinesse, or* La Hay *misery. This letter shall serve as a witnesse betwixt* God, *my selfe, and thee; that if thou performe me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.*

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his fathers letter in *Tholouse*, exceedingly grieves to see him disgrace his mistresse, by the scandalous name of a strumpet, which hee knowes shee is not, and therefore will never beleeve it; yea, hee vowes, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intollerable affront, hee would revenge it, though with the price and perill of his life. *La Hay* perceiving this discontent and alteration of mirth in him, but from what point of the Compasse this wind proceeds, shee neither knowes, nor as yet can conceive: but withall, determineth to make the discovery thereof her greatest *Ambition*, and not her least *Care*; which shee now well knowes it behooues her to doe, sith she finds *De Salez* lesse free, and more reserved and pensive in her speeches than accustomed: But when in vaine shee had hereunto used many smiles and fetches, loe here falls out an unlook'd for accident, which bewrayes her the very pith and quintessence of the Mistery: For on a time, when hee lay slumbring on the table, she as accustomed, diving into his pockets for sweet meates, or rather for gold (of both which, hee many times went well furnished) shee findes his fathers (aforesaid) letter, which shee knew by the direction; and so flying into another chamber, and bolting the doore after her, she there reades it both with griefe and choller; when stung to the quicke, and bitten to the heart and gall, to see her reputation and Honour thus traduced and scandalized by the father of her pretended husband; she with teares and interjected sighes and grones, flies backe to *De Salez*, and holding the letter in her hand, like a dissembling and impious strumpet as shee was, there shewes it him, takes Heaven and Earth to beare witnesse of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extreame wrong his father hath offered her, in seeking to eclipse the Glory of her chastity, which shee sweares shee will beare pure and unspotted, not onely to his bed, but to her owne grave. But *Alas, alas*, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her prophaneneſse, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *De Salez*; though now her beauty and teares bee so predominate with his judgement and folly, as hee cannot, because hee will not see it: So being still as constant in his sottishnesse, as shee in her hypocrisie; hee gives her many sweet kisses, and with a Catalogue of sugred words, seekes to appease and comfort her, whom hee hath farre more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted, for remembring herselfe, still her wits are her owne, and so remembring the conclusion of the letter, and fearing that *De Salez* his promise and oath to his father, might infringe and contradict his to her, shee tels him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as shee can give no intermission, nor truce to her teares, before he reveale her his oath and promise, which his fathers letter informed her hee had formerly made him.

De Salez seeing himselfe put to so strict an exigent and push, doth both blush for shame, and againe looke pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to beare himselfe in a matter of this different Nature, wherein hee must either violate his obedience to his father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his mistris; he at last (consenting with folly, not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Iudgement) doth so adore her

beauty

beauty, and commiſerate her teares, as he ſottiſhly reveales her his oath, given his father (Verbatim as wee have formerly underſtood it) adding withall, that ſhe hath far more reaſon to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time ſhall cancell his ſaid late promiſe and oath to his father, and confirme his former to her: For ſweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what will, two moneths ſhall never paſſe, ere I marry thee, when ſealing his ſpeaches with many kiſſes, our hypocriticall afflicted *Gentlewoman* is preſently againe come to her ſelfe, and in all outward appearance, her diſcontents are removed, her choller pacified, her teares exhaled, and her ſighes evaporated and blowne away.

But all this is falſe, like her ſelfe, and treacherous like her beauty; For this letter of *Argentier* to his ſonne, and his promiſe and oath to his father, hath acted ſuch wonders in her heart, and imprinted ſuch extravagancies in her thoughts, as ſhe cannot eaſily remove or ſupplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatſoever ſhee ſpeake or make ſhew of to the contrary, for thus ſhe reaſoneth with her ſelfe: That her whoredomes are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing ſhe knowes, may likewiſe bee diſcovered to his ſon, how cloſely ſoever ſhe either act or conceale them. That *La Franges* deſcent, wealth, and vertues, will in the end overpriſe and weigh downe her meane extraction, poverty and beauty; and in the end, that the wiſdome of the father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the ſonne, except her policy interpoſe, and her vigilancy prevent it; which to prevent and effect, ſhe ſees no other obſtacle to her content, nor barre to her preferment, but onely *La Frange*: for, quoth ſhee, if *La Frange* ſhine in the firmament of *De Salez* affection, *La Hay* muſt ſet; or if *La Hay* will ſhine, *La frange* muſt ſet: againe, if ſhe fall not, I cannot ſtand; and if ſhe ſtand, I muſt needs fall; and as the skie is not capable of two ſonnes, ſo both of us cannot ſhine in the Horiſon of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay*, may live to ſee *La Frange* his wife, and herſelfe his ſtrumpet, when burning with falſe zeale to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, ſhe forgetting God, ſwaps a bargaine with the Devill, that *La Frange* muſt firſt goe to her grave, ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and ſo reſolves to ſacrifice her as a *Victime* to her malice and jelouſie, and to ſend her out of this world in an untimely and bloody Coffin, Helliſh *Aphoriſmes*, Infernall *Poſitions*, odious to *Earth*, and execrable to *Heaven*.

For wretched and impious ſtrumpet, wilt thou needs not onely gallop, but fly to hell, and ſo redouble thy crimes purpoſely to redouble thy torments; as firſt of whoredome, then of murther: Wretched, yea thrice wretched woman, how dareſt thou ſee earth, or thinke of heaven; when thy acted crimes are ſo odious, and thy pretended ones ſo monſtrous, as thou deſerveſt to be ſhut forth of the one, and ſpewed out of the other: For alas, conſider what this poore Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou ſhouldeſt doe this to her; She beares the image of God, and wilt thou therefore beare that of the devill to deſtroy her: Ah me, where is thy religion, thy conſcience, thy ſoule; that thou wilt thus helliſhly imbathe thy hands in her bloud, and imbrue thy heart in her murther: If it bee not that her vertues cry fie on thy vices, thou haſt no reaſon in Nature, and leſſe in Grace, to attempt a deed ſo Tragicall, an act ſo inhumane and execrable: But reſt aſſured, that if thou proceed and finiſh this infernall and bloudy ſtratagem of thine, although thou chance goe unpuniſhed of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will finde thee out, and both ſeverely ſcourge and ſharpely revenge and chaſtize thee.

The effects of malice, and revenge in men, are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but theſe none, or at leaſt, ſeldome and difficultly: for having once conceived theſe two monſters in their fantaſies and braines: they long till they are delivered and diſburthened of them; and ſo to bring their abortive iſſue to perfection, they (for the moſt part) are ſharpe and ſevere in their deſignes, and ſudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delayes, ſo it be not to doe evil: So this our bloudy and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is reſolute to advance, and not to retyre in this diabolicall buſineſſe of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, ſhee thinkes none either ſo ſure and ſecret as poyſon; whether ſhee conſider the manner, or the matter:

matter : If the Divell himselfe had not invented this unparalleld cruelty, his agents and members had never knowne how to have administred and practised it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, shee now bethinks her selfe of some hellish Empericke or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her, and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the research and inquiry thereof : she is at last advertised, that there is an old *Italian Empericke* in *Mompellier* : tearmed *S. Bernardo Michaele*, who is his *Arts* master in that infernall profession, when wholly concealing this mystery and businesse from *De Salez*, shee by a second meanes, (with promise of store of gold) sends away for *Michaele* from *Mompellier*: who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three day arrives at *Tholouse*; where shee thinkes no where so fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody busines, the houre is eight the next morne, and the place the *Cordeliers*, (or *Grey Fryers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet, but shee (the better to disguise her selfe, and to bleare the eyes of the world) wraps her selfe about in a great furred cloake, and muffles her selfe up with a large coyfe of velvet, and a rich taffata scarfe over it, as if shee were some grave and reverend old Matron : so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his booke, and she to her beads, she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Franze*, daughter to the *President de Clugny*, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred crownes of the Sunne to performe it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. *Michaele* like a limbe of the Divel, being deeply in love; and allured with this gold undertakes it; when swearing secrecy, and withal to performe it within ten dayes, she gives him the hundred crownes tyed up in her handkercher, and so for that time they part.

Good *God*, what prophane *Christians*, what monsters of *Nature*, and Divels incarnate by profession are these, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordain'd for prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood, a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sinne so odious or execrable to *God*, as that which is masked with piety, and overvayled with the cloake of sanctity ? And what a damnable young strumpet, and old villaine are they, in so holy a place to treate and conclude so hellish a businesse ? but beware, for the sword and arrow of *Gods* just revenge, and revenging Iustice, threatens yee with no lesse, then utter confusion and destruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returnes from the Church, and *Michaele* as glad of her gold, (being informed of *La Franges* deformity, and to lose no time) trips away towards *President de Clugny* his house, taking that for a fit occasion to assay to make his daughter become his Patient, and hee her *Empericke*: who fleeringly insinuating, & skrewing himselfe into his knowledge & acquaintance, (in which profession the *Empirickes* and *Mountebanks* of *Italy*, come no way short, but rather exceed all other Nations of the world) hee proffers him his best service & skill, to redresse & reforme the body of the young Lady his daughter, adding withal (thereby to ad the more beliefe & credit to his speeches) that hee is so farre from despairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof : and in the phrases & mysteries of his profession, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. The good old *President* who preferring the cure of his daughter before any other earthly respect; having heard of *Michaeles* fame, begins to relish his reasons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebankes* and *Charletans* of *Italy*, are Cousin *Germans* to the *Alcumists* of *France*, who promise to make gold of drosse, and yet only bring forth drosse for gold, hee holds it fit to take a consultation of the learnedst *Physicians*, and expert *Chirurgions* of the Citie,

City, whereunto *Michaele* willingly consents, so they sit, being six in number, *Michaele* delivers them his reasons to redresse the deformity of this yong Ladies body (the *President* her father being present) whose reasons are heard, and controverted of all sides betwixt them, the conclusion is, foure are of opinion that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of *Physicke*, and the principles of *Chirurgery*, and therfore impossible to be effected: the other two are of a contrary judgement, and held it feasable, and that many times God blesseth the Art and labours of a man, not onely beyond expectation, but also beyond hope and reason: so *De Clugny* seeing that these two with *Michaele* were three against foure, he in respect of the tender care and affection he bore his daughter, resolves to imploy him, and gives him an hundred double pistollets in hand to attempt it; with promise of as much more when he hath performed it; whereof this miscreant and hellish *Empericke Michaele* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himselfe to his businesse, visits the yong lady, who promiseth him to redouble her fathers sum, if he make her body straight: when to reduce his impious contemplation, into infernall action, he outwardly applieth playsters and seare-cloths to her body, and inwardly administreth her pils and potions; and (O griefe to write it) therein infuseth deadly poyson, which he knows at the end often days wil assuredly make a divorce between her body and soule; and so send that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this sweet and innocent *Lady* (wishing good to her selfe, and hurt to none in the world) first finds a giddinesse and swimming in her head, and within some six dayes after (in which time the poyson had dispersed it self throghout all the veins and pores of her body) many sharpe gripes, and bitter throwes and convulsions, whereat her father grieves, and she weeps; onely that graceless villaine her *Emperick*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and griefe she suffered, the better and speedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his devillish heart, knowes that the poyson effectually operated and wrought with her as he desired and expected, and that by these infallible signes and simptomes, his patient drew neere towards the period of her end. Whereupon he repaires secretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the rest of his money; for that *La Frange* could not possibly live two dayes to an end, whereat she triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, againe promiseth it him: and indeed the hellish Art of this execrable *Emperick* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the devill his Doctor will: for just as the tenth day was expired; this harmelesse sweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unspeakable griefe of the good old *President* her father; for that she was the Staffe of his age, and the chiefe and onely comfort of his life, who disconsolately and mournfully seemed to drowne himselfe in teares herear, cursing the houre that he first saw this accursed Emperick *Michaele*, who had robbed him of his onely joy and delight, of his deare and sweet daughter *La Frange*. But this murdrous *Michaele* having learnt of the devill to feare no colours, meanes to step a foot from *Tholouse*, and so sends privately for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promise, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crookbackt dwarfe *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michaele*) to her eternall rest: when *Lay Hay* not able to retaine herselfe for excesse of joy, runnes to him, gives him the other hundred crownes, together with many kisses, which take (quoth shee) as a pledge of my continuall good will towards thee, when againe swearing secresie, they both take leave each of other and part.

The newes of *La Franges* death, ratleth and resoundeth over all *Tholouse*, her kinsfolke grieve at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewayle it, onely *De Salez*, and execrable *Lay Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have been onely stop and hinderance of their marriage, they are so ravished with joy

joy hereat as they seeme to contest and envy each other, who shall first bring the newes hereof each to other: yea, the excesse of *De Salez* his joy is as boundlesse, as that of *La Hayes* delight, so that he seemes to flye to her fathers house, where shee with out-spread armes receives and entertaines him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death, he affirming and shee believing, that *La Frange* being gone to heaven, it shall not bee long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the meane time, he being wholly ignorant of her poysoning, and yet the old *President* her father, and the rest of her friends suspecting it, they cause her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyson, yet remarking a little kinde of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as also some shew thereof through her frozen veines. They cause *Michaele* to be apprehended and imprisoned, and so procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd. At the newes whereof, *La Hay* is extreamely tormented and perplexed, as well foreseeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his secresie, and thereby to secure her owne feare and danger, she by a confident friend of his, sends him a hundred french crownes more, and promiseth him to give him a rich Diamond worth as much againe; who (as before) being extreamely covetous, and the Devil (resembling himselfe) still harping to him on that string which most delights him, his heart is so devillishly obdurated, and his fortitude so armed and prepared, as his patience and constancy not onely indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and so he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* resolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his fathers consent that he may marry *La Hay*, but the wisdome of the Father shall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and stil fearing, that because of his frequent familiarity with that strumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her. Hee in *Paris* buyes a Captaines place for him in the *Regiment* of the *Kings* Guard, and likewise dealt with a very rich Counsellour of that *Court* of *Parliament*, named *Monsieur De Brianson*, that his sonne may marry his eldest daughter *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, a very sweet and faire young *Gentlewoman*; and the old folkes are already agreed on all conditions, onely it rests, that the young, sees and loves; To which end *Argentier* writes away with all speed to *Tholouse* for his sonne *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his fathers letter, (as wee have formerly understood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitely fearefull and jealous to lose her prey, with *Crocodile* teares in her eyes, and *Hyena* aspects in her lookes; informes *De Salez*, that she feareth that his father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*, but he vowes and sweares to her, that neither his father, nor the whole world, shall make him marry any other than her selfe, and so after many embraces and kisses, he takes horse and leaves *Tholouse*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his father very joyfully bids him welcome, and referres to conferre with him till the next morning, but such is *De Salez* rashnesse and folly, as hee hath no sooner supped in company of his father, but he prayes to speake with him. When the servants voyding the chamber, hee earnestly and humbly beseeching him, sith that *La Frange* is dead, hee will now bee pleased that hee may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth hee, I onely affect and love before all the maides of the world: His father exceedingly incensed hereat, vowes that he had rather see him fairely buried in his grave, and that of all the females of the world, hee shall not marry *La Hay*: and so for that night they betake themselves to their beds, the father grieves with his sonnes folly, the sonne with his fathers averseneesse: The next morne *Argentier* cals for his sonne. When the doores shut, he bids him shut his eyes to his foolish familiarity with *La Hay*: and now to open them to the preferment, he hath purchased him, and so relates him how hee hath procured him the honour of a *Captaines* place, in the *Regiments* of the Kings Guard, as also a very faire young *Gentlewoman* for his wife, tearmed *Madamoyselle De Plessis*, the eldest daughter of *Monsieur De Brianson*, one of the richest Counsellors of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes

and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a diſcontented looke, returnes his father this perverſe and diſobedient replie.

That he will not accept of the *Captaines* place, nor once ſee *De Pleſſis*, but that hee is conſtantly reſolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his grave, whereat his father is ſo extreamly incenſed, as with much paſſion and choller, he commands him henceforth, not to dare ſo much as to name him *La Hay*, ſwearing by his *Saviour*, that if he do, for his obſtinacy & diſobedience, he will diſinherite him, as indeed he might, having himſelfe purchaſed three parts of his lands and revenewes, through his care and induſtry in his profeſſion, and ſo much diſcontent and choller, leaves in his *Coleagues* of *Tholouſe*, who are already wayting and attending his comming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his fathers bitter reſolution againſt him, and ſtormes and fumes, not only beyond the bonds of reaſon, religion, and humanity; but alſo beyond himſelfe. For ſith *La Hay* is his ſole delight and joy, and that his father hath vowed hee ſhall never marry her, his affection to her, makes him reſolve to diſpatch his father, yea, his head conceives ſuch murtherous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and aſſumes ſuch degenerate and devilliſh blood againſt him, that like an execrable wretch, and a helliſh ſonne, diſdayning to take Counſell from *God*, and therefore taking it from the devill his bloody *Tutor* and *Abettor*, he vowes he will forthwith rid his hands of his father, and that he will therefore ſend him into another world, becauſe he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monſter of *Nature*, Limbe of the devill, nay a very devill thy ſelfe, thus to reſolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foule ſtaine of mankind, bloody Paracidious miſcreant, can no reſpect either of thy naturall and filiall obedience to thy kind and deere father, or of his white haires, and venerable old age, reſtraine thee? or no conſideration of thy conſcience or thy ſoule, of heaven or hell deterre thee from this bloody, inhumane, and damnable deſigne of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy ſenſes; where thy heart, thy ſoule, to act ſo execrable and infernall a *Tragedie*, on him without whom thou hadſt not been: on thy father, whom by the lawes of *Heaven* and *Earth*, thou oughteſt both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being reſolute in this inhumane rage, and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finiſh this his bloody buſineſſe, and one night after ſupper, hearing his old father complaine that hee found himſelfe not well, and commanding his Clarke *De Buiſſie*, very early in the next morning to carry his water to *Doctor Salepin*, a famous *Phyſician*, whoſe chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himſelfe lying in *Grennelles* ſtreet: *De Salez* thinkes this a fit opportunity to diſpatch his father, the which, O a thouſand griefes and pitties to ſpeake of, he accordingly performeth. For the morne appearing, his father having ſent away his Clark with his water, & betaking himſelfe to ſleepe till he returne; His watchfull and murtherous ſon; having purpoſely made himſelfe ready; and through the key hole and cranies of the Chamber doore, eſpying his father ſleeping, he intends that this ſhall be his laſt ſleepe: When ſoftly ſtealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the devill) & approaching his bed, as exempt of feare or grace, without any more delay or circumſtance, ſtifles his father betwixt two pillowes; when leaving him breathleſſe in his bed, his face expoſed to the ayre, and the doore ſhut, goes downe, gives the maſter of the houſe, the good morrow, and ſo trips away as faſt as he can, to the ſigne of the ſwan within Saint *Honoryes* Gate; and from thence rides away to Saint *Clow*, (two leagues diſtant from *Paris*) to ſee *Gondyes* gardens, fountaines, and houſe wherein that execrable and damnable *Iacobine* Frier, *Iaques Clement* murthered *Henry the third King of France*, but with an intent to returne to his fathers lodging immediatly after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact, and withall if occaſion ſerve, to ſtand upon his innocency, and juſtification, as indeed he did. Now his fathers Clarke *De Buiſſie*, returning

returning in the morning from Doctor *Salepin*, entring his masters chamber, finds him starke dead, and almost cold in his bed: whereat hee makes many bitter outcries, and grievous exclamations: the man of the house hereat ascends the chamber, infinitely laments, grieves at this sorrowfull accident and spectacle, vowes to *De Buissye* that hee saw none whosoever in his house, much lesse in his masters chamber, and that his son *Monsieur de Salez* departed as soone as he himselfe: they search his body, and finde it no way wounded, so they beleeve and resolve that some ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wisdome than folly to acquaint the *Lieutenant Criminall* therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson: So hee comes, conferres with his son *De Salez*, with his Clerk *De Buissye*, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead body, findsonely his head somewhat swollen, which his Physicians affirme, may bee his striving and struggling with death. When the Lieutenant, out of his zeale and integritie to Justice, having informed himselfe of Doctor *Salepin*, of *De Buissye*, being with him, as also from Saint *Clou* of his sonne *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunkes were all safe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspition, and without farther enquirie, or doubt, commend the dead corps to the grave: whose funerall, with exteriour shew of extreme griefe and sorrow, *De Salez* performes in *Paris*, with all *Decencie* and *Decorum*, answerable in all respects to his fathers ranke, and qualitie. But wee shall shortly see this maske of his devillish hypocrisie pulled off, and this inhumane parricide of his, both shamefully, and sharply revenged, by the just judgement and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmelesse and innocent old father *Argentier*, is no sooner laid in his untimely grave, but his bloudy and execrable son *De Salez*, within eight dayes after leaves *Paris*, and returnes to *Tholouse*; where already this sorrowfull newes is dispersed and divulged, being for his vertues and integritie of life, generally bewailed of the whole Citie; onely graceless and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her verie heart & thoughts dance for joy hereof; she welcomes home her *De Salez* with a world of sweet and sugred kisses, who as glad of her presence, returnes her them with a plentifull and prodigall interest; but his lustfull love to her is so fervent, and his folly in himselfe so perverse and obstinate; as he hath scarce the patience, much lesse the respect and modestie, to weare blacks for his father six weekes, but casts them off, takes on gaudie, and Scarlet apparrell, and verie solemnely marries *La Hay*: Whereby in respect of the inequalitie of their descents and meanes: but especially, of her whorish conditions, he makes himselfe the laughter and May-game of all *Tholouse*.

But good God, what a prodigious and hellish match is this, sith man and wife, and both are Murtherers; O execrable and miserable wretches, O bloudy and impious miscreants, for sure if this marriage of yours prove happie, I may boldly and truly say, there will never any prove unfortunate and miserable: For alas, alas, what doe those impious and damnable crimes of theirs deserve and portend; but miserie, ruine, and confusion of all sides? neither shall the curiositie of our enquirie carrie us far, before we see it surprize and befall them.

For before they had beene fully married three moneths, *De Salez* reaping his desires, and feasting himselfe with the pleasures of her youth; hee directly, contrarie to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to see and know, that which before hee would have thought never to have knowne or seene; for thinking his wife to have beene a modest and chaste *Diana*, hee now sees sheeis a debaushed *Laya*: yea, his miserie is so great, as hee needs no spectacle to see, that shee daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almost everie houre, despight of his care and jealousie, claps a Cuckowes feather in his hat; which to prevent and remedie, hee first administreth requests and perswasions, and then complaines to her father; But these are too weake reasons and too gentle motives, to prevaile with so insatiable a Strumpet; so as hee is constrained to adde threats to his requests, and in the end blowes to his threats.

But as it is impoſſible for the Leopard to change his skin, and the Æthiopian his hew, ſo *de Salez* ſees it labour loſt to thinke to reclaime his wife from her beaſtly ſinne of adulterie, wherein (notwithſtanding all that poſſibly he can doe) ſhee takes ſuch a delight and habit, as by this time ſhe is growne ſo extremely impudent, as when her husband is at home, ſhe is abroad ranging; and he is no ſooner abroad, but ſhe is inſtantly at home revelling with her Ruffians: Yea, ſhee is growne to that height of obſcenitie, as ſhe contemnes and ſleights her husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, ſhe will play the whore before his face with open doores: which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the gall: and now it is that he a thouſand times thinks of his fathers advice and counſell in forſaking her; and as often wiſheth he had followed it. Now it is that his unnaturall murthering of his father, thunders forth horror, terror, and repentance to his ſoule and guiltie conſcience; and now it is that he wiſheth from his heart and ſoule, that he had beene blind when he firſt ſaw her, and fairely laid in his grave before he firſt lay with her in bed. But theſe his complaints and griefes, bring him only vexation and miſerie in ſtead of comfort; for now he utterly deſpaires, and ſees no hope of his wives reformation: Whereupon he reſolves to divorce himſelfe from her, and to that end takes counſell thereon: but it is not ſo ſecretly managed by him, but the ſtrumpet his wife hath preſent notice and inckling thereof, whereupon ſeeing her husband exceeding rich, both in lands, coyne, plate, and other rich houſhold-ſtuffe, ſhe vowes not to quite her great joynter, ſhare and intereſt hereof thus. But before he had inrolled his ſuit in the Spirituall Court, or any way vented his owne ſhame, and his wives infamy in publike, ſhe like a true Courtiſan, and debauſhed Strumpet as ſhe was, vowes to prevent him that would prevent her, and to ſend him to his death, that would ſeeke to divorce her; and in reſpect of his jealouſie and malice, that as ſhee had formerly poyſoned *La Frange* for her husbands ſake, ſo ſhe would now murther him for her owne.

But miſerable and execrable wretch, Oh to what a monſtrous height and huge ſum will all theſe thy beaſtly ſins, and bloudy enormities ariſe and amount unto? But *Luſt*, *Malice*, and *Revenge*, like three infernall Furies, ſo poſſeſſe and preoccupate her ſenſes, as ſhe will not retire, till ſhe hath ſent her husband into another world in a bloudy winding-ſheet. To which end, watching the time when moſt of her ſervants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, ſhe ſoftly opening her husbands chamber doore, ſteales in, and finding him ſoundly ſleeping, approcheth his bed, when drawing forth a raſor from her ſleeve, which ſhe had purpoſely provided, ſhee with an implacable and damnable malice ſteps to him, and cuts his throat, ſpeaking onely theſe words to her ſelfe: *Loe here the reward of thy jelouſie*; when throwing the knife, and her outward Taffata Gowne into the houſe of office, ſhee leaving him weltring in his bloud, verie ſecretly conveyes her ſelfe thorow the Gallerie to the Garden, where her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends her, and ſo hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impietie to cloake this her ſecond murther, as her former, under the veile of religion and pietie: but her hopes, and the Devill that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez her husband ſtriving & ſtruggling for life againſt the pangs of death: feare and haſte (contrarie to her intent and minde) had ſo made his murtherous wifes hand ſhake and tremble, as ſhe did not ſo fully cut his throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groane, which he did verie mournfully, and which indeed was ſoone over-heard by a man and a maid-ſervant of his, who only remained in the houſe, who hearing their maſters voyce, and haſtily running up, at theſe his pitifull and lamentable out-cryes; ſtepping to his aſſiſtance, they heare him (with his beſt power) utter theſe fearfull ſpeeches, *That Strumpet my wife hath kill'd mee: O that ſhee-Devill my wife hath murthered mee.* Whereat they cry out at the windowes to the neighbours for help, alledging that their maſter is murthered. The neighbours aſſemble, and heare him report ſo much: ſo they ſend away for his Confeſſor, and the *Lieutenant Criminall*, to both whom he againe confeſſeth, *That it is the Strumpet his wife who hath murthered him*: And then raiſing himſelfe

selfe up in his bed (with as much strength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite sighes and teares reveales to them, that hee it was, who at the seducing of the Devill, had stifled his father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*, that he did it onely to marry this whore his murtherous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his father, yea the very remembrance thereof infinitely grieves his heart and soule, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himselfe, and beseecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewise prayed all that were present to pray unto God for him: and these were his last words, for now his fleeting & fading breath would permit him to say no more.

All that were present are amazed at this lamentable confession of his, to see that he should murther his father, and his execrable wife, well neere himselfe; so they all glorified God for the detection and discovery hereof: But the *Lievtenant Criminall*, and the *Counsellors* his associates step to the window, and consult to have him hanged, whiles hee is yet living, for the murthering of his father. But *De Salez* saves them that labour: for there and then he sinks into his bed, and dyes away before them: so they instantly search the house and Citty for this wretched Murthereſſe *La Hay*, whom impious and bloudy strumpet they at last find in the *Dominican Friers Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to prison, where they charge her with the murther of her husband *De Salez*, which the Devill as yet will not permit her to confesse; but being adjudged by them to the Racke, shee at the very first torment confesseth it.

Upon which severall Murthers, the *Criminall Iudges* of the *Tournells* proceed to sentence: so first they adjudge the dead body of *De Salez* for so inhumanely murdring his father *Argentier*, to be halfe a day hang'd by the heeles to the common gallowes, and then to be burnt to ashes, which is accordingly executed: then they adjudge his wife *La Hay*, for murthering him, the next day to be strangled, then burnt: so that night some Divines deale with her in prison about the state of her soule, whom they finde infinitely obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptations of the Devill; but they worke effectually with her, and so at last (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance, when willing her not to charge her soule with the concealing of any other crime; and shewing her the dangers thereof, she very freely, yet sorrowfully, confesseth; how she it was, that for three hundred crownes had caused the *Emperick Michaele* to poyson *La Frange*, for the which she told them she was now exceedingly repentant and sorrowfull: Whereof the Divines (sith it was not delivered them under the seale of Confession) advertising the Iudges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to see how all these murthers are discovered and burst forth, one in the necke of the other; so they alter her sentence, and for these her double murthers, they condemne her to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and so they make curious inquiry and research to apprehend this old bloudy varlet *Michaele*.

In the meane time, that very afternoone, this miserable and murtherous Curtesan *La Hay*, though to the griefe of her sorrowfull father and sisters, yet to the joy of all *Tholouse*, is brought and fastened to the stake, where her hand being first strucke off, she with many sighes and teares delivereth these few words: That her crimes were so foule and odious, as she was ashamed to looke either God or man in the face: That shee was very sorrowfull for causing *La Frange* to bee poysoned, as also for murthering of her husband *De Salez* whose wealth shee onely affirmed shee loved, but not himselfe, the which shee wholly attributed to the lust and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer and forsaking of God; which made the Devil so strong with her, and shee with the Devill: and which was the sole cause and ground of this her miserable ruine and destruction; shewith teares and prayers besought the Lord to bee good unto her soule; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewise beseeches the whole assembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when recommending her soule into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was soone consumed to ashes, whose lamentable,

yet juſt end and puniſhment, cauſed a number of ſpectators to weepe, as yet pittying her youth and beauty, as much as they deteſted the enormity of her crimes.

And now for this devilliſh and murtherous Empericke *Michaele*, although as ſoone as he heard of *La Hayes* impriſonment, he (to ſave himſelfe) left *Tholouſe*, and fled towards *Caſtres*, diſguiſed in a *Friers* habit, with his beard ſhaven: yet by the care of the *Court of Parliament*, or rather by the immediate finger and providence of God, hee is found out, and brought backe to *Tholouſe*, where for poyſoning of *La Frange*, (the which hee now without the Racke confeſſeth) he is adjudged to bee broken on the wheele, there to remaine till he be dead, and then his body to be throwne into the River of *Garrone*: the which the ſame day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinite joy of all the ſpectators: but as he lived an *Atheiſt*, ſo he deſperately dyed a Devill, without any ſhew at all, either of contrition or repentance; onely hee vomited forth this wretched ſpeech, That becauſe the world had ſo much to ſay to him, he would ſay nothing to the world, but bade the Executioner diſpatch him.

Now by the ſight of this mournefull and bloudy *Hiſtory*, the *Chriſtian Reader* may obſerve and ſee how *Gods* revenge doth ſtill triumph againſt murther, and how hee in his due time and providence doth aſſuredly ſtill detect and puniſh it. It is a Hiſtory which may ſerve to deterre and forewarne all young *Gentlemen*, not to frequent the company of whores and ſtrumpets; and all ſonnes not to tranſgreſſe the will of their parents, much leſſe not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a glaſſe wherein young *Gentlewomen* and *Wives* may at life ſee, what bitter fruits and ſharpe ends ever attend upon Whoredome and Murther: it is a lively *Example* for all kinde of *Empericks* and *Druggers* whatſoever, to conſider how ſeverely *God* doth infallibly revenge and puniſh the poyſoning of his *Saints* and *children*. In a word, it is a *Leſſon* and *Caveat* for all people, and for all degrees of people, but eſpecially of *Chriſtians*, (who profeſſe the Goſpel of *Chriſt*) not onely to deteſt theſe foule ſinnes of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhorre them in themſelves: which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good *God*, who indeed art the onely giver of all goodneſſe.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

History XII.

Albemare cauſeth Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *firſt ſought to marrie: He cauſeth his man* Valereo *to poyſon* Pedro *in Priſon, and by a letter which* Leonardo *ſent him,* Clara *perceiues that her husband* Albemare *had hired and cauſed* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her firſt* Baretano; *which letter ſhe reueales to the judge, ſo he is hanged, and likewiſe* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for theſe their bloudy crimes.*

With what face can wee preſume to tread on the face of *Earth*, or dare lift up our eyes to that of *Heaven*, when our thoughts are ſo rebellious to conſpire, and our hearts and reſolutions ſo cruell to imbrue our hands in the innocent bloud of our harmeleſſe and *Chriſtian* brethren? Thoughts they are, which in ſeeming to pleaſe our ſenſes, poyſon our hearts, (and doe therefore truely poyſon our ſoules, becauſe they ſo falſely pleaſe our ſenſes,) Reſolutions they are, which wee cannot conceiue or attempt with more inhumanity, than finiſh with miſery. Sith in thinking to ſend them to their untimely graues, we aſſuredly ſend our ſelues to our owne miſerable and infamous ends; whereof in this enſuing *Hiſtory*, we ſhall finde many wofull *Preſidents*, and mournefull examples, in divers unfortunate and wretched perſons, who were borne to happineſſe, not to infamy; to proſperity, not to miſery. If they had ſo much *Grace* to ſecure their lives, as *Vanity*, and *Impiety* to ruine them; It is a *Hiſtory* purpoſely produced and penned, for our deteſtation, not for our imitation: Sith it is a poynt of (true and happy) wiſdome in all men to beware by other mens harmes; Reade it then with a full intent to profit thy ſelfe thereby, and ſo thou mayeſt boldly, and ſafely reſt aſſured, that the ſight of their ſinnes and puniſhments, will prove the reformation of thine owne.

Fruitfull,

FRuitfull, and faire *Lombardy* is the Country, and the great, populous, and rich *City* of *Millan* (the Capitall of that Dutchie) the place where the Scene of this mournefull and *Tragicall Hiſtory* is layen, where perpetrated: The which to refetch from its firſt ſpring and *Originall*, thereby the more truely to informe our curioſity, and inſtruct our knowledge: We muſt then underſtand, that long ſince the *Duke of Feria* ſucceeded the *Count De Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flouriſhing Dutchie, for *King Philip the third of Spaine* his maſter: There was native and reſident in that *City* an ancient *Nobleman*, tearmed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger yeares had married a *Spaniſh* Lady, and brought her from *Spaine* to *Millan*; tearmed *Dona Maria de Caſtiana*: He exceeding rich and noble, and ſhe as noble and faire; he by his fathers ſide allyed to *Cardinall Charles Barromeo* (ſince Sainted by Pope *Paul V.*) ſhee by her mother to the preſent duke of *Albuequrque*, hee infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth: ſhe no leſſe beloved and reſpected for her beauty and vertues: and although there are but few marriages contracted betweene the *Millanenſes* and *Spaniards*, and thoſe very ſeldome prove ſucceſſefull and proſperous, in reſpect of the antipathy, which for the moſt part) is hereditary betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the ſubjection of the *Millaneſes*: yet it ſeemed that this of *Capello* and *Caſtiana* was firſt inſtituted in heaven, ere conſummated on earth; for ſo ſweetly did their yeeres, humours, and affections conjoyne and ſympathize, as although they were two perſons, yet I may truely affirme and ſay, they had but one heart, affection and deſire, which was mutually to pleaſe, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not bleſſed and crowned with the bleſſings of children, (which indeed is not onely the ſweeteſt life of humane content, but alſo the beſt and ſweeteſt content of our humane life) ſo they had not beene long married, ere God honoured them and their nuptiall bed, with a beautifull and delicate and young daughter, tearmed *Dana Clara*, the onely childe of their loynes, and heire of their lands and vertues; being indeed the true picture of themſelves, and the joyfull pledge and ſeale of their intire and invaluable affections; who having overpaſt her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth yeere of her age, ſhe was ſo exquiſitely adorned with beauty, and ſo excellently endued and enriched with vertues; as diſtinctly for either or joyntly for both, ſhe was, and was truely reputed, the *Paragon* of *Nature*, the pride of *Beauty*, the wonder of *Millan*, the glory of her *Sex*, and the *Phenix* of her *Time*. And becauſe the purity and perfection of her beauty deſerves to bee ſeene through this dimme Perſpective, and the dignitie of her vertues knowne of the Reader in this my impoliſhed relation. For the firſt, ſhe was of ſtature indifferently tall, but exceeding ſtreight and ſlender: her haire either of a deepe Cheſtnut Colour, or rather of a light blacke, But to which moſt adhering and inclyning fancy mought, but curioſity could difficultly diſtinguiſh; her complection and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely browne, than of a Roſeat and Lilly die; but yet ſo ſweetly pure, and purely ſweet: (and withall rather fat than leane) that no earthly object could more delight and pleaſe the eye, or raviſh the ſenſe. And for her eyes, thoſe two relucent lamps and ſtarres of love, they were ſo blacke and piercing, that they had a ſecret and imperious influence, to draw all other eyes to gaze and doe homage to hers; as if all were bound to love her, and ſhee ſo modeſt, as if purpoſely framed to love none but her ſelfe: Neither did her Front, Lippes, Necke or Paps any way detract, but every way adde to the perfection of her other excellencies of *Nature*: For the firſt ſeemed to be the *promontory* of the *Graces*, the ſecond, the Reſidence of delight and pleaſure; The third the *pyramides*, of *State and Majeſty*; And the fourth the *Hills* and *Valley* of love. But leave we the dainties of her body, now to ſpeake of the rarities and excellencies of her minde, which I cannot rightly define, whether the curioſitie and care of her parents in her education, or her owne ingenious and apt inclination

nation to *Vertue* and *Honour*, were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, she was so exquisite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Musicke*, *Dancing*, *Wisdome*, *Temperance*, and *Modestie*, she was so fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due and no more, shee could not be paralleld by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equalliz'd but by her selfe.

Thus if her noble extraction, and fathers wealth made her surmount others, and her delicious sweet beautie and vertues excell her selfe, no marvell if those *Adamants*, and these excellencies draw divers of the best *Cavalier*, and chiefest *Gallants* both of *Millan* and *Lombardy*, to effect and seeke her in marriage; and indeed although she be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all regard to her rank and qualitie; yet neither her parents, or selfe, are so much importuned by any, as by *Seignior Giovani Albemare*, a young noble Gentleman of the Citie, who was adorned and fortified with these humane privileges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twentie five yeares old; a match in the eye and censure of the world, yea, and in all outward appearance correspondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and vertues had paralleld hers, or if the candour and sinceritie of her affection had not justly transported her thoughts and heart from him, because shee had formerly fixed and setled them on another Gentleman, younger of yeares than *Albemare*, but in all other respects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, everie way his superiour, named *Seignior Alphonsus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the noblest families of *Millan*, of some eighteene yeares old, whose father was lately deceased, and had left him sole heire to many rich lands and possessions; but (withall) exceedingly entangled in Law, and ingaged in many debts and morgages, whereinto the vanitie and prodigalitie of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him: which consequently reflecting and falling on his son, we shall see will prove a hindrance to his marriage, and an obstacle to his content and preferment. But to observe some order and decorum in the conduction and delation of this Historie, we must briefly be informed, that as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; so of all the *Cavaliers* of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*; for as conformitie of yeares, manners, and inclinations, breed a sympathy in affections; so they in their tender youth often frequented one the others company, sometimes at the Dancing, and Musicke Masters, but many times at Weddings, Feasts, and noble Assemblies: being well neere as equall in age, as in complection and stature. Againe, the vicinitie of their residence added much to the combining and inflaming of their affections: for they were opposite in nothing but in their mansion houses, from whose galleries and windowes many times publikely, but more often by stealth, their eyes could not refraine to tilt at each other, with the invisible launces of love and affection, which bred such a habit, and that habit so powerfull a second Nature, that it was now become impossible for them not to gaze each on other: so as if the innocencie of their puerilitie, made them delight in each others sight and company with desire; so now their more riper yeares inforce them to desire it with delectation: for when as yet they were so young, as they knew not the instinct and influence of *Nature* (which cannot be taught by a more powerfull or ingenious Tutrix than her selfe) yet they never met but kissed, nor kissed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checke their lips for taking such short farewels each of other: But now when their yeares had proclaimed them both verie capable to march under the Standard of *Hymenæus*: This *Venus* & that *Adonis*, for so her fresh beautie, & his flourishing youth (with as much right as fame in *Millan*) generally emituled them: They felt some pleasure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore no marvell, if they desired to find that which they wanted: So as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing spoken of a husband, infinitly wished that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a wife, he ardently longed, and fervently desired that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly say, whether hee were more affectionate in his constancie to her; or she constant and resolute in her affection to him: so that as heretofore they hardly

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knew the way to kisse, now time (running on her sweet careere) had taught them to desire to marrie: and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only tearmed *Clara* his sweet Maid, and she him her deare Friend: Now love had suggested and given them new desires, and therefore new Epithetes: for sometimes, as well in earnest as in jest, he could not refraine to tearme her his sweet wife, nor she him her deare husband; and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more secret and retired desires. And as fervent love, and true discretion, verie seldome concurre and meet; so although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kisse: yet they were so poore, or rather so blind in discretion, as they could not beare their affections in secresie and silence: but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance: but if any grieve and storme at this unexpected newes, it is first *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Castiana*, betwixt whom there was a secret promise, and verball contract, that hee and no other should marrie their daughter.

Thus we see that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections, for either of them affect *Clara* as the Mistresse of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queene Regent of their desires. But as they sympathize in their hopes to purchase her to their wife: so they differ in the meanes and progresse of their resolutions, how to obtaine her. For whiles *Baretano* sues the Daughter before her Parents, so doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter; but what effects and ends these beginnings will produce, yee shall shortly see, and they themselves verie soone both feele and find.

Capello and *Castiana* (as wee have formerly said) with much affliction and griefe, understanding of their daughters affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and passion) relate it to *Albemare*, whose affection to *Clara* hath made him so subtill towards them, as although his heart knowes this newes, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledge thereof, when protesting of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that hee must either wed her or his grave: they consult on their important businesse, how they may dethronize *Baretano*, and enthronize *Albemare* in the chaire and choyce of *Clara's* affection: As for *Capello* and *Castiana*, they so highly affect *Albemares* great and free estate, and so disdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of *Baretano's*, as they vow their resolutions shall saile by the compasse of his desires, and he in exchange, that his affections and desires, shall still steere their course by that of their resolutions: so from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; To which end her father and mother single their daughter apart, and in mild and faire tearmes demand of her, what hath past betwixt her and *Baretano*, and whether shee be so simple and inconsiderate to take so poore a Gentleman for her husband, whose estate is so weake and small, as it cannot well maintaine himselfe, much lesse her; *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these or the like speeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice metamorphosed the Lillies of her cheekes into Roses, verie temperately and modestly returnes them this discreet and respective answer.

That as she must needs affirme shee is confident of *Baretano's* affection to her, so shee must as truly denie, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, considering that his birth, meanes, and vertues were such as everie way deserved not only her equall but her superiour, she is enforced to reveale them, that shee loves him so tenderly and dearely, as if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy but her felicitie, to accept and take him for her husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptorie for a child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it savoured more of irregular zeale to *Baretano*, than of due respect and obedience to themselves, yet the sooner to divert her from her owne desires and resolutions to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue

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mild than imperious towards her, and ſo by depraving the deſerts and debaſing the merits of *Baretano*, to ſeeke to extoll and magnifie thoſe of *Albemare*, as if the firſt were only a foyle, and the ſecond a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed ſo exquiſite and excellent a Cavalier, they depaint him to her in the richeſt frame and pomp of all his praiſes, aſwell of the endowments of mind, as of thoſe of Fortune, that they leave no inſinuating Oratorie unaſſayed, nor perſwaſive attempt unattempted, to make her ſhake hands with *Baretano*, and conſequently to extend her armes and heart to receive and retaine *Albemare*: But although ſhee were young in yeares and experience; yet love in this fragrant and flouriſhing ſpring of her youth, had ſo refined her judgement, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts commanded and marſhalled by her heart, and both by her deſires and affection to *Baretano*, ſhee confuſedly intermixing, and interrupting her words with many far fetched broken ſighs, againe returnes her Parents this reply.

If your age will not, yet my youth, or rather my heart informes me, that *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the privileges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in thoſe of Fortune, but that my reſolutions and anſwers may anſwer and correſpond with my obedience, although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my husband, or my ſelfe his wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it: And I humbly beſeech yee, that this may reſt your reſolution, as I aſſuredly thinke it ſhall and will remaine mine.

Capello and *Caſtiana* (like diſcreet parents) ſeeing their daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the ſingularitie of her owne will, they yet conceive it to be farre more requiſite to revert her reaſons by faire meanes, than refute and repell them by force, ſith love and diſcretion hath ſtill reference to that, and this relation ſtill to choller, many times to repentance: whereupon minding her of the bleſſings which infalliblyattend filiall obedience; and the miſeries and curſes which individually wait on contempt and diſobedience, hoping that time will effect that which Importunitie cannot, they as then leave her to her thoughts, and ſhee them to their care; caring for nothing ſo much, nay, I may well ſay, for nothing elſe, than to ſee her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correſpondence and intelligence with them, hee is ever and anon aſcertained, not onely what hath, but what doth paſſe betwixt them and their daughter; and withall, is adviſed by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghoſt and ſhaddow; yea, and no more to conceale his affection and ſuit from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, ſith it was no diſparagement, but rather an equall honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, *Albemare* is ſo farre from rejecting this advice and counſell, as hee embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vowes (though with the perill of his life) to perſevere and purſue her in marriage: To which end, authorized as well by his owne affection, as their authoritie, *Clara* is neither abroad not at home, but hee meets her, gives away all time from himſelfe, to give himſelfe to her: ſo as it ſeemes to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* houſe is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewiſe ſhortly ſhall bee: yea, hee addes ſuch curioſitie to his care, and ſuch care to his affection in courting her, as ſhee cannot bee either at Maſſe, or Veſpers, but hee is either with her, or neere her; and when in ſolemne pompe or zeale ſhee viſits the *Domo* (or Cathedrall Church) of that Citie, and in it the Shrine of the new *Saint Charles*, then hee waits and attends on her at the Porch ſtaires, ſometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the cuſtome of *Millan* is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing Barbarie Horſe, to conduct her home: yea, and not to faile in any Complement of an accompliſhed Lover, beſides the harmony of his owne inſinuation and ſolicitation, hee greets her with rich preſents, and ſalutes her with all varietie of melodious Muſicke, and mel'fluous voyces: but all this notwithſtanding, although hee every way uſe his beſt art and induſtrie, and her father and mother their beſt skill to make

her

her flexible to his desires, and their pleasure; yet she, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her deare and sweet *Baretano*, lookes haggard and averse on *Albemare*, giving him such generall answers, and cold entertainment, as he seeth hee hath far more reason to despaire than hope to obtaine her. Whereupon doubting of her affection, he hath againe recourse to her parents love, who to confirme and seale it him, seeing faire meanes will not prevaile with their daughter, they resolve to use force, and so to adde threats to their requests, and choller to their perswasions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the first prevaile not with her, the second cannot; for she now tels them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her husband but *Baretano*; and yet she is so farre from any determinate resolution to marrie him, as she affirmes, that their will shall be her law, and their pleasure her resolution.

Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage seekes our faire and sweet *Clara* publikely, no lesse than *Baretano* privately; and although with lesse vanitie and ostentation, yet he hopes with farre more fortunacie and successe; as grounding his hopes upon these reasons: That in heart and soule *Clara* is onely his, as both in soule and heart he is hers: so hee entertaines her many times with his letters, and yet not to shew himselfe a novice in discretion, or a coward in affection, hee making her content his commands, as she did his desires her felicitie; he in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whose number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happinesse and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the sanctitie of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections, yet they sanctifie their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chappell might invest and crowne them with the religious honour, and holy dignitie of marriage. For having jested of Love heretofore, now like true Lovers, they henceforth resolve to love, not in jest, but in earnest; and as of their two hearts they have already made one, so now they meane and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two: And this is their sole desire, and this, and onely this is their chiefe delight, and most pleasing'st desires and wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to desire to see none but themselves, and yet are seene of many: so this their familiaritie and frequent meeting is againe reported to her father and mother, whereat they murmur with griefe, and grieve with discontent and affliction: and now not to substract, but to adde to their vexation, it is resolved between our two young amorous Turtle Doves, *Baretano* and his faire *Clara*, that hee should publikely motion them for her in marriage; which hee in wonderfull faire tearmes, and orderly Decorum, (as well by his friends as himselfe) performeth. When contrarie to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, & his suit such poore and sharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeale to *Albemare*) not onely deny him their daughter, but their house; an answer so incivill, and therefore so injust, as might give a testimony of some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their daughter. And here I must confesse, that I cannot difficultly define, whether this resolution and answer of *Capello* and *Castiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, discontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*: who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes seem'd to be nipt, and their desires croft by the frowns of their parents, yet they love each other so tenderly and dearely, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progresse of this their chaste and fervent affections, and although their commands endevour to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is so inforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as despight her parents malice and jelousie towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and hee with her, oftentimes walking and talking in the Arbours, and many times kissing and billing in the close galleries of the garden; which they cannot conceale or beare so closely, but her father and mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by some of their trustie servants, whom they had purposely appointed as Sentinels to espy and discover their meetings. Whereupon (as

(as much in hatred to *Baretano* as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cauſe be once removed, the effect is ſubject ſoone to follow and enſue; they very ſuddenly and privately ſend away their daughter from *Millan* to *Modena* by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt, and beſides her Waiting-gentle-woman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her but onely *Albemare*, hoping that a ſmall time, his preſence & importunate ſolicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to engrave his owne in the heart and thoughts of his ſweet *Clara*. Who poore ſoule, ſeeing her ſelfe exiled and baniſhed from the ſociety of her *Baretano's* ſight and company, wherein under heaven ſhe chiefly and onely delighted; ſhee hereat, doth as it were drowne her ſelfe in the Ocean of her teares; ſtorming as well at the cruelty of her parents, as at her owne affliction and misfortune; and no leſſe doth her *Baretano* for the abſence of his ſweet Saint, and deare Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, ſo their afflictions is equall; now mourning as much at each others abſence, as formerly they rejoyced and triumphed in their preſence. But although the jealouſie of *Capello* and *Caſtiana* were very carefull to watch and obſerve *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeale and affection of *Albemares* ſafety to guard, and ſweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: Yet as fire ſuppreſſed, flames forth with more violence; and rivers ſtopped, overflow with more impetuoſity; ſo deſpight of the ones vigilancie, and the others jealouſie, though *Baretano* cannot bee ſo happy and bleſſed to ride over to *Modena*, to ſee and ſalute his *Clara*: yet love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the poliſher of judgement, cannot yet detaine him from viſiting her with his Letters, the which in reſpect of the hard acceſſe and difficult paſſage to her, he is enforced to ſend her by ſubtill meanes, and ſecret meſſengers: and the better to overſhadow the curioſity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein, hee among many others, makes uſe of a Frier and a Hermite, for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena*, to his Lady: which (as fit agents for ſuch amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeale, and Religion) ſafely delivered her, and likewiſe returned him her anſwers thereof. And becauſe the fervency of their affections and conſtancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and repreſented in theſe two than in any other of their Letters; therefore I thought my ſelfe in a manner bound, here to inſert them, to the end to give the better ſpirit and Grace to their *Hiſtory*, and the fuller ſatisfaction and content to the curioſity of the Reader: That which *Baretano* ſent *Clara* upon her departure from *Millan* to *Modena* by the Frier, ſpake thus:

BARETANO to CLARA.

HOw juſtly may I tearme my ſelfe unfortunate, Sith I am enforced to be miſerable before I know what belongs to happineſſe: For if ever I found any content, or heaven upon Earth, it was onely in thy ſweet preſence; which thy ſudden abſence, and unexpected exile, hath now made, at leaſt, my Purgatory, if not my hell. Faire Clara *judge of thy* Baretano *by thy ſelfe, what a matcheleſſe griefe it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terrour to my thoughts, to ſee thee made captive to my rivall, and that the Fates and thy Parents ſeeme to be ſo propitious to his deſires, and ſo inexorable and cruell to mine: That I muſt liue alone in* Millan *without thee, and be alone in* Modena *with thee: which makes that, I know not, whether I more envie his joy, or lament and pitty mine owne ſorrowes and afflictions. But if I have any ſenſe or ſhadow of comfort in this my calamity, it onely conſiſts in this, that as thou carriedſt away my heart with thee; ſo thou wilt vouchſafe to returne me thine in thy letter by a reciprocall requitall and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy ſelfe, nor ſend me that; I may be ſought in* Millan, *but found no where but in heaven: were I priviledged by thy conſent, much more authorized by thy command; I would ſpeedily rather flie than poſt to thee: for Faire and Deere* Clara, *as thou art my ſole joy, and Soveraigne felicity, ſo whiles I breath this aire of life, thy will ſhall be my law, thy command my compaſſe and thy pleaſure my reſolution.*

Her answer returned by the Frier to *Baretano* at *Millan*, was to this effect.

CLARA to BARETANO.

IT is for none but our selves to judge how equall we participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each others presence. Thou tearmest mine absence either thy purgatory, or thy hell, and my afflictions and torments for thine are so great, and withall so infinit, as I have all the equity and reason of the world to repute them not onely one, but both: Thou art mistaken in the point of my thraldome, for whiles Albemare *vowes himselfe my captive, I disdaine to be his, and both vow and triumph to be onely* Baretanos: *I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to* Modena, *but sure I am, I left mine with thee in* Millan: *If my Parents seeme now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so farre from dispaire, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruell or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my selfe: but rather that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If* Clara *be thy sole joy and soveraigne felicity, and no lesse is* Baretano hers: *and albeit, I could wish either thou here with my selfe in* Modena, *or I there with thee in* Millan. *Yet such is my Aunt* Emelias *care, and* Albemares *jelousie over me, that wert thou in this City thou couldest difficultly see me, but impossibly speake with me; wherefore refraine a whiles, and let thy journey hither to me be ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be began never to be ended: and thinke that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best Art in my selfe can invent, or truest zeale to thee suggest. In which* Interim *let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our hearts. I meane our letters: And this resolve my deare* Baretano, *that during our absence whiles thou doest feast on my* Idæa, *I will not faile to surfeit on thine.*

CLARA.

Baretano's other letters sent *Clara* to *Modena* by the *Pilgrime*, was couched and penned in these tearmes.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HAd not thy requests (in thy last letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left Millan *to have seene* Modena, *and in it thy selfe my sweet and deare Lady; but I speake it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excesse, not want of affection which infuseth this provident care and carefull providence to thy resolutions, to the end that thy returne make us as joyfull as thy departure sorrowfull, and consequently that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter: And yet believe me deere* Clara, *that my affection is so intire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my selfe: that I deeme it not onely capable to make difficult things easie, but which is more, impossibilities possible: For, for thy sake what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit mee to come to thee to* Modena *nor yet speedily resolve to returne to me to* Millan: Sorrow *will then prevent my* Joy, *and* Dispaire *my* Hope; *For if thou hasten not thy arrivall and our interview, sicknesse will be my death; wert thou as kind as faire, or as affectionate as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to die for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot* Nature *this tribute, my affection this homage, or thy beauty this sacrifice.*

BARETANO.

And *Clara* her answer hereunto returned to *Millan* to *Baretano*, by the foresaid *Pilgrim* was traced in these words;

CLARA

CLARA to BARETANO.

THe laſt command of my Parents, and the firſt reſolution of my Aunt Emelia, *and my ſutor* Albemare, *have now reduced me to ſo ſtrict a Sequeſtration (or rather captivity) as onely my thoughts, hardly my pen hath the freedome and power to ſignifie thee ſo much. But as calmes enſue tempeſts, and ſun-ſhine ſhowres, ſo I beſeech thee to brooke it with as much patience, as I doe with griefe; and not onely hope, but reſolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extreames ſubject to revolution and change. Wherefore my deare* Baretano, *conſider and thinke with thy ſelfe, that my ſtay from* Millan, *and thy prohibition from* Modena, *hath his two-fold excuſe, that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to performe; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accompliſhing of our deſires; Sith a little time may effect that with my parents, which I feare importunity will never; neither can thy heart ſo much long for my ſight, or wiſh for my preſence, as my ſoule doth for thine: Sith to give thee but one word for all, thy ſelfe, and onely thy ſelfe, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thouſand times a day I wiſh* Modena *were* Millan, *and againe, as often that* Albemare *were metamorphoſed into* Baretano. *Therefore I am ſo farre from preventing thy joy, as though at the price of my death, I am ready to ſacrifice my life for the preſervation of thine; as alſo for the baniſhing of thy deſpaire: Write me not then of thy ſickneſſe, leaſt thou as ſoone heare of my death, and I knew not what requeſt to deny thee, ſith I have already granted and given thee my ſelfe, which is all that either I can give, or thou deſire; cheriſh thy ſelfe for my ſake, and I will thy remembrance for mine.*

CLARA.

By theſe loving Letters of theſe our Lovers, the Reader may obſerve and remarke, what a firme league, and ſtrict and conſtant friendſhip there was contracted and ſetled betwixt them, and what a hell their abſence was each to others thoughts and contemplations: In the meane time, whiles *Baretano* entertaines *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* doth with words, wherein he uſeth his beſt Rhetoricke and Oratory, to draw her to his deſires; and withall, to liſten and eſpie out, if there paſſe any paſſages of Letters, or other correſpondency betwixt them. Which although *Clara* her affection to *Baretano* vow, and her diſcretion to her ſelfe reſolve to conceale and obſcure from *Albemare*, yet loe here falls out a ſiniſter and unexpected accident, which will diſcover and bewray it; yea, and of all ſides, and to all parties produce griefe, ſorrow, choller, and repentance, which in effect (briefly) is thus:

Clara had reaſon in her former Letter ſent by the Pilgrim, to tearme this her ſequeſtration in *Modena* a captivity, ſith the bounds of her Aunt *Emelias* two ſmall Gardens, and the walles of her little Parke, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her ſelfe as it were, immured: for farther ſhe was not permitted to goe, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but ſtill accompanied by *Albemare*, who left no minutes or occaſions, as well to ſee her, as to be ſeene of her. Now to give ſome truce (though not peace) to her diſcontents, and thereby ſomewhat to calme the impetuoſity of thoſe tempeſts, which love had ſtirred up in her heart and thoughts for the abſence of her *Baretano*, ſhe never better accompanied then when alone, ſome time paſt away, the irkſomeneſſe of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Parke cloſe ſhut, followed onely by her Wayting-gentlewoman *Adriana*: for in reſpect of her Aunts unkindneſſe, and *Albemares* jelouſie, ſhe would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the neereſt end of the Parke, not farre diſtant from the ſecond Garden, was a curious walke, ranked about with many rowes of *Sycamore* trees, and at the farther end thereof a cloſe ore-ſhadowed Bower; yea, ſo cloſely vailed, that the raies of the Sunne could neither peepe in, to ſcorch the pureneſſe

of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing luſtre and reſplendency of her eyes: and to this Bower, in a faire and cleare day, *Clara* (about three of the clocke after dinner) repaires, having in her hand to delude the time, the old amorous Hiſtory of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illuſtrated, and newly reprinted in *Millan*, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her owne, ſhee tooke a ſingular delight to read: but that which gave ſweeter muſicke to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart, and mind, were her *Baretano's* two Letters, (which we have formerly ſeene) and which as then ſhe had purpoſely brought with her to ſurvey and peruſe; yea, ſhe reads them ore againe and againe; and to write the truth, more oftner than there are words, or I thinke ſillables therein contained: but when ſhe deſcends to his name, ſhe cannot refraine from kiſſing it; yea, and ſuch is her tender love to *Baretano*, as ſhe bedewes it with her teares; a thouſand times ſhe wiſhed her ſelfe with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her parents, for ſeparating their bodies, ſith ſhe not onely hoped, but aſſured her ſelfe, that God had conjoyned, and united their hearts. But whiles ſhe in the middeſt of theſe paſſionate extaſies ſeemes to be rapt up into the heaven of joy, at the peruſall of theſe Letters of *Baretano*; and then againe to be plunged into the hell of ſorrow, at the conſideration and remembrance of his abſence, ſhe heares a voyce, which ſhe thinkes is not farre off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and deeming it to be that of her Wayting-gentlewoman, whom ſhee ſaw ſomewhat neere her gathering of Strawberries, and wild Lillies, ſhee within a flight ſhoot from her, perceives it to be her *Lover*, (but not her love,) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talke, ſpeaking to the Eccho, ſhee gueſſed by his courſe, (wherein ſhee was not deceived) that hee had an intent to ſalute and ſpeake with her; which to prevent, becauſe it wholly diſpleaſed her, to bee cumbred with the company of ſo unwelcomed a gueſt as himſelfe, ſhe haſtily folds up her letters in her handkercher, and clapping them (at leaſt as ſhee thought) into the pocket of her gowne, takes her booke in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away backe towards the garden, by the other ſide of the Parke, purpoſely to eſchew and avoyd him, as indeed ſhe did.

Albemare grieves to ſee *Clara's* coyneſſe and cruelty toward him, although ſhe were departed forth the Parke from him, yet his affection is ſo fervent to her, as he will needs aſcend the Bower, eſteeming it not only a kind of content, but a bleſſing to his thoughts, ſith he cannot be where ſhe is, yet to be where ſhe hath beene: when thinking to mount the ſtaires of the Bower, he unexpected at the foot therof, finds the two Letters whereof we have formerly ſpoken, which it ſeemes ſlipt forth of *Clara's* handkercher, as ſhe was putting it into her pocket: *Albemare* taking up the Letters, and ſeeing them directed to his ſweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extreames of love and joy, kiſſeth them againe and againe for her ſake: when ſitting downe in the Bower, he betakes himſelfe to read and peruſe them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and draw ſomething from them which might tend to advance the proceſſe of his affection towards her: But when he had read the firſt, he was ſo extreamely perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruſe the ſecond, and yet at length haſtily and paſſionately running it over, and ſeeing by all the circumſtances thereof, that it was in vaine for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, ſith ſhee was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, hee like one Lunaticke, ſtamps with his foot, throwes away his hat, teares his haire for very griefe and choller, now thinking to teare the Letters, and then to offer violence to himſelfe: But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were over-blowne, and that hee had againe recalled his wits to take place in the proper ſeate of his judgement and diſcretion; then taking up his hat, and pulling it downe his eares, hee leaves the Bower and Parke, and ſo going into the houſe, ſhewes them the Lady *Emelia* her aunt, who prayes him not to diſpaire, but that *Baretano's* Letters notwithſtanding, hee himſelfe ſhall ſhortly marry her Niece *Clara*; onely ſhee prayes him for the two Letters, becauſe ſhee affirmes, ſhee will to morrow ſend them to *Millan* to her father and mother.

Wherein

Wherein hee ſaith, hee will take adviſe of his pillow; when faſting out his ſupper, he betakes himſelfe to his bed, to ſee whether he can ſleepe away thoſe his paſſions and vexations. And by this time *Clara* going to locke up theſe two aforeſaid letters in her trunke, ſhe finds her handkercher, but miſſeth her letters, whereat bluſhing for ſhame, and then againe looking pale for ſorrow, griefe and anger, ſhee ſpeedily ſends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to looke them, who returnes without them, and then ſhe knowes for certaine that *Albemare* hath found them: whereupon for meere griefe and anger, feigning her ſelfe ſicke, ſhe withdrawes her ſelfe to her chamber, and there preſently betakes her ſelfe to her bed.

I may well ſay that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themſelves to their beds; but I am ſure not to their reſt: For griefe and love ſo violently act their ſeverall parts in their hearts and thoughts, as ſigh they doe, but ſleepe they cannot: Yea their paſſions and ſorrowes are as different as their deſires: for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found theſe letters; ſo doth *Clara* that ſhe hath loſt them; and as he vowes not to reſtore her them, ſo ſhe neither dares, and yet diſdayneth to demand them of him: Yea againe, which is more, as their ſorrowes are different, ſo are their pretended conſolations, at leaſt if I may properly and truely tearme them conſolations: For as *Clara*, although ſhe have loſt her *Baretano's* letters, doth yet rejoyce that ſhee ſtill retaines the Writer and Authour thereof ingraven and charactered in her heart: ſo doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano* to be his rivall, and who by all probability is like to beare his miſtris from him, he hath (as he injuſtly conceives, a juſt reaſon to be revenged, and a true occaſion to fight with him: but as *Clara's* comfort and conſolation herein proceeds from true affection, ſo doth the vanity and impiety of this reſolution of *Albemares* from helliſh malice, and devilliſh indignation: yea, although the night doth or ſhould bring counſell, yet as *Clara* paſſeth it over onely with ſighes, ſo doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge againſt *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morne towards *Millan*, and there trie his fortune, either to kill him, or to be killed of him, in a Duell; to which end he is no ſooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his reſolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the ſame hee doth to the Empreſſe of his thoughts, and Queene of his deſires) *Clara*, demaunding her if ſhee pleaſe to command him any ſervice for *Millan*; who both bluſhing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano*, having now made her expert in the ſubtilties of love, ſhe well knowes what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*: and therefore guided by diſcretion, and not by paſſion, ſhee returnes him this anſwere: That having neither reaſon nor deſire to command him, ſhe onely prayes him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and ſo wiſheth his journey proſperous: which anſwer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiſſe her at parting; which her civility though not her affection granted him; not ſo much as once dreaming or ſuſpecting that hee conceived the leaſt thought or intent to fight with her ſweet *Baretano*, and ſo hee takes horſe, having onely one ſervant with him.

Albemare being arived at Saint *Remie*, a ſmall Towne within fifteene miles of *Millan*, he reſolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoyd the heat of the day, then betakes himſelfe to ſleepe an houre or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horſe, and ſeeing the hoſt of the houſe in his chamber, inquires of him if there were any Gentlemen in the houſe riding for *Millan*, who as ſoone turnes him this unlookt for and unexpected anſwere; that there was a brave Gentleman in the houſe named *Signior Baretano*, who was to ride thither ſome two houres hence. *Albemare* no ſooner heares the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart blood flaſheth up in his face, when demanding him againe what manner of Gentleman he was, hee told him hee was a tall ſlender young Gentleman, with never a haire on his face, and out of this window, quoth he, you may now ſee him walking in the garden; when *Albemare* looking forth ſees indeed that it was his very rivall *Baretano*; when enquiring further of the Hoſt what followers he had with him, he told him that then he had none, but ſometimes

when he came thither, either to take the aire, or breathe his horſe, hee was attended by two or three, and ſo the Hoſt leaves him, not once ſuſpecting of any difference betweene them. *Albemare* ſeeing his enemy (becauſe his rivall) brought to him whom he formerly reſolved to ſeeke and finde out, aſſumes a baſe and a bloody reſolution to ſet upon him in the high way diſguiſed, and there to venter his owne life, to deprive him of his: which to effect he will have no eye-witneſſes of this his ignoble and trecherous buſineſſe; and therefore purpoſely ſends away his man to *Millan* before him, and ſo ſlipping into the towne, provides himſelfe of a maske or viſard; then takes his horſe, and rather like a theefe than a Gentleman, lurkes behind a Grove (ſome three miles from Saint *Remy*) attending *Baretano's* comming, who poore harmeleſſe young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wiſhes than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his faire and deare *Clara*, likewiſe takes his horſe, and drawes homeward toward *Millan*, when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* ſecretly lay in ambuſh for him, he furiouſly and ſuddenly ruſheth forth, and with his Rapier drawen in his hand, runnes *Baretano* into his right arme, who feeling the wound almoſt as ſoone as he ſaw his enemy who gave it him, he is at firſt, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his maſke to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very buſie in *Lombardy*, but eſpecially in the Dutchy of *Millan*, he told him that all the coyne he had, which was ſome ten double Piſtols in gold, and two Duckats in ſilver, were at his ſervice, but to fight in his defence, he would not: Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that hee affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady: ſo that he perfectly knew that her affection was ſo deare and tender towards him, as eyther the loſſe or preſervation of his life would be that of hers: *Albemare* galled and touch't to the quicke with this his heart-killing anſwere to him, is wholly inflamed with choller againſt him, when ruſhing towards him, he delivers him theſe words: Villaine, it is not thy gold, but thy life which I ſeeke, and then ſtrayning himſelfe to runne *Baretano* thorow, loe the ſtring of his Maſke breaks, where *Baretano* apparently ſees it is his Rivall *Albemare*: whereat ſuch is his tender affection to his ſweet and faire *Clara*, that he who before turned craven, and would not fight for his owne ſake, is now cheerfully reſolved not onely to fight, but if occaſion require, to die for hers: and ſo returning the villaine to *Albemares* throat, he inſtantly draws, and joynes with him: and if *Albemare* be reſolute in fighting, no leſſe valiant and couragious is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara's* ſweet Idea, and freſh delicious beauty, infuſeth ſuch life to his valour, and ſuch generoſity, and animoſity to his courage, as he deales his blowes roundly, and his thruſts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his heart of a better: And *Albemare* ſeeing he muſt buy his victory dearer than he expected, and diſdaining to be outbraved and beaten by a boy, pluckes up his beſt ſpirits and courage to him, and ſo likewiſe behaves himſelfe manfully and valiantly: in ſuch ſort, that within leſſe than a quarter of an houre, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three, when the *Count* of *Martingue* paſſing that way in his Coach towards *Millan*, and ſeeing two Gentlemen ſo buſily fighting, he cries out to his Coach-man, to gallop away with all celerity, and ſo parts them; when ſeeing them full of blood, ſweate and duſt, having his Chirurgion ſtill in his traine with him, he out of an honourable courteſie and charity, intreats and accompanies them to the next houſe, where hee cauſeth their wounds to be dreſt and bound up; when by their apparrell ſeeing them to bee *Millaneſes*, is deſirous to know their quarrell, and proffers his beſt aſſiſtance to reconcile and make them friends: but their hearts are ſo great, and their malice ſo implacable, as they both thanke the Count for his noble courteſie, but beſeech him to pardon them, in obſcuring their names and quarrell; and yet hee is ſo Noble and generous, as hee will not ſo leave them, but ſeeing them ſhrewdly wounded (though not he thinkes mortally) he for their greater eaſe and ſafety, cauſeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their horſes, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and ſo brings them within the Gates of *Millan*, where after they had ſeverally

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rendred him many thankes for his *Courteſie* and *Honour*, hee commends them both to their good Fortunes, and ſo leaves them.

Baretano, and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millan*, they conceale their fighting, and ſo keepe their chambers, till they have ſecured their wounds; when *Albemare* viſits *Capello* and his Ladie *Caſtiana*, and reports to them the health and dutie of their daughter, as alſo her averſneſſe towards him, and withall ſhewes her *Baretano's* two Letters to her, whereby it is apparant, that ſhee is ſo wholly his, as he himſelfe is ſure never to obtaine or enjoy her. Her father and mother at the firſt, ſeeme to hang their heads at this newes, and the peruſall of the Letters; but at laſt bid him not deſpaire, but be couragious, for hee, and onely hee ſhall be their ſonne in law. But *Albemare* conſidering that for the terme of at leaſt ſixe moneths, hee, *Camelion*-like, had onely beene fed with the aire of their vaine promiſes, and that hee perfectly knew, that *Clara* onely intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him; his love to her was ſo tender and fervent, as hee cannot conceive the ſhadow of any hope how to obtaine her for his wife in this world, before he have ſent *Baretano* to another; when he being conſtant in his reſolution thereof to himſelfe, becauſe he was reſolute in his conſtancie and affection to *Clara*; no reaſon, no Religion, not his Conſcience, not his Soule, can divert him from this bloodie deſigne, from this murtherous and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on Malice, and boiling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, hee, not as a Gentleman, but rather degenerating from the vertue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himſelfe either by piſtoll or poiſon, how hee may trecherouſly diſpatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as malice and revenge may perchance ſlumber, but difficultly ſleepe) the *Divell*, who is never abſent in ſuch helliſh ſtratagems and occaſions, gives him meanes (though by a contrary courſe) how to diſpatch him: For on a day, deſcending the ſtaires of the *Domo*, he ſees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Caſtle of *Pavia*) paſſe by him, with whom he had beene formerly acquainted, but ſo poorely apparelled, as weighing their bloodie humours by their neceſſity, hee (in favour of money) thinkes them very fit *Agents* and *Inſtruments* to murther and make away *Baretano*, to which end, to play the *Practique* part, as well as the *Theorique*, and ſo to reduce this his bloodie contemplation into action, hee ſends his man *Valerio* after them, and prayes them to repaire to him in the *Cloyſters* of *Borromeos* Palace, for that he hath a buſineſſe to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Maſters pleaſure; who netled with this word Profit, they repaire to the *Rendevous*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreſhed their acquaintance, and hee ſworne them to ſecrecie, as hee was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his deſire, ſome ten daies hence to have them murther *Seignior Baretano* in the ſtreet by night, and to give it out, that it was done by ſome *Spaniards* of the *Viceroyes* Guard, and that hee will give them an hundred Duckatons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they ſhall receive of him, when they have diſpatch'd him; and for his owne part, ſome foure or five daies hence he will away for *Modena*, to caſt the better varniſh and colour that hee was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the buſineſſe.

Pedro and *Leonardo* ſeeing that *Albemare* proffered them gold, which they ſo much wanted and deſired; like two limbes of the Divells, and as a couple of helliſh Bloodhounds, not onely promiſe, but ſweare to him punctually, in all reſpects to performe his deſires, and ſo they touch their firſt hundred Duckatons, which being the pledge and price of innocent blood, it will aſſuredly coſt them deare, and draw downe vengeance, ruine and confuſion on their heads from heaven, when they leaſt thinke or dream thereof. *Albemare* having ſettled this his bloody and mournfull buſineſſe with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, hee is againe ſolicited by *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, to returne to their daughter in *Modena*: whereunto hee willingly conſenteth, when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and bleſſing, to diſpoſe her ſelfe to affect and marry him, he within foure daies departeth: But having ſecretly revealed his fight

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with *Baretano* to ſome of *Capello* his chiefeſt and moſt confident ſervants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* ſo well in her abſence, as they ſend her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknowne to him, he is no ſooner arrived there, but hee ſalutes firſt the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Neece, and his Miſtreſſe *Clara*; to whom having delivered her Parents Letters, ſhe ſtepping aſide to the window, reads them, and ſo returning to him againe, gives him this ſharpe and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother command me to love thee; but how can I, ſince upon the highway, thou baſely and treacherouſly attempteddſt to kill my deare* Baretano, *whom I love a thouſand times dearer than the whole world?* when with teares in her eyes, and choller in her lookes, ſhee very ſuddenly and paſſionately flings from him, whereat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both ſtormes and grieves; and ſo they betake themſelves to their chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himſelfe on his bed, ſaith thus to himſelfe: Unkinde and cruell *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brooke the newes of his death? On the other ſide, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano's* wounds, as ſhee rejoyceth at his ſafety and recovery; yea, ſo tender is her affection to him, as ſhee a thouſand times wiſhes, that the blood hee loſt, had ſtreamed from her owne heart. Againe, knowing his wounds free from danger, ſhee cannot but ſmile, and delight to ſee his deare and true affection to her, in remembring that hee would not fight for his owne ſake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to loſe his life for hers; and in theſe amorous conceits and contemplations ſhe penſively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while ſhee heares not from her *Baretano*; But *alas, alas*! ſhee ſhall heare too too ſoone of him, though indeed never more from him; for theſe execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo* ſome foure daies after *Albemares* departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promiſe and oath given him, like two moſt bloody and butcherly villaines, cruelly aſſault and murther this harmeleſſe and innocent young Gentleman, *Baretano*, in the ſtreets of *Millan* by night, with no leſſe than ſeven ſeverall wounds, whereof foure were cleane thorow his body; and ſo give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murthered by ſome *Spanards* of the *Vice-royes Guard:* when the ſame night they repaire to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatons, and ſo provide for their ſafety in the City: but that bloody money and this cruell murther, will in the end coſt them dearer than either they imagine or dreame of.

Whiles *Millan* ratleth with the newes of *Baretano's* bloody and untimely end, as his owne friends infinitely lament and grieve, ſo *Capello*, and his wife *Caſtiana*, cannot refraine from rejoycing thereat, as now aſſuring themſelves, that *Albemare* ſhall ſhortly be their ſonne in law; and for *Valerio*, hee with all poſſible ſpeed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Maſter, who entertaines this newes with infinite joy and delectation, and preſently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith; whereat ſhe rejoyceth, and he triumphs: but they both reſolve as yet, to conceale it from *Clara*, becauſe they know ſhe will even diſſolve and melt into teares thereat. But foure daies after are not fully expired, but her father and mother advertiſe their daughter *Clara*, their ſiſter *Emelia*, and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman, a ſervant of theirs, whom they purpoſely ſend to *Modena*, to bring backe *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millan*. But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judge, with what extreme exceſſe of griefe and immoderate ſorrow our poore *Clara* underſtands this heart-piercing newes of her *Baretano's* mournefull and ſorrowfull death: for ſhee is no ſooner advertiſed thereof, but ſhe throwes off her attire, teares her haire, and twice following falls to the ground in a ſwound; ſo as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her fathers Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keepe life in her; but being come again to her ſenſes and ſelfe, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamoured of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her: ſhee wringing her hands, then croſſing her armes, and laſtly, looking up towards *Heaven*, betwixt ſighing and ſpeaking, breathes forth theſe mournefull paſſionate and affectionate ſpeeches:

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O my *Baretano*, my ſweet and deare *Baretano*, and ſhall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? when the violence of her affection and ſorrow making her forget her ſelfe, and her God, ſhe ſecretly unſheathes her knife, and then and there would have ſtabbed her ſelfe to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* ſpeedily ſtept to her aſſiſtance, and prevented her, by wreſting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the aire, ſhee praies *Albemare* to leave her, and in his abſence often againe repeating the name of her deare *Baretano*, ſhe a thouſand times wiſheth that her life had ranſomed his, vowing, that although ſhe were a woman, yet if ſhee knew his murtherers, ſhee would flie to their eyes, and teare out their hearts, in meere revenge of this inhumane and cruell death; when her ſorrowes are ſo infinite, and her griefe ſo unſupportable, as ſhe cannot long remaine in one place, but withdrawes her ſelfe from the garden to her chamber, whither her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poore afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; ſo as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and ſtopped her, ſhee had then undoubtedly, entred the *Nunnery* of her owne name, Saint *Clara*, and in that retired and obſcure life, there ended her daies in *Modena*; reſolving in true affection and zeale to her dead *Baretano*, never thenceforth, either to ſee her parents, or *Millan*; but being diverted and comforted by ſome Divines, and many Ladies of that City, ſhee brooking her ſorrowes as patiently as ſhee may, (with much ſolicitation) after ten daies, permits her ſelfe to be conveyed home to *Millan*, where, although ſhee were very cheerefully received, and joyfully entertained of her father and mother, yet ſhee likewiſe went neere to have there mewed her ſelfe up a ſpirituall ſiſter in the *Nunnery* of the *Annunciation*; but that againe ſhe was prevented; whereat grieving, ſhee takes on mourning attire, and vowes to weare it a whole yeere for his ſake: when to make her ſelfe (as ſhee was) both a true Lover, and a true mourner to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, ſhee oftentimes ſteales into Saint *Euphemias* Church, where hee was buried, and there bedewes his tombe with teares, living ſo penſively, and diſconſolately, that although ſhee live in the world, yet it ſeemes ſhee neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as Time is a ſoveraigne remedy for all diſeaſes and ſorrowes; ſo about ſome ten moneths after, the inceſſant importunity of her father and mother, and the continuall tender reſpect and obſervant courteſie of *Albemare* towards her, make her ſomewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to looke on him with a more pleaſing and favourable eye, than before. But here (againe) a conſideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almoſt as ſoone as it begins to live: For why (quoth ſhee) ſhould ſhe affect or love him, who at Saint *Remy* gave her *Baretano* three ſeverall wounds? But then Love againe ſteps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*: That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him loſe far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his, was only occaſioned through his affection to her, and onely for her ſake, as loving her dearer than his owne life; which againe gave her thoughts ſuch ſatisfaction, as weighed downe and vanquiſhed, as well by the power and prayers of her Parents, as alſo by the endleſſe ſighes, letters, and preſents of *Albemare*: the yeere is no ſooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their owne hearts content, and the unſpeakeable joy of their parents, they in *Millan* (with great pompe and bravery) are very ſolemnly married. But this marriage of theirs ſhall not prove ſo proſperous as they expect and hope: For *God* in his all-ſeeing *Providence*, hath decreed to diſturbe the tranquillity and ſerenity thereof, and to make them feele the ſharpe and bitter ſhowers of affliction and miſery, which briefly doth thus ſurpriſe and befall them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly beene married together a yeere and quarter, but his hot love begins to waxe cold and frozen to her, yea, albeit ſhee affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the ſweetneſſe of her youth, and the freſhneſſe of her beauty, his luſtfull eyes and thoughts carry his

laſcivious

lascivious selfe abroad among Curtezans, when they should bē fixed on her, and resident at home with his chaste and faire Lady: so as his infidelity proving her griefe and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude her unspeakable affliction and vexation; shee with infinite sighes and teares repents her matching him, and a thousand times wisheth she had beene so happy and blessed to have died *Baretano's* Martyr, and not so unfortunate and accursed to live to see her selfe *Albemares* wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, she should then prefixe bounds to her calamities and sorrowes: But seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkinde to her than other; her hopes are now wholly turned into dispaire, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparantly bewray themselves in her outward sorrowfull complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheekes are metamorphosed into Lillies, and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprised with sorrow, as shee wisheth that her bed were her grave, and her selfe in Heaven with God; becaus she could finde no comfort here on Earth with her husband: But beyond her expectation God is providing to redresse her griefe, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked for accident.

The *Providence* and *Justice* of *God* doth now againe refetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the *Stage* and *Theater* of this *History*: For having spent that mony lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murtherer before, hee makes no conscience nor scruple now to play the thiefe, and so by night breakes into a Jewellers shop, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a small Trunke or Casket, wherein were some uncut *Saphyrs* and *Emralds*, with some *Venice* Chystall pendants for Ladies to weare in their eares, and other rich commodities: but *Fiamata* lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his doore to him for feare of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarum forth the window, which ringing in the streets, makes some of the neighbours, and also the watch approach and assemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arme, hee is presently hemb'd in, apprehended and imprisoned, and the Casket tooke from him, and againe restored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that hee shall die for this robbery, as a just punishment and judgement of God, now sent him for formerly murthering of *Baretano*, hee having no other hope to escape death, but by the meanes of *Albemare*, he sends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the prison to him, whom hee bids to tell his Master *Albemare* from him, that being sure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if hee procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his soule any longer with the murther of *Baretano*, but will on the ladder reveale, how it was he who hired himselfe and *Leonardo* to performe it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Master, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conscience and courage, to see himselfe reduced to this misery, that no lesse than his life must now stand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro's* tongue. But knowing it impossible to obtaine a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own safety, by stopping of *Pedro's* mouth; he resolves to heave *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murther to murther, and now to poyson him in prison, whom he had formerly caused to murther *Baretano* in the street, to the end he might tell no tales on the ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or sin, but rather a just reward and recompence for his former bloody service; so to feed *Pedro* with false hopes, thereby to charme his tongue to silence, and to lull his malice asleepe, hee speedily returnes *Valerio* to prison to him, who bids him feare nothing, for that his Master had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually heare from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoyceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Master *Albemare* is the most generous and braveſt Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joyes in their untimely blossomes, and to disturbe the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soone as he hath dined, he is tried and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparantly convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morne, at a Gibbet purposely to be erected before

Fiamata's

Fiamata's house, where he committed his delict and crime: which just sentence not onely makes his joy strike saile to sorrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacocks plumes to humility and feare: But his onely trust and comfort, yea, his last hopes and refuge is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning; he is enforced to play his bloody prize that night, and so in the evening sends *Valerio*, to prison to him, with a Capon, and two Fiascoes (or bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that hee hath obtained his pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Viceroyes* signe to it, which he shall have to morrow at breake of day. But the Wine of one of the bottles was intermixed with strong and deadly poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carried no distastefull, but a pleasing relish to the pallate; *Valerio* like an execrable villaine, proving as true a servant to his Master, as rebellious and false to his God, he punctually performes this fearefull and mournfull businesse; and having made *Pedro* twice drunke, first with his good newes, and then with his poisoned Wine, hee takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his rest, promiseth to be with him very early in the morning with his pardon. When this miserable and beastly prophane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God or his soule; of Heaven or Hell; betakes himselfe to his bed, where the poison spreading ore his vitall parts, soone bereaves him of his breath, sending his soule from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he findes him dead and cold in his bed; and thus was the miserable end of this bloody and inhumane murtherer (and thiefe) *Pedro*, who yet for example sake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, becaus his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poisoned & made away himselfe. And now doth *Albemare* againe rejoyce and triumph, to see he hath avoided that dangerous shelfe and rocke whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwrack, yea, and now he thinkes himselfe so absolutely safe and secure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murthering of *Baretano*, or his poisoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any further stormes or tempests: but his hopes and joyes will deceive him, for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood, will not so leave him, but ere long, when he least thinks or dreames thereof, not onely in his providence detect these his foule crimes, but in his justice severely punish them; and the Readers curiosity shall not goe far to see it: for as to a guilty conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one misery befall him in the necke and nicke of the other, so *Albemare* is no sooner freed of *Pedro* in *Millan*, but behold he is afresh intangled and assaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murtherer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatons, and also run himselfe farre in debt; his Creditors joyne together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedome and liberty, but to relie on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millan*, wherin he acquaints him with his poverty and misery, and praies him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatons: *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former service; as also thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for so many Duckatons, as God would have it, hee very inconsiderately burnes this his Letter, and answereth it with silence; but he shall repent it when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiscretion.

Leonardo having at least fifteene daies expected an answer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extremely incensed and inraged to see himselfe thus sleighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extreme poverty and indigence, in that he is now inforced to sell away his apparell, and so to uncloth his backe, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quicke, the which he doth in these few lines which he sends him to *Millan* by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

IF my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loane or gift of fifty Ducatons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment, I make no doubt but this my second will, for being a Souldier, I give thee to understand, that I hold it farre more generous to hang than sterve; sith as a halter is onely the beginning of my friends sorrowes; so it will likewise be the end of my owne miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost mee my life, I will no longer conceale, how thou didst hire Pedro *and my selfe, for two hundred Duckatons, to give* Signior Baretano *his death, which at thy request we performed: Thinke then how neere my secrecy concernes thy life, sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short and poore time left thee to survive mee; Therefore thanke thy selfe if thy ingratitude turne my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.*

LEONARDO.

Now, although *Leonardo* meane not as he write, yet this his messenger comming to *Millan*, and not finding *Albemare* at his house, hee knowes not (and is resolute) what to doe, either to stay his comming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants: But waiting at his doore till late in the evening, and hearing no newes of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prayes him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repaire thither the next morning for an answer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Masters comming; but he is so bad a husband to himselfe, and so disloyall and unkinde a one to his chaste and faire wife, as he was out all night with his Curtizans, which good and vertuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with griefe and sorrow. Now *Valerio* seeing his Master absent, his comming uncertaine, and himselfe inforced to goe forth about his affaires, hee placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard neere his Masters study, that it might be apparant to his eye when he came in, and so departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invites the Christian Reader to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter: for as *Albemare* (more for sport than charity) kept a man-foole of some forty yeeres old in his house, who indeed was so naturally peevish, as not *Millan*, hardly *Italy* could match him for simplicity. It so chanced, that this harmelesse foole gate into the roome after *Valerio*, and saw him put up this Letter on the Cupboard: Now, as Children and Fooles may in some sort be termed Cousin Germaine to Apes; so as soone as *Valerio* was departed, this Foole (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his owne proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the chamber, and taking a stoole to ascend the Cupboard, hee brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard hee tosses and dandles in his hand, as if this new-found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and simple thoughts: when, behold our sweete and vertuous *Clara* comming from Saint *Ambrose* Church, where she had beene to heare *Vespres*, and seeing a faire Letter fast sealed in the Fooles hand, shee enquires of him from whence he had it? who singing and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, she could get no other answer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had sent it him, that God had sent it him:* which speeches of his he often redoubled. When *Clara* weighing his words, and considering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her colour to rise, as if God and her soule prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter; whereupon snatching it from the Foole, whom shee left crying in the Hall for the losse thereof; shee seeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there sitting downe in a chaire, and breaking up the seales thereof, shee begins to read it; but when shee drawes toward the conclusion thereof, and findes that it was her Husband *Albemare's*, who had caused her deare Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murthered; then not able to containe her selfe for sorrow, shee throwes her selfe

On

on the floore, and weepes and ſighes ſo mournefully, as the moſt obdurateſt and flintieſt heart could not chooſe but relent into pity to ſee her: For ſometimes ſhe look'd up to Heaven, and then againe dejecting her eyes to earth, now wringing her hands, and then croſſing her armes, in ſuch diſconſolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewiſe refraine from teares to behold her; when after a deepe and profound ſilence, ſhe bandying and evaporating many volleys of far fetcht ſighes into the aire, ſhe commanding *Adriana* forth, the doore ſhut, with the two extremities of paſſion and ſorrow, ſhe alone utters theſe mournefull ſpeeches to her ſelfe.

And ſhall *Clara* live to underſtand, that her *Baretano* was murthered for her ſake, and by her unfortunate Huſband *Albemare?* and ſhall ſhe any more lie in bed with him, who ſo inhumanely hath laine him in his untimely and bloody grave? And *Clara, Clara*, wilt thou prove ſo ungratefull to his memory, and to the tender affection hee bore thee, as not to lament, not to ſeeke to revenge this his diſaſtrous and cruell end? When againe, her teares interrupting her words, and her ſighs her teares; ſhee entring into a further conſultation with her thoughts and conſcience, her heart and her ſoule at laſt continues her ſpeech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what ſpeakeſt thou of revenge? for conſider with thy ſelfe, yea forget not to conſider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Huſband; the firſt loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the ſecond, and therefore thou muſt love him; and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection; yet yee two are but one fleſh, and therefore conſider, that malice is a bad advocate, and revenge a worſe Judge: But here againe remembring what a foule and odious crime murther was in the ſight of the Lord, that the diſcovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour, and that the poore Foole was doubtleſſe inſpired from heaven, to affirme that *God* ſent the Letter; ſhe knowes that her bonds of conſcience to her *Saviour*, muſt exceed and give a Law to thoſe of her duty towards her Huſband; and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Huſband, ſhee immediately calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Unkle, *Seignior Giovan de Monteſiore*, and with ſighs and teares ſhewes him the Letter, who formerly, though in vaine, had moſt curiouſly and exactly hunted to diſcover the murtherers of his Nephew. *Monteſiore* firſt reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commends her zeale and Chriſtian fortitude towards *God*, in ſhewing her how much the diſcovery of this murther tended to his glory, and ſo preſently ſends away for the *Preſident Criminall*; who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, ſhewes him the Letter, and prayes him to examine the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modeſty and equity he doth, and then returnes with her to her houſe, and there likewiſe examineth the Foole where he had the Letter: who out of his incivility and ſimplicity, takes the *Preſident* by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tells him; *Here God ſent the Letter, and here I found him:* when *Valerio* being preſent, and imagining by his Ladies heavie and ſorrowfull countenance, that this Letter had, perhaps, brought her into ſome affliction and danger, he looking on the direction of the Letter, as alſo on the ſeale, hee reveales both to the *Preſident* and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purpoſely on the Cupboard for his Maſter, againſt his comming. The *Preſident* being fully ſatisfied herein, admires at Gods providence, revealed in the ſimplicity of this poore harmleſſe Foole, in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light, (when knowing that God doth many times raiſe up the fooliſh and weake, to confouud the wiſe and mighty things of the world) he preſently grants out a Commiſſion to apprehend *Albemare*; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the moſt famous Beauties, and reputed Curtezans of *Millan*: Hee, both aſtoniſhed and amazed by the juſt judgements of God, is drawne from his beaſtly pleaſures and adulteries, to priſon; where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murthered *Baretano*, he ſtoutly denies it. But *Leonardo's* Letter being read him, and hee thereon adjudged to the Racke, his Soule and Conſcience ringing

him many thundring peales of terrour, hee there at large confeſſeth it: when for this foule and bloody fact of his, hee the ſame afternoone is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which adminiſtreth matter of talke, and admiration thorowout all *Millan*; when Serjeants are likewiſe ſent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not ſo much as once dream'd or thought that ever this his Letter would have produced him this danger and miſery.

And now *Albemare* advertiſed of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo's* was brought to light, (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance juſtly befell him for his ſins) he curſeth the cruelty of his wife, the ſimplicity of the Foole, but moſt bitterly exclaimes againſt the remiſneſſe and careleſneſſe of his ſervant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the onely cauſe of his death: yea, he is ſo far tranſported with choller againſt him, as although he hath but a few houres to live, yet he vowes he will aſſuredly cry quittance with him ere he die.

Now the charity of his Judges ſend him Divines that night in priſon, to prepare and cleare his conſcience, and to confirme and fortifie his ſoule againſt the morne, in his laſt conflict with the world, and her flight and tranſmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiouſly admoniſhing him, that if hee have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he ſhould now doe well to reveale it; He likewiſe there and then confeſſeth, how he had cauſed his man *Valerio* to poiſon *Pedro* with Wine in priſon, the very night before hee was executed; whereupon this bloody and execrable wretch (according to his helliſh deſerts) is likewiſe apprehended and impriſoned.

And now Gods mercy and juſtice brings this unfortunate (becauſe irreligious) Gentleman *Albemare*, to receive condigne puniſhment for thoſe his two horrible murthers, which he had cauſed to be committed on the perſons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*, who aſcending the ladder, in preſence of a world of ſpectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world: The ſight and remembrance of his foule crimes, having now made him not onely ſorrowfull, but repentant, he briefly delivered theſe few words.

Hee confeſſeth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the ſtreet, and ſeduced his ſervant *Valerio* to poiſon *Pedro* in priſon; whereof, with much griefe and contrition, he heartily repented himſelfe, and beſought the Lord to forgive it him: he likewiſe beſought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in reſpect he knew hee was the cauſe of their deaths; becauſe he was ſure they ſhould not long ſurvive him. He likewiſe forgave his Foole, as being aſſured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him that had revealed the Letter for his juſt puniſhment and confuſion. And laſtly, hee with many teares, forgave his wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by far too vertuous for ſo diſſolute and vile a huſband as himſelfe. Hee blamed himſelfe for neglecting to love her, and curſed his Queans and Curtizans, as being the chiefe cauſe of all his miſeries, when requeſting all that were preſent, to pray for his ſoule, hee was turned off.

But his Judges ſeeing that he had added murther to murther, they held it Juſtice to adde puniſhment to his puniſhment; and ſo hee is no ſooner cut downe, but they cauſe his body to be burnt, and his aſhes to be throwne into the aire, which is accordingly performed.

Now, becauſe the Lord in his Juſtice, will puniſh as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther: whiles *Albemare* is acting the laſt *Scene* and *Cataſtrophe* of his *Tragedy*: His wretched hireling *Leonardo*, and his execrable ſervant *Valerio* are likewiſe arrained, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their ſeverall murthers of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and ſo the very ſame afternoone they are brought to their Executioners, where *Leonardo* his former life and profeſſion having made him know better how to ſin than repent; he out of a ſouldier-like bravery (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death ſhould terrifie him; begging pardon for his ſins in generall of God and the world, and then bidding the hang-man do his office, takes his laſt adiew of the world.

When

When immediately *Valerio* aſcends the ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and griefe and ſorrow in his lookes; as neere as could be obſerved and gathered, ſpake theſe words:

That being poore both in friends and meanes, the onely hope of preferment under his Maſter, made him at his requeſt to poiſon *Pedro* in priſon; That many times ſince hee hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very ſoule repents himſelfe of it, and beſeeching the Lord to forgive it him, That hee was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of *Baretano's*; yea, or of the knowledge thereof, before his Maſter was impriſoned for the ſame; and that as this was his firſt Capitall crime, ſo ſith hee muſt now die, he rejoyced it was his laſt, and ſo praying all ſervants to beware by his miſerable example, not to be ſeduced to commit murther, either by their Maſters or the Divell; and beſeeching all that were preſent, to pray for his ſoule, he reſigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewiſe turned off.

And theſe were the miſerable (yet deſerved ends) of theſe bloody murthers; and thus did Gods juſtice and revenge triumph over their crimes, and themſelves by heaping and raigning downe confuſion on their heads from heaven, when the Divell (falſely) made them believe they ſate ſecure; yea, when they leaſt dream'd thereof on earth: Oh that the ſight and remembrance of their puniſhments, may reſtraine and deterre us from conſpiring and committing the like crimes! ſo ſhall wee live fortunate, and die happy; whereas they died miſerably, becauſe they lived impiouſly and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and ſhut up this Hiſtory, and therein as I thinke to give ſome ſatisfaction to the curioſity of the Reader, who may perchance deſire to know what became after of the faire and vertuous *Clara*. Why her ſorrowes were ſo infinite, and her quality and nature ſo ſorrowfull, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed downe with the inceſſant vanities, croſſes and afflictions thereof: ſhee (notwithſtanding the power and perſwaſions of her parents) aſſumes her former reſolution, to retire and ſequeſter her ſelfe from converſing with the world, and ſo enters into the *Nunnery* of the *Annuntiation* (ſo famous in *Millan*) where for ought I know, or can ſince underſtand to the contrary, ſhee yet lives a penſive and ſolitary Siſter.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vaſſelay *poiſoneth her waiting-maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhee is jealous that her Husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon hee lives from her: In revenge whereof ſhe cauſeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The ſaid* La Villete *a yeare after, riding thorow the ſame Wood, his horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him, when hee confeſſeth the murther of his Maſter* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his wife* La Vaſſelay *to be the cauſe thereof: So for theſe their bloody crimes, hee is hanged, and ſhee burnt alive.*

HOw falſly, nay, how impiouſly doe we terme our ſelves *Chriſtians*, when under that glorious and ſanctified *Title*, wee ſeeke to prophane and deface the glory of *Chriſt*, in cruelly murthering our brethren his members; effects, not of *Zeale* but of Rage; not of *Piety*, but of madneſſe, invented by the Divell, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents, lamentable effects; yea, I ſay, bloody and infernall crimes, which ſtill ruine thoſe who contrive, and confound thoſe who finiſh them: For let us but looke from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Satan* to *God*, from *Nature* to *Grace*, and from our Hearts to our ſoules, and wee ſhall aſſuredly finde it very difficult for us to define, whether *Charity* be a ſweeter *Vertue*, or *Malice* a fouler *Vice*; whether that be more ſecure, or this pernicious, fatall, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent teſtimony of *Gods* ſaving *Grace* towards us, or this of our owne inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious ſinne, and diſpleaſing ſacrifice in the ſight of *God*, for one ſtranger to kill another: O then, how much more execrable and diabolicall muſt it be, for a *Gentlewoman* to poyſon her waiting-maid, and for a ſervant to piſtoll his Maſter to death, at the inſtigation of the ſame *Gentlewoman* his wife; for murthers, no leſſe ingratefull and cruell, doth this ſubſequent *Hiſtory* report and relate; wherein we ſhall ſee, that *God* in the *triumphs*

of his revenging *Juſtice*, and out of ſacred providence, hath in all points made their puniſhments as ſharpe and ſevere, as their crimes were bloody and deplorable: May wee then reade it to Gods glory, and our owne conſolation, which wee ſhall aſſuredly performe if wee hate the like crimes in others, and deteſt them in our ſelves.

IN the faire and pleaſant City of *Mans*, (being the chiefe and Capitall of the Province of *Maine* in *France*, in the very latter yeeres that the *Marſhall* of *Boys-Daulphin* was Governour thereof, under the preſent King *Lewes* XIII. his Maſter there dwelt a *Gentlewoman*, (aged threeſcore and three yeeres) termed *La Vaſſelay*, being well deſcended, and left very rich, (as well in lands as moveables) by her late deceaſed husband *Monſier Froyſet*, who was ſlaine in the behalfe of the *Queen* Mother, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, aſſaulted and taken by the *King* her ſonne. Now, although this old widow *La Vaſſelay* (in reſpect of her *Age*) was farre more fit to ſeeke *God* in the *Church*, than a new *Husband* in her bed; yet ſhee is weary of a ſingle life, although it be not fully ſix moneths ſince ſhee hath buried her ſecond husband; (for the Reader muſt underſtand, ſhee had formerly buried her firſt, at leaſt five and twenty yeeres before, and is now againe reſolved to take a third) and albeit ſhee knew that the civility of the widowes in *France* was ſuch, that they ſeldome marry, but almoſt never within the terme of a whole yeere; yet her conceit and fancy thinkes it not onely lawfull, but fit to breake this too auſtere cuſtome; and therefore ſhe peremptorily reſolves to live a wife, and not to die a widow. But this reſolution of hers, were ſhee either in the *Summer* or the *Autumne* of her yeeres, had beene as excuſable and praiſe-worthy, as now it ſavoured of undecency and inconſtancy, ſith ſhee was in the Winter thereof: For *Age*, deſpight of her *Youth*, and youthfull deſires, had throwne ſnow on her head, and new died the colour of her haire from blacke to white; yea, ſhee was ſo farre from retaining any ſignes or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrowes of her face could not juſtly ſhew any ruines or demolitions thereof; and yet (forſooth) ſhe will marry againe. Now her Birth and Wealth, rather than her Vertues and Perſonage, invite many old Widdowers, and ſome rich *Gentlemen* and Counſellours of the famous *Preſidiall* Court of that City to ſeeke her in marriage; and indeed, both for lands and money, none her inferiours; but all at leaſt her equalls, and ſome her betters: But in vaine, for the vanity of her thoughts ſuggeſts her, that either ſhee is too young for them, or they too old for her, and therefore ſhee will have none of them; yea, her luſt ſeemes ſo youthfully to give a law to her age, and the lye to her yeeres, as ſhe caſts off her mourning attire, deckes her ſelfe up in gay apparell, powders her haire, paints her face, with a reſolution (forſooth) to have no old *Dotard*, but a young *Gallant* to her Husband, as if therein ſhee wholly placed, not onely her content, but her felicity: But we many times ſee ſuch irregular deſires, and ſuch incontinent deſignes, met with unexpected miſery, and unthought of repentance.

Now during the time that the vaine carriage and deportment of this old *Gentlewoman* and widow, *La Vaſſelay*, made her ſelfe the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*; home comes a young *Gentleman* of this Countrey of *Maine*, termed *Monſier de Merſon*, from his travell in *Italy*, whoſe father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Monſier De Manfrelle*, being a Gentleman well deſcended, and rich, and to whom *De Merſon* was ſecond ſonne, who in a yeeres abſence in *Italy*, being purpoſely ſent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity, (which is the true eſſence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to ſerve his Prince and Countrey, as alſo to be a comfort to his age, and a ſecond prop to his Houſe and Linage) he had made ſuch poore and unprofitable uſe of his travells, as forgetting the obtaining of the language, and all generous exerciſes, perfections and qualities (ſo requiſite and gracefull in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing ſo much, nay, in nothing elſe, but to paſſe his time with Curtiſans and ſtrumpets, eſpecially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, where for their ſakes and his laſcivious pleaſures, he built up the greateſt part of his Reſidence; where he ſo prodigally

prodigally ſpent and exceeded his fathers exhibition, as he returnes into *France*, not loaden with *Vertues* and *Experience*, but with *Vices* and *Debts*; being otherwiſe ignorant in all things which he ſhould know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he ſhould be ignorant. Onely to the end he might thereby ſet the better counterfeit tincture on himſelfe, and falſe luſtre on his *Endowments* and *Proficiencie*, hee ſuperficially brought away, or rather borrowed ſome *Italian* Phraſes and complements, which hee thought would not onely paſſe currant with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but alſo draw them into admiration, as well of himſelfe as them: When immediately upon his arrivall, that he might the better ſee and make himſelfe ſeene of the world, hee flaunts it out in brave apparrell, both in *L'avall*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*; Yea, there is ſcarce any great feaſt or marriage in all thoſe parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purpoſely invites himſelfe thereat, thereby to make himſelfe the more conſpicuous and apparant to the eyes of the world, eſpecially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whoſe acquaintance and favour he not onely endevours to initiate, but ſtrives to ingraft himſelfe: But his old father *Manſrelle* judiciouſly obſerving the vaine behaviour, and light deportment and carriage of this his ſonne, he exceedingly grieves thereat, becauſe he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and diſcreet, as now hee finds him ignorant, and which is worſe, deboſh'd; ſith he well knew that either of theſe two vices was enough ſufficient and powerfull, not onely to ruine his reputation, but his fortunes.

Againe, to adde more ſorrowes to his griefe, and more diſcontent to his ſorrows, for the vanity and levity of this his ſonne, every weeke, nay, almoſt every day, brings him in new bills of his debts; a third falling in upon the necke of firſt and ſecond, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his eſtate, or at leaſt his pleaſure would permit him to pay, he takes his ſonne *De Merſon* aſide, and very ſharpely checks him for his old and new prodigalities; vowes that he will neither ſell nor morgage his lands to diſcharge his fooliſh debts; and therefore he bids him looke to ſatisfie them, for that he is reſolved not to ſee, much leſſe to ſpeake with any of his Creditours, how great or ſmall ſoever the ſummes be he owes them. This cooling card of *Manſrelles* makes his ſonne *De Merſon*, not onely bite his lips for ſorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation, yea, his folly doth ſo eclipſe and overvaile his judgement herein, as in ſtead of making good uſe hereof, he takes a contrary reſolution, and ſo reſolves to embrace and follow the worſt: for whereas he ſhould have made his pride and prodigality ſtrike ſaile, and now rather ſeeke to reintegrate himſelfe into his fathers favours, than any way futurely attempt to incenſe or exaſperate him againſt him, he onely taking counſell of his *Youth*, *Paſſions*, and *Choller*, (which as falſe and treacherous guides, moſt commonly lead us to miſery and repentance:) againe precipitates and ingulphs himſelfe afreſh in new debts, both with his *Uſurer*, *Mercer*, and *Taylor*, and no longer able to digeſt his fathers checks and frownes, he very inconſiderately and raſhly packes up his baggage, leaves his houſe, rides to *Mans*, and there reſolves to paſſe his time that Winter: partly hoping that his father will diſcharge his debts in his abſence, but more eſpecially to become acquainted with the beauties of that City, thereby to obtaine ſome rich young heire, or old widdow for his wife, whoſe eſtate and wealth might ſupport his pride, and maintaine his exceſſive prodigality and voluptuouſneſſe: and indeed although the two former of theſe his hopes deceive him; yet he ſhall ſhortly finde and ſee, that the third and laſt will not.

Living thus in *Mans*, the bravery of his apparell and equipage, the freeneſſe of his expences, his comely talke, perſonage, blacke beard, and ſanguine complexion, makes him as ſoone acquainted and affected, as knowne of many Ladies and Gentlewomen, and farre the more, becauſe they know his father *De Manſrelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Countrey of *Maine*, and although he is not his heire, yet in regard he is his ſecond ſon, as alſo a Traveller, he was the more honoured and reſpected of all thoſe hee frequented: ſo that the very fame and name of *Monſieur de Merſon* ſet

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gan to be already divulged and knowne in the City; yea, and becauſe he was a great *Balladine*, or *Dancer*, there was no ſolemne aſſembly, either publike or private, but ſtill *De Merſon* made one; and there was not a reputed beauty, or ſuppoſed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but ſuch was his vanity, as hee ſoone wrought and inſinuated himſelfe into her acquaintance and familiarity, the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a ſmall time, the wiſer ſort of the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the City found his wit and experience to come infinitely ſhort of his brave apparrell; yet the more illiterate and ignorant of them, who eſteeme all men by their luſtre, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay apparrell, and the comelineſſe of the body, before the exquiſite endowments and perfections of the mind; they hold him in ſo high a repute and eſteeme, as they thinke him to be the moſt abſolute Gallant, not onely of *Mans*, but of all the Countrey of *Maine*; ſo eaſie it is to captivate the conceits and judgements of thoſe who onely build their judgements in their conceits, and not their conceits in judgement.

And of this rank and number was our old widow *La Vaſſelay*, who having many times heard of *De Merſons* fame, and comely perſonage, and ſeene him once at a Sermon, and twice at two ſeverall Nuptiall feaſts, where his ſkill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers, ſhe is ſo farre in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart, ſhe wiſheth ſhe had given halfe her eſtate and dowry, conditionally that ſhe were his wife, and he her huſband; yea ſhe is ſo raviſhed with the comelineſſe of his feature, and the ſweetneſſe of his complexion and countenance, as all the world is not halfe ſo deare to her as *De Merſon*, nor any man whatſoever by many thouſand degrees, ſo delicious to her eye, and pleaſing to her heart and ſoule as himſelfe. And although ſhee be in the frozen *Zone* of her age, yet her intemperate luſt makes her deſires ſo youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reaſon and modeſty, (that the beſt vertue of our ſoule, and this the chiefeſt ornament of our body) ſhe a thouſand times wiſheth, that either *De Merſon* were impalled in her armes, or ſhe incloyſtred in his.

But doting (yea I may well neere truely ſay) dying old Gentlewoman, is this a time for thee to thinke of a young huſband, when one of thy old feete is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy *Clymacterical* yeere of threeſcore & three, art thou yet ſo fraught-ted with levity, & exempt of continencie, as thou wilt needs ſeeke to marry one of five and twenty? Fooliſh *La Vaſſelay*, if it be not now time, yea high time for thee to ſacrifice thy deſires to continency, when will it be, if ever be? Didſt thou reſolve to wed a huſband neere of thine owne age, and ſo to end the remainder of thy daies with him in chaſte and holy wedlocke, that reſolution of thine were as excuſable, as this in deſiring ſo young a one, is worthy, not onely of blame, but of reprehenſion, and I may ſay, of pitty. Conſider, conſider with thy ſelfe, what a prepoſterous attempt and enterprize is this of thine, that when thou ſhouldeſt finiſh thy daies in devotion and prayer, thou then delighteſt to begin them in concupiſcence and luſt. O *La Vaſſelay*, mocke at thoſe rebellions and trecherous pleaſures of the fleſh, which ſeeme to mocke at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any ſparke of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age, why if thy chaſte thoughts cannot, yet let modeſty, or at leaſt pietyextinguiſh them. God hath already given thee two huſbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy ſelfe to God? Hitherto the chaſtity of thy youth hath made thee happy, and wilt thou now permit that the luſt of thine age make thee unfortunate or peradventure miſerable? and that the purity and candeur of that be diſtained and polluted by the foulneſſe and obſcenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconſiderate Gentlewoman, of a grave Matron, become not a youthfull Gigglet; or if thou wilt not ſuffer the eyes of thy body, at leaſt permit thoſe of thy ſoule to looke from thy painted cheeks, to thy ſnow-white haire, who can informe and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for heaven than earth, ſith thoſe pleaſures are tranſitory, and theſe eternall, for God, than a huſband, ſith he onely can make thee bleſſed, whereas (in reward of thy laſcivious luſt) this peradventure may be reſerved to make thee both unmate and wretched.

But

But the vanity of this old Gentlewomans thoughts and deſires, doe ſo violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young, and (as ſhe immodeſtly tearms him) faire *De Merſon*, as the onely conſideration of her delight and pleaſure, weighes downe all other reſpects; ſo that neither reaſon nor modeſty, advice nor perſwaſion, can prevaile with her reſolution, to divert her affection from him; but love him ſhee doth, and (which is repugnant, as well to the inſtinct of Nature, as to the influence of modeſty, and rules of civility) ſeeke him for her huſband ſhe will; yea, ſhe is ready become ſo ſottiſh in her affection, and ſo laſciviouſly fervent in her deſires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her ſoule by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity, and this adores him as the onely content and glory of her life: ſhe will not ſee the greatneſſe of her owne eſtate and wealth, nor conſider the ſmallneſſe of his meanes and hopes, in that he is not an heire, but a ſecond brother; ſhe will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what thoſe may be, what theſe are; ſhe will not thinke what a prepoſterous diſparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of diſcontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: ſhe will not conſider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that ſhe thereby impoveriſheth many, as well of her owne kindred, as of thoſe of her two former huſbands, to whom in the right of *Nature* it more juſtly and properly belongs; and to conclude and ſhut up this point, ſhe will not imagine or dreame, to how many laughters and ſcandals of the world ſhe expoſeth her ſelfe, who will not onely call her diſcretion, but her modeſty in queſtion, for matching with ſo young a Gentleman as *De Merſon*, to whom for age, ſhe may not onely well be mother, but (which is more) grandmother: But contrariwiſe, this fooliſh old Gentlewoman having ſent her wits a wool-gathering on his ſweet and comely perſonage; his youth and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, beare downe all other reſpects and conſiderations before them: yea, they ſo ſubmerge her reaſon, and quite drown her diſcretion, as ſhe hath no eyes unſhut to ſee the one, nor eares unſtopped to heare the other, ſo that if ſhee deſire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is obſerued) that ſhe liue to ſee *De Merſon* her huſband, and her ſelfe his wife: which to effect and accompliſh, ſhe knowes no better nor fitter *Agent* to employ herein, than one *Mounſier de Pruneau*, an ancient *Counſellour*, of the *Preſidiall Court* of that City, who was the onely *Counſellour* both to her laſt huſband and her ſelfe, and of whoſe diſcretion, integrity and fidelity, ſhee had all the reaſons of the world to reſt confident and aſſured.

Now although the *Wiſedome* and *Experience* of *De Pruneau* ſuggeſted him what an extreame inequality there was betwixt *De Merſons* youth, and *La Vaſſelayes* age, which he could not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and harveſt: and therefore how many afflictions and miſeries were ſubject to attend and waite on ſuch prepoſterous marriages, whereof he had formerly ſeene divers lamentable examples, and woefull inſtances, as well of men as women, who had ſuffered ſhipwrack upon that *Sylla*, and this *Charibdis*, he like an honeſt man, and indeed a truer friend to her than ſhe was to her ſelfe, produceth ſome of the former alledged reaſons to her conſideration, thereby to divert the ſtreame of her ill grounded affection from *De Merſon*, and (in generall tearmes) to convey and conduct it to ſome elder perſonage, whoſe yeares (and therefore their diſpoſitions and affections) might the better agree and ſympathize. But when hee ſees that her love to *De Merſon* was ſo firmely and immoveably ſetled, as that it not onely appeared to him to be her griefe, but her torment to be any way croſſed or contradicted therein: then he changeth his language, and becauſe ſhe will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her reſolution, promiſing her his utmoſt power, and beſt endeavours ſpeedily to effect and compaſſe her deſires, when taking leave each of other, at laſt *La Vaſſelay* remembring ſhee had forgotten ſomething, cals him againe, and prayes him that if *De Merſon* be inquiſitive to know her direct age, that he ſubſtract away at leaſt ten yeares thereof: ſo that whereas ſhe is ſixty three, to affirme that ſhee is very little above fifty: whereunto ſhee her

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ſelfe bluſhing, *De Pruneau* not able likewiſe to refraine from ſmiling, promiſeth her to be very mindfull thereof. To which end, hee (with the firſt conveniencie) finds out *De Merſon*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madamoyſelle La Vaſſelay*, for her affection to him, layes before him the Nobility of her deſcent and blood, the greatneſſe of her Eſtate and meanes, as alſo the excellencie of her vertues; that fifty yeeres is the moſt of her age, and that ſhee is not by farre ſo old, as pleaſing and lovely; that ſhe affects him above all the men in the world, yea, and deſires no man of the world for her huſband but himſelfe; and that when hee pleaſeth, ſhee deſires the honour of his company to her houſe, with many other intimations and inſinuations conducing that way.

De Merſon having formerly underſtood of *La Vaſſelayes* rich Eſtate and Dowrie, as alſo of the truth of her age, he likes the firſt well, and although hee diſtaſte, yet he will diſſemble the ſecond. he thankes *De Pruneau* for his paines, and *La Vaſſelay* for her love toward him; promiſeth to requite the firſt, and if her wealth and vertues correſpond with his relation to deſerve the ſecond; alleaging further, that although there bee a great inequality in their age, yet ſith he is no heire but a ſecond brother, that it is rather likely than impoſſible for it to bee a match betwixt them; and in the meane time to require part of her affection, hee promiſeth to Suppe with her the night following at her houſe, where hee onely deſires his company and aſſiſtance, that they may the more effectually and ſecretly conſult of this buſineſſe, which hee hopes will ſo much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good; and ſo for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received his pleaſing and diſcreet anſwere from *De Merſon*, hee returnes with the relation, and repetition thereof to *La Vaſſelay*, vowes that his exteriour feature is no way anſwerable, but comes farre ſhort of his interiour Vertues and diſcretion; and that by all which he eyther can collect from his ſpeeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, hee is in his conceit the moſt accompliſhed Gentleman, not onely of *Maine*, but of *France*; and ſo bids her prepare her Supper, and her ſelfe to entertaine him the next night. Which anſwere of *De Merſons*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is ſo pleaſing to her heart and thoughts, as her age ſeemes to bee already raviſhed with joy at the conceit of his youth: when thinking every minute a moneth, and every houre a yeare, before ſhe be made happy, and her houſe bleſſed with his preſence, ſhee leaves no coſt unſpared, or unſpent, to make his entertainement anſwerable to his welcome: whereof whiles ſhe is not onely carefull, but curious in providing, let us curſorily ſpeake a word or two how *De Merſon* entertaines and digeſteth this unexpected motion and affection of *La Vaſſelay*.

He laughes in his ſleeve to ſee her youthfull affections ſo flouriſhing in this *Autumne*, nay, in this *Winter* of her age, as to deſire and ſeeke ſo young a Gentleman as himſelfe for her huſband, but hee underſtands ſhee is exceeding rich, and therefore reſolves that this vertue is capable to overvalue and ranſome that defect and errour of hers. He ſees that his father will not pay his debts, and that he of himſelfe cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will ſhortly become ſcandalous: which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruine his fortunes. Hee conſidereth how diſpleaſing her age will be to his youth, as alſo that there is no hell comparable to that of a diſcontented bed, and then againe, his deboſht and luſtfull thoughts, ſuggeſt him this remedy: That *Mans* hath beauties enough for him to recreate himſelfe, and to paſſe his time with; and that although ſhe have him ſometimes in her bed, yet he may have younger Laſſes and Ladies in his armes, both when, and where he pleaſeth: He conſidereth that rich widowes are not ſo ſoone found as ſought, nor ſo ſoone obtained as found; and that if he refuſe *La Vaſſelay* this day, hee may not onely repent it to morrow, but perchance all the daies of his life; and although his will may, his power ſhall not be able to repaire or redreſſe this errour of his, all his life after: He is not ignorant that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth are ſubject to be as ſoone loſt as wonne in a humour: and therefore then loſt, becauſe not then

then wonne. Againe that the elder ſhe is, the ſooner ſhe will die, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaſeth, and that her wealth would then prove a true prop, and ſweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finiſh this conſultation of his, ſhe is without children to moleſt and trouble him, and therefore to be deſired, ſhe is vertuous, diſcreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deſerves to be accepted and not refuſed.

Upon the grounds of which reaſons and conſiderations, he makes good his promiſe to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to viſite, and ſuppe with *La Vaſſelay*; who having purpoſely deckt her ſelfe up in her youthfull and gayeſt apparrell; receives him, with all demonſtrations of affection and joy. At his firſt arrivall hee affords her two or three kiſſes, whereat ſhee infinitely both rejoyceth and triumpheth: and in a word, he findes that his welcome not onely exceeds his deſerts, but his expectation; and believe mee it was worth the obſervation, to ſee how ſuperficially his youth looked on her age, and how artificially and luſtfully her age gazed on his youth. Now, by this time ſupper is ſerved in, wherein her affection was againe diſcovered him in the curioſity and bounty thereof. Where *De Pruneau* to give life to their mirth, tels them both, that hee hopes this their firſt meeting and enterview will produce effects anſwerable to both their contents and deſires; Whereat *De Merſon* cannot refraine from bluſhing, nor *La Vaſſelay* from ſmiling: They are all very pleaſant and iocond at table, and ſhe to give the better edge and reliſh to his affection, ſtrives to ſeeme farre younger then indeed ſhe is, and then he knows her to be; yea, ſhe doth ſo cunningly entermixe and diſperſe youthfull ſpeeches amidſt her aged gravity, as if ſhee were not old, or at leaſt, newly made young. Now whiles ſhe feaſted her eyes on his freſh countenance and faire complexion, he ſends his abroad to looke on her plate, rich hangings, & houſhold-ſtuffe, wherewith he ſaw her houſe was richly and plentifully furniſhed: Supper ended, & the cloth taken away, they are no ſooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talke. *De Merſon* kindly and familiarly taking his new old *Miſtris* in his *Armes*, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her beyond her ſelfe, both merry and joyfull. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what ſpeeches & complements here paſt betwixt them; becauſe in this, and my future Hiſtories I will follow the ſame method of brevity which I have propoſed & obſerved in my former. Let then his inquiſitive curioſity underſtand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this firſt time: and *De Merſon* although he were a deboſhed *Gentlemen*, yet he is not ſo ſimple to omit, but rather ſo well adviſed to prie into the true depth, and naked truth of her eſtate; and the rather, for that he hath knowne many *Gentlemen* who have beene fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one widdow have match't themſelves to two thieves, and credulouſly thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very begger: Whereupon he takes three daies reſpite to reſolve, and ſo with ſome kiſſes and many thanks for her affection, and her kind entertainment and great cheere, hee for that night takes his leave of her, whoſe faire carriage and diſcreet reſolution in temporizing, *La Vaſſelay* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves: So *De Merſon* having ſpent the firſt and ſecond day in ſurveying the writings of her Dowry, the Leaſes of her Lands and houſes, and the Bonds and Bils of Debts due to her, with all her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her eſtate to anſwere his expectation and her report, and that ſhe is really worth in land, ſix thouſand Frankes yearely, and her moveables worth at leaſt 18 thouſand more, he the third day publikly contracts himſelfe to her; and having advertiſed his father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the widow, within 8 daies after privately marries her, which adminiſtreth cauſe of ſpeech and wonder in & about *Mans:* ſome blaming her of indiſcretion & levity, to match ſo young a *Gentleman*, others taxing him of folly to marry ſo old a widdow; ſome extolling and applauding his judgement, in enriching himſelfe with ſo great an eſtate: which would not only deface his debts, ſecure his youth and age from the ſtorms of want, and the tempeſts of neceſſity, but alſo in the one and the other maintaine him richly, proſperouſly, and gallantly. And others againe

believing

beleeving, and presaging, that this their great inequality and disparity of yeeres, would either of the one side or other, or both, produce many discontents and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joyes and prosperities. Thus every one speaks differently of this preposterous match, according as their passions and fancies dictate them: but which of all these opinions and judgements speakes truest, we shall not goe far to understand and know.

Wee have seene the consummation of this marriage, *Youth* wedded to *Age*; *May* to *December*, and young *De Merson* to old *La Vasselay*; in which contract and nuptialls, either of them are so vaine, and both so irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleasures of their bodies, they have not therein so much as once thought of their soules, or of Heaven: Yea, *God* is not so much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of marriages are onely two; *Gods glory*, and the propagation of children; and because they cannot hope for the second, must they therefore needs be so impious, as to forget the first? *Aye me*, if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retaine no more goodnesse; or how can they flatter themselves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can possibly prosper, when onely her aime and end therein is lust and his wealth? If a building can subsist and flourish, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may prosper, otherwise cannot: for what more rotten, than the beastly pleasures of her lustfull, and yet decayed age, and what more reeling and fickle, than the constant inconstancy of his lascivious youth? which make my thoughts justly feare, and my heart truely presage and apprehend: that repentance, not pleasure; affliction, not joy; misery, not prosperity, is at the heeles to attend and follow these their Nuptialls: As marke wee the sequell, and it will briefly informe us how.

De Merson hath not beene married two whole moneths to *La Vasselay*, but he begins to repent himselfe that ever hee matched her, for hee now sees, though before hee would not, that it is impossible for youth to fadge and sympathise with her age, hee sees that she hath a discrepit, sickely and decayed body, and that shee is never free of the Cough and Rheume, as also of an issue in her left arme, which is not onely displeasing, but loathsome to him. Yea, when she hath taken off her ruffe and head attire, and dighted her selfe in her night habiliments, then he vowes hee is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred cap and waste-coate; and takes her withered face for a *Vizard*, or a *Commet*, which yeelds no delight but terrour, to his eyes, swearing that he serves onely for a bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it selfe is farre colder than a *Marble Statue*: Yea, hee is so farre out of love with her, because, to write the truth, hee never truely loved her, that her sight is a plague to him, her presence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very Hell.

But deboshed and dissolute *Gentleman*, these vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediatly from *Hell* & *Satan*, and are no way infused in thy thoughts by *Heaven* much lesse inspired in thy heart by *God*: Consider, consider with thy selfe; that if *La Vasselay* be old, yet she is now thy wife, and that whatsoever *De Praneau* or her selfe informed thee of fiftie yeeres, yet thou knowest shee could not be lesse than sixtie three, and more shee is not. In which regard marriage (the holy Institution of *Heaven*) having now made you of two, one; if thou wilt not love her age, at least thou shouldst reverence it; or if thou canst not affect her, thou shouldest not hate her. Hath she imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is she pestred with diseases, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou hast vowed in the Temple of the Lord, and in the presence of him and his people, not onely to love, but to honour her: and is thy inconstancy and impiety already such, as forgetting that promise and vow of thine, thou dost now not onely dishonour, but despise and contemne her; and that thou onely madest that vow purposely to breake it: O *De merson*, if thou art not capable of Counsell, yet doe but believe the truth, and thou wilt finde, that if thou wilt not love her, because she is too old to be thy wife; yet thou shouldest respect and regard her, because she is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence

Age;

Age; ſo it is impiety to diſdaine and maligne it: and if in any man towards a meere ſtranger, how much more a huſband to his owne wife? And becauſe it is eaſier to eſpie our wives imperfections, than to finde out, or reforme our owne; if thy wife *La Vaſſelay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is becauſe ſhe loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearely.

Wee have ſeene *De Merſons* diſtaſte of his wife *La Vaſſelay*: Let us now ſee how ſhee likes, or rather why ſhe ſoone diſlikes him: for hee beares himſelfe ſo ſtrangely, and withall, ſo unkindly towards her, as her deſires of his youth comes farre ſhort both of her expectation and hopes: for if he lie with her one night, he wanteth ſixe from her; is ſtill abroad, and ſeldome or never at home with her; yea, hee is of ſuch a gadding humour, and ranging diſpoſition, as his thoughts and delights are tranſported elſewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with her ſelfe; and the vanity of his pleaſures doe ſo farre ſurprize and captivate him, that hee is already become ſo vitious, as hee makes day his night, and night his day, living rather like a voluptuous Epicure, than a temperate or Civill Chriſtian: Neither, quoth ſhee, is it jealouſie but truth which makes her prie ſo narrowly into ſo lewd and laſcivious actions, wherein the further ſhe wades, the more cauſe ſhe finds both of griefe and vexation, which makes her wiſh, ſhee had beene blind when ſhee firſt ſaw him; and either he or her ſelfe in Heaven, when they ſo unfortunately marryed each other here upon Earth.

How now fond and fooliſh old *Gentlewoman*, are thy joyes ſo ſoone converted into ſorrows, and thy triumphs into teares? why, thou haſt juſt cauſe to thanke none but thy ſelfe, for theſe thy croſſes and afflictions; ſith thy luſtfull and laſcivious deſires were not onely the authour, but the procurer of them: for hadſt thou beene more modeſt, and leſſe wanton, thou mighteſt have apparantly ſeene, and providently foreſeene, that *De Merſons* youth was too young for thy age, becauſe thy age was too old for his youth; ſo that hadſt thou beene then but halfe ſo ſtayed and wiſe, as now thou art ſorrowfull, thou needſt not now grieve for that which thou canſt not redreſſe, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But raſh and inconſiderate woman, how comes this to paſſe, that thou art ready to entertaine jealouſie, when death ſtands ready to entertaine thee? Could all the courſe of thy former youth bee ſo happy, not to bee acquainted with this vice, and doth now thy frozen age thinke it a vertue to admit and imbrace it? Ay me, I grieve to ſee thy folly, and lament to underſtand thy madneſſe in this kind: for what is jealouſie, but the rage of our thoughts, and braines, the diſturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happineſſe, the traitour to our judgement and underſtanding, the plague of our life, the poyſon of our hearts, and the very bane and Canker of our ſoules? Jealouſie, why, it is the daughter of frenzie, and the mother of madneſſe, it is a vice purpoſely ſent from hell, to make thoſe wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not; yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it bee more eaſie to admit, or difficult to expell, being admitted. But *La Vaſſelay*, expell it thou muſt, at leaſt, if thou thinke to live fortunate, and not to die miſerable. Wert thou as young as aged, thy jelouſie might have ſome colour and excuſe in meeting with the cenſures of the world; whereas now not deſerving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as thoſe women are both wiſe and happy, who winke at the youthfull eſcapes of their huſbands; ſo thy jelouſie makes thee both meritorious, & guilty of thy afflictions, becauſe thou wilt be ſo fooliſh to eſpie, and ſo malicious to remember theſe of thine. Is *De Merſon* given and addicted to other women? why pardon him, becauſe hee is a young man: and as hee is thy huſband, and thou his wife, believe that hee is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envie.

Thus wee ſee upon what fatall and ominous tearmes theſe late married couple now ſtand; *De Merſons* youth ſcorning and ſpurning at his wife *La Vaſſelaye's* age, and wholly addicting himſelfe to others, and her age growing infinitely jealous of his youth: ſo

that for any thing I ſee or know to the contrary, theſe different vices have already taken ſuch deepe and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not onely the ſhipwracke of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to finde out the particular object of *La Vaſſelayes* jealouſie, as her foolish curioſity hath already the generall cauſe, we muſt know, that ſhee hath a very proper young *Gentlewoman* who attends her, of ſome eighteene yeeres of age, tearmed *Gratiana*, of a middle ſtature, ſomewhat enclining to fatneſſe, having a freſh ſanguine complexion, and bright flaxen haire, ſhee being indeed every way exceeding lovely and faire; and with this *Gratiana*, ſhe feares her huſband is more familiar than either modeſty or chaſtity can permit; and yet ſhee hath onely two poore reaſons for this, her credulity and jealouſie, and God knowes they are poore and weake ones indeed: The firſt is, that ſhe thinkes her owne withered face ſerves onely but as a foyle, to make *Gratiana's* freſh beauty ſeeme the more pretious and amiable in his eyes. The ſecond is, that ſhe once ſaw him kiſſe her in her preſence in the garden, when ſhe brought him a handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and triviall reaſons, for her to build her feare, or erect her jealouſie on, or to invent and raiſe ſo foule a ſcandall and calumny: and yet not to ſuppreſſe, but to report the whole truth. *De Merſon* was laſciviouſly in love with *Gratiana*, had often attempted her deflouration, but could never obtaine her conſent thereunto: for ſhee was as chaſte as faire, and impregnable either to be ſeduced by his gifts and preſents, or to be vanquiſhed and wonne by his trecherous promiſes, proteſtations, and oathes: for ſhee told him plainely and peremptorily, when ſhe ſaw him begin to grow importunate, and impudent in this his folly, That although ſhe were but a poore *Gentlemans* daughter, yet ſhee thanked God, that her parents had ſo vertuouſly train'd her up in the Schoole of *Honour*, that ſhee would rather die, than live to be a ſtrumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the world: which chaſte anſwere, and generous reſolution of hers, did then ſo quench the flames of his laſcivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his luſt into love towards her, and vowed, that hee would both reſpect and honour her as his ſiſter. Now although they both kept the paſſage of this buſineſſe ſecret from his wife her Miſtris, yet notwithſtanding, as it is the nature of jealouſie, not to hearken to any reaſon, nor approve of any beliefe but of her owne: therefore ſhe is confident, that he lies with *Gratiana* more oftner than with her ſelfe; which ſhe vowes ſhee cannot digeſt, and will no longer tolerate. To which end, (with a moſt malicious, and ſtrange kinde of treachery) ſhee makes faire weather with *Gratiana*; and (thinking to coole her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day ſtedfaſtly in her face, ſhe tels her that ſhe hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Fever: whereunto, although chaſte and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, ſhe notwithſtanding willingly conſents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vaſſelay* (like a baſe Miſtris, and a treacherous ſtepdame) ſends for an Apothecary, named *Rennee*, gives him a watchword, in his eare, to draw at leaſt ſixteene ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that ſhe was ſtrongly entred into a burning Fever: But he being as honeſt as ſhe was treacherous and cruell, told her, that the drawing of ſo great a quantity of blood from her, might not onely impaire her health, but endanger her life. But ſhe replies, it was ſo ordered by a *Doctor*: whereupon he opens her right arme veyne; and as he had neere drawen ſo much from this poore harmleſſe yong Gentlewoman, ſhe faints twice in a chaire betwixt their arms, & all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refetch her, and keep life in her: this old hard-harted hag ſtill notwithſtanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reaſon for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed ſhe thought it not enough, or ſufficient to quench the unquenchable thirſt and flame of her jealouſie: of which this is the firſt effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman, but we ſhall not goe farre to ſee a ſecond.

Gratiana is ſo farre from dreaming of her Miſtris jealouſie towards her Maſter, and her ſelfe; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as ſhe thankes her

her, for her affection and care of her health: and now the very next day after *De Merson* dyning at home with his old wife, (which he had not done in many daies before) and seeing *Gratiana* looke so white and pale, demands her if she be not well, and then questioneth his wife what ayles her Gentlewoman to looke so ill, which shee seemes to put off with a feigned excuse: but withall (as if this care of her husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their dishonesty, and her jealousie) she retaines the memoty thereof deepely in her heart and thoughts: yea, it is so frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as shee cannot, shee will not any longer suffer or endure this affection of her husband to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana's* youth shall wrong *La Vasselay's* age in the rites and duties of marriage. Wherefore casting sad aspects on him, and malignant lookes on her, she to please and give satisfaction to her jealousie (which cannot be pleased or satisfied with any thing but revenge) resolves to make her know what it is, for a waiting maid to offend and wrong her mistris in this kind: when not to diminish, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her. Her husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves which abound in those vast and spacious woods of *Maine*: she under pretence of some other businesse; calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner chamber, when bolting the doore after her, she with meager and pale envie in her lookes, and implacable fury and choller in her speeches, chargeth her of dishonesty with her husband; calling her whore, strumpet, and baggage: affirming that the time and houre is now come for her to bee revenged of her. Poore *Gratiana* both amazed and affrighted at this sudden and furious (both unexpected and undefiled alarum of her *Mistris*, seeing her honour, and (as shee thinkes and feares) her life called in question; she after a world of sighes and teares, tearmes her accusers devils and witches, vowes by her part in heaven, and upon the perill of her owne soule, that she is innocent of that crime whereof she accused her, and that neither in deed or thought, she was ever dishonest or unchast with any man of the world, much lesse with her Master: But this will not satisfie incensed *La Vasselay*, neither are these speeches or teares of *Gratiana* of power to passe current with her jealousie; but reputing them false and counterfeit, shee cals in her chamber-maid, and cooke-maid, when shee had purposely led there, and bids them unstrip *Gratiana* naked to her waste, and to bind her hand and foote to the bed post, which with much repining and pitty, they are at last inforced doe. When commanding them forth the chamber and bolting the doore after them, shee not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poore innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great burchen rod, doth not onely raze but scarifie her armes, backe and shoulders: when harmelesse soule, she (though in vaine) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cries aloud to heaven and earth for succour. But this old hag as full of malice as jelousie, hath no compassion of her cries, or pitty of her sighes: yea, neither the sight of her teares, or blood, (which trickling downe her cheekes, and shoulders, doth both bedew, and ingraine her smocke) are of power to appease her fury and envy, untill having spent three rods, and tyred and wearied both her armes, she in the heat of her choller, and the height of her revenge, delivers her these bitter and scoffing words: *Minion, this, this is the way, yea the onely way to coole the heate of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust*; When calling in her two maids, shee commands them to unbind *Gratiana*, and to helpe on her clothes. When triumphing in her cruelty, shee furiously departs and leaves them; who cannot refraine from teares, to see how severely and cruelly their *Mistris* had handled this her poore *Gentlewoman*.

Gratiana the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruell wrongs, holds it discretion to dessemble them, and so providing her selfe secretly of a horse and man, she the next night steales away, rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her father at *Nogent le Retrou*, where hee was superintendant of the *Prince of Condes* house and Castle in that Towne; and where the *Princesse Dowager* his mother built up the greatest part of her sorrowfull Residence, whence, whiles hee was detained prisoner in the Castle of *Boys de Vincennes* neere *Paris*: *La Vasselay* grieves at this her sudden, and unexpected depar-

ture, the which she feares her husband *De Merson*, and her father *Mounsier de Bremay*, will take in ill part; wherein shee is no way deceived, for the one grieves, and the other stormes thereat: yea, when *De Merson* (through flattery and threats) had drawne from the Chamber-maid and Cooke-maid, the truth of his wives cruell whipping of *Gratiana*, as also the cause thereof, her jealousie: He justly incensed and enraged, flies to this his sottish and cruell wife, tels her, that jealousie comes from the devill, whose part he affirmes she hath acted, in acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, then whom their lives not a chaster maid in the world, That although she were poore, yet, that she was as well descended as herselfe. In which regard, if she did not speedily right and redeeme her wrongs, and seeke means to pacifie & recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forsake her: which cooling-card of his to his wife, makes her looke on her former erroneous cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward griefe, than inward repentance. But seeing that her jealousie must now stoope and strike saile to her husbands *Choller*, and that to enjoy his company, shee must not be exempted and deprived of hers: she contrary to her desire and will, (which still retaines the fumes and flames of jelousie as that doth of revenge) is inforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so to beare up with the time, feigning herselfe repentant and sorrowfull for what she had formerly done to *Gratiana*: shee to reclaime her, buyes her so much wrought blacke Taffety for a Gowne, and so much Crimson Damaske for a Petticoate, and with a bracelet of Pearle which she accustomed to weare upon her right arme; she sends it to *Nogent* to her by *La Vilette*, a *Gentleman* of her husbands, and accompanieth it with a letter to her father, *Mounsier de Bremay*, which contained these words.

La Vasselay to De Bremay.

HAving vindicated Truth *from* Error, *and metamorphosed* Jealousie *into* Judgement, *I finde that I have wronged thy daughter* Gratiana; *wherein I grieve, with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, sith my husbands vowes and oathes have fully cleared her* Honour *and* Chastity, *which my foolish incredulity and feare, rashly attempted, both to ecclips and disparage: In which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy selfe to forget that wrong; I earnestly desire her speedy returne by this bearer, and ye both shall see, that I never formerly hated her so much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her: I have now sent her some small tokens of my affection, and ere long she shall finde greater effects and testimonies thereof; for knowing her to be as chaste as faire; In this* De Bremay *I request thee to rest confident, that as shee is now thy daughter by* Nature, *so she shall be henceforth mine by adoption.*

La Vasselay.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his daughter *Gratiana* these kind tokens from her *Mistris La Vasselay*: his choller, and her griefe and sorrow is soone defaced and blowne away: so he well satisfied, and she content and pleased, he sends her backe from *Nogent* to *Mans* by *La Villette*, by whom hee writes this ensuing Letter to his *Mistris La Vasselay* in answer of hers.

De Bremay to La Vasselay.

THy Leter hath given me so much content and satisfaction, as thy undeserved cruelty to my daughter Gratiana *did griefe and indignation. And had shee beene guilty of that crime, whereof thy feare made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my daughter, and deprived her of my sight: for as her* Vertues *are her best wealth, and her* Honour *her chiefest revenew: so if she had failed in these, or faltred in this, I should then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I doe now to love her: But her* Teares *and* Oathes *have cleared her innocency, and in hers, thy husbands. In which regard, relying upon her owne merits, and thy professed kindnesses, she forgetting, & I forgiving things past, I now returne her thee by thy servant* La Villette; *hoping*

hoping that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted Daughter, *yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and obſervant handmaid,*

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's hopes, and her fathers credulity of *La Vaſſelay's* future affection towards her, as alſo her gifts and promiſes, ſo farre prevaile with them, as ſhee is now returned to her, From *Nogent* to *Mans*; But I feare ſhe had done farre better to have ſtill remained with her father; for ſhee might conſider, and he know, what little ſafety, and apparant danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incenſed jealouſie: *La Vaſſelay* (in all outward ſhew) receiues and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expreſſions of love, and demonſtrations of joy, thereby to pleaſe her huſband; who indeed likes ſo well of her returne, as he likes his wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to humane conceit and ſenſe, all three parties are reconciled and ſatisfied, as if *La Vaſſelay's* jelouſie had never heretofore offended her huſband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*: or as if he had never knowne the one nor ſhe felt the other. But wee ſhall not goe farre to ſee this calme oretaken with a tempeſt, and this Sunſhine ſurpriſed with a diſmall and diſaſtrous ſhower.

For three moneths were not fully expired, ſince *Gratiana's* returne to *Mans*, but *La Vaſſelayes* old jelouſie of her, and her huſband *De Merſon*, which ſeemed to bee ſuppreſſed and extinguiſhed, doth now flaſh and flame forth anew with more violence and impetuoſity; yea, hee cannot looke on *Gratiana*, much leſſe to ſpeake to her, but preſently this old jealous Beldame in her heart and thoughts, proclaimes them guilty of Adultery: whereat ſhee indiſcreetly ſuffers her ſelfe to bee ſo farre tranſported with *Indignation* and *Envy*, as ſhe vowes ſhee will no longer tolerate or digeſt it. And now it is that like a fury of hell ſhe firſt aſſumes damnable and execrable reſolutions, not only againſt the Innocency, but againſt the life of innocent and harmeleſſe *Gratiana*; who poore ſoule is the neerer her danger, in reſpect ſhe holds her ſelfe fartheſt from it; yea; this jealous old Hag, this Fury, nay, this ſhee-Devill *La Vaſſelay*, hath not onely conſulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that ſhee will ſpeedily ſend *Gratiana* into another world; becauſe her youth ſhall no longer abuſe and wrong her age in this. When forgetting her ſelfe, her ſoule, and her God, thereby purpoſely to pleaſe her ſenſes, her jealouſie, and her Tutor the Devill, ſhe vowes, that no reſpect of Reaſon or Religion, no conſideration of Heaven or Hell, ſhall be capable to divert her from diſpatching her: yea, and as if ſhe not onely rejoyced, but glorified in this her pernitious and bloody deſigne, ſhe thinkes every houre a yeare before ſhe hath performed it: To which end, providing her ſelfe of ſtrong poyſon; and watching, and catching at the very firſt opportunity, as ſoone as ever *Gratiana* found herſelfe not well, ſhee under a colour of much affection and care to her; makes her ſome white broth, wherein infuſing and intermixing the aforeſaid poyſon, ſhe (graceleſly and cruelly) gives it her, the which within ſix daies fainting and languiſhing, makes a perpetuall divorce and ſeparation betwixt her ſoule and her body, leaving this to deſcend to earth, and that to aſcend to heaven, to draw downe vengeance to this helliſh and execrable *La Vaſſelay*, for ſo inhumanly and cruelly murthering this her harmeleſſe and innocent waiting Gentlewoman *Gratiana*.

De Merſon underſtanding of *Gratiana's* death, almoſt as ſoone as of her ſickneſſe, hee very ſorrowfully bites the lip thereat: for conſidering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts ſuggeſt him, and his heart and ſoule prompts him, that his wife *La Vaſſelay* had undoubtedly occaſioned her death, and ſo metamorphoſed her jealouſie into murther; yea, and notwithſtanding the faire and ſorrowfull ſhew which ſhee puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premiſes conſidered, he is very confident in this his beliefe and feare: when grieving at the cruelty of this diſaſter, and abhorring the authour of ſo monſtrous and bloody a fact; the very ſight of this his old wretched wife is odious, and

the remembrance of this her cruell crime, deteſtable and execrable unto him. Againe, when he conſidereth *Gratiana's* beauty and chaſtity, and that ſhee was ſent to her untimely grave for his ſake, this doth not onely redouble his ſorrows, but infinitely augment and increaſe his afflictions: ſo that beginning to feare his wives envy, as much as he hated her jealouſie, in that it was not onely poſſible, but likely, that it might alſo futurely extend, and reflect on him, as well as it already had on harmeleſſe and innocent *Gratiana*, he aſſumes a reſolution to leave and forſake her, the which we ſhall ſhortly ſee him put in execution; when the better to curb and vex her, he ſecretly packes up all her Bills, Bonds, Leaſes, and Conveyances, as alſo, all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richeſt Houſhold ſtuffe; and ſo giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any rent, he allowing her onely a bare maintenance, very ſuddenly (when ſhe leaſt expected or dreamt therof) takes horſe and rides home to his fathers, where he reſolves to make the greateſt part of his reſidence; and all the teares and prayers of his wife, are not of power to reclaime or retaine him.

La Vaſſelay ſeeing the unkindneſſe of her huſband *De Merſon*, in making her a widdow, almoſt as ſoone as a wife; as alſo his ingratitude, in depriving her of the uſe and fruition of her owne eſtate and meanes, and leaving her ſo poore an allowance, as could ſcarce warrant her a competent maintenance, ſhe is almoſt ready to die for meere griefe and ſorrow thereof, but how to remedy it ſhee knowes not: And now ſhee repents her folly and indiſcretion, in matching her aged ſelfe to ſo young a man as *De Merſon:* now ſhe doth not onely accuſe, but condemne her owne jealouſie, which drew her to this foule fact of murthering her harmeleſſe, and as ſhee now believes, her innocent Waiting-maid *Gratiana*; for which, this ingratefull departure, and hard uſage of her huſband, is but the leaſt, and as ſhe tearmes it, but the forerunner of greater puniſhments, which God hath ordained and reſerved for her: yea, it is not onely a griefe to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and ſoule, to ſee her ſelfe made the mocking ſtocke and laughter of all *Mans* and *Maine*, who rather excuſe her huſbands youth, then any way pitty or commiſerate her age; and to ſee that the friends of her proſperity turne their backes and faces to her, in her affliction and poverty: and if ſhe have any hope yet left, to aſſiſt and comfort her in theſe her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaime her huſband to her by Letters: when taking pen and paper, ſhe within a month of his departure ſends him theſe few lines:

La Vasselay to De Merson.

SInce at thy requeſt I both recanted my Jealouſie *to thy ſelfe, and repented my* cruelty *to my maid* Gratiana, *what have I committed or done, that ſhould deſerve this thy ingratefull, and as I may truely ſay, Heart-killing departure? for having made a moſt exact* Scruteny *in my thoughts and ſoule; either of them informe me, and both aſſure me, that the freeneſſe and fervency of my affection towards thee, deſerved not ſo cruell but a farre more courteous requitall. If my Age be any way diſpleaſing to thy youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy ſight and preſence, wherein I not onely delight but glory. And although I can be content that thou ſurfeit with my wealth, yet make me not ſo miſerable, as to ſtarve both in and for thy preſence. If any have given thee any ſiniſter or falſe impreſſions, either of my ſelfe or actions; why if thy affection to me will not deface them, at leaſt let thy pity: Yea, returne my ſweet and deare* Huſband, *and what errors or faults ſoever thou ſaieſt I have committed, I will not onely redeeme them with kiſſes, but with teares.*

La Vasselay.

De Merſon having received this his wives Letter, it workes ſuch poore effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce then commiſerate her eſtate and ſorrowes; yea, he ſo ſleights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have anſwered her Letter with ſilence; but at laſt he (ſome eight daies after) returnes her this anſwer:

De

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

WHat hope can I have of thy Affection, *when I ſee thou art inviolably conſtant to thy* Jealouſie, *and if the* Scruteny *of thy thoughts and ſoule be as true as thou pretendeſt, yet I feare, that this Jealouſie of thine, is not the greateſt, but the leaſt of thy crimes. Thou writeſt to mee, that I give a cruell requitall to thy affection, but pray* God, *thou have not given a more ſharpe and inhumane one to* Gratiana's *ſervice and* Chaſtity: *Neither is it thy* Age, *but thy* Imperfections *and* Vices, *which are both diſpleaſing and odious to my youth: for I could brooke that with as much patience, as I can digeſt theſe with impoſſibilities. If thou wantſt means, I will grant thee more; but for my preſence, I have many reaſons to deny thee. I know none but thy ſelfe, which hath given mee any impreſſions of thy actions; and if thoſe were falſe, they would prove thy true happineſſe, as now they doe thy miſery, which, my affection doth pity, though cannot redreſſe it. It is but in vaine for thee, either to expect or hope for my returne; and ſith thy faults and errors are beſt knowne to thy ſelfe, let thy repentance redeeme them towards* God: *for neither thy kiſſes nor teares, can or ſhall to mee.*

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merſon* to his wife *La Vaſſelay*, is ſo farre from comforting, as it doth extremely afflict her: And although his diſcontents be ſuch, as ſhe ſees it almoſt impoſſible to reconcile and reclaime him; yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her ſolitary and diſcontented life, ſhe yet hopes, that a ſecond Letter may obtaine that of him, which her ſelfe could not: when ſixe moneths time being now ſlipt away ſince his departure, ſhee faigning her ſelfe ſicke, writes unto him againe to this effect.

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

THy abſence hath ſo deprived my joyes, and ingendred my ſorrowes, that ſickneſſe threatens my life to be neere her period; So among a world of diſcontentments, let mee yet beare this one Content to my grave, that I may once more ſee thee, whom ſo tenderly I both deſire, and long to ſee: and if I cannot be ſo happy as to live, at the leaſt make me ſo fortunate, as to die in thine Armes; which I know not whether it be a greater Charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny mee this requeſt of mine: For my deare De Merſon, *if thou will not be pleaſed to be my Huſband yet be not offended to remember that I am thy wife; and withall, that as I deſire thy returne, ſo that I have not deſerved thy departure: But if thou wilt ſtill be inexorable to my requeſts, theſe Lines of mine, which I write thee, rather with Teares than Inke, ſhall beare witneſſe betwixt thy ſelfe and me, of my Kindneſſe, of thy Cruelty, and how my Life ſought thy Affection, though my Death could neither finde, nor obtaine it.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Merſon reads this Letter with laughter; yea, he is ſo inſenſible of her Lines, Requeſts and Teares, as if another had ſent him newes of her death, as ſhe her ſelfe did of her ſickneſſe, it had beene far more pleaſing, and better welcome to him. But thinking how to gall her to the quicke, to the end hee might henceforth ſave her the labour to write him any more Letters, and himſelfe to receive and peruſe them, hee returnes her this ſharpe and bitter anſwer:

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

IT is thy Errour, not my Abſence, which hath exchanged thy Joyes into Sorrowes; and if thy life draw neere her period, they cannot be farre from theirs. My ſight is a poore content for thee to beare to thy grave, ſith as a Chriſtian, *thou ſhouldeſt delight to ſee none but thy* Saviour, *nor*

be

be Ambitious to live in any armes but his; and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy Huſband *I grant, and that thou art my* Wife *I not deny: But yet I feare thy heart knowes, though thy Pen affirmes the contrary, that I have farre more reaſon for my departure, than thou to deſire my returne. And if thou wilt yet know more, if the Inke wherewith thou writeſt thy Letter be Teares, pray* God *thou didſt not bedew* Gratiana's *Winding-ſheet and Coffin, both with her Teares and blood: for hadſt thou no tbeen cruelly, yea, inhumane to her, I would never havee been unkind to thee: And to conclude, live as happy, as I feare her death will make thee die miſerable.*

DE MERSON.

The receit and peruſall of this Letter, doth not onely grieve, but afflict and torment *La Vaſſelay:* for the very remembrance of *De Merſon* his ſuſpition and apprehenſion that ſhe had a hand in the death of *Gratiana*, doth, as it were, pierce her heart, as well with feare as ſorrow: For as her poverty lay before at his mercy, ſo now ſhee knowes doth her life; and that ſith he will not love her, hee may chance ſo maligne and hate her, as to reveale it. Whereupon, to ſecure her ſelfe, and to warrant the ſafety of her life, ſhe ſoone exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealouſie into envie towards him; yea, her enraged and incenſed thoughts, ingender and imprint ſuch bloody deſignes of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the feare and grace of *God*, ſhee impiouſly concludes a match with the Divell, to diſpatch and murther him; and from which bloody & damnable deſigne, no regard of *God* or her *Soule*, nor reſpect of *Heaven* or *Hell*, can, or ſhall divert her: when overpaſſing a ſmall parcell of time, wherein ſhe ruminated and pondered, how ſhe ſhould ſend him from this life to another; at laſt her malicious curioſity makes her thoughts fall on *La Villette*, being his *Gentleman*, who ſtill followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and inſtrument to finiſh this bloody buſineſſe, which ſo much imported her content and ſafety, grounding her reaſons upon the greatneſſe of his heart and mind, and the weakneſſe of his purſe and means; as if poverty were a ſufficient cauſe and privilege to commit ſo treacherous and bloody a fact: When knowing him to be then in *Mans*, receiving up his Maſters Rents, ſhe ſends for him; to whom (the doore bolted) ſhe tells him ſhe is to requeſt his ſecrecy in a buſines which infinitely tends to his good. He promiſeth it her: but ſhe will have him ſweare thereunto, which he doth; when with ſighs and teares making a bitter invective, and recapitulation of her Huſband, his Maſters undeſerved indignity and cruelty towards her; ſhe then and there, makes a propoſition to him, to murther him for her; and that ſhee will give him a thouſand crownes to effect it. *La Villette* ſeeing the greatneſſe of the danger in that of the crime, ſeemes not onely diſcontented, but amazed hereat: for although he love gold well, yet he will not purchaſe it at ſo deare a rate, and baſe and damnable a price as that of his Maſters blood: when ſeeing ſhe could not prevaile, ſhe againe puts him in minde of his oath to ſecrecy; which hee againe vowes never to infringe or violate; and withall, like a good ſervant, ſeekes to diſſwade and divert her from ſuch bloody thoughts and attempts. Had *La Villette* remained in the purity and candeur of this his Religious and Chriſtian Reſolution, not to imbrue or diſtain his hands in the innocent blood of his Maſter, it would have made him as happy, as we ſhall ſhortly ſee him miſerable in attempting and executing the contrary: for as a propenſion and reſolution to *Vertue*, breeds not onely *Honour*, but ſafety; ſo the contrary effects thereof produce not only ſhame, but miſery. To foreſee ſin, is a pious wiſdome; but to prevent and eſchew it, is alwaies a moſt wiſe and bleſſed piety.

And whereas *time* ſhould rather decreaſe than increaſe, and rather root out, than plant *Malice* in our thoughts, and *Envy* in our reſolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vaſſelay* to her huſband *De Merſon*, doth not die, but live, will not fade, but flouriſh: for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* againe in *Mans*, her malice unto her huſband is ſo inveterate & implacable, as ſhe againe ſends for him to her houſe, where (in great ſecreſie and intended affection) ſhe tels him that if he will murther his Maſter,

Maſter, ſhe within ſix moneths will marry him in requitall, and not only live his faithfull wife, but die his obedient and conſtant hand-maid. Now, although her firſt proffer of a thouſand crownes could not procure of *La Villette*, theſe her ſugred ſpeeches, which ſhe intermixeth with kiſſes, and the conſideration of ſo many thouſands, which her eſtate not onely promiſeth, but aſſureth, doth; ſo as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable villaine) ſweares to her to effect it; which wretched Verball contract, they interchangeably ſeale with oathes and kiſſes, which (if they had had any feare of God, or care of their ſalvations) they ſhould have deteſted with horrour, and abhorred with deteſtation; neither will his malice (or the Divell the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or deferre it; for having reſolved to murther him as he rides abroad; his Maſter on a time being invited to a generall hunting, by the *Baron* of Saint *Suſanna* (ſonne and heire to *Mountſieur de Varennes*) at his ſaid Towne of *Suſanna*, as hee came riding homewards towards his Fathers houſe of *Manſfelle*, he in the midſt of a great wood, neere unto the ſmall village of Saint *Georges*, riding behind his Maſter, diſchargeth his Piſtoll, loden with a brace of bullets thorow his reynes, which makes him inſtantly fall off dead from his horſe to the ground. When this helliſh ſervant *La Villette*, ſeeing his Maſter devoyd of breath, and groveling and welltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a ſinfull Divell, in committing this cruell murther, now reſolves to aſſume and repreſent that of a ſubtill Hypocrite in concealing it: when determining to report that they were both aſſaulted, and his Maſter ſlaine by thieves; hee to make all his actions conduce and looke that way, chargeth his Piſtoll againe with another brace of bullets, and ſhoots thorow his owne hat, gives himſelfe a cut ore his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier, takes his owne Piſtoll, and his Maſters Rapier, and throws it into a Pond cloſe adjoyning; takes likewiſe his Maſters purſe and watch out of his pocket, and hides it ſecretly; and then the more cunningly and knavilly to bleare and deceive the eyes of the world, thereby to make this his hypocriſie paſſe the currenter, hee having purpoſely provided himſelfe of two ſmall cords; with the one he binds both his owne feet, and with the other (by a pretty ſleight) ſlips there in his armes behind his back, and then ſetting himſelfe againſt a tree, hee very pitifully weepes, groanes, and cries out upon the thieves and murtherers of his Maſter *De Merſon*; when three *Gentlemen* of Brittaine, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repaire to his aſſiſtance, whom they finde out by his cries; to whom he relates, that five thieves had aſſaulted his Maſter and himſelfe, that hee fought in the defence as long as his ſword held; that his Maſter was killed with a Piſtoll, then robbed, and himſelfe ſhot thorow, and wounded, and bound as they ſaw. When theſe three *Britiſh Gentlemen*, grieving at this mournfull accident, and bloody ſpectacle, they inſtantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound, and ſo having conveyed the dead corps to the next Cottage, they runne up and downe the wood to finde out theſe thieves and murtherers, but in vaine: ſo *La Villette* having thanked theſe *Gentlemen* for their affection and charity towards his dead Maſter, and living ſelfe: Hee with a wonderfull exteriour ſhew of ſorrow, takes care for the ſpeedy and decent tranſporting home of his breathleſſe Maſter to *Manſfelle*; where his mournefull Father receives and buries him with infinite griefe, lamentation and teares.

In the meane time, this murtherous *La Villette* gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vaſſelay*, who although ſhee inwardly receives this newes with extreme content and joy, to ſee her ſelfe freed of ſo unkind and ingratefull a Huſband; yet publikely to the eye of the world (thereby the better to delude and deceive the world) ſheer contrariwiſe takes on blacks, ſeeming to be exceedingly mournfull, penſive and ſorrowfull thereat; but *God will* ſhortly diſcover the falſhood of theſe her teares, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the maſke of this her diſſembling and treacherous Hypocriſie: For as *Mans*, *Lavall*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Townes and Countries grieve at this lamentable murther of *De Merſon*; ſo they as much admire and wonder to ſee his old widow *La Vaſſelay* ſo ſhortly married and eſpouſed to his *Gentleman La Villette*, whoſe

whole Nuptialls are celebrated and consummated far within the terme of six moneths after. For the curious wits of these Cities and Countries, considering what a preposterous course and resolution this was for her to marry her Husbands man, and withall, so soone; as also that there was none other present but himselfe, when his master *De Merson* was murthered, it is umbragious; and leaves a feare, and sting of suspition in their heads; that there was more in the wind than was yet knowne, and therefore knowing no more, they deferre the detection thereof, to the providence and pleasure of *God*, who best, yea, who onely knowes in *Heaven* how to conduct and manage the actions here below on *Earth*: and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit these their cruell and bloody murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condigne punishment; and for want of other evidence and witnesses, they themselves shall be witnesses against themselves. And although *La Vasselay's* poysoning of *Grutius*, and *La Villette* pistolling of his Master *De Merson*, wer cunningly contrived, and secretly perpetrated; yet we shall see the last of these bloody murthers, occasion the discovery and detection of the first, and both of them most severely and sharply punished for these their bloody crimes and horrible offences. *The manner is thus*:

These two execrable wretches, *La Villette* and *La Vasselay* have not live married above some seven or eight months, but he being deeply in Law with *Mounsieur De Manfrelle*, his *Predecessors* father for the detention of some lands and writings hee takes an occasion to ride home to his house of *Manfrelle* to him, to conferre of the differences, and by the way fall into the company of some *Merchants* of *Laval*, and *Vitry*, who were returning from the faire of *Chartres*: when riding together for the space of almost a whole daies journy, the secret providence and sacred pleasure of God had so ordained, that *La Villette's* horse who bore him quietly and safely before, on a Sunday, first goes backwards, in despight of his spur or switch, and then standing an end on his two hind legges, falls quite backe with him, and almost breakes the bulke and trunke of his body; when having hardly the power to speake, his breath failing him, and he seeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparantly before his eyes, the Spirit of *God* doth so operate with his sinfull soule, as he there confesseth how his wicked wife *La Vasselay*, had caused him to murther his Master *De Merson* whom he shot to death with his Pistoll; that shee first seduced him with a thousand Crownes to performe it, which he refused; but then her consent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finish that bloody businesse, whereof now from his very heart and soule hee repented himselfe, and beseeched the Lord to forgive it him.

But here, before the *Readers* curiosity carry him further, let me, in the Name and feare of God, both request and conjure him, to stand amazed, and wonder with me at his sacred providence, and inscrutable wisedome and judgement, which most miraculously concurs and ioines in this accident, and especially in three essentiall and most apparant circumstances, thereof: For it was on the very same horse, the same day twelve moneth, and in the very same wood and place, where this execrable wretch *La Villette* formerly murthered his Master *De Merson*: Famous and notorious circumstances, which deserve to be observed, and remarked of all the children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and ingraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deterre us from the like crimes of murther.

Now these honest Merchants of *Laval*, and *Vitry* (as much in charity to *La Villette's* life, as in execration of that confessed murther of his Master *De Merson*) convey him to an Inne in *S. George*, when expecting every minute, that he would die in their hands, they send away post to advertise the *Presidiall Court* of *Mans* hereof, (within whose Jurisdiction *S. George* was) who speedily command *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead: But *God* reserved him from that naturall, to a more infamous death, and made him live till he came thither; where againe hee confessed this his foule murther of his Master *De Merson*, and likewise accused *La Vasselay* to be the sole instigator thereof, as we have formerly heard & understood. Whereupon he is no sooner examin'd, but this bloody

old Hag is likewiſe impriſoned: who with many aſſeverations and teares, denies and retorts this foule crime from her ſelfe to him. But her Judges are too wiſe to believe the weakneſſe and invalidity of this her fooliſh juſtification: So whiles they are conſulting on her, *De Bremay* having notice of all theſe accidents, but eſpecially, of *La Vaſſelay's* impriſonment; he (ſtill apprehending and fearing, that ſhee undoubtedly was the death of his daughter *Gratiana*) takes poſt from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where he accuſeth her thereof to the *Criminall Judges* of the *Preſidiall Court:* who upon this her double accuſation, adjudged her to the Racke, when at the very firſt torment thereof, ſhee at laſt preferring the life of her ſoule, before that of her body) confeſſeth her ſelfe to be the Actor of her firſt crime of *Murther*, and the *Author* of the ſecond: when, and whereupon the *Judges* (reſembling themſelves) in deteſtation, and for expiation of theſe her foule crimes, condemne him to be hanged, and ſhe to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution (neere the *Halls* in *Mans*, is accordingly executed, in the preſence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhorre the enormity of theſe their bloody crimes, as they rejoyce and glorifie God, for this their (not ſo ſevere, as deſerved) puniſhments.

As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Chriſtian) ſaid little elſe, but that which he had formerly ſpoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall: onely he ſaid, That he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vaſſelay*, would have ſheltred and preſerved him from this infamous death for murthering her Huſband, and his Maſter, *De Merſon.*

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, *La Vaſſelay*, ſhee was content to grieve at *Gratiana's* death, though not to lament or pity that of her Huſband *De Merſons:* yea, and although ſhee ſeemed to blame her jealouſie towards her; yet her age was ſo wretchedly inſtructed in piety, as ſhe could not finde in her heart, either to make an *Apology*, or any way to ſeeme repentant for her inhumane cruelty towards him: For as ſhe demanded pardon of *De Bremay* for poiſoning his daughter; ſo ſhe ſpake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for cauſing his ſonne to be piſtoll'd; onely in particular termes, ſhee requeſted *God* to forgive the vanity of her youth; and in generall ones, the world to forget the offences and crimes of her age: And ſo conjuring all old Widowes and Wives, to beware by her mournfull and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body, and her ſoule mounted and fled to *Heaven*, to crave remiſſion and pardon of *God*, who was the onely *Creator* of the one, and *Redeemer* of the other.

And ſuch were the deplorable, yet deſerved ends of this bloody, and wretched couple, *La Vaſſelay* and *La Villette*, for ſo cruelly murthering harmeleſſe *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Merſon:* and thus did *Gods* all-ſeeing, and ſacred Juſtice, juſtly triumph ore theſe their crying and execrable crimes. O that their examples may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable *Hiſtory*, may teach us, not onely how to meditate thereon, but alſo how to amend thereby.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleone, *with their two Laquayes,* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their father,* Captaine Benevente, *which they perſo me* Monteleone, *and his Laquay* Anſelmo *are drowned,* Fidelia *hangs her ſelfe,* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the gallowes confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente, Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off;* Cæleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.*

OUr beſt parts being our Vertues, and our chiefe and Soveraigne Vertue, the purity and ſanctity of our ſelves; how can wee neglect thoſe, or not regard this, except we reſolve to ſee our ſelves miſerable in this life, and our ſoules wretched in that to come: and as charity is the cyment of our other vertues, ſo envie (her oppoſite) is the ſubverſion of this our charity; from whence flowes rage, revenge, and many times murther, (her frequent (and almoſt) her inſeparable companions:) but of all degrees of malice and envie, can there be any ſo inhumane and diabolicall, as for two graceleſſe daughters to plot the death of their owne father; and to ſeduce and obtaine their two Lovers to act and performe it? whereof in this enſuing Hiſtory, we ſhall ſee a moſt barbarous and bloody preſident, as alſo their condigne puniſhments afflicted on them for the ſame In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the ſight of theſe their fearefull crimes and puniſhments, to reforme and prevent our owne; that wee may locke on their cruelty with charity, on their rage with reaſon, on their errors with compaſſion, on their deſperation with pity, and on their inhumanity with piety; that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choller; quench both the fire of our luſt, and the flames of our revenge; ſo ſhall our faiths be fortified, our paſſions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both bleſſed & ſanctified: to which end, I have written and divulged it. So Chriſtian Reader, if thou make this thy end in peruſing it, thou wilt then not faile to receive comfort thereby; and therefore faile not to give God the Glory.

MAny yeeres ſince the Duke of *Oſſuna* (under the command of *Spaine*) was made *Viceroy* of of the noble Kingdome *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour, although his fortunes or actions (how juſtly or unjuſtly I know not) have ſince ſuffered and received an Eclipſe. In the City of *Otranto*, within the *Province* of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient rich and valiant *Gentleman* (nobly deſcended) termed Captaine *Benevente*, who by his deceaſed Lady *Sophia Elianora* (Niece to the Duke of *Piombino*) had left him two daughters and a ſonne, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcaſero*, they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, names indeed, which they will no way deſerve; but from whom they will ſolely diſſent and derogate, through their helliſh vices, and inhumane diſpoſitions to blood and murther: wee may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcaſero* lives not at home with his father, but for the moſt part at *Naples*, as a chiefe *Gentleman* retaining to the *Viceroy*: where he profiteth ſo well in riding and tilting, (a noble vertue and exerciſe (beyond all other *Italians*) naturall and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchaſed the name of a bold and brave Cavalier, but for *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, the clocks of their youth having ſtroke twenty, and eighteene, the *Captaine* their father, (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their yeeres and deſcent farre from him) keepes them at home, that his care might provide them good huſbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a bleſſing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children, and had their obedience anſwered his affection, and their duty his providence, wee had not ſeene the *Theatre* of this their Hiſtory ſo beſprinkled and gored with ſuch great effuſion of blood.

This *Captaine Benevente* their father, (for his blood, wealth and generoſity) was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*, and for his many ſervices, both by ſea and land, was held in ſo great eſteeme in *Otranto*, that his houſe was an *Academy*, where all the Gallants, both of City and Country reſorted to backe great Horſes, to run at the Ring, and to practiſe other ſuch Courtly and Martiall Exerciſes, whereunto this old *Captaine*, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: ſo as the beauty of his two daughters, *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, could not be long, either unſeene, or unadmired: for they grew ſo perfectly faire, of ſo ſweet complexions, and proper ſtatures, that they were juſtly reputed and held to be the *Paragons* of *Beauty* not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: ſo as beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of *Nature*; this of theirs (ſo ſweet in its influence, and ſo excellent and delicious in that ſweetneſſe) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: ſo had they beene as rich in Vertue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their friends nor enemies ſhould have lived to have ſeene them die ſo miſerably; for now that proves their ruine, which might have beene their glory. They are both of them ſought in marriage, by many *Barons* and *Cavaliers*, as well at home as abroad, but the *Captaine* their father will not give eare, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that ſuch motion be moved him: They are ſo immodeſt, as they grieve hereat, and are ſo extremely ſorrowfull, to ſee that a few yeeres paſt away, makes their Beauties rather fade than flouriſh: where *Vertue* graceth not *Beauty*, as well as *Beauty Vertue*, it is often a preſage and fore-runner of a fortune as fatall, as miſerable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodeſt, to give way to ſuch incontinent and irregular conceits: ſo on the other ſide, the *Captaine* their father, was too ſevere, and withall too unkind, I may ſay cruell, to hinder them from *Marriage*, ſith their beauty and age had long ſince made them both meritorious and capable of it: It was in them immodeſty; in him unkindneſſe, to propoſe ſuch ends, to their deſires and reſolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, ſo have they likewiſe reaſon to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetouſneſſe, than inclined to regard his daughters content; and therefore is fully reſolved, not as yet to marry them, which is a reſolution better left than imbraced, and

and infringed than kept of him; ſith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and deſires. It is commonly dangerous for *Parents*, to content themſelves with their childrens diſcontents: for where *Nature* is croſſed, it many times degenerates, and proves unnaturall, as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it ſubmerge and waſh *Egypt* with her inundation: But *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, will make triall of one invention and concluſion more before they will give way to their diſtaſte, or ſtrike ſaile to their choller or revenge. They ſee their father is reſolute, and ſevere in nipping their hopes, and croſſing their deſires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevaile with him, that their brother *Alcaſero* may: to which end, the ſooner to obtaine and crowne their deſires with content, they conſult together, and ſo by a confident friend of theirs, ſend him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and CÆLESTINA to ALCASERO.

DIſpairing of our Fathers reſolution to marry us, wee have no other refuge or recourſe, but to thy ſelfe and thy affection, in requeſting thee powerfully to ſolicite him herein, that hee may not preferre his gold before our content, and conſequently his hopes before our deſpaire: neither could our hearts or thoughts perſwade us, either to imploy or acquaint any other but thy ſelfe with theſe our deſires, which Modeſty *would have ſuppreſſed, but that* Truth *contradicted and oppoſed it: for his ſeverity and cruelty is ſuch towards us, that although we are ſought in marriage by divers* Cavaliers *our Superiours, yet he will not permit us to be ſeene much leſſe to be wedded of any. Joyne then thy power to our wiſhes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents; and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a* Brother, *as otherwiſe we feare we ſhall ſee our ſelves unfortunate, yea, miſerable in a* Father: *and as thou canſt not forget our deſcent and Blood; ſo we zealouſly pray and beſeech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.*

FIDELIA, CÆLESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter: he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkinde to any, eſpecially to young Ladies, and moſt eſpecially to his ſiſters, whoſe content he makes and reputes his owne. He comes to *Otranto*, deales effectually with the *Captaine* his father herein, who gives them this anſwer: That he hath provided the *Baron* of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomeo Monteleone* for *Cæleſtina*; and that within fifteene daies they are to come to *Otranto* to ſee them: which newes doth exceedingly rejoyce, firſt himſelfe, then his ſiſters: but their joy ſhall not laſt long, but be buried as ſoone as borne. Within the prefixed time, theſe two noble men come, but they are hatefull, and not pleaſing to *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*; for the *Baron* of *Carpi* is crook-back'd, and ſquint-eyed, and *Monte-leone* is lame of one leg. Theſe Ladies valew their beauty at too high a rate, to beſtow it on ſuch deformed huſbands; and although *Venus* accepteth of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of theſe; becauſe they deeme no hell to that of a diſcontented bed: heretofore they wiſhed for Sutors, and now they wiſh they were well rid of theſe; and ſo ſacrificing to their owne contents, they ſet up this reſolution in their hearts and ſoules, that they will rather die maidens, than live to ſee themſelves wives to ſuch huſbands. Their father receives *Carpi* and *Monte-leone* courteouſly, and entertaines them nobly, according to their ranke and merits; hee tells his daughters plainly, that they ſhall marry theſe, and none others. Thus the Barke of theſe their reſolutions are ſurpriſed and beaten with two contrary winds; he will be obeyed of his daughters, and they will be commanded of their father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents, to force the affections of their children in their marriages, ſith it is a buſineſſe, which not only lives, but dies with them; but withall, their owne wills muſt neither be their law, nor their guide; for their Parents have (or at leaſt ſhould have) more experience and judgement than they to ſee who are, and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority oppoſeth affection, or affection reaſon, there ſuch marriages are ſtill ushered on with diſcontent, and waited and attended on with miſery.

Likewiſe, there is a great reſpect and conſideration to be obſerved by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for ſome will be perſwaded or reproved with a word, whereas others will become more headſtrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captaine attempted and practiſed the firſt, and not the ſecond towards theſe two Ladies his daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reaſon to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to deſpaire; yea, I dare preſume to averre with truth and ſafety, that we ſhould have ſeene them all as happy, as I now feare wee ſhall ſee them miſerable.

But to proceed with their Hiſtory, they are preſſed by the Captaine their father, and importuned by the two noble men their Sutors, to finiſh and confirme theſe contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* with a true ſemblance of diſtaſte, and yet a falſe ſhew of curteſie, give the deniall to their father in particular termes, and to them in generall: Hee ſtormes at their diſobedience, and they impute this excuſe of theirs to modeſty, rather than unkindneſſe: They flatter themſelves with this hope, that ſith they are faire, they muſt be courteous, and cannot be cruell: or if the contrary, that the Captaine their father will ſo manage his daughters affections, as all things ſhall ſort to their deſires and expectations; but they ſhall come too ſhort of their hopes: for they are neither reſerved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whiles thus they are buſie in advancing the proceſſe of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* attempt a contrary enterpriſe: for they with teares and prayers, requeſt their brother *Alcaſero*, importunately to ſolicite their father in their behalfe: that hee will not enforce them to marry thoſe whom they cannot affect, much leſſe obey: which like a noble and deare brother, he performes with much zeale and perſwaſion; but he cannot prevaile with him, nor bring them any other anſwer, than that they muſt and ſhall marry them, and onely them.

Had this reſolution of their father beene more courteous and leſſe rigorous towards his daughters, this Hiſtory of theirs had not deſerved ſo much pity and compaſſion, nor would have drawne ſo many ſighs from the hearers, or teares from the Readers: for ſeeing their father cruelly reſolved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, becauſe he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into divelliſh machinations, and helliſh conſpiracies againſt him: for as he plots their diſcontents, ſo do they his deſtruction. *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* ſee their blood, and cauſe one, and therefore ſo they pretend ſhall be their fortunes; they would reveale their intents and deſignes each to other; but the fact is ſo foule and unnaturall, as for a whiles they cannot, but they need no other Oratory than their owne ſullen and diſcontented looks, for either of them may read a whole Lecture of griefe and choller in each others eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their father, and the impatiency of *Carpi*, and *Monteleone*: *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, firſt breakes it to her ſiſter *Cæleſtina*, in this manner. That ſhee had rather die, then be compelled to marry one whom ſhee cannot affect: that the *Baron* of *Carpi* is not for her, nor ſhe for him; and that ſith her father is reſolute in this match, (although ſhe be his daughter) ſhe had rather ſee him laid in his grave, than her ſelfe in *Carpies* bed. There needs not many reaſons to perſwade that which we deſire: For *Cæleſtina* tells her ſiſter plainly, that ſhe (in all points) joynes and concurres in opinion with her, adding withall, that the ſooner their father is diſpatched, the better; becauſe ſhe knowes they ſhall never receive any content on *Earth*, till he be in *Heaven*: and ſo they conclude he ſhall die.

But *alas*, what helliſh and divelliſh daughters are theſe, to ſeeke the death of their father, of whom they have received their lives? who ever read of a *Parricide* more inhumanely cruell, or impiouſly bloody? ſo if ever murther went unrevenged, this will not; for we ſhall ſee the Authors and Actours thereof moſt ſeverely puniſhed for the ſame. Men and women may be ſecret in their ſinnes, but *God* will be juſt in his decrees, and ſacred in his judgements: what a religious reſolution had it been in them, to have retyred, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too prophane to have ſo much pity, and too outragious to harken to this religious reaſon: yea, they are too impious

to

to hearken to *Grace*, and too revengefull and bloody minded, to give eare either to *Reaſon*, *Duty* or *Religion*. So now, like two incenſed and implacable furies, they conſult how, and in what manner they may free themſelves of their Father: *Fidelia* propoſeth divers degrees and ſeverall ſorts of murthers, but *Cæleſtina* likes none of them; in ſome ſhe finds too much danger, in others too little aſſurance; and therefore, as young as ſhe is, ſhe invents a plot as ſtrange as ſubtile, and as malicious and diabolicall as ſtrange: ſhe informes her, that to be rid of her father, there cannot be a ſecurer courſe, than to engage the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleon* to murther him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, ſaying, it will be impoſſible for them to be drawne to performe it, ſith they both know and ſee, that the *Captaine* their father loves them ſo well, as will or nill, they muſt be their Huſbands. But *Cæleſtina's* revengefull plot is further fetch'd, and more cunningly ſpun; for ſhe hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfiniſhed, but is ſo confident in her divelliſh induſtry, as ſhe affirmes ſhe wil perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Cæleſtina* anſwereth, That they both muſt make a feigned and flattering ſhew, to change their diſtaſte, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage, they ſhall both agree to enforme them, that it is impoſſible for them to obtaine it, whiles the *Captaine* their father lives, ſith albeit in outward appearance he make a faire ſhew to make them their Huſbands; yet that he means and intends nothing leſſe; for that he hath given them expreſſe charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the maine and ſole cauſe, that hath ſo long with-held them from making ſooner demonſtrations of their affections towards them: and this (quoth ſhe) will occaſion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this meanes they may give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and ſo not only be rid of our father, but likewiſe of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our ſafegard and ſecurity, we will powerfully conjure and ſweare them to ſecrecy.

There is no web finer than that of the Spider, nor treachery ſubtiller than that of a woman, eſpecially if ſhe contemne Charity for Revenge, her Soule for her Body, *God* for *Satan*, and conſequently *Heaven* for *Hell*: how elſe could this young Lady lodge ſo revengefull a heart in ſo ſweet a Body, or ſhroud ſuch bloody conceits and inventions under ſo faire and ſo beautifull complexion.

But the *Panther*, though his ſkinne be faire, yet his breath is infectious: and we many times ſee, that the fouleſt Snake lurks under the greeneſt and beautifulleſt leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive eare to this her ſiſters bloody *Statagem* and deſigne; ſhe finds it ſure, and the probabilities thereof apparant and eaſie, and therefore approves of it. So theſe two beautifull, yet bloody ſiſters vow, without delay, to ſet it on foot, and in practice. It is the Nature of *Revenge* to looke forwards, ſeldome backwards; but did wee meaſure the beginning by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would ſavour of far more Religion, and of far leſſe impiety, and wee ſhould then rejoyce in that which we muſt now repent, but cannot remedy. They take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The paſſions of affection prove often more powerfull than thoſe of Reaſon, they ſuffer themſelves to be vanquiſhed and led away by the pure beauty and ſweet *Oratory* of theſe two diſcontented and treacherous Ladies, without conſidering what poiſon lurkes under their ſpeeches, and danger under their tongues: They commit a groſſe and maine errour, in relying more on the daughters youth, than the fathers gravity; on their verball, than his reall affection; and ſo they ingage themſelves to the daughters, in a very ſhort time, to free them of the *Captaine* their father. It was a baſe vice in Gentlemen of their ranke, to violate the Laws of Hoſpitality, in ſo high a degree, as to kill him who loved them ſo dearely, and entertained them ſo courteouſly; and it is ſtrange, that both their humors were ſo ſtrangely vicious, as to concur and ſympathize in the attempt of this execrable murther: But what cannot vice performe, or Ladies procure of their Lovers, at leaſt if they love Beauty better than Vertue, and Pleaſure, than Piety.

Captaine *Benevente* is many times accuſtomed after dinner to ride to his Vineyard, and now and then to *Alpiata*, a neighbour village, where hee is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenants wife of his, whom hee loved in her youth, and cannot forſake in her middle age: perſeverance in vice never makes a good end: a ſingle ſin is diſtaſtefull; but the redoubling thereof, is both hatefull and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleone* take their two Lacquaies, *Lorenzo* and *Anſelmo* with them, aſſoone as they know the *Captaine* to be abroad, onely accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and diſguiſing themſelves, they watch him at the corner of the wood; where of neceſſity he muſt paſſe. The event anſwereth their bloody expectations and deſires: they ſee *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a ſoft trot; when like ſo many Fiends and Divells, they all foure ruſh forth the thickets, and (without any other forme) with their Swords and Piſtolls, (after ſome reſiſtance) kill them dead to the ground; but this is not the end of their helliſh malice and envie; neither is the unſatiable thirſt of their revenge yet quenched: for they take theſe two murthered bodies (who are afreſh reeking, and weltring in their blood) and carry them to a neighbour hill, and ſo throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick buſhes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortall eye ſhould ever have ſeene them more, and then there they conſult upon their flight. *Carpi* reſolves to take poaſt for *Naples*, and there for a time to ſhroud himſelfe among the multitude of the *Nobility* and *Coaches*, which grace and adorne that City: And *Monteleon* reſolves to hye towards *Brunduſium*, with intent, that if theſe murthers were revealed, and himſelfe detected and accuſed, hee would there embarque himſelfe either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but hee hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Laquay poaſting for *Naples*, and let us ſee what accident will ſpeedily befall *Monte-leone*. It is impoſſible for murther to goe long unpuniſhed; *Monteleone* and his Laquay *Anſelmo* ſhall ere they ride farre, ſee this poſition verified in themſelves: He is provided of two faire Gennets, one for himſelfe, the other for his Laquay, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away hee goes for *Brunduſium*; but he hath not ridden paſt twelve miles before his owne horſe fell downe dead under him, which doth ſomewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the leaſt part of his miſery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; hee is enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, ſo hee rides his Laquayes horſe, and he followes him on foot. It is impoſſible for a guilty conſcience to be ſecured from feare: he rides narrow lanes, and by-waies, but at laſt neer the Village *Blanquettelle*, he meets with a ſwift Ford, which is paſſable for horſe, but not for foot: Here *Monte-leone* is conſtrained to take up his Laquay *Anſelmo* behinde him, which he doth; but being in the midſt thereof, the horſe ſtumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done ſo ſuddenly, that *Monte-leone* had no time to caſt off his Laquay and ſo they are both drowned, and have neither the *Grace* nor power to breath, or ſpeake a word more.

Gods Judgements are ſecret and inſcrutable: had they had time to repent, they had onely loſt their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wiſhed, they likewiſe run the hazard of their ſoules. But as it is a vertue to thinke and cenſure charitably of the dead, ſo it muſt needs be a vice to doe the contrary. Heretofore they thirſted for blood, and (lo) now they have their fill of water. All Elements are the ſervants of *God*, but theſe two of fire and water, are the moſt terrible, the moſt impetuous. Wee have but one way to come into the world, but divers to goe out of it: This is a teſtimony of our weakneſſe, and of Gods power.

By this time, Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them: his houſe rings and reſounds with ſorrow, all his ſervants and friends mourne and lament for his abſence, and his two accurſed daughters, they ſeeme to be all in teares thereat: but wee ſhall ſhortly ſee this their hypocriſie and diſſimulation both detected and revenged. They lay all the Countrey to purchaſe newes of their father, and ſpeedily by poaſt advertiſe their brother *Alcaſero* hereof at *Naples*, who amazed

amazed hereat, comes away with all poſſible ſpeed and expedition: His two ſiſters and himſelfe wonderfully mourne and lament for the abſence of their father; and now ſeeing five daies paſt and no newes of him, they begin to ſuſpect and feare, that hee is made away and murthered; and becauſe *Fiamento* was alone with him, they ſuſpect him of the fact, which they are the ſooner enduced to believe, in regard hee is fled, and not to be found: but they ſhall ſoone ſee the contrary, and that as he was a faithfull ſeryant to their father his maſter, during his life, ſo hee was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcaſero* his ſonne uſe all poſſible zeale and induſtry to finde out his father, yet ſith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveale the newes and ſight of him. For as ſome neighbouring Gentlemen (his kinsfolks and friends are hunting of a Stagge neere *Alpiata*, they purſue him on horſebacke ſome five or ſixe houres, and at laſt being tired, he runs for refuge and ſhelter, thorow the buſhes and bryars, into the ſame old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were throwne. The Gentlemen hunters deſcend from their horſes, and with their Swords drawne, enter purpoſely to kill the Stagge, which they performe; when caſting aſide their eyes, they ſee two dead mens bodies, one neere the other, whoſe legges, hands, and faces, the Crowes had pitifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournfull and unlooked for ſpectacle, when approaching to diſcerne them, they by their cloathes finde and know them to be Captaine *Benevente*, and his Gentleman *Fiamento*. They are aſtoniſhed and amazed hereat; and ſo one of them rides backe poſt to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcaſero* his ſonne hereof; who melting into teares, returnes with him neere to *Alpiata*, where, to his unſpeakeable griefe, he ſees the dead bodies both of his father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters he cauſed to bee ſearched, and finds that his father (with a Piſtoll bullet) was ſhot thorow the head in two places, and runne thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deepe wounds with a Rapier, and one ſhot thorow the head. *Alcaſero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this ſorrowfull newes; they know well that *Fiamento* did not ſet upon the Captaine his father, and that neither of them had Piſtols: and though they might imagine it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealouſie and ſuſpition, becauſe they finde rich Rings on his Maſters fingers, and ſtore of gold in his pockets; ſo they referring the diſcovery of this bloody and damnable murther to Time, and to God, the Authour and giver of Time; *Alcaſero* cauſeth the dead bodies, firſt of his father, then of *Fiamento* to be laid in a Coach, which he had purpoſely cauſed to be brought thither; and ſo accompanied with all the Gentlemen, returnes with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole City lament and bewaile this tragicall diſaſter: and becauſe theſe dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being ſo long above ground, *Alcaſero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his father honourably, according as the neceſſity and ſtrictneſſe of the time would permit him.

It is now *Alcaſero's* curioſity and care to ſeeke out the murtherers of his father; and for his ſiſters, they are ſo irreligious and wretched, as they thinke to mocke God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much leſſe from their ſoules. The morrow after their fathers burriall, they are all three informed, *Monte-leone* and his Laquay *Anſelmo* are drown'd as they paſſe the River *Blanquettelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two ſiſters rejoyce and triumph, eſpecially *Cæleſtina*, who now ſees her ſelfe freed, not onely of the Captaine her father whom ſhe hated, but alſo of the Knight *Monte-leone* her Sutor, whom ſhe could not love. She is ſo impious and graceleſſe, as ſhe doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pitty at theſe accidents; yea, ſhee ſo ſleightly and trivially paſſeth over the remembrance of her fathers untimely and bloody death, as if murther were no ſinne, or that God had ordained no puniſhment for it: She weares her mourning attire and weeds more for ſhew than ſorrow; for her father was no ſooner laid in his grave, but ſhe builds many Caſtles of pleaſure in the aire of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long ſhe will have a Gallant of her own chooſing to her husband; but ſhe may come too ſhort

of

of her hopes, and perchance finde a halter for her necke, before a wedding Ring for her finger. As for her brother *Alcasero*, his thoughts are roving and roaming another way; for he findes it strange that the Baron of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his father, and to continue his suite and affection to his sister *Fidelia*, whereat hee both admires and wonders, and not onely takes it in ill part, but also begins to suspect, and to cast many doubts and jealousies thereon; and what the issue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we shall shortly see. But a moneth or two being blowne away, *Carpi* hearing no suspition or talke of him, and thinking all things in a readinesse for him to be assured and contracted to his Lady and Mistris *Fidelia*; hee takes a new Laquay, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, sends him secretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her:

CARPI to FIDELIA.

THere are some reasons that stay me for not comming to Otranto, *to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy selfe: when thy sorrowes are overblowne, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy presence, as thy absence makes me miserable. I have given thee so true and so reall a proofe of my affection, as thou shouldest offer mee palpable injustice, and to thy selfe extreame injury to doubt thereof. For what greater testimony canst thou futurely expect, than to believe I will ever preferre thy love before mine owne life: If thy constancy answer mine,* Heaven *may, but* Earth *cannot crosse our desires. I pray signifie mee how thy brother stands affected to our affections; thy answers shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and blesse that hand that writ it.*

CARPI.

The Laquay comes to *Otranto*, and findes out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and secrecie) he delivers his Masters Letter, and commends, and requesteth an answer. *Fidelia* receives the one and promiseth the other: but she is perplexed and troubled in minde. Here her thoughts make a stand, and consult whether shee shall open this Letter or no. Her Conscience hath heretofore yeelded to the death of her Father; and now Religion beginnes to worke upon the life of her Conscience, which indeed is that of her Soule. Had she persevered in this course of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her disobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but shee forsakes the Helme that might have steered her to the Port of happinesse and safety; and so fils the sayles of her resolutions with the wind of despaire, which threaten no lesse than to split the Barke of her life on the Rockes of her destruction and death. She now begins to hate company which before she loved, and to love solitarinesse, which before shee hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth so haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that whersoever shee is, it is present with her. Remorse, as a *Vulture* gnawes at her heart and conscience; yea, though nothing doe feare her, yet she feares all things. She sees no man running behind her, but she thinks he purposely followes her to dragge her to prison: she is afraid of her owne shadow, and thinks, that not onely every tower, but every house will fall upon her: she will not come into any Boat nor passe any River, Brooke or Well, for feare of drowning. This despaire of hers causeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which should be both the preservative and *Antidote* of the soule: her speeches for the most part are confused and distracted, and her lookes, sullen, fearefull, and gastly (the proper signes and symptomes of despaire.) *Carpi's* Laquay having stayed two daies in *Otranto* for his answer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be dispatched, the which that night she promiseth him; and now in a sad and melancholy humour she breakes off *Carpi's* Letter, and peruseth it; which not onely renewes, but revives the remembrance of her fathers death; whereat she enters into so strange, and so implacable a passion, as she once had thought to have thrown his

his Letter into the fire, and her ſelfe after. Now ſhe is reſolved to write backe to *Carpi*, and then preſently ſhe changeth her reſolution, and vowes ſhee will anſwer him with ſilence. But the Divell is as ſubtill as malicious; and ſo ſhe cals for Pen and Inke, and out of the dregges of diſcontent, and the gall of deſpaire, writes and returnes him this anſwer:

FIDELIA to CARPI.

MY Fathers death hath altered my diſpoſition; for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy ſelfe to leave Naples, *to come to condole with mee in* Otranto: *for the beſt comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impoſſible for mee to receive any: I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any juſt cauſe to ſuſpect, much leſſe to feare mine. If this will not ſuffice, reſt aſſured I have reſolved, that either my grave, or thy ſelfe ſhall be my Husband. How my brother ſtands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to underſtand or know, ſith I am onely his* Siſter, *not his* Secretary; *but in all outward appearance, I thinke hee neither loves thee for my ſake, nor my ſelfe for thine. Live thou as happy, as I feare I ſhall die miſerable.*

FIDELIA.

What a fearefull Leter is this, either for *Fidelia* to ſend, or *Carpi* to receive: but her diſtempered and diſtracted ſpirits can afford no other; and therefore ſhee diſpatcheth away the Laquay with this. And now (as if her thoughts tranſported her to hell) ſhee cannot be alone, for the Devill is ſtill with her: hee appeares to her in the ſhape of an Angell of Light, and profers her mountaines of *Wealth*, and Worlds of *Honour*, if ſhe will fall downe and adore him. To rebell againſt God is a ſinne: but to perſevere in our rebellion, is not onely a contempt, but a treaſon in the higheſt degree againſt God. The beſt of Gods people are commonly tempted; but thoſe are, and prove the worſt, who are overcome with temptation. *Fortitude* is a principall and *ſoveraigne vertue* in *Chriſtians*; and if we vanquiſh the Devill, it is good for us that he aſſaulted us: ſith thoſe Victories (as well ſpirituall as temporall) are ever moſt glorious and honourable, which are atchieved with greateſt danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counſell, and the ſtreame of this adviſe, ſhe had never beene ſo weake with God, nor ſo unfaithfull to her ſelfe, as to deſtroy herſelfe: but forſaking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the trueſt felicity, what can ſhee hope for but deſpaire, or expect but deſtruction? Her brother *Alcaſoro*, and many of her kinsfolkes, neighbours, and friends (with their beſt zeale, and poſſible power) endevour to perſwade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious bookes, and continually to pray: She hearkneth to both theſe counſels, but neither can, or will not follow either: Her ſleepes are but broken ſlumbers, and her ſlumbers but diſtracted dreames; and ever and anon it ſeemes (to the eyes of her minde and body) that the Captaine her father doth both ſpeake to her, and follow her. In a word, ſhe is weary both of this world, and of her life; yea, deſpaire, or rather the Devill hath reduced her to this extreame miſery, and miſerable extremity, that ſhee is ready to kiſſe that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death: She never ſees a knife in the hands of another, but ſhee wiſheth it in her owne heart: her Conſcience doth ſo terribly accuſe her, and her thoughts give in ſuch bloody evidence againſt her conſcience and her ſelfe, for occaſioning her fathers murther, that ſhe reſolves ſhe muſt die, and therefore diſdaines to live. And now comes her ſiſter *Celeſtina* to her, to perſwade and conferre with her, but ſhe will prove but a miſerable comforter. *Fidelia* ſees her with hatred and deteſtation, and when ſhee begins to ſpeake, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her ſpeeches thus: *Ah ſiſter, would wee had ſlept when wee plotted our fathers death, for in ſeeking his ruine, we ſhall aſſuredly finde out our owne: Provide you for your ſafety, for I am paſt hope of mine; and ſo get you out of my ſight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her ſpeech ſavoured more of *Heave*[n]; then

then the end thereof doth of *Hell:* for ſure if we paſſe hope we come too ſhort of ſalvation; and if we forſake that, this infallibly will forſake us.

This poore, or rather this miſerable *Gentlewoman*, having alwaies her murthered father before her eyes, (which inceſſantly haunts her as a ghoſt, and yet ſhee enforced to follow it as her ſhadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the inſtigation of the divell, in what manner, or at what rate ſoever, to diſpatch her ſelfe, being ſo wretchedly inſtructed in faith and piety, and ſhee addes and believes, that the end of her life will prove not onely the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joyes. But, O poore *Fidelia*, with a thouſand pities and teares, I both pitty and grieve to ſee thee believe ſo infernall an Advocate: for what joy either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleaſures, and tortures for delights: or if thou wilt have me ſhew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or ſugred inſinuation tendeth, it is onely to have thee deſtroy thy body in earth, that (as a triumph and *Trophee* to the enlargement of his obſcure kingdome) he may drag thy body and ſoule to hell fire. But *Fidelia* is as conſtant in her ſinne, as impious in her reſolution; and ſo (all delayes ſet apart) ſhe ſeekes the meanes to deſtroy her ſelfe: ſhe procures poyſon, and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof anſwers not her deſires. I know not whether ſhee be more impatient to live then willing to die. We never want invention, ſeldome means to doe evill; a little pen-knife of hers, ſhall in her conceit performe that which poyſon could not: ſhe ſeeks it, and now remembers it is with her paire of knives, in the pocket of her beſt gowne: ſhe flies to her ward-robe, and ſo to her pocket, but finds not her knives, onely ſhe finds her *Naples*-ſilke girdle in ſtead thereof. The Devils inſtruments are never far to ſeeke; ſhee thinkes it as good to ſtrangle her throat, as to cut it: And here comes her mournefull and deplorable Tragedy, ſhe returnes ſwiftly to her chamber, bolts the doore, and ſo (which I grieve and tremble to relate) faſtens it to the teaſter of her bed, and there hangs her ſelfe; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very inſtant, and for the ſpace of an houre, it thundred and lightned ſo cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not onely the chamber where ſhee hung, but the whole houſe ſhaked thereat. The thunder being paſt, and the ſkies cleared, dinner is ſerved on the Table, and *Alcaſero* and *Cæleſtina* ready to ſit, they call for their ſiſter *Fidelia*, but ſhee is not to be found. One goes to her chamber, and returnes, that her key is without ſide, and the dore bolted within, and yet ſhe anſwers not. They both flie from the Table to her chamber, and call and knocke, but no anſwer. *Alcaſero* commands his men to breake open the doore, which they doe, and there ſees his ſiſter *Fidelia* hanging to the bed-ſteed ſtark dead. They cry out as affrighted & amazed at this mournfull and pitifull ſpectacle, and with all ſpeed take her down; but ſhe is breathleſſe, though not cold; and they ſee all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as ſnow, now to be coale black, & to ſtinke infinitely. Theſe are the wofull effects, and lamentable fruits both of *Deſpaire* and *Murther*; O, may *Chriſtians* of all ranks, and of both ſexes, take heed by *Fidelia's* mournful and miſerable example, and withall remember that murther will ſtill be revenged & puſhed, eſpecially that which is perpetrated by children toward their parents; a ſin odious both to God and man, ſith it not onely oppoſeth Nature, but Grace; Earth, but Heaven.

No ſooner (with griefe and mourning) hath *Alcaſero* buried this his naturall, yet unnaturall ſiſter *Fidelia*, but as his other ſiſter *Cæleſtina* weepes for her death, ſo ſhee againe rejoyceth that her ſiſter hath no way revealed the great buſineſſe, which ſo much concernes her, I meane the murther of the *Captaine* her father. But *Time* will detect and revenge both it and her. And that wee may not ſeeme extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this *Hiſtory*, flie wee from *Otranto* to *Naples*, and leave we the fatall and wofull Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to ſpeake a little of the *Baron* of *Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the *Theatre* of this *Hiſtory*.

He hath no ſooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Laquay, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he ſees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in deſpaire to her ſelfe, and thinkes, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection,

affection, ſo it may be in his to comfort her with his preſence: but her requeſt and his conſcience informe him, that it is yet too ſoone to leave *Naples* to ſee *Otranto*; and yet that he may not faile in the complement and duty of a Lover, he reſolves to viſit her by Letter, though not in perſon, and ſo writes her theſe few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

WEre thy requeſt not my Law, I would ſee Fidelia *to comfort her, and comfort my ſelfe to ſee her: But ſith I muſt be ſo unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different ſorrowes, my refuſall, and thy deſpaire: what remedy (or* Antidote*) can I more aptly adminiſter, than Patience to the firſt, and Prayer to the ſecond. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occaſion of ſorrow than thy ſelfe, and yet I am ſo farre from deſpairing, as I hope* Time *will give thee conſolation and me Content. Endevour to love thy ſelfe and not to hate me; ſo ſhalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and Iſecurity out of danger. I hope thy brother will not follow thy fathers ſteps, his affection to thee, ſhall be mine to himſelfe: Let thy ſecond Letter give me halfe ſo much joy, as thy firſt did griefe, and I ſhall then triumph at my good fortune as much as I now lament and pitty thine, and in that mine owne:*

CARPI.

He ſends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquay *Fieſco*, who carried his firſt; but he muſt goe into another world if he meane to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repaires to Captaine *Benevente's* houſe: whereas he is walking in the ſecond Court. *Alcaſero* being very ſolitary and penſive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deepely and ſeriouſly thinking what two fatall diſaſters were befallen his houſe, as the loſſe of his father and ſiſter, he by chance eſpies this Lacquay *Fieſco*; at whoſe ſight his heart beats, and his blood very ſuddenly flaſheth up in his face: hee exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himſelfe, a ſtep or degree to the diſcovery of his fathers murther, whereon his thoughts were alwaies fixed, and could never be withdrawne: he ſends a Gentleman of his named *Plantinus*, to enquire whoſe Lacquay it was, and what was his buſineſſe. *Plantinus* deſcends and examineth him, but he is cloſe, and will reveale nothing. Hee entreats him to enter and taſte the Wine, which he doth; when ingaging, and leaving him in the Celler, he trips up to his Maſter, and acquaints him with his anſwer, adding withall, that ſome fifteene daies ſince he ſaw him here before. *Alcaſero* commands this Lacquay to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not diſcover himſelfe; hee threatens him with the whip, and impriſonment, but he cannot prevaile. It is a vertue in a ſervant to conceale his maſters ſecrets. *Alcaſero* is angry at his ſilence and fidelity, yet commends him: he bethinks himſelfe of another courſe and ſubtilty, as well knowing that faire words may obtaine that which threats cannot; he prayes him to dine with his ſervants, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth: *Alcaſero* takes him apart, and tels him, that ſome fifteene daies paſt he ſaw him here: *Fieſco* anſwereth him with ſilence. *Alcaſero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and diſtraction in his lookes and ſpeech; he thinkes this boy can reveale ſomething which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to ſurpriſe him with a ſilver hooke; he profers him twenty *Duckets*, and layes it downe before him, to diſcover himſelfe and his buſineſſe.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerfull bait to indiſcretion and poverty. It is a ſmall point of ſmall wiſedome in *Noblemen* to commit ſecrets of importance to thoſe who have too much folly, and too little judgement to conceale them. The ſight of this gold doth not onely dazle *Fieſco's* eyes, but eclipſe his fidelity; ſo he holds it no ſinne towards God, nor treachery towards his maſter to reveale it; but takes it, and informes him that he is the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Lacquay, who ſent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia* his ſiſter. *Alcaſero* growes pale hereat, and is very curious and haſty to ſee the Letter: *Fieſco* delivers it him, who ſteps aſide, and reads it: whereon he plucks

plucks his hat downe his fore-head, and ſo making three or foure paces, reads it ore againe. He is perplexed to know as much as he ſees, and grieved not to ſee and finde as much as he deſireth to know: he now confirmes his former ſuſpition of *Carpi*, and believes that he is a chiefe Actor or agent in his fathers *Tragedy*. But he knows it wiſdome to uſe ſilence in the diſcovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore cals *Fieſco* to him, bids him ſtay that night, and to ſpeake with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcaſero withdraws himſelfe from the garden to his Cloſet, and there againe peruſeth this Letter of *Carpi's*: he finds it full of ſuſpition and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters; yea, there is a myſtery in this Letter, the which he muſt unlock and finde out ere he be ſatisfied: for although *Carpi* be ſquint-eyed, yet he feares he hath looked too right on his father. He flies to *Fidelia's* Cloſet, Trunke, and Caſket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi's* to her, and the copy of one of hers to him; and the peruſall of theſe two letters are ſo farre from diminiſhing his ſuſpition, as it doth augment and increaſe it; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his ſiſter *Fidelia* have joyntly had a great hand in his fathers murther. But all this while he doth not once ſo much as ſuſpect or imagine that his other ſiſter *Cæleſtina* hath played any part in this *Tragedy*: but *Time* is the daughter of *Truth*, as *Truth* is that of *Heaven*. In the morne he cals for *Fieſco*, to whom he gave this farewell: *Tell the Baron of* Carpi *thy Maſter, that my ſiſter* Fidelia *is in another world, and not in this, and that ſhortly I reſolve to ſee him at* Naples, *and that in the interim I will reſerve his Letter.* *Fieſco* departs, but knowes he hath ſo highly betrayed and wronged his Maſter, as he dares not ſee him, and ſo ſhewes him a faire paire of heeles. Such Lacquays far better deſerve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquayes long ſtay: In which meane time *Alcaſero* comes to *Naples*, where he is yet irreſolute, whether to accuſe *Carpi* by the order and courſe of Law, or to fight with him: but he reſolves to do both; & that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his father, his ſword ſhall. He goes to the *Criminall Judges*, and with much paſſion and ſorrow accuſeth the *Baron* of *Carpi* for murthering of the Captaine *Benevente* his father; and for proofe hereof produceth his two Letters to his ſiſter *Fidelia*, and the copie of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*, ſo he is taken and conſtituted priſoner; and now hee hath leaſure to thinke on the baſeneſſe and foulneſſe of his fact. But he is ſo far from dejecting himſelfe to ſorrow, or addicting himſelfe to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his lookes and ſpeeches, and ſo peremptorily intends and reſolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or leſſe impiety, he would have made better uſe of this his impriſonment, and have ſhewen himſelfe at leaſt humble, if not ſorrowfull, for his offence and crime. But he holds it wiſdome, in greateſt dangers to ſhew moſt courage and reſolution, and ſo makes himſelfe fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatſoever.

Men may palliate their ſinnes, but God will finde them out and diſplay them in their naked colours. *Alcaſero* is an importunate ſolicitor to the Judges to draw and haſten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (reſembling themſelves) proceed therein modeſtly and gravely: they conſult, and conſider the three Letters: they finde conjecturall ſentences enow to accuſe, but no ſolid proofe to condemne him: they hold, that their opinions ought not to be ſwayed with the wind of every preſumption, and that it is not fit ſo trivially to ſet the life of a man at ſix and ſeven. Beſides, as they approve of *Alcaſero* his affection to his father, ſo they diſlike of his impetuoſity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all reſolve to lay the Sword of *Juſtice* in the ballance of *Equity*, and then ordaine, that *Carpi* ſhall be rackt, to ſee whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures theſe his tortures and torments with wonderfull conſtancy; and ſtill denies all. Had his cauſe beene more religious and humane, and not ſo bloody, this fortitude and courage of his had beene as praiſe-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The *Court* by ſentence (pronounced in open *Senate*) acquit and cleare *Carpi* of this murther; whereat *Alcaſero* exceedingly repines and murmures.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now eſcaped this danger; for *Alcaſero* remaines ſtill conſtant

constant in his conceit, that he is the murtherer of his father, and therefore vowes and resolves to fight with him: He lets passe some six weekes time, till he be sound of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* beene innocent, it had been more honourable and requisite, that hee had challenged *Alcasero*, than *Alcasero* him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearefull, he dares not runne the hazzard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero*: which if he had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him; who making *Plantinus* his second, hee out of the ashes of his sorrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of Defiance.

ALCASERO to CARPI.

Although the Law have cleared thee for the murther of my Father, yet my Conscience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, *not to seeke revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthinke the cause of my disaster, I would not seeke to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazard of mine owne. But finding this not onely difficult, but impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single, at eight of the clocke after supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine, and the refusall mine: or if thou wilt make use of a Second, hee shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.*

ALCASERO.

Whiles the *Baron* of *Carpi* is triumphing to see how hee hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and so freed himselfe from the feares and danger of death, behold, *Plantinus* findes him out, and delivers him *Alcasero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctation & combat, not only in his thoughts, but his Conscience, whether shee should accept or refuse it. His *Honour* bids him doe the first; but his Conscience wills him to performe the second: it were better to be borne a Clowne than a Coward. Besides if he should refuse to fight with *Alcasero*, he upon the matter makes himselfe guilty of the *Captaine* his fathers death. He knowes hee hath an unjust cause in hand, but hee preferres his *Honour* before his *Life*, when setting a good face upon his resolution, he addresseth himselfe to *Plantinus* thus:

Sir, I presume you know this businesse: for I take you to be *Alcasero's* Second. He hath (replyed *Plantinus*) done me the honour to make choice of me, in stead of a more worthy. Well (quoth the *Baron* of *Carpi*) tell thy Master from mee, That although I have not deserved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will performe it, onely I must fight single, because I am at present unprovided of a Second. *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prayes him, that he may not see his hopes and desires frustrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feast. But *Carpi* gives him this answer, which he bids him take for his last resolution; That hee will hazzard himselfe, but not his friend. So *Plantinus* returnes with joy to his master, and discontent to himselfe: when nothing proving of power, to quench the fire of these two *Gentlemens* courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with passion and vehemency; *Alcasero* with judgment and discretion. *Carpi* lookes red and fiery with choller, and *Alcasero* pale and gastly, not for feare of his cause, but for the remembrance of his sorrows: and to conclude and shut up this combat in the issue thereof, *Justice* is not now pleased to shew the effects of her power and influence; nor God that of his Justice, onely it is reserved for another time, and for a more shamefull manner: so *Carpi* hath the best of the day, for he is onely hurt in his right hand, and scarred over both his lips, as if the providence and pleasure of *God* had ordained, that that hand which committed the murther, and that mouth which denied it, should bee purposely punished, and no part else. As for *Alcasero*, he had five severall wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* believe it was mortall, and the rather, for that hee fell therewith speechlesse to the ground:

so leaving him groveling and weltring in his blood, he departs, resting very confident that he was at his very last gasp of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his *Chirurgion* (being more humane and charitable than his master) leapes over the next hedge, and comes to his assistance: He leanes him against a banke, binds up his wounds, and wraps him in his cloake, and so runs to a Litter, which he saw neere him, and prayes the Lady that was in it, that she would vouchsafe to take in *Don Alcasero*, who was there extreamely and dangerously wounded: and this did *Carpi* his *Chirurgion* performe, in the absence of *Alcasero's* owne *Chirurgion*, who out of some distaste or forgetfulnesse, came not at the houre and place assigned, according to his promise. It was the Lady *Marguerita Esperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeale to wounded *Alcasero*, presently descended her Litter, commanded her servants to lay him in softly, and to convey him to his lodging, and she her selfe is pleased to stay in the fields till her servants returne it her. It was a *courtesie*, and a *charity* worthy of so *Honourable* a Lady as her selfe: and in regard whereof I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this History. All *Naples*, yea, the whole Kingdome rings of this combate; the *Baron* of *Carpi* and *Alcasero* are (joyntly) highly commended and extolled for the same; the last for his affection and zeale to his dead father; the first, for giving *Alcasero* his life when it was in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcasero* to die of these wounds, but will rather have him live to see *Carpi* die before him, though in a farre more ignoble and shamefull manner.

As soone as *Alcasero's* wounds are cured and hee pretty well recovered, hee leaves *Naples*, and returnes to *Otranto*, where his sister *Cælestina* did as much shake and tremble at the imprisonment of the *Baron* of *Carpi*, as she now rejoyces at his liberty: especially, sith shee is assured, that he hath no way accused her, nor used her name for the death and murther of her father, which indeed makes her farre more pleasant and merry than before, and within six moneths after marries with *Seignior Alanso Loudovici*, whom she ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom she lives in great pleasure, state, and pompe; and no lesse doth her brother *Alcasero*, who for the courtesie which *Dona Marguerita Esperia* shewed him when hee was so dangerously wounded, in requitall thereof doth now marry the faire *Beatina*, her onely daughter, with whom he lives in the highest content and felicity, as any *Gentleman* of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either desire or wish.

But this *sun-shine* of *Carpi's* prosperity, and *Cælestina's* happinesse and glory shall not last long: for there is a storme breaking forth, which threatneth no lesse than the utter ruine, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot, God will both detect and punish murthers; yea, by such secret meanes and instruments, as we least suspect or imagine. They are infallible *Maximes*, that we are never lesse secured, than when we thinke our selves secure; nor neerer danger than when we esteeme our selves farthest from it. And if any be so incredulous, or as I may say, so irreligious, as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they shall instantly see it verified and made good in the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Lady *Cælestina*, who thinking themselves now safe and free from all adverse fortunes, and fatall accidents whatsoever, and enjoying all those contents and pleasures, which their hearts could either desire or wish to enjoy, or which the world could prostitute or present them; they in a moment shall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their daies on a base scaffold, with much shame, infamy, and misery. The manner is thus:

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth square out the rule of his Justice, according to that of his will: all men are to bee accountable to him for their actions, but he to none for his decrees and resolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curiosity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not onely folly, but impiety: for as wee are men, we must looke up to God, but as we are *Christians*, we must not looke beyond him. How often times makes great offenders accuse themselves for want of others to accuse them-

them; and when he pleaſeth, he will puniſh one ſin by another; the which we ſhall now ſee verified in *Lorenzo*, the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Lacquay; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, aſſiſted this his Maſter to murther Captaine *Benevente* and *Fiamento*, neere *Alpiata*; who ever ſince being countenanced and authorized by his Maſters favour, in reſpect of this his foule fact, wherein his bloody and murtherous hand was deeply and joyntly embrewed with him; he from that time becomes ſo debauſh'd and diſſolute in his ſervice, as hee ſpends all that poſſible he can procure or get, yea and runs likewiſe extreamly in debt, not onely with all his friends, but alſo with all thoſe whom he knowes will truſt him: ſo as his wants being extreamely urgent, and enforced to ſee himſelfe reduced to a miſerable indigence and poverty; He being one day ſent by the *Baron* his Maſter to the *Senate* houſe with a Letter to his Counſellor, hee there in the throng and crowd of people cut a purſe from a Gentlewomans ſide, wherein was ſome five and twenty Ducketons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended, and impriſoned for the fact, and the next morne his Proceſſe was made, hee found guilty, and condemned to be hanged: So he is dealt withall by a couple of Fryers in priſon, who prepare his ſoule for *Heaven*: He ſees the fouleneſſe of his former life, and repents it. The *Baron* of *Carpi* his Maſter, no ſooner underſtands this newes, but he ſhakes and trembles, fearing leſt this his Lacquay ſhould reveale the murther of the Captaine and his man: whereupon he reſolveth to flie; but conſidering againe, that if his Lacquay accuſe him not, his very flight will proclaime and make him guilty: he ſtayes, and as he thinkes, reſolves of a better courſe. He goes to the priſon, and deales with his Lacquay to be ſecret in the buſineſſe he wots of; proteſting and promiſing him, that in conſideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tels him, that he need not feare; for as he hath lived, ſo he will die his faithfull ſervant: But wee ſhall ſee him have more grace, than to keepe ſo graceleſſe a promiſe. *Carpi* flattering himſelfe with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquay, reſolves to ſtay in the City: but hee ſhall ſhortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fieſco*, which me thinks ſhould have made him more cautious and wiſe, and not ſo ſimple to entruſt and repoſe his life on the incertaine mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue: but Gods Revenge drawes neere him, and conſequently he neere his end; for he neither can nor ſhall avoyd the judgment of Heaven.

Lorenzo on the gallowes, will not charge his ſoule with this foule and execrable ſinne of murther: but Grace now operating with his ſoule, as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, he confeſſeth, that he and the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Maſter, together with the Knight *Monte-leone*, and his Lacquay *Anſelmo*, murthered the Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw them into the Quarry, the which hee takes to his death is true: and ſo uſing ſome Chriſtian-like ſpeeches of repentance and ſorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no ſooner turned over, but the *Criminall Judges* advertiſed of his ſpeeches delivered at his death, they command the *Baron* of *Carpi* his lodging to be beleagred, where he is found in his ſtudy, and ſo apprehended, and committed priſoner, where feare makes him looke pale; ſo as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage ſtrike ſaile. He is againe put to the Racke, and now the ſecond time he reveales his foule & bloody murther, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzoes* accuſation of him to be true: So he is condemned, firſt to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithſtanding that many great friends of his ſue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morne, one of his Judges was ſent to him to priſon, to perſwade him to diſcover all his complies in that murther, beſides *Monte-leone* and his Lacquay *Anſelmo*; yea, there are likewiſe ſome Divines preſent, who with many religious exhortations perſwade him to it: So *Grace* prevailes with Nature, and *Righteouſneſſe* with Impiety and ſinne in him; that hee is now no longer himſelfe, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather diſreſpect *Celeſtina*, than diſpleaſe God: whereupon he affirmes, that ſhe and her deceaſed ſiſter *Fidelia*, drew him and

Monte-leone to murther their father, and his man *Fiamento*, and that if it had not been for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloody a businesse: and thus making himselfe ready for *Heaven*, and grieving at nothing on *Earth*, but at the remembrance of his foule fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This *Tragedy* is no sooner acted and finished in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City send away post to those of *Otranto*, to seize on the Lady *Celestina*, (who in the absence of her husband for the most part lived there:) A Lady whom I could pitty for her youth and beauty, did not the foulenesse of her fact so foulely disparage and blemish it. She is at that instant at a *Noblemans* house, at the solemnity of his daughters marriage, where she is apprehended, imprisoned, & accused to be the authour and plotter of the *Captaine* her fathers death; neither can her teares or prayers exempt her from this affliction and misery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the *Baron* of *Carpi* and his Lacquay *Lorenzo* were already executed for the same in *Naples*, she with a world of teares freely confesseth it, and confirmes as much as *Carpi* affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhumane *Paracide*, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes throwne into the ayre; for a milder death, and a lesse punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her owne father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being sent backe that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer still grieving for her sinnes, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morne being brought to her execution, when she ascended the scaffold, she was very humble, sorrowfull, and repentant, and with many showres of teares requested her brother *Alcasero* and all her kinsfolkes to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her father death, & generally all the world to pray for her; when her sighs and teares so sorrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as shee recommending her soule into the hands of her Redeemer, whom she had so hainously offended, she with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her soule; and then the fire (as if incensed at so fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were throwne into the ayre, to teach her, and all the world by her example, that so inhumane and bloody a daughter, deserved not either to tread on the face of this earth, or to breathe this ayre of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shamefull and wretched a death: & yet she was far happier then her sister *Fidelia*, for she despaired, and this confidently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young *Gentlewoman* lived impiously, yet she died *Christianly*: wherefore let us think on that with detestation, and on this with charity. And here we see how severely the murther of Captaine *Benevente* was by Gods just revenge punished, not onely in his two daughters who plotted it, but also in the two Noblemen and their two Laquayes who acted it. Such attempts and crimes, deserve such ends and punishments, and infallibly finde them. The onely way therefore for Christians to avoyd the one, and contemne the other, is with sanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, still to pray to *God* for his *Grace*, continually to affect *prayer*, and incessantly to practise *piety* in our thoughts, and *godlinesse* in our resolutions, and actions, the which if we be carefull and conscionable to performe, *God* will then shrowd us under the wings of his favour, and so preserve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we shall have no cause to feare either *Hell* or *Satan*.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice *like a bloody villaine, and damnable ſonne, throwes his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well and drownes her: the ſame hand and arme of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body; and being diſeaſed of his wits in Prijon, he there confeſſeth his foule and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.*

IF wee did not wilfully make our ſelves miſerable, *God* is ſo indulgent and mercifull to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and preſumptuous hands wee violate the Lawes of *Nature* and *Grace*, of *Earth* and *Heaven*, in murthering through envy thoſe, whom through *Duty* and affection wee are bound to obey, honour, cheriſh and preſerve: then it is no marvell, becauſe we firſt forſooke God, that he after abandoneth us to our ſelves, and ſinnes, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Miſery, Infamy, and Perdition; and that wee may ſee humane cruelty to be juſtly met with and puniſhed by Gods upright and divine Juſtice, Loe here in this enſuing Hiſtory we ſhall ſee a wretched ſon kill his harmleſſe & deare mother. A very fearefull and lamentable *Parracide*, a moſt cruell and execrable fact, for the which we ſhall ſee him rewarded with condigne puniſhment, and with a ſharpe and infamous death, although not halfe ſo deplorable as deſerved. It is a bitter and bloody *Hiſtory*, the relation and remembrance whereof, in the moſt barbarous and flinty hearts is capable, not onely to ingender compaſſion, but compunction; yea, not onely contrition but teares, at leaſt if we have any place left in us for *Pitty* or room for *Piety*; the which if we have, doubtleſſe the end of our reading will not onely bleſſe, but crowne the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

VPon the North-eaſt ſide of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly knowne and called the Lake of *Geneva*, (becauſe its payes it full tribute, and makes its chiefeſt *Rendezvous* before that City, whereof it environeth at leaſt one third part.) There ſtands a pretty ſmall and ſtrong Towne, diſtant a little daies journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the juriſdiction of *Berne*, one of the chiefeſt *Cantons* of that warlike people and countrey of *Swiſſerland*, wherein of very late yeeres, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honeſt Burger, or Burgemaſter (for of Gentry thoſe parts & people are not, becauſe they will not be capable) named *Martin Halſenorſe*, who by his wife *Chriſtina Snuytſaren*, had one onely child a ſonne, named *Maurice Halſenoſe*, now of ſome fourteene yeare old; whoſe father although he were by profeſſion a ſouldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of thoſe *Auxiliary* Bands of that Countrey which are in pay to the *French King*; yet nevertheleſſe his chiefeſt ambition and care was, to make this ſonne of his a ſcholler, becauſe the ignorance and illiterature of his owne age, made him to repent it in himſelfe, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his ſonnes youth, ſith hee now knew and ſaw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a ſoule, or a ſoule without knowledge and reaſon, which are her chiefeſt vertues, and moſt ſacred *Ornaments* and *Excellencies*: So hee brings him up to their owne *Grammar* Schoole in *Morges*, where in ſome three or foure yeares his affection and care to ſtudy, makes him ſo good a *Proficient*, as he becomes not onely ſkilfull, but perfect therein, and almoſt as capable to teach his Schoolemaſter, as he was to inſtruct him: yea, and to adde the better *Grace* to the *Grace* of that *Art*, hee was of ſo milde and ſo modeſt a carriage, and the bloſſomes of his youth were ſo ſweetly watered with the *Heavenly* dew of *Vertue* and *Piety*, as if his manners and himſelfe were wholly compoſed thereof; ſo that for *Learning* and *Goodneſſe* he was, and was juſtly reputed, not onely the *Mirrour*, but the *Phœnix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as hee eſteemed himſelfe happy in his Parents, ſo they reciprocally hold themſelves, not onely happy, but bleſſed in this their ſonne; but becauſe the inherent corruption of our Nature, and the perverſneſſe and multiplicity of our ſinnes are ſuch, as they cannot promiſe us any true joy, much leſſe aſſured and permanent felicity: ſo the Sunne-ſhine of this their Temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the Father, Mother, and Sonne, will ſhortly receive a great Eclipſe, and a fatall diſaſter, which will be to them ſo much the more bitter and mournefull, ſith both the cauſe and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For *God* in his ſacred decree and providence, ſeeing *Martin Halſenorſe* the father, his ſtrength arrived at his full *Meridian* and height, and his daies to their full number and period: He, as he ſate at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and ſonne, is ſuddenly taken with a deadly ſwoone, which preſently deprives his body of this life, and ſends his ſoule to enjoy the ſweet felicity and ſacred joy and immortality of the life to come: A *Document* which may teach us not to rely upon the rotten priviledges and ſtrength of youth, but ſo to prepare our lives, that death at all places, and in all times, may ſtill finde us armed and ready to encounter it. A *Document* which may teach us with the erected eyes as well of our faith as body ſo to looke from *Earth* to *Heaven*, that our ſoules be not onely ready, but willing to forſake this ſtinking Tabernacle and priſon of our mortality, to flie and be admitted into *Heaven*, that *Heavenly Jeruſalem*, and Celeſtiall City, where they may enjoy the bleſſed *Communion* of the *Saints*, and the greateſt bleſſings of all ioyes, and the moſt ſoveraigne joy of all bleſſings, then to ſee our *Creator* and *Saviour*, *God* the Father, and *Chriſt Jeſus* his Sonne face to face, wherein indeed all the joyes and bleſſings of our ſoules are compriſed and included.

The death of *Halſenorſe* the father, is not onely the *Argument*, but the cauſe of his widdow *Chriſtina's* griefe, of his ſonne *Maurice* his ſorrow, of her teares and groanes, of his ſighes and afflictions; yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may ſteppe a degree farther, and ſay, That this his death is a fatall herauld, and mournfull harbenger, which

which portends and prepares both of them many diſaſterous calamities, and wofull miſeries, the which in a manner, are almoſt ready to ſurpriſe and befall them.

This ſorrowfull widow being thus deprived of her deare Huſband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her ſtay and her Protector, her Head and her glory; although he left her a good Eſtate, ſufficient enough to warrant her againſt the feare of poverty, and to ſecure her ſelfe againſt the apprehenſion of worldly indigence; and wherewithall to maintaine both her and her ſonne, with ſomewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet ſhe ſaw her friends forſake her, and her Huſbands familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendſhip died with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the duſt of his grave. A moſt ingratefull diſeaſe and iniquity of time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reproved than reformed, ſo fading and inconſtant are the unfriendly friendſhips of the world, who for the moſt part are grounded on profit, not on Honour, on avarice, not on Vertue, on their owne gold, not on the want of their Chriſtian neighbours and brethren; *but enough of this, and againe to our Hiſtory.*

Now, if *Chriſtina* (for onely by that name I will henceforth intitle her) have any comfort or conſolation left her, to ſweeten the bitterneſſe of her Huſbands death, it is onely to ſee him ſurvive and live in her ſonne *Maurice*, in whoſe vertues and yeeres, her hopes likewiſe beginne againe to bud forth and flouriſh; when remembring what an earneſt care and deſire her Huſband had to ſee him a Scholler, as ſhee inherits his goods, ſo ſhe will aſſume and inherite that reſolution of his: and although ſhe love her ſonnes ſight, and affect his preſence tenderly and dearely, yet ſhee can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her reſolutions, till ſhe ſend him from *Morges* to the *Univerſity* of *Loſanna*, ſome three leagues diſtant thence, there to perfect his ſtudies and learning, the ſeeds whereof already ſo hopefully bloſſomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepeſt affection and care having hearkened out one *Deodatus Vareſius*, a Bachelor of *Divinity* of that *Univerſity*, whom fame (though indeed moſt falſly) had enformed her to be an expert *Scholler*, and an excellent *Chriſtian*, ſhee agrees with him; when allowing her ſonne an honeſt exhibition, and furniſhing him with Bookes, a Gowne, and all other neceſſaries, ſhee ſends him away to *Loſanna*, charging him at his departure, to be carefull of his learning, carriage and actions, and above all, to make piety and godlineſſe in his life and converſation, the *Regent* of all his ſtudies; when with teares of naturall affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Loſanna*, findes out his Tutor *Vareſius*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupill courteouſly and kindly: but *alas*, the hopes of *Chriſtiana*, the mother, are extremely deceived in the vertues of *Vareſius*; becauſe his *Vices* will inſtantly deceive both the merites and expectation of her *ſonne*, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby ſhortly make him as vitious in *Loſanna*, as formerly he was vertuous in *Morges*: for I write with griefe and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to ſay, whether he were more learned or deboſhed, a more perfect Scholler, or prophane *Chriſtian*: for albeit the dignity of his Bachelorſhip of *Theologie*, did hide many of his diſſolute pranks, and obſcene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and induſtry, could not ſo cloſely overvaile and obſcure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beaſtly inclination to drunkenneſſe, began now to become obvious and apparant to the eyes and Heads of his *Colledge*, yea, to the whole *Univerſity*: A moſt pernitious and ſwiniſh *Vice*, indeed too too much incident and ſubject to theſe people the *Swiſſers*; but if it had beene immured and confined within theſe Rocks and Mountaines of *Germany*, it had proved not onely a happineſſe, but a bleſſing to the other Weſterne parts of the *Chriſtian* world, where it ſpreads its infection like an uncontrolable and incurable *Gangrene*, yea, like a moſt contagious and fatall peſtilence: ſo as in *Vareſius* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profeſſion and converſation, his *Theorie* and his *Practice*, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-ſprings and fountaines be corrupted with this vice and drunkenneſſe,

kenneſſe, no marvell if the Rivers and Streames of *Common-weales* be infected and poyſoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and reſidence in the *Schooles* and *Claſſes* of *Univerſities*, from which Nurſes & Gardens of the Muſes, both the *Church* and *State* fetch their chiefeſt Ornaments and Members; how can wee expect to ſee it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whoſe groſſe ignorance makes them farre more capable to learne *Vice*, than *Vertue*; or rather *Vice*, and not *Vertue*; ſith there is no ſhorter nor truer art to learne it, than of their *Art Maſters*, becauſe the example and preſident of ill doings in our Teachers and Superiours, doth not onely plant, but ingraffe and root it, not onely privilege, but, as it were, authorize it in us, ſtil with a fatall impetuoſity, with a dangerous violence, and pernitious event and iſſue: for if remedies be not to be found in learned *Phiſitians*, it is then in vaine to ſeeke them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the *Præceptor* himſelfe be not ſanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his *Diſciple* will not. This (yea this) is a moſt mournfull and fatall rocke, whereon divers vertuous and religious parents have even wept themſelves to death, to ſee their children ſuffer ſhipwracke; yea, this beaſtly and brutiſh ſin of Drunkenneſſe, is ſtill the Divells *Uſher* and *Pander* to all other ſinnes; and therefore how cautious and carefull ought the Heads of *Schooles* and *Univerſities* be, to expell and root it out from themſelves, and to hate and deteſt it in others, ſith in the remiſſe winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as ſafety) affirme, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we ſhall not goe farre to ſee it made good, and verified in this enſuing mournfull Hiſtory; the which in exacting Inke from my Pen, doth likewiſe command blood from my heart, and teares from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficultly hath *Maurice* beene three moneths in *Loſanna* with *Vareſius*, but his vertues are eclipſed and drowned in vice; yea, hee not onely thinks, but holds it a vertue to make himſelfe culpable and guilty of this his Tutors *Vice* of *Drunkenneſſe*, wherein within leſſe than three moneths, he proves ſo expert, or indeed ſo execrable a *Scholler* in his beaſtly Art, as both day and night he makes it not only his practice, but his delight, and not onely his delight, but his glory. He who before was ſo temperate in his drinke and converſation in *Morges*, as for the moſt part, he wholly dranke water, not wine; now he is ſo viciouſly metamorphoſed in *Loſanna*, as contrariwiſe, hee onely drinkes wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to obſerve in this young *Scholler*, he drinks (or to write truer, devoures it) ſo exceſſively, as his Cups are become his Bookes; his Carrouſing, his Learning; the Taverne, his Study; and Drunkenneſſe the onely Art he profeſſeth: which filthy and infectious diſeaſe, ſpreading from the *Præceptor* to the *Pupill*, from old *Vareſius* to young *Maurice*, hath ſo ſurpriſed the one, and ſeized on the other, as it threatens the diſparagement of the firſt his reputation, and the ſhipwracke of the ſeconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Vareſius*, who will not be aſhamed to pity this beaſtly *Vice* in himſelfe, doth yet pity it with ſhame to behold it in his Scholler *Maurice*, and yet hath neither the *Grace* to reforme it in himſelfe, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but in ſtead of ſtopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this ſwiniſh ſinne, which inevitably drawes after it theſe threefold diſeaſes and miſeries: The poiſon of our bodies, the conſumption of our purſes, and the Moath and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, theſe three not farre different from the three former. The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the conſumer of our Eſtates and friends: And within the compaſſe of one whole yeere, to all thoſe diſeaſes and miſeries doth the drunkenneſſe of our deboſhed young Scholler *Maurice*, ſubject and reduce him; ſo as it being the nature of ſinne (not checked and vanquiſhed with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flouriſh than fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Loſanna*, the deeper root this beaſtly vice of drunkenneſſe tooke in him, and hee the dearer affection to it, ſo as that competent exhibition which his mother yeerely allowed him, became incompatible with this his exceſſive prodigality and in-

intemperancy: Yea, his extreme ſuperfluity in this kind, was without intermiſſion ſo frequent, as three quarters of his yeeres penſion could not diſcharge one of his expences and debts, ſo ſtrong a habit (converted now to a ſecond Nature) had this bewitching beaſtly ſinne of drunkenneſſe exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he onely triumphed to become a ſlave to this his ſlaviſh appetite and ſwiniſh profeſſion, which to ſupport and maintaine, he not onely feeds, but ſurfets his mother with variety of ſubtill and inſinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers ſummes of moneyes from her, as indeed he doth; ſome under pretext of his neceſſity to buy new bookes, which hee affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his weakneſſe and ſickneſſe, and ſuch like colourable excuſes; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as faſt empty her purſe and ſtore, as her induſtrious frugality can poſſibly fill them; whereof having all the reaſons of the world to become ſenſible, ſhee at laſt, making her judgement conſult with her affection, begins now to feare, that her ſon was become leſſe vertuous, and more deboſhed than ſhe hoped of, and that theſe his Letters and Petitions for mony, were but onely tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence ſhee repoſed in his vertuous carriage and godly inclination; whereof being in fine enformed and certified, from ſuch *Students* and *Burgers* of *Loſanna*, whom ſhee had ſet as *Sentinells*, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lynceus* eyes over his actions and deportments, ſhe at laſt with few thanks to his Tutor *Vareſius*, many complaints and exclamations to her ſonne, and inexpreſſable griefe and ſorrow to her ſelfe, calls and commands him home from *Loſanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitterneſſe and ſecrecy, ſhe taxes and rates him for his drunkenneſſe and prodigality, in that he had vainely ſpent in one yeere, more than either his father or her ſelfe could collect or gather up in many.

But ſee the lewd ſubtilty, and wretched deceitfulneſſe of this diſſolute ſonne towards this his deare and tender mother; for then and there, ſeaſoning his ſpeeches with vertue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety, hee modeſtly ſeemes not onely to tax her credulity, conceived againſt the candeur and integrity of his actions, but alſo with a kinde of tacite chollet, to maligne and traduce thoſe who unjuſtly and falſly had caſt ſo foule an aſperſion on his vertues and innocency; and the better to make thoſe his ſpeeches, and this his *Apologie* and *Juſtification* paſſe current with his mother, his diſcretion now deſcribes ſo faire a Law to his *Vanity*, and his reaſon to his intemperate and irregular deſires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and obſervant judgement, he ſeemes to be the very picture and ſtatue of *Vertue*, although *God* and his foule ſoule and conſcience well knowes, that hee is the true, eſſentiall and reall *Image* of *Vice*: and the better to cloake and overvaile this his diſſimulation from the eyes of God and his mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and eſpecially in his mothers houſe and ſight, he caſts them off by day; and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himſelfe into her approbation and favour, he mornings and evenings is ſeene at his prayers, and ſpends the greateſt part of his time in hearing and frequenting of *Sermons*, the which affords ſuch ſweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as ſhe repents her ſelfe of her unkindneſſe towards him, and not only acquits him of his drunkenneſſe, prodigality, and diſſoluteneſſe, but alſo accuſeth his accuſers, whom ſhee now as much condemnes for *Envy* and *Malice* towards her *Sonne*, as ſhe highly (and as ſhe thinks juſtly) applauds him for his religious piety towards *God*.

But ſith Hypocriſie is worſe than Prophaneneſſe, as making us rather Divells than Saints; or indeed not Saints, but Divells; and that no ſacrifice is ſo odious, nor object ſo hatefull to *God*, as hee who denies and diſſembleth it in his lookes, and yet profeſſeth and practiſeth it in his heart and ſoule: ſo we ſhall ſee to our griefe, and this wretched *Hypocrite* finde to his miſery, that thinking to deceive *God*, hee ſhall in the end deceive himſelfe; and in attempting to betray his mother through his falſe *Vertue*, his true *Vice* will at laſt betray him, and make him as miſerable, as he flattereth himſelfe it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirme this opinion of his temperancy in his mothers

conceits

conceits and minde, and ſo the more ſecretly to overvaile his exceſſive affection and addition to *Drunkenneſſe*, he under the pretence of ſome neceſſary and profitable occaſions, gets leave of her, ſometimes to ride over to *Berne*, *Soleure*, *Fribourge*, *Apenſall*, and other capitall townes of the *Cantons*, where hee falls afreſh to his cups, and there continually both day and night ſwills his braines, and ſtuffes up his belly with wine, as if hee tooke no other delight or glory, but to drowne his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet againe, when hee returnes to *Morges*, hee makes ſuch faire weather with his mother, and caſts ſo temperate a cloake and colour on his ſpeeches and actions, as if it were impoſſible for him to drinke more than would ſuffice *Nature*, or to deſire more than would merely quench his thirſt. And thus by his hypocriticall policy having againe wrought himſelfe into his mothers good opinion and favour, as alſo ſome ſtore of money out of her purſe and coffers: he with a faigned ſhew of *Humility* and diſcretion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his ſtudies and learning, returnes againe to *Loſanna*, where he is no ſooner arrived, but upon his new returne, he findes out his old carrowſing companions, who like ſo many peſtilent Vipers, and contagious Moaths and Caterpillers, are vitiouſly, and therefore fatally reſolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purſe, but alſo the heart of his happineſſe, and as I may juſtly terme it, to devoure the very ſoule of his felicity: and with theſe tippling brats of *Bacchus*, doth our lewd and deboſhed *Scholler Maurice*, continually drinke drunke, not onely forgetting his learning but himſelfe; and which is worſe, his *God*, having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; ſo beaſtly is he inclined, ſo ſwiniſhly and vitiouſly is hee affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognoſticate, preſage, or promiſe to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, miſery and ruine of all ſides?

As the ſhorteſt errors are beſt, ſo thoſe *Vices* which have longeſt perſeverance and predominance in us, prove ſtill the moſt pernicious and dangerous: It is nothing to cruſh a Serpent in the egge, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then cruſh us: a plant may be removed with eaſe, but an old tree difficultly: To fall from ſin to repentance, is as great a happineſſe, as it is a miſery to fall from repentance to ſinne; and indeed to uſe but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater miſery befall us, than to thinke our ſelves happy, when (through our ſinnes) we are miſerable.

Here in *Loſanna*, *Maurice* eſteemes this his beaſtly ſinne of drunkenneſſe to be a *Vertue*, not a *Vice* in him; yea, in paying for all ſhots and reckonings in Tavernes, he ſottiſhly and fooliſhly thinkes it the ſhorteſt and trueſt way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without feare or wit, yea, without the leaſt ſparke of *Grace*, or ſhadow of conſideration, his ſtomacke (like the Divells ſpunge) and his inſatiable throat (like a bottomeleſſe gulfe) ſo devoures his wine, and his wine his money, as that which ſhould be the *Argument* of his glory, hee makes the cauſe of his ſhame; and his mony which ſhould fortifie his reputation, he converts & turnes to ruine it. But as poverty (in a juſt revenge of our *Vanity*) rejoyceth to looke on us, becauſe we firſt diſdained either to looke on, or regard it; ſo hee having ſpent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in waſting the monies his mother gave him in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feele the froſty Winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent, than redreſſe. The Fellowes and Students of his College looke on him and his drunkenneſſe, ſome with the eyes of pity, others with thoſe of joy, according as their friendſhip or malice, their Charity or Envie either conduct their paſſions, or tranſport and ſteere their reſolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Vareſius*, how can he poſſible ſeeke or reclaime this his Pupill from *Vice* to *Vertue*, when he is ſo wretchedly diſſolute, as by the publike vote and voyce of the *Univerſity*, he himſelfe is already wholly and ſoly relapſed from *Vertue* to *Vice*.

In which reſpect this vitious young Student *Maurice*, having neither *Vertue* nor *Tutor*, money nor credit, diſcretion nor friend to ſecure him from the ſhelves of Indigence,

or

or the rocks of Poverty and Misery, whereon he is rashly and wilfully rushing; he like a true debosshed Scholler, or indeed, as a Master of Art in the Art of debosshednesse, first sells his bookes, then his gowne and cloaths, and next his bed, being desirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and foolishly) assured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miserable consideration and condition, a wretched estate and resolution, onely tending and conducing to direfull misery, and to deplorable poverty and desolation.

But to replenish his purse, to repaire his credit and apparell, and to continue his cups and drunkennesse, he hath no other hopes or refuge than againe to cast himselfe on the affection and courtesie of his mother, whom he re-visits with severall Letters, which are only so many humble insinuating petitions, againe to draw and wrest monies from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they distinctly and severally, and his mother joyntly with them conspire to deceive him. For I write it with griefe, because (by an uncontrolable relation of the truth) she dictates it to my pen with teares, that as well by all those of *Morges*, who came from *Losanna*, as by all those of *Losanna* who came to *Morges*, shee is most certainly and sorrowfully advertised of her sonnes debosshed and dissolute life, of his neglect of Learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkennesse, of the sale of his clothes, bed, and bookes; of the irreparable losse, both of his time, monies and reputation; and withall, how the dregs and fumes of wine hath metamorphosed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily disgraced it with many fierie Rubies, and flaming Carbunkles; as also how it hath stuffed and bombasted up his belly and body, as if the dropsie and hee contended who should first seize each on other; and therefore she being (with a mournfull unwillingnesse) enforced, not onely to take notice, but sorrowfully to rest assured and confident of these disasterous premises, the infallible predictions and *Symptomes* of her Sonnes utter ruine and subversion: Shee peremptorily and absolutely refuseth his requests, answereth his Letters with many sharpe complaints, and bitter exclamations against his foule sinne of Drunkennesse, which threatens no lesse than the ruine both of his Reputation, friends, Learning, Fortune, and Life, if not of his Soule.

Maurice, seeing himselfe wholly abandoned of his Mother, he knowes not how to live, nor yet how to provide the meanes to maintaine life, which not onely surpriseth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with feare; yea, hee takes this discourtesie of hers, so neere at heart, and withall is so extremly impatient to see himselfe forsaken of her, whom he knowes the Lawes of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish: as forgetting himselfe to be her Sonne, and she his Mother; yea, forgetting himselfe to be a man, and which is more, a *Christian*; his wants and *Vices* so farre transport him beyond the bounds of *Reason* and *Religion*, of *Nature* and *Grace*, as he impiously and execrably degenerates from them all, and secretly vowes to his heart and soule, or to say truer, to the Divell, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will speedily send her into another world in a bloody Coffin, if shee will not believe his wants and maintaine him as her Sonne in this. So alas here it is, that he first gives way to the Divell to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he first assumes bad blood, and suggests bloody designes, against the safety and life of his deare and innocent Mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villaine, his thoughts and studies (like so many lines running to their centre) are now in continuall action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragicall businesse to an end: yea, the better to feed this his insatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchlesse thirst of his Matricidious revenge, he forgets all other projects and affaires, to follow and hasten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in *Losanna*, casting away his bookes which would seeme to divert him from it, as if he courted *Pluto* not *Apollo*; *Proserpina*, not *Pallas*; *Erynnis*, not *Urania*; the *Furies*, not the *Muses*: and as afflictions seldome come alone, but many times (as the waves of the sea) fall one in the necke of another; so to make him rather

advance

advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnaturall and damnable attempt, his exceſſive and frequent drunkenneſſe makes him ſo notoriouſly apparant to the Heads of the *Univerſity* in generall, and of his owne *Colledge* in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any eare to his *Apologie* or Juſtification) expell him thence. So that being now deſtitute of all friends and meanes, he is enforced to ſee himſelfe reduced to this point of miſery, that he muſt either beg or ſtarve, which to prevent, (becauſe he as much diſdaines the firſt, as he is reſolved to provide a remedy for the ſecond) he leaves *Loſanna* (where his vices and debts have made the ſtones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his Mother to *Morges*, hoping that his preſence may prevaile more with her than his abſence; and his tongue make that eaſie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not onely difficult but impoſſible.

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with teares, not of joy, but of griefe, for his drunkenneſſe hath ſo deformed his face and body, as at the firſt ſight ſhe difficultly knew him to be her ſonne; and although hee take paines to conceale that beaſtly vice of his, and ſo to plaiſter and varniſh it over with a faigned ſhew of repentance and reformation; yet ſhee ſees to her affliction, and obſerves to her miſery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as ſoone as ſhee once turnes her backe from him, hee falls cloſe to them, and ſo tipleth and carouſeth from Morning to Night. Three daies are ſcarce paſt, before he makes two requeſts to her; the one for new clothes, the other for money; when to the end that her wiſedome might ſhine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wiſedome, ſhe cheerefully grants him the firſt, but peremptorily denies him the ſecond, becauſe ſhee well knowes it would be ſo much caſt away on him, ſith he would inſtantly caſt it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparell doth not ſo much content him, as the refuſall of her money doth both afflict and inflame him: Hee is all in choller hereat, and the fumes of revenge do ſo implacably take up and ſeiz upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the feare of God, or care of his ſoule, he like a damnable villaine, and an execrable ſonne, ſwaps a bargaine with the Divell, to deſtroy and make away his mother: Helliſh reſolutions, and infernall conceits, which will not onely ſtrangle thoſe who embrace, but confound thoſe who follow them: his impiety made him formerly aſſume this bloody fact, and now his neceſſity and want of mony (in that he cannot, as it were, drowne himſelfe in the exceſſe of drunkenneſſe) enforceth him to a reſolution to finiſh it. His faith is ſo weake towards God, and ſo ſtrong with the Divell; as he will not retire with Grace, but advance with impiety, to ſee as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody buſineſſe: Hee conſults hereon with his delight, not with his reaſon; with his will, not with his Conſcience; with his heart, not with his ſoule. Hee ſees hee hath no money, and knowes, or at leaſt believes, that his mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if ſhee were once dead, it were impoſſible that his life ſhould want any. So theſe two wretched Counſellors, *Covetouſneſſe* and *Drunkenneſſe*, (or rather Covetouſneſſe to maintaine his Drunkenneſſe) like two infernall fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournfull murther of his deare and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true miſery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promiſe him ſafe content and happineſſe; his youth hath no regard to her age, and leſſe to her life, neither will he vouchſafe to remember, that he firſt received his of her: yea, all the blood that flowes in his heart, and ſtreames in his veines and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and deſcended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Loſanna* ſhould; if his yeeres cannot inſtruct him, yet his bookes might; and if *Nature* prevailed not with his heart, yet me thinkes *Grace* ſhould with his Conſcience, to preſent him the foulneſſe of this attempt, and the unnaturall cruelty thereof, in reſolving to embrew his diabolicall hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of theſe earthly conſiderations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet me thinkes looking from prophaneneſſe to piety, from earth to heaven; from the time preſent to the future; from the corruption

ruption of his Body, to the immortality of his Soule; from Sinne to Righteouſneſſe, from Revenge to Religion, and conſequently from Satan to God, hee ſhould hate this bloody deſigne and project of his as much as now he loves it, and ſeeke the preſervation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and purſues her untimely end with impiety and deteſtation. But his Vices will ſtill triumph over his Vertues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miſerable, ever to ſee himſelfe ſo happy.

Miſerable *Maurice* therefore, (as the ſhame of his time, the diſgrace of his ſex, and a prodigious monſter of Nature) having helliſhly reſolved on the matter, now with a divelliſh fortitude and helliſh aſſurance paſſeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. Hee will not give eare to God, who ſeekes to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Divell, who uſeth his beſt Oratory to perſwade and entice him to it. But as the Divell is malicious in his ſubtilty, ſo ſhould we be both wiſe and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if wee believe God, we ſhall then betray him: he is impatient of delayes, yea, his malice is ſo bloody, and his revenge ſo cruell, as hee thinkes every houre a yeere, till he hath ſent her from Earth to Heaven. He propoſeth unto himſelfe divers waies to murther her, and the divell, who is never abſent, but preſent in ſuch helliſh occaſions, makes him as well induſtrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finiſhing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as ſhe is in bed: Then to poiſon her at table, either in her meat or drinke. Then againe he is of opinion to hire ſome to kill her as ſhe is walking in her Vineyards; or elſe to cauſe two Water-men to drowne her, as ſhee is taking the aire in a Boate on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekely ſhe is accuſtomed to doe; but yet ſtill he is irreſolute, either which, or which not to reſolve on, till at laſt, after a weekes dilatory protraction, having with a fatall and infernall ratiocination banded and rebanded theſe ſeverall bloody projects in his braines and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparant danger, than of warrantable ſafety, when conſidering there was a deepe Well in the outer yard, adjoyning to the Garden, hee holds it fitteſt for his purpoſe to drowne her therein, whereon the Divell and he ſtrike hands, and ſet up their reſt and period.

Whiles thus this gracious mother *Chriſtina* endeavours with her beſt care and Prayers to divert her graceleſſe ſonne *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beaſtly ſinne of Drunkenneſſe, he (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limbe of the Divell) with a monſtrous and inhumane ingratitude, ſets his inventions and braines on the tenter-hookes, to eſpie out the occaſion and time to diſpatch her. When burning with a flaming deſire, to quench the inſatiable thirſt of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) ſeeing all his mothers people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and ſhe with a Prayer booke in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Divell infuſeth ſuch courage to his heart, his heart ſuch cruelty and inhumanity to his reſolutions, that all things ſeemed then to conſpire to ſee an end to this his ſo long deſired and affected buſineſſe of murthering and diſpatching his mother, he taking on him the part of a mad-man, whom it ſeemed ſorrow had ſuddenly afflicted, and griefe diſtracted, he with his hat in his hand, haſtily and furiouſly ruſheth into the Garden to his mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the neighbours children fall into the Well, which he eſpied from his chamber window: whereunto (harmleſſe good woman) ſhe adding beliefe to his falſe and perfidious ſpeeches; and and (being beyond her ſelfe) afflicted and amazed with this ſudden and ſorrowfull news, ſhe throwes away her Booke, and hand in hand with him, (her ſighes interrupting her words, and her teares her ſighes) ſhe (as if pity added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to ſee this mournfull ſpectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her poſſible care to aſſiſt, or power to preſerve the ſaid childe from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a fury, than a man, and rather reſembling a meere Divell, than a ſonne, faſtneth his left hand on the Well-poſt; and as ſhe lookes into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throwes her in; and ſo without any

more doing, claps downe the cover thereof; when rejoycing in his heart that hee had ſent her to death, becauſe hee ſees and knowes it now, not in the power of the whole world to ſave her life. Hee (the better to overvaile this his impious villany, and to obſcure this his barbarous and bloody fact) aſcends her chamber, breakes open her cupboards, truncks and cheſts, takes away moſt of her money, and ſilver plate, which hee privately hides away for his owne behoofe and uſe, and ſo ſcattereth a few pieces of money, and ſome of her clothes and apparell in the floore, thereby ſubtily to inſinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when ſtealing a horſe out of the ſtable, he with much ſecrecy gets him out of the backe doore, which he leaves open, and from thence rides away to his mothers people in the Vineyards; to whom he relates he hath been all that morne abroad to take the ayr, and is now come to paſſe the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry: to which end (in his Mothers name) he ſends for wine from the ſkirts of the towne; and ſo (as well men as maids) they carouſe and frollike it till towards night, and then they all returne home, where they finde both doores open, his mother their Miſtreſſe wanting; and no creature whatſoever in the houſe, whereat they much admire and wonder. So the ſervants and himſelfe ſeeke and call her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vaine, for they find no newes of her; when the maids one way, and hee and the men-ſervants another way, ſeeke her as well in the roomes and chambers, as in the ſtreetes and neighbours houſes, where ſhe is accuſtomed to frequent, but to no purpoſe; for they can neither ſee nor heare of her; till at length the maidens ruſhing into her bed-chamber, they find her cupboards, cheſts and trunks broken open, and ſome of her money and apparell ſtrewed here and there on the floore; whereat amazed, they lamentably cry out at the windows, that thieves have beene there, and robbed their Miſtreſſe her cheſts and trunks: which *Maurice* and the men ſervants of the houſe over-hearing, they aſcend, and admire at the ſight thereof; neither doth his outward feares, or their inward apprehenſions, ſtop or ſtay at the meere loſſe of the goods, but they joyntly apprehend, and feare the abſence of his mother, and their Miſtreſſe *Chriſtina*, and are already become jealous and umbragious of her ſafety, and very fearefull, that the thieves have offered her ſome violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no newes of her, her ſonne (becauſe chiefly intereſted in this diſaſterous accident) goes and acquaints the *Bayliffe* of *Morgen*, and the reſt of the *Criminall Officers* therewith, who of all ſides inquire for her, and make a ſecret and curious ſearch in the towne, to find out the thieves; and in the meane time (together with *Maurice* and the ſervants) leave not a roome nor place of the houſe unſought for her: but their diligence proves vaine, for they can purchaſe no newes of her, much leſſe of the thieves. They remaine in the houſe all night, and they all with ſorrowfull and watchfull eyes, every minute of an houre expect her, or newes of her. Eight of the clocke the next day ſtrikes, but as yet ſhee is not ſo much as ſeene or heard of: Sothey againe, in preſence of the *Bayliffe*, reviſit and ſearch all places and corners both in the Houſe, Gardens, Orchards and Yards; but ſtill to no effect or purpoſe: when behold the ſacred and ſecret providence of God, in revealing her to be drowned in the Well, not only beyond the expectation, but alſo beyond the beliefe of all that were preſent: for as they are in the midſt of their doubts and feares, yea, in the very depth of their reſearch and perquiſition, lo, one of the ſervant maids, named *Heſter*, who was neereſt in the favor, and deareſt in the affection of her Miſtreſſe, having that very inſtant morning taken a nap of an houres ſleepe, or thereabouts in a chaire, ſtarts ſuddenly out of her ſleepe and reſt, trips to them, and ſaies, ſhe then and there dream'd, that her Miſtreſſe *Chriſtina*, was caſt into the Well and drowned; the which ſhe affirmed with many words, and more ſighs, out-cries and teares; which piercing into the eares and thoughts of the *Bayliffe* and ſervants, and into the very heart and Conſcience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with griefe and amazement, and he ſtraineth the higheſt key of his Art and pollicy to keepe his cheeks from bluſhing for ſhame thereat, and the better to hood-winke their eyes and judgements, from the leaſt ſparke or ſhadow of this his guiltineſſe herein, hee with

with many ſhowres of hypocriticall teares, prayes the *Bayliffe* that upon *Heſters* dreame and report, the Well may be ſearched, adding withall, that it was more probable than impoſſible; that thoſe thieves who robbed his mothers houſe, might likewiſe be ſo divelliſhly malicious to murther her and throw her into the Well: which the *Bayliffe* ſeriouſly conſidering, as firſt the maids dreame, then the ſonnes requeſt and teares, hee inſtantly in preſence of all thoſe of the houſe, as alſo of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purpoſely aſſembled; cauſed the Well to be ſearched and ſounded, where the hooke taking hold of her clothes, they inſtantly bring up the dead body of his mother and their Miſtreſſe *Chriſtina*: the ſkull of whoſe head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully daſhed out with her fall. All are amazed, her ſervants grieve, and her helliſh ſonne *Maurice* weepes and cries more than all the reſt at this mournfull ſpectacle. The *Bayliffe* carefully and punctually againe examines *Heſter*, if God in her dreame revealed her not the manner how, and the perſons who had thus throwne her Miſtreſſe into the Well; ſhe anſwereth negatively according to the truth, that ſhe had already delivered as much as ſhe knew of that mournfull buſineſſe. When *Maurice*, to ſhew his forwardneſſe and zeale, for the detection and finding out of his mothers murtherers, he pretends that he ſuſpects *Heſter* to be acceſſary, and to have a hand herein. But the *Bayliffe* and common Councell of *Morges*, having neither paſſion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgement, finding no reaſon or ground of probability to accuſe her, or which might tend or conduce that way; They free her without farther queſtioning her, and ſo (as it hath beene formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly throwne her into the Well: They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathleſſe mother, which hee doth with the greateſt pompe and decency, requiſite as well to her ranke and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the leaſt duſt or ſmoake of ſuſpition, which might any way fall upon the luſtre of his innocency, he at her Funerall (to the eye of the world) ſheds many rivolets of teares. But alas, what is this to this his foule and execrable ſin of murthering his mother? for although it bleere the eyes, and inveagle the judgements of the *Bayliffe* and his aſſociates, the *Criminall* Judges of *Morges*, yet *God* the Great and *Soveraigne* Judge of *Heaven* and *Earth*, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no, for albeit he be mercifull, yet his Divine *Majeſty* is too Juſt to let crimes of this helliſh nature goe either undetected or unpuniſhed.

We have ſeene this execrable ſonne ſo bloody hearted and handed, as with a divelliſh rage, and inhumane and infernall fury, to drowne his owne deare and tender mother; and with as much cruelty as ingratitude, to throw her from the world into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the hazard and perill of her life) threw him from her wombe into the world; and the Providence and Juſtice of *God* will not lead the curioſity of the Reader far, before we ſee this miſerable miſcreant overtaken with the impetuous ſtormes of *Gods* revenge, and the fiery guſts and tempeſts of his juſt indignation for the ſame, notwithſtanding that his ſubtill malice, and malicious ſubtilty, have ſo cunningly contrived, and ſo ſecretly acted and compacted it with the Divell, that no earthly perſon, or ſublunary eye, can any way accuſe, much leſſe convict him thereof; as marke the ſequell, and it will briefly and truly informe thee how.

As ſoone as he hath buried his mother, his blacke mourning apparell doth in his heart and actions worke ſuch poore and weake effects of repentance and ſorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, hee contrariwiſe rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her deceaſe being now become Lord and Maſter of all, hee like a graceleſſe villaine, falls again to his old carouſing companions, and veine of drunkenneſſe, wherein he takes ſuch ſingular delight and glory, as he makes it not onely his paſtime and exerciſe by day, but his practiſe and recreation by night: And as God hath infinite meanes and waies to ſcourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, ſo we ſhall ſhortly ſee for our inſtruction, and obſerve for our reformation, that this ungodly & beaſtly vice of drunkenneſſe of his, which is his moſt ſecret boſome and

darling ſin, will in the end prove a ravenous *Vulture* to devoure, and a fatall *Serpent* to eate out the bowells, firſt of his wealth and proſperity, and then of his life; for it not onely takes up his time, but his ſtudy, in ſo much as I may as truly averre to my griefe, as affirme to his ſhame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity, which ſwiniſh exceſſe and intemperancy, (as a puniſhment inſeparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that ſin) doth within three moneths make him ſell away all his Lands, yea, and the greateſt part of his plate and houſhold ſtuffe; ſo his drunkenneſſe firſt, but then chiefly Gods Juſtice and revenge purſuing his foule and inhumane crime of drowning his mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very ſhort time become very extreme poore and miſerable; ſo as he runs deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become ſo exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and feares, when he leaſt dreames thereof; he is impriſoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his mothers Funerall, to both whom he is indebted the ſumme of three hundred crownes, which is farre more than either his purſe can diſcharge, or his credit and eſtate now ſatisfie. When abandoned of all his friends, his meanes ſpent and conſumed, and nothing left him to exerciſe his patience in Priſon, but deſpaire; nor to comfort him, but the terrours of his bloody and guilty Conſcience: He is clapt into a ſtinking Vault or Dungeon, where (in horrour and deteſtation of his bloody crime) the glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sunne, diſdaines to ſend his radiant and glittering beames to comfort him; ſo as he who was before accuſtomed to fare deliciouſly, and, as it were, to ſwill and drowne himſelfe in the beſt and moſt curious Wines, now he muſt content himſelfe onely with courſe bread and water; and yet his miſery is ſo extreme, and that extremity of his ſo miſerable, as hee hath hardly enough to maintaine and ſuſtaine life: But wee ſhall ſee that this firſt affliction of his, will inſtantly be followed and overtaken by a ſecond.

Whitſunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Gaoler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedome of the ayre, which is granted him, when at night deſcending the ſtaires, againe to be pent up in his obſcure dungeon, his foote ſlips, and he receives a fearefull fall, whereof the bone of his right arme is broken in two peeces, and having no Chirurgion to looke to it, it putrifies and rots, ſo as for the preſerving of his life, he within fifteene daies is enforced to have it cut off a little below the ſhoulder, and this was the very ſame hand and arme which threw his mother into the Well. A ſingular act of Gods revenging Juſtice, and juſt revenge ſhewen herein. O that it may be deepely imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our ſoules, that the Reader hereof, of what ſex or quality ſoever, may as it were ſtand amazed at the conſiderarion of *Maurice* his impious ſinne towards *God*, and of *Gods* due and true revenge and requitall thereof in his juſt judgement and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to ſuffer, nor for *God* to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhumane crime, in murthering his Mother; nor to ſay the truth, it is but the *Prologue* to the deplorable, yet deſerved puniſhment, which is immediately ready to ſurprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may informe our curioſity, and our curioſity us, of the *Cataſtrophe* of this Tragedy, we muſt underſtand, that it was the pleaſure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arme, proved the break-necke of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgement. The devill cauſed him moſt inhumanely to drowne his Mother, the which he might have refuſed to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof ſends him Rage for Reaſon, Deſpaire for Comfort, and Madneſſe for Sobriety, the which he would flie and eſchew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and Lawes of *Nature*; and therefore God hath ordained, that he ſhould feele many degrees of puniſhments, and this is not onely the Law, but the rule of *Grace*. Of all degrees of afflictions, madneſſe is the moſt to be pitied, and the worſt to be cured, ſith it makes a man goe farre beyond reaſon, and therefore to come farre too ſhort of himſelfe: it is held by ſome to be a ſickneſſe of the Liver, of others, an over-fuming

of

of the blood, and of others a debility of the braine: But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his ſoule, which God ſent purpoſely into his braines, to be revenged of his heart, for ſo inhumanly drowning his Mother: For although his divine Majeſty hath infinite more waies to puniſh murther, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched *Maurice* as ſtrange as the complotting and finiſhing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruell, he purpoſely ſends it him; for although ſince his impriſonment, hunger had ſo taken downe his ſtomacke, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of ſpeech was now reduced to a kind of ſorrowfull and penſive ſilence; yet as ſoone as his braines and ſenſes were poſſeſſed and captivated with this prodigious Lunacy, and outragious phrenſie, then his fits were ſo violent, and that violence ſo implacable as his ſpeeches were ſo many fearefull outcries and howlings, and his words ſo many uncouth and unheard of ravings; ſo that whoſoever either heard or ſaw him, he might juſtly conceive and affirme, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this his affliction and phrenſie of his ſo miſerable, ſo impetuous, as he ſpake nonſenſe perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his foule conſcience and polluted ſoule rung him ſo many *Panicke* feares and terrors of deſpaire, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himſelfe, becauſe hee could be no more afraid of himſelfe; So as that Dungeon which could impriſon his body, was not capable to containe his thoughts, much leſſe to immure his feares; and in this miſerable plight and perplexity he remained for the ſpace of ten daies and nights, without any intermiſſion or hope of remedy, which infinitely diſturbed his fellow priſoners, and chiefly his Gaoler, whoſe eares had never beene accuſtomed to heare ſuch diſcordant tunes, much leſſe to be taken up with ſuch diſtaſtefull and fearefull melody.

He acquaints the common *Counſell* of the towne hereof, and importunately ſolicites them, that they will remove his diſtracted priſoner *Maurice* to ſome more fitter and more convenient place. Who remembring what *Maurice* had beene, and now conſidering and ſeeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be ſo charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now ſo religiouſly compaſſionate, as they pity his madneſſe; ſo they command him from a Dungeon to a Chamber, from his pallat of ſtraw to a featherbed, from his bread and water, to wholſome meates and broths; but all this will not ſuffice; and to ſhew themſelves not onely good men, but good Chriſtians, they to reſtore him to his wits and ſenſes, make yet a further progreſſion in charity. They cauſe him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not onely eloquent, but powerfull to perſwade him to pray often, and to practiſe other Chriſtian duties and offices; but his cries are ſo outragious, & his ravings ſo extravagant, as he is as uncapable to reliſh their reaſons, as they are to underſtand his rage: When the very immediate finger and Providence of God, makes them yet ſo ſenſible of his unparrallel'd miſery, as they are reſolved to remove him from his Priſon to an Hoſpitall, thereby to take the benefit of the ayre in the Gardens, Walks, and Fields, hoping that they might prevaile with him, to recall his wits, and re-eſtabliſh his ſenſes in their proper ſeats of *Underſtanding*, and ſtations of *Judgement*. When here, (oh here) I conjure thee Chriſtian Reader, to ſtand amazed and wonder with me, at the ſacred and ſecret juſtice of the *Lord*, expreſſed and demonſtrated in this accident: For as his under Gaoler (by the *Magiſtrates* command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him forth from the Priſon to an Hoſpitall, his bloody crime (like ſo many Bloud-hounds) purſuing his guilty conſcience and ſoule; his thoughts ſo enform'd his knowledge, and his knowledge ſo confirme his beliefe, that the drowning of his Mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his Priſon to the place of execution to ſuffer death for the ſame. Which apprehenſion and feare, God putting into his conceits and heart, in deſpight of his madneſſe, he wanting an accuſer, loe here he himſelfe both accuſeth and condemneth himſelfe for the ſame. For the very Image of that conceit redoubling his feare, as his feare did his phrenſie and madneſſe, hee in the middeſt of thoſe fits, and the height of that Agony and Anxiety,

cries

cries out with a loud voyce, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me to confeſſe it before hee ſuffers you to hang mee; I ſpeake it on earth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confeſſe is true.* Which words no ſooner eſcaped his tongue, but he inſtantly returnes againe to his out-cries of phrenſie and madneſſe. His Gaolers and the reſt are amazed at theſe fearefull ſpeeches, and bloody confeſſion of his; which notwithſtanding that they attribute to madneſſe, yet they lead him to the Hoſpitall, he ſtill ravlng and crying as he paſſeth the ſtreets: But oh! Let us here farther, admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here againe miraculouſly made apparent and manifeſted in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outragiouſly cryed in his priſon, and licentiouſly raved in the ſtreet, is no ſooner entred into the Hoſpitall, but the pleaſure of God had ſo ordained it, as his madneſſe fully falls from him, and he abſolutely recovereth againe his wits and ſenſes, in ſuch firme and ſetled manner, as if hee had never formerly beene touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magiſtrates, firſt of his confeſſion of drowning his Mother, and then of his ſudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgment and ſenſes, as ſoone as he ſet foot within the Hoſpitall: Whereupon they as much aſtoniſhed at the one, as wondring at the other, doe inſtantly repaire thither to him, and there arraigne and accuſe him, for that inhumane and bloody fact of his, whereof his owne evidence and Confeſſion hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at leaſt, he will not be the ſame man: He denies this horrible and bloody crime of his, with many oaths and aſſeverations, which they maintaine and affirme he hath confeſſed, ſaies, that they either heard a dreame, or ſaw a Viſion, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to loſe all the blood and life of his body, to finde out, and to be revenged of the murtherers of his mother.

But the Magiſtrates are deafe to his *Apologie*, and conſidering the violence of his madneſſe by its ſudden abandoning him, as alſo his free and uninforced confeſſion of drowning his Mother; they conceive that Gods providence and Juſtice doth ſtrongly operate in the detection of this foule and inhumane murther; and therefore contemning his requeſts and oaths, (in the vindication of his innocency) they cauſe him to be refetched from the Hoſpitall to the Priſon, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and ſoule be terrified & affrighted with his apprehenſion and accuſation: Yet the devill is ſo ſtrong with him, as he cannot yet finde in his heart to relent, much leſſe to repent this foule and inhumane crime of his; but conſidering that he acted it ſo ſecretly, as all the world could not produce a witneſſe againſt himſelfe, except himſelfe, he vowes hee will be ſo impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to diſdaine theſe his torments, and to looke on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than feare: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we ſhall ſee both his Conſcience and reſolutions taught another rule, and preſcribed a contrary Law; yea, here we ſhall behold and obſerve in him, that now *Righteouſneſſe* ſhall triumph over *Sinne*, *Grace* over *Nature*, his *Soule* over his his *Body*, *Heaven* over *Hell*, and *GOD* over *Satan*; for at the very firſt ſight of the Rack, the ſight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him ſhake and tremble extreamly, when his ſoule being illuminated by the reſplendent Sun-beames of GODS mercy, and the foggy miſts of Hell & Satan expelled and baniſhed thence, he fals to the ground on his knees, firſt beats his breaſt, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of teares) againe confeſſeth, that hee had drowned his mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remiſſion, both from Earth and Heaven.

And although there be no doubt but God will forgive his Soule for this his foule murther, yet the Magiſtrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their lookes, Religion in their hearts and ſpeeches, and Juſtice in their actions, will not pardon his body; ſo in deteſtation of this his fearefull crime, and inhumane parracide, they in the morning condemne

demne him, that very afternoone to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which ſentence, as he hath reaſon to approve the equity of their Juſtice in condemning him to die, ſo he cannot refraine from grieving at the ſtrictneſſe of the time, which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as ſoone as we forſake the devill, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Loſanna* rings of this mournefull and Tragicall newes, and in deteſtation of this mournfull, inhumane and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and ſtreets to the place of execution, to ſee him expiate it by his death, and ſo to take his laſt farewell of his life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and aſſiſting his ſoule, in this her flight and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiouſly prevailed with him, ſo as they make him ſee the fouleneſſe of his crime, in the ſharpneſſe of his contrition and repentance for the ſame; yea, he is become ſo humble and withall ſo ſorrowfull, for this his bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he thinke thereof with more griefe, or remember it with deteſtation and repentance. At his aſcending the Ladder, moſt of his Spectators cannot refraine from weeping, and the very ſight of their teares proves the *Argument* of his; as his remembrance of murthering his Mother, was the cauſe.

Hee tels them he grieves at his very ſoule, for the fouleneſſe of his fact in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirmes that drunkenneſſe was not onely the root, but the cauſe of this his beggery and miſery, of his crime and puniſhment, and of his deboſhed life, and deſerved death, from which with a world of ſighes and teares he ſeeks and endevours to divert all thoſe who affect and practiſe that beaſtly Vice. He declares, that his Mother was too vertuous ſo ſoone to go out of the world, and himſelfe too vitious (and withall too cruell) any longer to live in it; that the ſinnes of his life had deſerved this his ſhamefull death; and although he could not prevent the laſt, yet that he heartily and ſorrowfully repented the firſt. He prayed God to be mercifull to his ſoule, and then beſought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when ſpeaking a few words to himſelfe, and ſealing them with many teares, and farre fetched ſighes, he laſtly bids the world farewell, when enviting the Executioner to doe his Office hee is turned over.

And ſuch was the vitious life, and deſerved death of this Execrable Son and bloody villaine *Maurice:* wherein I muſt confeſſe, that although his end were ſhamefull and ſharpe; yet, it was by far too too milde for the fouleneſſe of his crime, in ſo cruelly murthering his deare mother *Chriſtina*, whom the Lawes both of *Nature* and *Grace* commanded him to preſerve and cheriſh: Yea, let all Sons and Daughters of all ages and rankes whatſoever looke on this bloody and diſaſterous example of his, with feare; and feare to commit the like by the ſight of his puniſhment. It is a Hiſtory worthy, both of our meditation & deteſtation, whether we caſt our eyes on his drunkenneſſe, or fix our thoughts and hearts, on his murther: Thoſe who love and feare God, are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but thoſe who will neither feare nor love him, very ſeldome prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the reſt of our ſins, if we once conſent and give way to adde that ſcarlet, and crying one of murther; that blood which we untimely ſend to Earth, will in Gods due time draw downe vengeance on our Heads from *Heaven*; *Charity* is the marke of a *Chriſtian*, and the ſhedding of innocent blood, either that of an *Infidell*, an *Atheiſt*, or a *Devill*. O therefore let us affect and ſtrive to hate it in others, and ſo we ſhall the better know how to deteſt and abhorre it in our ſelves, which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our conſolations, direct us O Lord our God, and ſo we ſhall be directed.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expreſſed
In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great variety of mournefull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke IV.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1639.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE *PHILIP* EARLE OF *PEMBROKE* AND *Montgomery*, Lord Chamberlaine to the King,

one of his Maiesties most Honourable Privie Counsel, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

HAving formerly dedicated the third Booke of these my Tragicall Histories (of Gods Revenge against Murther*) to your Incomparable Lord and Brother,* William *Earle of* Pembrooke *(who now lives with God) I therefore held my selfe bound (by the double obligation of my duty & your owne generous merits likewise to present this Fourth Booke to your Protection & Patronage, because as* England, *so* Europe *perfectly knowes that you are as true an heire to his Vertues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Goodnesse, as to his greatnesse, and that therfore it may properly be said he is not dead, because they (as well as himselfe) doe still survive and live in you, with equall lustre and glory, as having made either a happy Metamorphosis, or a blessed Transmigration into your Noble breast and resolutions, and therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeale to his Honour that then drew me to that ambition; so it is entirely the same which hath now both invited and induced mee to this presumption to*

your Lordship, having no other ends or obiect in this my Dedication, but that this booke of mine having the honour to be countenanced by so great a personage, and the felicity to be protected by so honourable a Mecænas, may therefore encounter the more safely with the various humours it shall meet with, and abide more securely the different censures of this our too fastidious age.

How these Histories (or the memorable accidents which they containe and relate) will relish with your Lordships palate or iudgement, I know not; Onely because you are a Noble Sonne of Gods Church, and an Excellent Servant to your Prince and Countrey, I therefore rather hope then presume, that your Honour will at least bee pleased to see, if not delight to know and consider, how the Triumphs of Gods Revenge and punishments doth herein secretly and providently meet with this crying and scarlet sinne of premedited Murther, and with the bloudy and inhumane Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so many mercilesse Burchers, and prodigious Monsters of mankind) doe justly make themselves odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God hath (deservedly) honoured your Lordship with the favour of two great Earthlie Kings your Soveraignes, as first of our royall King Iames, the father, and now of our present most Renowned King Charles his Sonne, and yet this externall Honour and favour of theirs is no way so glorious to you, as that (maugre the reigning vices of the world) you serve the true God of heaven, in the puritie of your and feare and adore him in the integritie of your Soule. And to represent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation. This Heavenly Pietie of yours I beleeve is the prime reason, and true Essentiall cause of all this your earthlie Honour, and sublunarie Greatnesse, and that this is it likewise which doth so reioyce your heart, and inrich and repleniſh your House with so numerous and Noble an Issue, of hopefull and flouriſhing Children, who (as so many Olive branches of Vertue, and Syents and Plants of Honour) doth both inviron your Bed, and surround your Table, and who promise no lesse than futurelie to magnifie the bloud, and to perpetuate and immortallize the

Illustrious

Illustrious Name and Family of the Herberts, *to all Posterity.*

Goe on resolutely and constantlie (Noble Lord) in your religious Pietie to God, and in your Candide and unstained Fidelitie to your Prince and Country, that your life may triumph o're your death, and your Vertues contend to out-shine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his best favour and mercy) may make you as blessed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peere and Noble Pillar here on Earth, which none shall pray for with more true zeale, or desire or wish with more reall and unfained affection, than

Your Honours devoted

and most humble Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The Grounds and Contents of theſe Hiſtories.

Hiſtory XVI.

Idiaques *cauſeth his ſonne* Don Iuan *to marrie* Marſillia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her*; *She makes her Father in Law* Idiaques *to poyſon his old wife* Honoria, *and likewiſe makes her owne brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Iuan *afterwards kils* De Perez *in a Duell*; Marſillia *hath her braines daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt*; Idiaques *is beheaded, his body conſumed to aſhes, and throwne into the ayre.*

Hiſtory XVII.

Harcourt *ſteales away his brother* Vimoryes *wife* Maſſerina, *and keepes her in Adulterie*; *She hireth* Tivoly (*an Italian Mountebank*) *to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife*; Harcourt *kils his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his widdow* Maſſerina; Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhee is likewiſe hanged*; Noel (*who was* Harcourts *man*) *on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the ſame.*

Hiſtory XVIII.

Romeo (*the Lacquay of* Borlary) *kils* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Feliſanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame*; Borlary afterwards *hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

Hiſtory XIX.

Beaumarays, *and his brother* Montaigne *kill* Champigny, *and* Marin (*his ſecond*) *in a Duell*; Blancheville (*the widdow of* Champigni) *in revenge thereof hireth* Le Valley (*who was ſervant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a piſtoll, the which hee doth, for the which* Le Valley *is broken on a wheele, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

Hiſtory XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia; *He ſome twenty yeares after* (*as altogether unknowne*) *robbeth his* (*and her*) *ſonne* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe* (*not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his father*) *doth accuſe him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged.*

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY. XVI.

Idiaques cauſeth his ſon Don Iuan *to marry* Marſillia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her; She makes her Father in Law* Idiaques *to poyſon his owne old wife* Honoria; *and likewiſe makes her own brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Iuan *afterwards kils* De Perez *in a Duell*; Marſillio *hath her braines daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt*; Idiaques *is beheaded, his body likewiſe conſumed to aſhes, and throwne into the ayre.*

Et Malice be never ſo ſecretly contrived, and the ſhedding of Innocent bloud never ſo wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conſcience is to us a thouſand witneſſes, ſo God is to us a thouſand Conſciences, firſt to bring it to light, and then their Authors to deſerved puniſhments for the ſame, when they leaſt dreame or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, ſo they ſhall finde no peace or tranquility here on Earth, either with God, or his creatures, becauſe if they would conceale it, yet the very Fowles of the ayre, yea, the ſtones and timbers of their chambers will detect it; For the Earth or Ayre will give them no breath nor being, but they ſhall hang betweene both, becauſe by theſe their foule and deplorable facts, they have made themſelves unworthy of either. A powerfull example, and a pittifull precedent whereof wee ſhall behold in this enſuing Hiſtory, where ſome wretched miſcreants, and graceleſſe creatures, making themſelves guilty of thoſe bloudy crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Juſtice of God) received exemplary and condigne puniſhments for the ſame: May wee read it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the inſtruction of our ſoules.

IN the City of *Santarem* which (by tract of time, and corruption of ſpeech) ſome tearme Saint *Aren*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richeſt and beſt people of *Portugall*,

Portugall; there dwelt a Gentleman of some fifty five yeares old, nobly descended, and of a great estate and meanes, named *Don Sebastian Idiaques*, whose wife and Lady being aged, of well neere fifty yeares, was termed *Dona Honoria*, and well shee deserved that honourable name, for all sorts of Vertues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugall* and *Spaine*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almost thirty yeares, with much Honour, content, and felicity, and for the fruits of their affection and marriage, they had two sonnes and foure daughters; but God in his pleasure and Providence (for some reserved reasons best knowne to his All Divine Majesty) tooke from Earth to Heaven all their daughters, and one of their sonnes, so as now they have left them but one sonne, named *Don Iuan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of some twenty five yeares old, of disposition brave and generous, who after his first youthfull education under his father, had his chiefe breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was first a Page, and then a chiefe Gentleman retaining to him, whom (in regard of the death of his brother and sisters) his father called home unto him, to be his comfort and consolation, and the prop and stay of his age, as also of the Lady his mother, who had formerly acted a great part in griefe, and a mournfull one in sorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Iuan*, this son of theirs, for all regards of Courtship, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and one of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugall*.

As for *Idiaques* the father, though in all the course and progresse of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many morall and generous vertues, yet as one discordant string marres the harmony of the best tuned Instrument, and the concent of the sweetest melody and musick; and as one foule Vice is naturally subject, and fatally incident to eclipse and drowne many rich and faire vertues, so (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white haires) he debosshed himselfe so much, and so sottishly sacrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupiscence, and his exorbitant desires to soule-destroying adultery, that he very often made himselfe a false and inconstant husband to his wife, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtisans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady *Honoria* extreamly grieves hereat, that now in his later yeares hee should thus lasciviously forget himselfe, both towards her, and towards God. She useth all sweet perswasions, prayers and teares, to diswade and divert him from it, but seeing that all proves vaine, and that hee rather proves worse then better thereat, her discretion makes her brooke it with as much patience as shee can, and therefore shee seemes not to see, or know that whereof (to her griefe and discontent) she cannot be ignorant; But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Sonne *Don Iuan* misery of all sides.

Some six leagues from *Santarem* was a wonderfull faire young Gentlewoman being a widdow, aged but of Twenty two yeares, named *Dona Marsillia* well descended, but by her late deceased Husband left but small meanes, yet she beares out her port bravely, and maintaines her selfe highly and gallantly; and indeed shee is the prime young Lady for beauty in all those parts; Now the base Ambassadors, and Emysaries of *Idiaques* his beastly and obscene lust (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common weales) give him notice of her, and of her singular beauty, as well foreseeing and knowing that it would be sweet and pleasing newes unto him. He visits and courts her, but as young as she is she puts him off with peremptory refusals, and in vertuous and modest termes checks his age for this his lascivious suit and motion to her: But he is as constant in his affection to her, as she is disdainfull to him; for his heart is so insnared and intangled in the fetters of her fresh and delicate beautie, that although she refuse him, yet he will not forsake her; but after many pursuits and visits, she at last well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that he still most importunately frequented her house and company, shee as a subtill and cunning young Gentlewoman, tels him plainly and privately, that she will acquaint him with a secret of her heart, and a request of her minde and affection, which if hee will cause to be performed, shee then

vowes

vowes ſhee will for ever be at his diſpoſing and command; *Idiaques* thinking that ſhee will crave ſome money of him, or ſome yearely penſion or annuity; he conſtantly promiſeth to grant and performe her requeſt; ſo ſhe (taking time at advantage) and firſt ſwearing him to ſecrecie, than (with many ſmiles and bluſhes) ſhee tels him, that if ever he thinke to enjoy her love and her ſelfe, hee muſt uſe the meanes to marry his ſon *Don Iuan* to her, which being effected, ſhee with much pretended ſhew of piety and affection, religiouſly ſweares to him, that ſhee will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requeſts ſhall be to her as ſo many commands, and (but onely for himſelfe) if his ſonne *Don Iuan* be her Husband, ſhee with many imprecations and aſſevrations ſweares, that ſhee will ſacrifice her beſt bloud and life, rather than diſtaine his bed, or offer him the leaſt ſhadow of any ſcandall or diſhonour whatſoever. *Idiaques* wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her ſtrange propoſition, the which hee findes ſo knotty and intricate, as meaſuring Grace by Nature, his judgement by his Luſt and Concupiſence, and his Soule by his Affections, he knows not what to ſay or doe herein; ſo he anſwereth her with more love than wiſdome, and for that times leaves her in generall tearmes. Hee goes home, walkes penſively in his Garden, and there conſults *Pro* and *Con* on this buſineſſe; faine he would preſerve his ſonnes honour, and keepe the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the ſweet Roſes and Lillies of *Marſillaes* youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and beares downe all other reaſons and conſiderations before it: Hee viſits her againe and againe, but he findes her inviolable conſtant in her former reſolution. All the favour and courteſie which he can gaine from her, are a few extorted kiſſes, which ſo inflame and ſet on fire his aged heart and affections, as at laſt like a graceleſſe father, he faithfully promiſeth her to uſe his beſt art and power to procure his ſonne to marry her. To which end hee takes him aſide, and in the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt tearmes hee can deviſe, paints out *Marſillia's* prayſes and Vertues to him in the pureſt and rareſt colours, adding withall, that although ſhee bee not exceeding rich, yet that her perſonage is ſo exquiſite, and her perfections ſo excellent, as that ſhee every way meriteth to be wife to a Prince. *Don Iuan* (by what fatall fortune I know not) reliſheth this motion of his father, to ſeeke the Lady *Marſillia* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and farre the more and the ſooner, in regard hee (in divers companies) hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Vertues advanced to the Skie, ſo hee takes time of his father to conſider hereof, and rides over ſometimes with him to Saint *Eſtiene* to viſit her; Hee findes her wonderfull faire and beautifull, and wonderfull coy; of a very ſweet and Majeſticall carriage, and of a delicate and curious ſpeech, fit baits to enſnare the heart, and to betray the judgement of a more ſolide underſtanding than that of *Don Iuan*. Shee acts her part as wiſely as hee doth amorouſly and paſſionately; For the more ſhee makes ſhew to retire and conceale her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and diſcover his to her; but he cannot be ſo much enamoured of her beauty, as ſhe is with the great Eſtate of Lands and Demaines whereunto God and his father have made him heire.

Whiles thus the father privately, and the ſon publikely are ſeeking to make *Marſillia* his wife, the old Lady *Honoria* the mother, by many ſtrong reaſons ſeekes to divert him from her. Shee hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marſillia's* houſe and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chaſtity, her jelouſie and judgement at laſt findes out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is farre greater than honour can warrant, or honeſty allow of; Upon which foundation ſhe in her diſcontented looks and ſilence, bewrayes unto her ſonne *Don Iuan*, her conſtant and reſolute averſneſſe from him to marry her, the which ſhee peremptorily and religiouſly forbids him upon her bleſſing, adding withall, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miſeries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is poſſible for him either to know or conceive; the which ſhee prayes him to read in her lookes and ſilence, to remember it when hee ſees her

her not, and to take it as the trueſt adviſe, and ſecureſt Counſell of a deere Mother to her onely Sonne. *Don Iuan* ruminates on theſe ſpeeches and adviſe of his Mother, as if there were ſome deepe abſtruſe myſterie or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein, the which becauſe he hath equall reaſon as well to feare that this match of his with *Marſillia* may prove fatall, as to hope and beleeve that it may prove fortunate, hee makes a ſtand thereat, as vowing to proceed therein with adviſement, and not with temeritie and precipitation; and ſo forbeares for a month or two to viſit her: But the more the Sonne flyes off in his affection from *Marſillia*, the more doth ſhee doe the like from his father in requitall, whereat he grieves with diſcontent, and ſhe ſeemes to bite her lip with ſorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his ſon to tell him from whence this his ſudden ſtrangeneſſe and unkindneſſe towards *Marſillia* proceedeth; the which he anſweres with a modeſt excuſe, as favouring more of diſcretion than diſobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mothers counſell and adviſe to him from his Father, the which notwithſtanding he vehemently ſuſpecteth it proceeds from her and her Jealouſie. *Marſillia* is enraged to ſee her ſelfe deprived of *Don Iuan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wiſhes ſhee had already made her Husband; and howſoever *Idiaques* his Father ſeekes to conceale and palliate this buſineſſe towards her, yet ſhee beleeves it is his fault, and not his Sonnes. She layes it to his charge, and knitting her browes, ſhee conjureth him to tell her from whence his Sonnes unkindneſſe to her proceeds: He tels her, he is confident that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat ſhe is exceedingly enraged; When ſeeing this old Letcher ſo open and plaine with her, ſhee ſoothing him up with many kiſſes, tels him that this old Beldam his wife muſt firſt be in heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or ſhee his Son here on Earth; when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous ſuggeſtions and bloody temptations of the Devill) ſhee proffers him to viſit her, and ſo to poyſon her, which he oppoſeth and contradicteth; and contrary to all reaſon and ſenſe, and repugnant to all Humanity and Chriſtianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband fitter for the Devill, than for this good old Lady his Wife) hee undertakes and promiſeth her ſpeedily to performe it himſelfe; yea, the Devill is now ſo ſtrong with him, and he with the Devill, that becauſe hee loves *Marſillia*, therefore hee muſt hate his owne deare wife, and vertuous Lady *Honoria*, and becauſe hee hates her, therefore hee muſt poyſon her; A lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Chriſtian, but a moſt helliſh and bloody one of a Husband to his owne wife, who ought to be neere and deere unto him, as being his owne fleſh and blood, Yea the other halfe of himſelfe. He cannot content himſelfe to ſeeke to abuſe and betray his Sonne, but hee muſt alſo murther the mother. So wanting the feare of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and Cruelty, as he was devoyd of all Grace, he is reſolute in this his helliſh rage and malice againſt her, and ſo to pleaſe his young Strumpet, he will ſend this good old Lady his wife to *Heaven* in a bloody Coffin, ſo without thinking of *Heaven* or *Hell*, or of God, or his ſoule, he procures ſtrong poyſon, and acting the part of a fury of Hell, and a member of the Devill, hee as a wretched and execrable Husband, adminiſtreth it to her in preſerved Barbaries, which he ſaw her uſually to love and eat, whereof within three dayes after ſhe dies, to the extreame griefe and ſorrow of her Sonne *Don Iuan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers haſty and unexpected death, but the manner thereof he knowes not, and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or ſuſpect thereof.

His Father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeit ſhew of ſorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time will unmaske this his wretched hypocriſie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murther. Now as ſoone as *Marſillia* is adverti ſed of the Lady *Honoria's* death, ſhe not able to containe her Joyes, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within leſſe than two moneths after her buriall, *Idiaques* and *Marſillia* worke ſo politiquely with *Don Iuan*, as he marries *Marſillia*, although his mothers adviſe to him in the garden, do ſtill run in his mind and thoughts, and now hee brings home his luſtfull Spouſe and Wife to his lewd and laſcivious Fa-

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thers house at *Santarem*, where (I write with horrour and shame) hee most beastly and inhumanly very often commits Adultery and Incest with her, and they act it so close that for the first yeare or two, his Sonne *Don Iuan*, hath no newes or inkling thereof, and now *Marsillia* governeth and rules all, yea her incontinency with her Father *Idiaques* makes her so audacious and impudent, as she commands not onely his house, but himselfe, and domineeres most proudly and imperiously over all his Servants. Her waiting maid *Mathurina* observes and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies lustfull, and unlawfull familiarity, with her Father in Law *Idiaques*, the which her mistris understanding, she extreamely beats her for the same; and twice whips her starke naked in her Chamber, and dragges her about by her haire, although this poore young Gentlewoman, with a world of teares and prayers, beggs her to desist and give over.

God hath many wayes and meanes to set forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes, and punishing of offenders, yea he is now pleased to make use of this young maidens discontent and choller against her insensed Lady and Mistris, for wee shall see her pay deare for this cruelty and tyranny of hers towards her; for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, she takes those blowes and severe usage of her Lady in so ill part, and lodgeth it so deeply in her heart and memory, as shee vowes her revenge shall requite part of that her cruelty and tyranny towards her; Whereupon (with more haste then discretion, and with more malice than fidelity) she in her hot blood, goes to *Don Iuan* her young master, tels him of this foule businesse betwixt his young wife and old Father, to the disgrace and shame of nature; and makes him see and know his owne dishonour, in their brutish and beastly adultery and incest. *Don Iuan* extreamely grieves hereat, yea he is both amazed and astonished at the report of this unnaturall crime as well of his young wife as aged Father. Hee cannot refraine from choller and teares hereat, to see himselfe thus infinitely abused by her beauty, and betrayed by his lust; and if it be a beastly, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his owne, yea to his onely Sonne. He expected more goodnesse from her youth and grace from age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, so hath his wretched father exceeded and broken those rules and precepts of Nature; yea, he is so netled with the report, and inflamed with the consideration and memorie hereof, that he abhorres her infidelity, and in his heart and soule detesteth his inhumanitie; so as the knowledge hereof doth so justly incense him against her, and exasperate himselfe against him; that resolving to right his owne honour, as much as they have blemished and ruined it, and therein their owne, he scornes to be an eye-Witnesse, much lesse an accessary of this his shame and their infamy. So hee here enters into a discreet and generous consultation with himselfe, how to beare himselfe in this strange and dishonourable accident; when perceiving and finding that both his wife and father, had by this their beastly Adultery and Incest, made themselves for ever unworthy of his sight and company; he here for ever disdaining henceforth to see her, or speake with him, very suddenly (upon a second conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who stood firmely and vertuously to her former deposition and accusation against them) takes horse and rides away from *Santarem* to *Lisbone*, where providing himselfe of monies and other necessaries, hee takes post for *Spaine*, and there builds up his residence and stay at the Court at *Madrid*, where wee will for a while leave him, to speake of other accidents which fall out in the course of this History.

Idiaques seeing the sudden departure of his Sonne, and *Marsillia* of her Husband, *Don Iuan*, and being both assured that he had some secret notice and intelligence of their lascivious dalliances and affection, hee exceedingly grieves, and shee extremely stormes thereat, because they know that this foule scandall will wholly reflect & fall upon them; and now by this his sudden and discontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not; because he

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hath neither ſignified him where he is gone, nor when he will returne; the which the more bewrayeth his ſmall reſpect, and diſcovereth his implacable diſpleaſure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a Woman, ſo *Marſillia* aſſuring herſelfe that it was her Maid *Mathurina* who (to the prejudice and ſcandall of her Honour) had unlocked this myſterie to her Husband *Don Iuan*, ſhee enters into ſo furious a rage, and ſo outragious a fury againſt her, as ſhe provides her ſelfe of rods, and intends the next morne e're ſhee be ſtirring out of her bed, to wreake her fierce anger and indignation upon her: But this ſharp and ſevere reſolution of hers, is not ſo cloſely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her incenſed Lady and Miſtris, ſhee the night before takes horſe, and ſo rides home to the Towne of St. *Saviours* to her father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had paſt betwixt her Lady and her ſelfe, and betwixt her Husband, her ſelfe, and her father in Law; and that now diſdaining any more to ſerve her, as her body, ſo her tongue is at liberty; for ſhe is not, nor ſhe will not be ſparing to publiſh her Miſtris, and her father in law's ſhamefull familiarity and adultery together. But this indiſcretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will coſt her farre dearer than ſhee thinkes of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Miſtris *Marſillia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina's* infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her diſhonour and ſhame, ſhee (to ſalve up her reputation, and to provide for her fame) will not wholly relye upon her own judgement and diſcretion herein, but reſolves to acquaint *Don Alonſo De Perez*, her owne onely brother herewith, and to crave his ayd and aſſiſtance, as alſo his advice, betwixt whom and her ſelfe there was ſo ſtrict a league and ſympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their ſhame, and mine owne ſorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modeſty and Chaſtity; onely the preſumption hereof is great and pregnant: for if there had not beene ſome extraordinary tyes and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be beleeved than doubted, that for her ſake and ſervice, hee would never have ſo freely expoſed himſelfe to ſuch eminent feares and dangers, as wee ſhall immediately ſee him doe; and although (of honour and diſpoſition) hee were brave and generous, yet I beleeve he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader muſt underſtand that to this brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marſillia* ſpeedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina's* tongue againſt her Fame and Honour, which had ſo unfortunately occaſioned her Husbands, *Don Iuan*, diſcontented departure from her. Shee proteſteth moſt ſeriouſly and deepely to him of her and her father in Law *Idiaques* innocency in this pretended crime and ſcandall: Tels him that *Mathurina* is the onely author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that baſe and lewd tongue of hers be eternally ſtopped and ſilenced, ſhe ſhall never enjoy any true content to her heart, or peace to her thoughts and mind either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yeeld ſuch confidence to her ſpeeches, vowes, and complaints, that he holds them to bee as true as Scriptures, yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency; when to pleaſe and ſatisfie her, he bids her be of good cheare and comfort, and that he will ſpeedily take ſuch order that *Mathurina's* ſcandalous tongue ſhall not long eclipſe her fame, or any further blemiſh the luſtre of her reputation: When this baſe and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promiſe to his execrable Siſter, he ſecretly rides over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night wayting neere her fathers doore, when *Mathurina* would chance to iſſue forth, he in a darke night eſpying her (without any more ceremony or further expoſtulation) runnes her thorow the body two ſeverall times, whereof poore harmleſſe innocent ſoule ſhee falls downe dead to his feet without once ſpeaking or crying. So *De Perez* ſeeing her diſpatched, he preſently takes horſe (which his man there led by him) and poaſts away to *Santarem*, being ne'er her ſeene nor diſcovered. And thus this bloody villain moſt deplorably embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this vertuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought, word, or deed in

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all her life ; and albeit that her father *Signeor Pedro de Caſtello* makes curious enquiry and reſearch for the Murtherer of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in ſafety. But God will in due time finde him out to his ſhame and confuſion ; yea, and then when his ſecurity and courage little dreames thereof.

As ſoone as he comes to *Santarem*, he acquaints his ſiſter *Marſillia* of his diſpatching of *Mathurina*, who is infinitely glad thereof, and extremely thankefull to him for the ſame, and now her malice and revenge lookes wholly on her Husband *Don Iuan*, for offering her this unkind and ſcandalous indignity of his departure, and for tacitely taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and inceſtuous ſoule and conſcience doth inwardly confeſſe and acknowledge, though the perfidiouſneſſe and hypocriſie of her falſe tongue doe publikely deny it ; yea, with her beſt art and policy, and with her ſweeteſt ſmiles and kiſſes, ſhee hath by this time ſo exaſperated this her bloody brother againſt him, that (out of his vanity and folly) hee prophanely vowes unto God, and ſeriouſly proteſts and ſweares unto her, That if he knew where he were, hee (for the vindication of her honour and innocency, would ride to him and fight with him, except he would reſolve to give him and her ſome valuable reparation, and honourable ſatisfaction to the contrary, which hee ſeales and confirmes to her with many amorous ſmiles, and laſcivious kiſſes. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we thinke our ſelves fartheſt from it: So God being as ſecret in his decrees, as ſacred in his reſolutions, we ſhall ſhortly ſee *De Perez* to verifie and confirme it in himſelfe ; for as in the heat of this his ſottiſh affection to his ſiſter, hee is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Iuan*, if he knew where he was ; loe the newes of his reſidence in *Madrid*, when he leaſt thinkes thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his owne whom he purpoſely ſends to *Santarem* with theſe two enſuing letters, The one ſent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife *Marſillia*. That to his Father ſpake thus.

Don Ivan to Idiaqves.

WAs there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuſe but my Wife, and was your faith ſo weake with God, or you ſo ſtrong with the Devill, that you muſt therefore make her your Strumpet, becauſe ſhee was my Wife? If Nature would not informe you that I am your ſon, yet you are my Father, and it ſhould have taught you to have beene more naturall to mee, more honourable to the world, more reſpectfull to your ſelfe, and more religious to God, and not to have made your ſelfe guilty of theſe foule crimes of Adultery and Inceſt with her, the leaſt whereof is ſo odious to God, and ſo deteſtable to men, that I want tearmes, not teares to expreſſe it. For hereby as you have made my ſhame infinite, ſo likewiſe you have made your owne infamy eternall, the conſideration whereof gives mee ſo much griefe, and the remembrance ſorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my ſight, and ſhee of my company, I have therefore left Portugall *for* Spaine, *and forſaken* Santarem, *to live and die here in* Madrid. *And when hereafter God ſhall be ſo mercifull to your ſoule, to let you ſee that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your grave than for my bed, and for your winding-ſheet, than for my Wife, you will then hold this reſolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to mee is unnaturall, the which if you henceforth redeeme not with an Ocean of bitter teares, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather feare than doubt, that his Divine Majeſty will make you as miſerable, as you have made me unfortunate.*

Don Iuan.

His Letter to his Wife ſpake this language.

DON IVAN to MARSILLIA.

WHat Devill poſſeſſed thy heart with luſt, and thy ſoule with impiety, to make thee violate thy vow which thou gaveſt me in marriage, by committing thoſe damnable ſinnes of Adultery and Inceſt with my naturall Father: And if the conſideration that I was thy Husband could not in Grace deterre thee from it, yet (me thinkes) the remembrance that hee was my father ſhould in Nature have made thee both to abhorre and deteſt it. And although my tender affection to thee, and filiall obedience to him, made me expect more goodneſſe from thy youth, and Grace from his age, yet God is a juſt Iudge, and your hearts are true witneſſes of theſe your unnaturall crimes and ſoule ingratitude towards mee, which hath caſt ſo great a blemiſh and ſcandall on mine honour, and daſhed my joyes with ſo many untimely afflictions, and immerited ſorrowes, that I have abandoned Portugall *and* Santarem *for thy ſake, and betaken my ſelfe to live and die in* Madrid *in* Spaine *for mine; where I will ſtrive to make my ſelfe as contented as diſcontent can make mee, and ſo leave this thy enormous crime, and the puniſhment thereof to God, in whom thou mayeſt bee happy, but without whom thou wilt aſſuredly be miſerable. And thinke to what juſt calamities and miſeries thine inordinate luſts, and laſcivious deſires and delights have already deſervedly reduced and expoſed thee. Sith henceforth I will no more eſteeme thee my Wife, or my ſelfe thy Husband, and that God will aſſuredly looke on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world, of contempt.*

DON IVAN.

Idiaques having read and peruſed that Letter of his ſonne, and *Marſillia* this of her Husband *Don Ivan*, they are therewith ſo touched in heart with ſhame, and ſtung in conſcience with [illegible]ow for their foule crimes of Adultery and Inceſt, that they bluſh each at other, and [illegible] of them moſt bitterly curſe the name and memory of *Mathurina*, who was the firſt au[illegible]r of this report to him, and which ſo ſuddenly incenſed him, and occaſioned his depart[illegible]. So to beare up their reputations to the world, and their fames to him, they reſolve (without either asking leaue or pardon of God) to juſtifie their innocency hereof to him, and ſo to purſue and ſolicite his returne. To which effect they write and returne him (by his owne ſervant) their two ſeverall Letters in anſwer of his, whereof that of *Idiaques* his father carried this meſſage.

IDIAQVES to DON IVAN.

THou doeſt wrong thy ſelfe and the truth, God and thy Conſcience, and thy wife and mee, in ſo baſely taxing us of thoſe foule ſinnes of Inceſt and Adultery, whereof wee are as truly innocent, as thou falſely and malitiouſly deemeſt us guilty. For I have not abuſed her nor made her my Strumpet, although not God, but the Devill (in the ſlanderous tongue of Mathurina) hath made thee to beleeve ſo. For Nature hath taught mee more Grace and goodneſſe, not ſo little impiety, for that I know they are ſinnes more odious to God, and deteſtable to the world, than either thy ſorrowes can expreſſe, or thy anger depaint mee. Neither have I made thy ſhame infinite, or canſt thou make my infamy viſible much leſſe eternall, although herein thou ſhew me thy indignation, together with thy diſobedience, by leaving Portugall *for* Spaine, *and* Santarem *for* Madrid, *whereof becauſe thou wilt not make thy duty, I will conſent my ſelfe to make thy diſcretion Iudge betwixt us, If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy ſelfe, and the truth right herein, and offered a ſcandall likewiſe to thy Wives honour, who made thy company her chiefeſt joy, as now ſhee doth thy abſence her ſharpeſt miſerie & affliction. How then can I goe to my grave with content, when thou forſakeſt her bed with malice, and my houſe with diſdaine? My innocency in thy accuſation hath no way irritated or offended*

offended God, and, if therefore with teares and Prayers thou wilt resolve to aske God, thy Wife, and mee forgivenesse for this thy foule crime, and monstrous ingratitude towards us, then mine armes shall be as open as ever they have beene to receive, and my house to welcome thee, and therein thou shalt make thy selfe as truly happy, as thou falsly and uncharitably thinkest that God will make mee miserable.

IDIAQVES.

The answer of his wife *Marsillia* to him was couched in these tearmes.

MARSILLIA to DON IUAN.

IT is neither Lust nor the Devill which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to beleeve it. But how shall I hope that thy tongue will excuse mee of these thy pretended foule crimes of Adultery and Incest, when to my astonishment and griefe I see thou likewise condemnest thy old father to bee guilty thereof with mee? And if this be any way affection to mee, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judge, and all Sons define and determine. But to returne thee truth for thy falshood; His age expected and deserved more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodnesse from thee, than to have beleeved those false calumnies and impostures upon the bare report and malitious relation of my hand-maid Mathurina, *which are now dead with her, and are as false as thy rashnesse and her revenge makes thee beleeve them true, for it is neither I nor thy father who have any way blemished thine honour, or vanquished thy joyes, but rather thy selfe, and thy too too unkinde and hasty departure from* Santarem *to* Madrid, *which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my content and honour) hath occasioned it. For my heart and soule will testifie both with mee and for mee, that my affection and constancy is both as spotlesse, firme, and true to thee, as thy jealousie is false towards my selfe, and therefore as thou leavest my pretended crime, so will I thy reall ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be so wilfully cruell to live from me, and consequently not to esteeme me thy wife, yet as it is my zeale and duty to begge and pray thee to returne to mee, so I will make it my Integrity and Conscience still to hold and love thee for my Husband, and so preserving my heart for thee, as I doe my soule for God, I hope with assurance and confidence that I shall have no cause to feare either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deserved the other.*

MARSILLIA.

Upon the writing and contents of these two Letters of *Idiaques* to his sonne, and of *Marsillia* to her Husband *Don Iuan*, the Reader may please to observe and remember with how much policie, and with how little Piety they seeke to overvaile and deny these their Adulteries and Incest towards him, thereby to make their actions and themselves appeare as innocent, as they are guilty both to him and to God. But God being the Authour of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whose Sacred Throne and Tribunall is environed with more glorious Sunnes than we see glistering Starres in the Firmament; Hee will one day unmaske this their hypocrisie, and bring their foule sins of Adultery and Incest, both to light and punishment. Now as *Marsillia* is exorbitantly lascivious in her affection to her brother *De Perez*, and hee reciprocally so to her, so with a world of false sighs and teares shee shewes him her Letter, and her fathers in law *Idiaques*, which they had sent to her Husband *Don Iuan*, to *Madrid*, and with many female oaths and asseverations protesteth to him of both their innocencie herein, which her brother beleeves, yea, her fained sorrowes and false teares had so farre trenched and gained upon his cruelty, that in contemplation and commiseration of her wrongs, hee was then so vaine and im-

pious, as once hee thought to have carried theſe two Letters himſelfe into *Spaine*, and there to have fought with *Don Iuan* for the reparation of his ſiſters honour. But at laſt leaving paſſion to conſult with reaſon, and temerity againe to bee vanquiſhed and ſwayed by judgement, firſt that theſe Letters of theirs ſhould ſee *Spaine*, and then to attend his brother in Law *Don Iuan* his anſwer to them, and as he ſhall therein finde him either perverſe or flexible to his wives deſires, and his fathers expectations, hee will then accordingly beare himſelfe and his reſolutions towards him, and hereon both himſelfe and his ſiſter *Marſillia* doe joyfully determine and conclude. So *Don Iuans* owne ſervant returnes theſe two aforeſaid Letters from *Santarem* to *Madrid* to his Maſter, who breaking up the ſeales, and peruſing them, hee doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his fathers impiety, in ſo ſtrongly denying theſe their foule crimes to him: But he is not a little aſtoniſhed, and withall afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives Letter, which reports the death of her maid *Mathurina*, for in his heart and conſcience he now verily thinkes and beleeves, that his wife in her inveterate malice and revenge to her, hath cauſed her to be murthered, and ſent her to Heaven in a bloody winding ſheet. But alas, if it be ſo, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected theſe their Letters, and ſo to have anſwered them with perpetuall oblivion, and a diſdainfull ſilence: But then againe conſidering with himſelfe that this might rather increaſe than extenuate their hopes of his returne, he betakes himſelfe to his Study, where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his father, traceth his wife this Letter in anſwer of hers, and againe ſends it her into *Portugall* by his owne ſervant, which aſſureth them of his reſolution not to returne.

DON IVAN to MARSILLIA.

THe receit of thy ſecond Letter hath not diminiſhed, but confirmed and augmented my confidence of my Fathers ſhame, and thy infamy, in your foule ſinnes of Adultery and Inceſt, perpetrated againſt mee, and which is worſe, againſt God, ſo that I am fully reſolved for ever to forſake his houſe, and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid, *as griefe and diſconſolation will permit mee; For I prize the (unjuſt) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocencie at ſo low a rate, and value it at ſo baſe an eſteeme, as I diſdaine it for thy ſake, and thy ſelfe for thine owne. I doe as much grieve, as I both doubt and feare, thou rejoyceſt at thy Maid* Mathurina's *death, and as I am ignorant of the manner, ſo if my Father and thy ſelfe have beene the cauſe thereof, you have then all the reaſons of the world to beleeve, that God (who is as juſt in his reſolutions, as ſacred in his decrees) will in the end revenge it to his glory, and puniſh it to your confuſion.*

DON IUAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation, for now her father and ſhee ſee theſe their luſtfull and laſcivious crimes ſeated and confirmed in his beleefe, and his ſtay in Spaine fixed in his anger, and eternized in his reſolution: When as cloſe as they beare it, yet knowing full well that the world will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publike ſcandall and infamy; He is ſo devoid of Grace, and ſhee of goodneſſe, that to prevent it, hee wiſheth his ſonne in Heaven with his mother, and ſhee her old Father in law in grave with her young maid *Mathurina*. But theſe vaine hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet they two are not ſo wiſe to think of, nor ſo cautious or religious to conſider, but rather more reſembling bruit beaſts than Chriſtians, they ſtill continue their obſcene and inceſtuous pleaſures, the which I take ſmall delight or pleaſure to mention in regard of modeſty, or to repeat in reſpect of Nature and Honour. Here *Marſillia* againe repaires to her brother

De

De Perez, as to her Oracle and Champion; ſhe ſhewes him both theſe two laſt Letters of her husband to his father and her ſelfe, and conjureth his beſt advice and ſpeedieſt aſſiſtance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her husbands affection and company, or elſe that ſhee were freed from him, and he out of this life and this world, that ſo her ſcandall and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the duſt of his grave, & buried with him in eternall oblivion and ſilence. *Don Perez* (in heart and minde) is ſo much his ſiſters, as hee is no more himſelfe, when making his affection doe homage to her beauty, and his judgement and reſolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prayes her to referre this charge and buſineſſe to the care of his diſcharge; when giving her many kiſſes, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night; and the next morning being impatient of all delayes, he takes one *Seignior Gaſper Lopez*, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating him his intent to fight with his brother *Don Iuan*, and the cauſe thereof: They undertake this journey of *Spaine*, and ſo arrive at *Madrid*, where *Lopez* prayes *Perez* to make him his ſecond in that Duell; *De Perez* thanks him for this his affection, but tels him he will hazard himſelfe, but not his friend; ſo writing a Challenge to *Don Iuan* hee ſeales it up, and requeſteth *Lopez* to deliver it to him, and the ſame night to returne him his anſwer. *Lopez* accordingly findes out *Don Ivan* in his owne chamber, and gives it to him in faire and diſcreet tearmes, who wondring it came from his brother in law *De Perez*, but farre more to underſtand that he was now in *Madrid*, hee no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his ſiſter had ſent him thither to him to worke her reconciliation, and conſequently his returne to her to *Santarem*, hee haſtily breakes up the ſeales thereof, findes it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ to DON IVAN.

I Have ſeene thy inveterate malice to thy Wife my ſiſter, in thy falſe and ſcandalous Letters to her, and Portugall *hath read it in thy ſudden and chollerick departure from her into* Spaine, *wherefore conſidering what ſhe is to thee, and I to her, I hold my ſelfe bound (both in Honour and Blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left* Santarem *to find thee out here in* Madrid, *purpoſely to pray thee to meet mee to morrow betwixt ſix and ſeven in the morning, at the fartheſt Weſt end of the* Prado, *with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou ſhalt finde me to attend thy comming, and relying upon the equity of my cauſe, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach* Don Iuan *what it is for him (without ground or truth) to caſt a baſe aſperſion and wrongfull blemiſh upon the luſtre of his Wife, and my Siſter, the Lady* Marſillia's *honour, whoſe deſcent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Vertues farre more ſublime and excellent. Thy generoſity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to performe this Obligation.*

DE PEREZ.

Don Iuan having received and peruſed this Challenge of his brother in law *De Perez*, and finding his furious reſolution to exceed his judgement, he knowing himſelfe innocent, his cauſe good, and his courage and valour every way to be ſuperiour to the others, highly diſdaining to be out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and generoſity, hee with a cheerefull countenance returnes *Lopez* to his brother *De Perez* with this accepting anſwer.

DON IVAN to DE PEREZ.

MY hatred to Marſillia, *and departure from her was juſtly occaſioned through her treachery and infidelity to mee, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as ſhee is falſe in denying it; notwithſtanding ſith ſhe is thy ſiſter and my wife, I as much approve of thy affection to her, as I condemne thy temerity to me, and thy indiſcretion to thy ſelfe, in making her quarrell thine, and by forſaking* Santarem, *to fight with mee here in* Madrid. *And becauſe thou ſhalt ſee and finde that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge, and am ſo farre from learning any point of valour of* De Perez, *as to his ſhame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way caſt a falſe aſperſion or blemiſh on the luſtre of her reputation, but ſhee on her ſelfe, and conſequently that I will neither affect her, nor feare thee. For God lending mee life, I will to morrow breake faſt with thee at thine owne time and place appointed, where my honour and generoſity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.*

DON IUAN.

Theſe two inconſiderate Gentlemen having thus embarqued themſelves in the ſtrong reſolution of this weake quarrell and raſh Duell, which earthly honour cannot as juſtly approve and allow of, as divine Religion and Chriſtian Piety and charity diſavow and execrate. Their malice and revenge each to other is ſo violent and impetuous, that without any thought either of God or their Soules, or of Heaven or Hell, they paſſe over the night, if not in watchfulneſſe, yet in broken and diſtracted ſlumbers, yea the morne no ſooner peeped from Heaven through their windowes to their chambers, but they leape from their beds to the Prado, where *De Perez* with his friend *Lopez* come firſt on horſe-back, and immediately after them *Don Iuan* in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his friend, tearmed *Don Richardo De Valdona*: So theſe two Duelliſts diſdaining to be tainted with the leaſt ſpice of diſhonour, or ſhadow of cowardiſe, they at firſt ſight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their ſilke ſtockings and pumps, with their Rapiers drawne, they without any further complement or expoſtulation approach each other; But here before they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloudy action, I hold it fit to informe my Reader with a circumſtance that now paſt betweene them, wherein doubtleſſe the Providence of God was moſt conſpicuous and apparant; For as by the Law and cuſtome both of *Spaine* and *Portugall*, all Rapiers ſhould be of one length, yet *De Perez* curiouſly caſting his vigilant eye upon that of *Don Iuan*, either his feare, or his judgement, or both, informe him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat *Don Iuan* grieves farre more than *De Perez* can poſſible either rejoyce or wonder, for he is ſo farre from any way blemiſhing his honour with this, or with any other point or ſhadow of diſhonour, as now hee gives his Rapier to meaſure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of *De Perez*, when biting his lip for anger, he (reſembling himſelfe) proffers to fight with that either of *Lopez* or *Valdona*, which was ſufficient reaſon for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he ſees that this proffer of his will neither ſecure *De Perez* feare, nor confirme his content, then as a Noble and generous Gallant, hee freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives *De Perez* the longer, and contents himſelfe to fight with the ſhorter, whereat *De Perez* reſts ſatisfied, and well he may, ſith this action and his receit thereof, doth as much teſtifie *Don Iuans* glory, as his owne diſhonour and ſhame, and now they againe approach each other to fight.

At their firſt comming up *Don Iuan* runnes a firme thruſt to *De Perez* breaſt, but hee (bearing it up with his Rapier) runnes *Don Iuan* in the cheeke towards his right eare, which drawes much bloud from him, and he in exchange runnes *De Perez* thorow his ſhirt ſleeve without hurting him: At their ſecond meeting they againe cloſe without hurting each other, and ſo part faire without offering any other violence: At their third

third aſſault *De Perez* runnes *Don Iuan* thorow the brawne of his left arme, who in exchange requites him with a deepe wound in his right ſide, from whence iſſued much bloud, and now they breathe to recover wind, and to the judgements of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as alſo of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equall in valour, and almoſt in fortune; ſo although theſe ſpectators doe of both ſides earneſtly entreat them to deſiſt and give over, yet they cannot, they will not be ſo eaſily or ſo ſoone reconciled each to other; So after a little pauſing and breathing, they (with courage and reſolution) fall to it afreſh, and at this their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Iuan* a deepe wound in his left ſhoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their ſeverall wounds hath engrained their white ſhirts with great effuſion of their ſcarlet bloud, yet they are ſo brave, ſo generous, or rather ſo inhumane and malitious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and reſolved rather to make death feare them, than they any way to feare death; But their fifth cloſe will prove more fatall; for now after they had judiciouſly traverſed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the diſadvantage of the Sunne, whiles *De Perez* directs a full thruſt to *Don Iuans* breaſt, hee bravely and skilfully warding it, in requitall thereof, runnes him cleane thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when cloſing nimbly with him, and purſuing the point of his good fortune, hee whips up his heeles, and ſo nailes him to the ground, when hee had the ſtrength to begge his life of *Don Iuan*, and God knowes he much grieved that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his laſt wound being deſperately mortall, hee preſently died thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much leſſe to begge mercy of him for his ſinfull ſoule; but as hee lived abominably and prophanely, ſo he died miſerably and wretchedly: And although I confeſſe it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from ſo brave a noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Iuan*, yet it is a moſt ſingular providence, and remarkable puniſhment of God, that he died by the hands of his owne laſcivious ſiſters Husband, and which is yet more, by his owne ſword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purpoſely ordained, that the ſelfe ſame ſword ſhould give him his death, wherewith ſo lately and ſo cruelly hee had bereaved that harmleſſe innocent young Gentlewoman *Mathurina* of her life, although in regard of this his foule and lamentable murther, hee (with leſſe honour and more infamy) every way deſerved to have died rather by a halter than a ſword; But Gods Providence is as unſearchable as ſacred.

Don Iuan having rendred thanks to God for this his victory, hee out of his noble courteſie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to tranſport the dead body of his brother in Law *De Perez* into the City, and taking his horſe in exchange, hee by a private way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duell is not ſo ſecretly carried, but within three houres after all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to bee both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugall*, it gives cauſe of generall talke, and argument of univerſall envie and admiration in all Spaniards, eſpecially in the nobler ſort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that *Don Iuan* had cauſed this his brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repaires to his chamber to him, and in a faire and friendly manner enquires of him if he pleaſe to returne any Letter of this his friends death, and of his owne victory to *Santarem* to *Don Idiaques* his father, or the Lady *Marſillia* his wife, and that his beſt ſervice herein ſhall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Iuan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courteſie, but tels him that for ſome reſerved reaſons he will ſend no Letter to either of them, but otherwiſe wiſheth him a proſperous return to *Portugall*; ſo *Don Iuan* remaines in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returnes for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the iſſue of that Combat, as the victory of his ſonne *Don Iuan*, and the death and buriall of *De Perez*, adding withall, that hee was ſo reſerved and ſtrange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledge of this mournefull newes, *Idiaques* cannot refraine from much ſorrow, nor *Marſillia* from burſting forth into bitter teares and lamentations thereat; for ſeeing her deare and onely brother thus ſlaine by the hand of her owne unkinde Husband, by

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loſing him ſhee knowes ſhee hath loſt her right arme, and hee being dead ſhee knowes not to whom to have recourſe, either for counſell, aſſiſtance, or conſolation. And yet as much as hee ſorrowes and ſhee grieves at this diſaſterous accident, they notwithſtanding are yet ſo farre from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God, or downe to their owne ſinfull hearts, conſciences, and ſoules for the ſame, that without making any good uſe, or drawing any divine or profitable morall thereof, they ſtill continue their beaſtly pleaſures and damnable Adultery and Inceſt together, as if there were no God to ſee, nor no deſerved torments or miſerie reſerved to puniſh it. But they and wee ſhall immediately ſee the contrary.

To the griefe of our hearts, and compunction of our ſoules, wee have in this Hiſtory ſeene wretched *Idiaques* (by the inſtigation of the devill) to poyſon his wife the Lady *Honoria*; and likewiſe his daughter in Law *Marſillia* to have cauſed her brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murthered her waiting-maid in the ſtreet; as alſo by the Providence of God *Don Iuan* to have ſlaine the ſaid *De Perez* in the field, and our curioſity and expectation ſhall not goe far, before wee ſhall ſee the juſt Revenge and puniſhments of God condignly to ſurpriſe wretched *Idiaques*, and graceleſſe *Marſillia* for the ſame; for his Divine Juſtice contending with his Sacred Mercy, it hath at laſt prevailed againſt theſe their foule and bloudy crimes; ſo now when they are in the middeſt, yea, in the height and jollity of all theſe their foule delights and ſecurity, like an unlooked for ſtorme and tempeſt, it will ſuddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this world, but death hath infinite to take us from it, and what is this but a true argument and reaſon of Gods glory and our miſerie, of his power, and of our frailty and weakneſſe, and therefore becauſe wee are as repleat of ſinne as he is of ſanctity, and as ſubject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and ſubject to him: It will be an act of morall wiſdome, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examine his ſacred Providence, and rather to admire than pry into his divine Decrees and reſolutions. And becauſe his correction and puniſhment of all ſins, eſpecially of this crying and ſcarlet ſinne of Murther, is as juſt as ſecret, and as inſcrutable as Juſt; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable Hiſtory, God is firſt pleaſed to exerciſe and begin his Judgements on miſerable *Marſillia*, and then to finiſh it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majeſty is likewiſe pleaſed and reſolved both to impoſe and make as great a difference in their puniſhments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Marſillia's* pleaſure (or to ſay more truly, the providence and pleaſure of God) that ſhe rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to viſit a ſick Gentlewoman her Couſin German, who dwelt there, being only accompanied with her man *Andrea* on horſe-back, and her foot boy *Piſcator* to attend her, and as ſhe comes within a ſmall halfe league of that towne, having ſent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot boy *Piſcator* being a very little diſtance behinde her, there ſuddenly ſtarts up a Hare betweene (or cloſe to) her horſe legges, which ſo amazed her horſe, (which was as hot and proud as the Gentlewoman his Miſtreſſe whom he bore) as comming off with all foure, he throwes her to the ground, and kicking her with his hinde feet at her fall, hee ſtrikes her in the fore head, and ſo daſheth out her braines; God ſo ordaining, that ſhe had not the power to ſpeake a word, much leſſe the grace or happineſſe to repent her of her horrible ſinnes, Adultery, Inceſt, and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearfull end which God gave to this graceleſſe young Lady, the which I cannot as yet paſſe over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumſtance therein, in which the Juſtice and Mercy of God to both ſexes, and all ages and degrees of people, doth miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine forth; for that very horſe which threw and killed her was the very ſame which ſhe formerly lent to her Brother *De Perez*, and whereon he rid to Saint Saviours when he (by her inſtigation) killed her waiting maid *Mathurina*. Good God, how juſt, and wonderfull are thy decrees, Deere Lord, how immenſe and ſacred is thy Iuſtice!

But

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the enterance into a further progreſſion of this Hiſtory. For as her foot boy *Piſcator*, extreamely wept and bitterly cryed, at the ſight of this mournefull and tragicall death of his Lady and Miſtris, God had ſo decreed and provided, that the next that paſſed by, and who were ſorrowfull ſpectators thereof, were two Corigadors (or Officers of Juſtice) of the Citie of Coimbra riding that way in their Coach to take the aire. Who in compaſſion of the deplorable death of this faire unknown young Gentlewoman, they deſcend their Coach, and having enquired and underſtood of her ſorrowfull Foote boy what ſhee was, they then with much reſpect and humanity cauſe her dead Corps to be decently laid into their Coach, which they ſhut, and ſo mounting their Servants Horſes they returne againe to Coimbra. From whence they ſend her Man *Andrea*, in all poſſible poſt haſte to Santarem to acquaint his Maſter and her Father in law *Don Idiaques* with this lamentable death of his daughter in Law *Marſillia*, and to pray him to repayre ſpeedily thither to them to take order for her buriall. *Andrea* is no ſooner departed for his Maſter, but theſe two Corigadors conſult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably conſider for themſelves, that the horſe who killed her, and all her apparell and jewels, by the cuſtome and royalty of their City were devolved and forfeited to their juriſdiction; to which effect they cauſe her rings, chaines, and bracelets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewiſe to be carefully ſearcht for gold and jewels; ſo as murther cannot be long concealed or undetected; wee may therefore here behold the wonderfull Providence, and ſingular Juſtice of God, for in one of her pockets they finde, folded up in a rich cut-worke handkerchiefe, the laſt Letter which her Husband *Don Iuan* had written and ſent her from *Madrid*; at the ſight of this Letter one of theſe Corigadors is deſirous to have it read publikely, but the other (being more human and reſpective to the concealing of Ladies ſecrets, which many times prove that of their honours) hee contradicts it, till at laſt God enlightning their judgements, and prompting and inſpiring their hearts, that the peruſall of this Letter might (peradventure) import and report ſomething which might tend to his ſervice, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a *medium* betwixt both their opinions, and ſo withdrawing themſelves to a private chamber, they there ſecretly o're-read this Letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they underſtand of the obſcene Adultery and Inceſt of *Don Idiaques* with this his daughter in law *Marſillia*, which was the cauſe of her Husband *Don Iuan* his abſence from her in *Spaine*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and ſo fall upon theſe words of *Don Iuan* to her in this his Letter; *I doe as much grieve as I both doubt and feare thou rejoyceſt at thy hand maid* Mathurina's *death*; *and as I am ignorant of the manner, ſo if my father and t hy ſelfe have beene the cauſe thereof, you have then all the reaſons of the world to beleeve, that God will in the end puniſh it to your confuſion*; then (led by the ſpirit of God) they both concurre in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murther of *Mathurina* did not only firmely reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marſillia*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and diſaſterous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his owne to come: When reſolving to ſeize and impriſon *Idiaques* as ſoone as he ſhould arrive thither to *Coimbria*; They huſhing up this Letter and buſineſſe in their owne boſomes, doe then hold it fit to ſend for *Marſillia's* foot-man *Piſcator* to come to them, which hee ſpeedily doth. They carefully enquire of him if his dead Lady had not ſometimes a waiting Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, hee anſwered them yes, and that ſhe was lately murthered in the ſtreets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murtherers were as yet unknowne: They demand of him againe whoſe daughter ſhe was; hee informes them that her father is a Gentleman who dwels in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Caſtello* which being as much as they ſought for; putting their ſervants to watch over this foot-man, that hee might not eſcape to give the leaſt inkling of their demands to his old Maſter *Idiaques*, they preſently ſend away poaſt to *Saint Saviours* for *Caſtello*, and (in honour to Juſtice) theſe two Corigadors as Chriſtian Magiſtrates, having

ving put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marsillia* lay; at whose mournfull sight, as soone as his passionate griefe and sorrow had caused him to shed and sacrifice many rivolets of teares, when hee least dreames or thinks thereof, these two Corigadors cause him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart & conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) assuring him that it was for poysoning of his owne Lady *Honoria*; there horror and terrour, griefe and despaire, and anguish, doe act their severall parts upon the Theatre of his soule.

The next morne *Castello* (*Mathurina's* father) likewise arrives to *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Iuan* to his wife, which hee sent her from *Spaine*, wherein they tell him the murther of his daughter *Mathurina* seemes probably and strongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his daughter in law *Marsillia*; when they farther acquainting him with her tragicall death, as also with his imprisonment; *Castello* (with a world of teares and cries) exclaimes, that undoubtedly they were the authours, if not the actors of his daughters lamentable murther, and so very passionately and sorrowfully craves justice of them on *Idiaques* for the same, which they are as willing to grant and performe, as he to desire: So after dinner in the publike Tribunall of Justice, they send for *Idiaques* legally and juridically there to appeare before them; where this sorrowfull father (with much passion, and more teares) doth strongly accuse him for the murther committed and perpetrated on his daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and stout answers denieth; he alleageth many oylie words, and sugred and silken phrases, to justifie and Apologize his innocencie: Which these Corigadors (led by the finger of God) hold rather to be far more ayrie than solid, and farre more plausible than reall or true; so they (still remembring his sonne *Don Iuans* Letter to his wife *Marsillia*) doe (without regard to his quality or age) adjudge him to the Rack. The which *Idiaques* (fearing infinitely more the murther of his owne Lady *Honoria*, than that of *Mathurina*) endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and resolution farre beyond his strength and age, and with an admirable constancie stands firmly to the deniall of this fact and accusation; so seeing the Rack taken away, and himselfe from the Rack, hee is therefore very confident and joyfull, that his danger is likewise o'repast and o'reblowne: But these vaine hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him, for as yet his conscience hath not made peace with God. For the griefes and sorrowes of this mournfull father for this lamentable murther of his daughter, have now made him both industrious in his solicitation, and religious in this his prosecution against *Idiaques* towards these Corigadors, to whom againe hee becomes an earnest, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accusation, and that all that time he may still remaine prisoner without Baile or Surety; which they finding reasonable, and consonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Castello* having God for his Counsellor, and whom in a small time *Idiaques* shall finde for his Judge, calling to minde some words of his deceased daughter touching the suspition of poysoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match with *Don Iuan*, hee doth no more accuse him for murthering of his daughter *Mathurina*; but some two dayes after he frames and presents a new Inditement and accusation to his Judges against him, for poysoning his old wife the Lady *Honoria*. Which these Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almost confidently beleeve, that there is some great crime, and foule fact in this businesse against *Idiaques*, which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the solicitation and industry of this honest poore Gentleman *Castello*. So they admit againe of his second Inditement against him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunall of Justice.

Idiaques understanding hereof, his guilty conscience now denounceth such thunde-

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ring peales of feare and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling ſoule, as they will give no peace either to himſelfe or them; and the Devill who had ever heretofore promiſed him his beſt aid and aſſiſtance, now flies from him, and leaves him to ſtand or fall to himſelfe: And here it is that his courage begins to faile him, and that his feare and ſhame is almoſt reſolved and ready to proclaime himſelfe guilty of this his laſt and worſt accuſation, the poyſoning of his owne wife the Lady *Honoria*: But againe the hope of life is yet ſo ſweet to him, as the feare of death is diſpleaſing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched reſolution, and a miſerable confidence) he againe artificially endevoureth to bleare the eyes of theſe his Judges, with his chiefeſt Eloquence, and ſweeteſt Oratory; who having given him his full carreer to ſpeak in his owne defence and juſtification, when they perfectly knew he yet ſpake not one valuable word or reaſon either to defend or juſtifie himſelfe; Then one of theſe cleere-ſighted Corigadors (in the behalfe of both of them) returnes him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuſe him, ſo they have not the meanes or power to excuſe him, for being (at leaſt) acceſſary to both, or either of theſe murthers, of his Lady *Honoria*, or *Mathurina*; that the ſudden death of the firſt, and the violent and untimely one of the laſt, the voluntary abſence of his ſonne *Don Juan* in Spaine, with his killing of *De Perez* there, and now the fearefull and lamentable end of his daughter in law, *Marſillia* (whoſe body is yet unburied, and her blood ſcarce cold) left a dangerous reflexion, and a pernitious ſuſpition on his life and actions, at leaſt of Adultery and Inceſt, if not of Murther (whereof his Sonne *Don Juans* Letter which he writ to his wife *Marſillia* which they have there to ſhew, is a moſt ſtrong and pregnant witneſſe) and that the leaſt of theſe crimes are capable to ruine a greater perſonage than himſelfe. That hee could caſt no miſt of deluſion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endevoured and laboured to caſt a vaile before theirs. That the ſhedding of innocent blood was a crying Sinne, which deſpight of ſorcery and of Hell would (in Gods due time) draw downe vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That if hee were guiltie of his accuſation, hee had no better plea than confeſſion, nor ſafer remedy than repentance. That contrition is the true marke, of a true Servant of God, and though wee fall to Nature and ſinne as being men, yet we ſhould riſe againe to grace and righteouſneſſe as being Chriſtians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them and conſequently their puniſhments, both in Earth, and in Hell, and that he was not a Chriſtian, but an Infidell, who would attempt to ſave his life with the loſſe of his ſoule, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this, notwithſtanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conſcience, was yet ſo ſtrong with Satan, and therefore ſo weake with God, that he left no excuſe, policy or evaſion uninvented to bleare the eyes of theſe Corigadors, and ſo to make his innocency to paſſe current with them. But his eloquence and aſſeverations cannot prevaile with the ſolidity of their Judgements, for God will not ſuffer them to be led away with words, nor ſeduced or deluded with ſhadowes: But from the circumference of circumſtances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Authour and giver, yea to the life and ſoule thereof, God. So they againe adjudge him to the rack for his ſecond accuſation of Murther, as they formerly had done to him for his firſt. At the pronouncing of which ſentence, If wee may judge of his heart by his face, hee ſeemed to bee much afflicted, appaled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving before they expoſe him to his torments; they in Honour to his Age and quality, but farre more to Truth and Juſtice (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to ſend him two Divines to his priſon to worke upon his Conſcience and Soule, which they doe: And God in the depth of his goodneſſe, and the richneſſe of his mercy, was ſo mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added ſuch efficacy to their perſwaſions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very ſight of the rack, hee with teares in his eyes, then and there confeſſed unto them, That hee was

innocent

innocent of *Mathurinaes* murther, but guilty of poyſoning his owne wife the Lady *Honoria*, for the which hee ſaid hee moſt heartily and ſorrowfully repented himſelfe. Whereupon his Judges (and the reſt preſent) admiring with wonder and praiſing God with admiration for the detection of this his foule bloudy and lamentable crime, they pronounce ſentence againſt him. That for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, ſhall have his head cut off at the place of common execution in that Towne. When *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered ſo much to Satan) that hee could never be deveſted of his mortall ſinnes before hee were firſt deprived of his ſinfull life, doth yet ſtill flatter himſelfe with ſome further hope of life, and ſo hee appeales from the judgement and ſentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and reſident thereof; as alſo becauſe hee committed his murther there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudged him to death: Whereat although the Corigadors of *Coimbra* for the preſervation of the privileges of their Court and Towne, doe obſtinately expoſe and vehemently conteſt it, yet at laſt well knowing, and being conſcious with themſelves, that ſmaller Townes and Courts in *Portugall* are bound and ſubject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a vertue of neceſſity, and contenting themſelves to give way to that which they cannot remedie, do ordaine that *Idiaques* ſhould be conveighed and tryed at *Santarem*.

But yet before they ſuffer him to depart their Towne, they in honour to Juſtice, in wiſedome to themſelves, and in reputation to their Towne and Court, doe ſeriouſly and religiouſly charge him in the name & feare of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburied Daughter in Law *Marſillia* were not likewiſe acceſſary with him in poyſoning his Wife, the Lady *Honoria*, which at firſt hee ſtrongly denies to them. But then they ſend away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him and his Conſcience in Priſon, who exhort him to carry a white and candid ſoule to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell fire if he doe not. When with ſighes and teares, hee confeſſeth that to them, and that it was hee himſelfe who adminiſtred that poyſon to his wife, but that his daughter in Law *Marſillia* bought it for him. So theſe Judges (upon the validity of this free and ſolemne confeſſion) in deteſtation of this her lamentable crime, doe reverently reſolve to ſecond, and glorifie God in his Judgements towards her, and therefore they preſently condemne her dead body to be burnt that afternoone in their market ſtreet, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in preſence of a great concourſe of people, who infinitly rejoyce that God ſo miraculouſly deſtroyed the life, and their Judges the body of ſo execrable a female Monſter.

By this time wee muſt allow, and imagine that our old Lecher, and new murtherer *Idiaques* (by vertue of his appeale) is brought to his owne City of *Santarem*, and I thinke either with a ridiculous hope or a prophane and impious reſolution to ſee whether God will puniſh him there with death, or the Devill preſerve and ſave him from it. Hee hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerfull, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quickſand, this ſnow, this nothing, that his great eſtate of money and lands will undoubtedly act wonders with them for his pardon. But ſtill hee hopes, becauſe ſtill the devill deceives him; Hee is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this faire Citie which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reſerved for his ſhame, and appointed and deſtined for his confuſion; They cannot brook the ſight, much leſſe the cohabitation and company of ſuch monſters of nature, and devills incarnat of men, who glory in making themſelves guilty of theſe foule ſinnes, and crying crimes, Adultery, Inceſt, Murther. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himſelfe a principall of this number, and a monſter of Art in theſe ſinnes) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, ſhall find leſſe of both of them after his death. For the criminall Iudges of this Court who reverence and honour Juſtice becauſe Juſtice doth daily and reciprocally performe the like to them, doe confirme the ſentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morne he ſhall loſe his head,

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but in deteſtation and execration of theſe his foule and bloody crimes, they adde this clauſe and condition thereto, that both his head & body ſhall be afterwards burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the ayre, which gives matter of talke and admiration, not onely to *Santarem*, but to all *Portugall*. And thus moſt penſively and diſconſolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his priſon where Church-men are ſent him by the Judges of that court, to direct his ſoule in her flight and transfiguration from earth to Heaven, whom they finde (or at leaſt they make) very humble, mournefull, and repentant. According to which ſentence hee is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which for the greater example and terrour to others, and of ignominy to himſelfe, was before his owne houſe, wherein hee had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the ſcaffold is no ſooner erected, but there flock an infinite number of people from all parts of the City, to be ſpectators of this laſt ſcene of his Tragedy. Hee came to the ſcaffold (betweene two Friers) in a ſute of black Taffeta, a gowne of black wrought tuffe Taffeta, and a great white ſet ruffe, which yet could not be whiter than his broad beard: At his aſcent on the ſcaffold, his grave aſpect and preſence engendred as much ſorrow and pity, as his beaſtly crimes did deteſtation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a ſhort time kneeled downe and prayed) hee made a ſhort ſpeech to this effect.

That although the poyſoning of his owne wife, and his adultery with his ſons wife, were crimes ſo odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth, or to looke up unto Heaven, yet although he deſerved no favour of his Judges for his bodie, he humbly repented and begged ſome of God for his ſoule, and for the more effectuall obtaining thereof, he zealouſly prayed all thoſe who were preſent to joyne their prayers to his. Hee confeſſed that it was *Marſillia's* beauty which firſt (at the inſtigation of the devill drew him to that adultery with her, and this poyſoning of his owne wife *Honoria*, whereof from his heart and ſoule, hee now affirmed hee implored remiſſion of God, of the Law, of his ſonne *Don Iuan*, and of all the world, and prayed them all to bee more godly and leſſe ſinfull by his example, and ſo kneeling downe, and praying a little while's to himſelfe, hee roſe up, and putting off his gowne, ruffe, and doublet, which hee gave to the Executioner, hee binding his head and eyes with his handkerchiefe, bade him doe his office, which he preſently performed, and with one blow of the ſword, made a perpetuall double divorce betwixt his head and his ſhoulders, his body and his ſoule; when preſently according to his ſentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and conſumed to fire, and his aſhes throwne into the ayre.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marſillia*, of whom the ſpectators (according to their ſeverall humours and affections) ſpake diverſly, all condemning the bloudy cruelty of *De Perez* towards innocent *Mathurina*, and of *Idiaques* towards his vertuous wife *Honoria*. Againe, ſome pitied, and others execrated *Marſillia's* youth, beauty, and luſt; but both ſexes, and all degrees of people (as ſo many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Juſtice of God, in ſo miraculouſly and condignly cutting off theſe monſters of nature, and bloudy butchers of mankinde.

And if the curioſity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Don Iuan*; The reports of him are different, for as firſt I heard that his diſcontent and griefe was ſo great, yea, ſo extreame for the death of his Parents and wife, that he cloiſtred himſelfe up a *Capuchin* Fryer in their Monaſtery at *Madrid*: So contrariwiſe I have ſince credibly beene enformed, that hee ſhortly after theſe diſaſters left *Spaine*, and ſtill lives in *Santarem* in *Portugall* in great honour, welfare, and proſperity; But which of theſe his reſolutions are moſt inclining and adherent to the truth, it paſſeth beyond my knowledge, and therefore ſhall come too ſhort of my affirmation.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt ſteales away his brother Vimoryes *wife* Maſſerina, *and keepes her in Adulterie; She hireth* Tivoly (*an Italian Mountebank*) *to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife*; Harcourt *kils his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his widdow* Maſſerina; Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhee is likewiſe hanged*; Noel (*who was* Harcourts *man*) *on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the ſame.*

MAn being the Workemanſhip, and figurative Image of God, what an odious ſin, yea what an execrable crime is it therefore for one (out of the heate of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to poyſon, or murther another, ſith Nature doth ſtrongely impugne, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it! Therefore were not our hearts and underſtandings either wholly deprived of Common ſence, or our ſoules of the gratious aſſiſtance & favour of God, we would not thus ſo furiouſly and prophanely make our ſelves guilty of theſe infernall ſins, but rather (with our beſt endevours) would ſeeke to avoid them as Hell, and (with our moſt pious reſolutions) to hate and deteſt them as the Devill himſelfe who is the prime Authour and Actor thereof. But

ſome ſuch monſters of Nature, and Diſciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A feareſull and lamentable Example whereof this enſuing Hiſtory will ſhew us. The which may all good Chriſtians read to Gods glory, and remember to the inſtruction of their Soules.

THere is a pariſh tearmed Saint *Simplician* a mile from the Citie of *Sens* in the Dutchy of *Burgundy* (which is honoured with the title & See of an Archbiſhop) where within theſe few yeares) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman, (more Noble by birth, than rich in his Eſtate and Demaynes) termed *Monſieur de Vimory*, who left only two ſonnes behinde him, the eldeſt named *Monſieur De Harcourt*, and the ſecond *Monſieur De Hautemont*, who were two very proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Armes, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requiſite, both to ſhew and approve themſelves to be the ſonnes of their Father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall, but not well favoured, but of a milde and ſingular good diſpoſition; *Hautemont* was of a middle ſtature, neatly timbred, of a ſweet and amiable countenance, but by nature haſty and head-ſtrong; *Harcourt* had a light Aubrun beard, which (like a Countrey Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Ovall cut; *Hautemont* had a coale blacke beard, which (Courtier-like) he wore in forme of an invaled Pyramides; *Harcourt* was thirty two yeares of age, very chaſte and honeſt; *Hautemont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and ready to bee deboſhed and drawne away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldeſt ſon) their father gave his chiefeſt Mannor houſe, with eight hundred Crownes of yearely Review, and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his ſecond Sonne) hee gave his ſecond Mannor houſe, worth foure hundred Crownes yearely, and fifteene hundred Crownes in his purſe, by his Teſtament: Eſtates which though it came ſhort of their bloud, yet it exceeded that of moſt of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in *France* at leaſt the double, if not the triple of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happineſſe, or the care to bee accompanied with any ſiſter or other brothers, they interchangeably ſweare a ſtrict league of brotherly love and deare affection each to other, which by their Vertues and Honours they ſwear ſhall never receive end, but with the end of their lives: They many times conſult together for the conduction and improving of their Eſtates, which they promiſe to manage with more frugality than luſtre, and with more ſolid diſcretion than vaine oſtentation or ſuperfluity, and not to live in *Paris*, or to follow the Court, but to build up their reſidence in the Countrey. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of ſervants, horſes, and hounds, which their father kept. They likewiſe vow each to other to bee wonderfull charie and carefull in their mariages, as well fore-ſeeing and knowing it to bee the greateſt part of their earthly felicity or miſery. So here we may ſee and obſerve many faire promiſes, rich deſignes and reſolutions, and many ſweet covenants voluntarily drawne up betweene theſe two brothers, which if they make good and performe, no doubt but the end thereof will bee ſucceſſefull and proſperous unto them; or if otherwiſe, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the ſtreame and current of this Hiſtory, I muſt firſt declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the father, and by the cuſtome of *France*, wee muſt now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the ſecond brother, futurely to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldeſt, and that from *Harcourt* the eldeſt, to give him that of *Vimory* their father, for (by the right and vertue of the premiſed reaſons) theſe are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to obſerve and remember.

A yeare and halfe is not fully expired and paſt away ſince their father paſt from Earth to Heaven, but the eldeſt brother *Monſieur De Vimory* being extreamly ambitious and covetous of wealth, and underſtanding that a rich Counſellour of the Court of Parliament of *Diion*, named *Monſieur De Baſigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow, (of ſome forty yeares of age) named *Madamoyſelle Maſſerina*, he earneſtly ſeekes her in marriage. Shee is of ſhort ſtature, corpulent and fat, of a coale-black haire, and if fame towards her bee a true and not a tatling goddeſſe, ſhee hath, and ſtill is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votareſſe who often ſacrificeth to *Cupids* laſcivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averſe and bitter againſt this match for his brother. They have many ſerious conſultations hereon: Hee alleageth him the inequality of her age and birth in compariſon of his, her corpulency, the ill getting of her Husbands goods, who was held a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voyce of the world went) who gained his wealth by the teares and curſes of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when hee ſaw that nothing would prevaile to diſſwade his brother from her, he rounds him in his eare, that it was ſpoken and bruted in *Diion*, that ſhee was not as chaſte as rich, nor ſo continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all enraged hereat, and chargeth *Harcourt* his brother to name the reporters of this foule ſcandall vomited forth (quoth hee) againſt the vertues & honour of chaſte *Maſſerina*; *Harcourt* replies, that he ſpeakes it wholly upon fame, no way upon knowledge, much leſſe upon beleefe; ſo *Vimory* being wilfully deafe to his brothers advice and requeſts, (and preferring *Maſſerina's* wealth to her honeſty) hee marries her. But ſhee is ſo wiſe for her ſelfe, as firſt (both by promiſe and contract) ſhee ties him to this condition; that hee ſhall receive all her rents, which are ſome twelve hundred Crownes *per Annum*, ſhee to put her ready money to Uſe into whoſe hands ſhe pleaſeth, and hee alſo to have the one halfe of the intereſt money, but the principall ſtill to remaine in her owne right, propriety, and poſſeſſion, and as well in her life as death, to bee wholly at her owne diſpoſing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at a great wedding (of a Gentleman his Couſin Germane) at the City of *Troyes* (in *Champagne*) hee there at the balles (or publike dancing) eſpies a moſt ſweet and beautifull young Gentlewoman, whom he preſently fancieth and affects for his wife: Hee enquires what ſhee is, and findes her to bee named *Madamoyſelle La Precoverte*, daughter to an aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed *Monſeiur de la Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the daughter, ſeeks the father, finds the firſt willing, and the ſecond deſirous, but at laſt hee plainly and honeſtly informes *Harcourt*, that his daughters chiefeſt wealth, are her vertues and beauty; that hee hath not much land, and leſſe mony; that he hath two great ſuits of Law for ſtore of Lands depending in the Parliament of *Diion*, which promiſe him ſtore of money, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marrie his daughter, the which (for the preſent) he tels him, he is content to make good & confirm to him both by bond & contract. *Harcourt* loves his faire young Miſtreſſe *La Precoverte* ſo tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to eſpouſe her on thoſe tearms, but he will firſt acquaint his brother *Vimory* therwith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informes his brother *Harcourt*, that he knowes *Monſieur De Vaquery*, of *Troyes*, to be a very poore Gentleman, that moſt of his lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his law ſuits are as uncertaine, as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precoverte* to him to the skie; *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a ſmall time, and that thoſe who preferre it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance in ſtead of content and joy, and to looke poverty in the face in ſtead of proſperity. But *Harcourt* having deepely ſetled his affection on *La Precoverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholeſome counſell of his brother, and ſo marries her: When forgetting his former promiſe to his brother, hee in a ſmall time, turnes a great Prodigall, abandoneth himſelfe to all filthy vices, and beaſtly courſe of life, and as a moſt deboſhed and graceleſſe husband (within one yeere) he for no cauſe quarrelleth very often with this his faire and deare wife, then whom, neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundie* had a more

beautifull or vertuous young Gentlewoman; ſhee was of ſtature tall and ſlender, of a bright flaxen haire, a gratious eye, a modeſt countenance, a pure Lillie-roſeat complexion, of a milde nature, and ſweet diſpoſition, reſpectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and religious towards God, as perpetually making it her practiſe, delight, and glory, to conſume a great part both of her time and of her ſelfe in prayer, and in the ſervice of God.

And although ſhee were formerly ſought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet ſhe could fancy none, nor affect any man for her husband but himſelfe. Never wife was more carefull or more deſirous to pleaſe a husband than ſhe, and as (for one whole yeare) it was her former content and joy to ſee him to be a provident, kinde, and loving Husband to her, ſo now it is her matchleſſe griefe and calamity, to ſee his good nature perverted, his reſolutions tranſported, and his affections drowned in deboſhed and vitious company. Shee leaves no ſweet advice, nor courteous requeſts and perſwaſions unattempted to reclaime him from theſe his foule vices of drunkenneſſe, ſwearing, dicing, evill company, and whoredome; for of no leſſe ſins in quality, nor fewer in number, ſhe (with extreame grief and ſorrow) ſees him to bee guilty: But all this will not prevaile, no nor her infinite teares and ſighs which many times ſhee ſpends and ſheds to him both at boord and bed, yea, and ſometimes on her knees, but ſtill (with a wretched violence, and ſinfull impetuoſity) he goes on in his vitious courſes, and ungodly life and converſation; neither caring for his health, or his eſtate and meanes, but wilfully neglects the firſt, and prodigally waſtes and conſumes the ſecond, whereat ſhee wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requeſteth *Vimory* his brother, and *La Vaquery* her father to perſwade and divert him from theſe his ungodly Courſes and enormous vices, which threatens no leſſe than the utter ruine, and inevitable ſhipwrack of all their fortunes: but they likewiſe cannot prevaile, although his Brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and ſojourne) every houre and time he ſees him, doe ſtrongly deale and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities, hee ſels away his lands peece-meale, whereat his brother *Vimory* ſtormeth and rageth againſt him, and his vertuous ſweet wife moſt pitifully weepeth and lamenteth. But as a baſe Gentleman, and a moſt unkinde and ungratefull Husband, he laughs at her teares, ſmileth at her ſighes, and contemneth and ſcorneth both them and her ſelfe. And it now falling out, that *La Vaquery* her father loſing both of his Law ſuits at *Dijon*, where they (by the votes and ſentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged againſt him, whereby hee was utterly ruined both in his hopes and eſtate for ever; *Harcourt* hereat ſo ſlights and neglects his wife, as hee tearmes her beggers brat, threatneth to ſend her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and ſetting all at randome, cares not what becomes either of himſelfe or her, who poore ſweet Gentlewoman is ſo extreamely afflicted, and as it were weighed downe with all theſe calamities and miſeries (eſpecially with the vices and diſcourteſies of her husband) as in her heart ſhe daily wiſheth, and in her ſoule hourely prayeth unto God, that ſhe were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitly lamenting and a thouſand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to ſee her Husband, and her woefull chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redreſſe theſe her miſeries ſhee knowes not.

For now doe her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in ſo much (as in leſſe than three yeares) hee is become the ſhame of himſelfe, the contempt of his enemies, the pittie of his friends and Kinsfolkes, and the extreame griefe of his ſweet and deare wife, ſo that hee hath well neere ſpent all, and almoſt left nothing to maintaine himſelfe, much leſſe to maintaine her, whoſe griefes are ſo great, and ſorrowes ſo infinite, as her roſeat cheekes now looke thin and pale, her ſweet eyes are become obſcure and dim, yea, and in ſo pittifull and lamentable a manner, that ſhee fals exceedingly ſick, and her diſcontent and diſconſolation is almoſt ſo remedileſſe, as ſhe would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband whom ſhe thought would have proved the argument of her joy and proſperity, is now become the cauſe of

of her endleſſe griefe, and the object of her matchleſſe calamity and miſery. Thus leaving her ſorrowes, ſighs and teares, to be diminiſhed through time, or diſſipated and defaced by God, The order of our Hiſtory invites and conjures me now againe to ſpeake of this her baſe and deboſhed Husband, who hath many beaſtly and bloudy parts to act herein.

Whoſe lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, becauſe heretofore he diſdained to look on frugality and providence: Seeing his wealth waſted, his lands either ſold or morgaged, himſelfe forſaken of his brother and friends, his reputation loſt, his debts great, his creditors many, and who now began to grow extreame clamorous and ſcandalous to him : Hee knowes not which way to looke, or how or where to turne himſelfe, to find out ſome invention and meanes to repaire the decayes and ruines of theſe his miſerable fortunes, and ſo to beare up and ſcrew himſelfe again into the eye and repute of the world. When his neceſſity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conſcience and Soule, he knowing his brothers wife *Maſſerina* to be rich and wanton, he will become ſo unfaithfull to his owne wife, ſo ingratefull and treacherous to his owne brother, and ſo diſhonourable and ignoble to himſelfe, as to attempt to gaine her affection from him, and to draw her to his owne lewd and laſcivious deſires, whereon his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, becauſe hee flatters himſelfe with this true, yet fooliſh beleefe, that as hee was ſeven yeares the younger, ſo he was twice ſeven times a properer man than his brother. When taking time at advantage, as his brother and her husband *Vimory* were rid to *Diion*, he finding her in a wonderfull pleaſant humour, and exceedingly diſpoſed to be merry, when (God knowes) his owne ſweet and ſorrowfull wife, was (according to her frequent cuſtome) diſconſolately at her prayers and booke in her owne chamber, and her doore ſhut to her, then, then I ſay, hee taking his ſaid ſiſter in law *Maſſerina* to a window in a private Parlor, hee there (for himſelfe, or the devill for him) breakes his mind to her, and is ſo farre from ſhame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deepe affection, and laſcivious ſuit to her : Neither doth he faile of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous deſires, for he findes this his ſiſter in law ſo diſhoneſtly prepared, and ſo luſtfully reſolved and diſpoſed to grant him his deſires, that ſealing her affection to him with many ſmiles, as he did his to her with more kiſſes, ſhe is ſo impudent, ſo graceleſſe, as at this his very firſt motion, ſhe vowes to him ſhe hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore moſt cheerefully and willingly gives him her heart and her ſelfe, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirme between them with many private kiſſes, and amorous daliances, as alſo with many ſecret proteſtations, and ſolemne oaths : But becauſe Satan is, therefore God will not be preſent at this their vitious contract, and laſcivious combination.

Thus *Harcourt* and his ſiſter in law *Maſſerina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations, to their hearts or conſciences, to their ſoules or to God, hee pollutes his brothers bed in poſſeſſing his wives body, and makes it both his delight and practiſe to defile and contaminate his glory, in that of her ſhame, and of his owne infamy. And now his pockets and purſe are againe fill'd and cramm'd with coine, for he gives her kiſſes for her gold, and ſhee returnes him gold for his kiſſes. Hereupon he puts himſelfe againe into new and rich apparell, but yet is ſo baſe, unkind, and ingratefull to his owne ſweet and vertuous wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparell, but permits her to goe in her old. But to adde more miſeries to her miſery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old (becauſe ſhe is equally an eye ſore both to himſelfe and to her) hee will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and ſecurely familiarize with his old ſiſter, or rather now with his new love *Maſſerina*: So (without any regard to her birth, or reſpect to her youth and vertues, or without conſidering that God had made her his wife, and therefore the other halfe of himſelfe) hee ſends her home to her father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poore little nagge, and a ragged foot-boy, onely with ſo much money as could hardly carry her

her thither, giving her neither money nor apparell, nor any thing elſe which was beſeeming or fit for her, although through the black and obſcure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucent Sun-beames of her excellent perfections and vertues in her ſelfe, and of her conſtant affection to him, will for ever moſt radiantly reſplend and ſhine to all the world, eſpecially to thoſe who had the honour to know her living, or who ſhall now or hereafter reade her Hiſtory after her death. And never were thoſe her ſweet perfections and vertues either more conſpicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and ſorrowfull baniſhment and departure from her husband: For although he were cruelly unkinde, or unkindely cruell to her, yet knowing and conſidering him to be her Husband, ſhe therefore holds it her duty and conſcience ſtill to attend and wait on him as his wife, and not, either ſo ſo one or ſo ſuddenly to ſeparate her ſelfe from him. When her eyes ſee, her judgement knowes, her heart doubts, and her ſoule feares, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his ſinnes her vertues and preſence, to ſeeke to rectifie and reforme them. But although ſhe deſcended ſo low from her ſelfe to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter ſighs and teares to caſt her ſelfe on her knees to begge and requeſt him, that (as by the lawes of marriage and nature, and of conſcience and grace) ſhe was obliged and bound, ſo that ſhe might enjoy the content and happineſſe to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreamely deſirous, as ſhe then affirmed, (and againe and againe repeated and confirmed to him) to participate and beare her part and ſhare, as well in his poverty as proſperity, yet hee (as an ignoble Gentleman, and a baſe and vitious Husband) having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his ſweet and vertuous wife *La Precoverte*, and fully and abſolutely given it to his laſcivious ſiſter in law *Maſſerina*, hee (I ſay) is ſo hard hearted, ingratefull and treacherous towards her (as without any reſpect to her teares, or regard to her prayers) hee will no way permit her to live with him in St. *Simplician* or *Sens*, at his brothers, nor yet vouchſafe to bee pleaſed to goe and live with her to *Troyes* at her fathers: But here we may obſerve his malice in his diſdaine, and his diſdaine in his malice towards this deare and ſweet young Gentlewoman his wife, (of whom God knowes, and the world ſees, hee is no way worthy) for hee will grant her neither of theſe her two moſt reaſonable and loving requeſts, but indeed (rather as a devill than a man, and a tyrant than a Husband) he with thundring lookes and ſpeeches, commands her away his ſight and preſence, without once giving her ſo much as one poore kiſſe, as hee was bound in affection, or (which is yet leſſe) a poore farewell at their parting, as hee was obliged both in conſcience and chriſtianity. So this ſweet diſconſolate Gentlewoman (in a manner breaking her breaſt with her ſighes and drowning her cheekes with her teares) only with her poore little nag and ragged foot boy, is by her flinty hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimories* houſe at Saint *Simplician*, and ſo in this ſlender manner, and baſe equipage enforced ſoftly, diſcontendedly, and ſorrowfully to ride home to the poore Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea and ſuch was the malice, and policy of *Harcourt*, her cruell Husband, that this ſodaine departure of hers was purpoſely acted when his Brother *Vimorie*, and his wife *Maſſerina* were at another mannor houſe of his ſome eight leagues off, to the end, that they might not ſee, or take leave of her nor ſhee of them, ſo allowing our ſweet and ſorrowfull *La Precoverte* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforeſaid Father; I will for a time there leave her, to the exerciſe of her patience, to the pietie of her prayers, and to the pleaſure and providence of God.

Now doth our diſloyall and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleaſure frolique it out in Saint *Simplician* with his laſcivious Siſter in Law, and Strumpet *Maſſerina*, yea they are now growne ſo impudent, ſo careleſſe, ſo graceleſſe, in theſe their obſcæne Dalliances, that if *Vimorie* the Husband and Maſter doe not, yet his Servants cannot chooſe but take deepe notice and exact and perfect Knowledge thereof; Onely he obſerves a late alteration in his Brothers fortunes, that he is become farre braver in his apparell then accuſtomed, and hath more ſtore of Crownes in his pocket at his command than heretofore,

fore, both to play and ſpend at his pleaſure. Only from whence this his golden Myne ſhould proceed hee knowes not; except having heretofore made ſome progreſſion, and experiments in the Chymicall Science (or myſtery of Alchymy) he had now found the *Elixar* of the Philoſophers Stone, but his curioſity in this *Quære* proceeds no further, much leſſe his Judgement, but leaſt of all his Suſpition or Jelouſie.

But the graceleſſe Vanity and Ambition of *Harcourt* will yet flye a pitch and degree higher in the ayre of Ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimorye*. For a little gold cannot redeeme his Lands, nor make up the money and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kiſſes and embraces of that luſtfull Dame his Siſter *Maſſerina* appeaſe his unchaſte appetite, or ſatisfie his inſatiable luſt, and laſcivious deſires. Wherefore at one time and caſt, to ſet nature and honour at ſtake, and ſo commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any reſpect or regard to either, hee contrives and aſſumes this vitious and treacherous reſolution, that having already taken the actuall poſſeſſion of her body, hee ſhould then likewiſe doe ſo of her gold, yea of all her whole Eſtate, and ſo flye away with her, whoſe Eſtate (through his long diſhoneſt familiarity with her) he now knowes to be great, yea far greater then his Brother *Vimorie* her husband either ever knew or dreamt of; Wherefore with much ſuperficiall affection, and artificiall flattery and inſinuation, hee no ſooner breakes this motion to her, but her luſtfull heart correſponding with his, and her laſcivious deſires likewiſe ayming and intending that way, ſhe freely gives him her conſent thereunto, and to that end ſhe very ſecretly drawes in all her monies and gold, together with all her plate, Rings, and Jewels moſt carefully, and privately packs it up, and ſo they flye away together; In a morning when her Husband and his Brother was with his ſervants gone forth a hawking and hunting for all that day, hee without ever making his wife, or ſhe her Husband once acquainted therewith. *Vimory* is amazed, and *La Precoverte* extreamely perplexed and afflicted at the ſtrangeneſſe of their (undreamt of) baſe clandeſtine departure; And although (in regard of his affection to his wife) hee were once reſolved to ſend and make after them for their ſtay & apprehenſion, yet at laſt, to avoid the univerſall ſcandall of the world (which thereby in ſtead of ſtopping one tongue, would aſſuredly let looſe many, hee leaves the ſucceſſe of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true puniſhment thereof to God. Now the firſt place of ſafety and ſhelter which *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* flye unto, is the ſtrong city of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France*, or *Savoy*, but of God, and it ſelfe) where they take two chambers, and live together, having no ſervant at all to attend or follow them, but only *Noell*, who for many yeares before had beene, and ſtill was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and aſſurance (becauſe they obſerve it to be a City, exceedingly politiquely, vertuouſly and religiouſly governed) they find out this excuſe for their ſtay, that hee is heire to ſome lands (which by the death of an unkle of his) is devolved and fallen to him in the eſtate, and dutchy of *Millan* (betwixt *Pavia* and *Alexandria*) whither hee goes to ſell it away, in regard (as he falſly alleageth) that both this Gentlewoman (whom hee reſolves to leave there, and preſently upon his returne to marry) and himſelfe are Proteſtants, and for a moneth or ſix weakes, this falſe gloſſe, and true impoſture paſſeth current with thoſe of *Geneva*, whom all that time they freely permit and ſuffer to enjoy the lawes and privileges of Hoſpitality in their City, and the ſooner, (and with farre leſſe ſuſpition and doubt) becauſe they obſerve, that they very often frequent their Sermons, and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knowes, they both are directly Roman Catholiques. But at the end of this ſmall time, underſtanding that the two Syndicks and the reſt of the Magiſtrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their ſtay, and more neerely into their actions; Then they thinking to mock with God and their ſoules, and ſo to make Religion onely to be a cloake to overvaile their villany, hee then and there reſolves to marry her before he goe to *Millan*; which indeed affords ſweet muſick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and minde of this laſcivious dame *Maſſerina*, the which ſhe

eſteemed

esteemed to be the chiefest felicity she could desire upon earth) excusing the alteration of this his resolution upon her sickness and indisposition (which also was as false and counterfeit, as the pretence of their protestant Religion was feigned and hypocriticall) and to that end hee acquaints the Ministers and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, question him to shew some authenticall certificat from that Protestant Church or Churches in *Poictou* (where they aver they formerly dwelt) that they were both of them Protestants by religion, and that their marriage was honourable and no way clandestine; affirming to him, that it was against the rules of their religion, the Constitutions of their Church, and the lawes of their City, to doe otherwise, either to them, or to any strangers whatsoever; Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, He now comes too short in his arithmeticke, and having none to shew them in that nature, hee sweats under the saddle; and so slacks his importunacy therein, and puts it off with a specious excused dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Masserina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to see their hopes nipt, and their expectations and desires of marriage frustrated, and blasted in the very bud and blossomes; and now they see that their abode and stay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor must bee long. But here betides them another unlooked for accident which will speedily transport them thence;

It is the pleasure and mercy of God, that *Noell* (*Harcourts* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in mind, to see his master guilty of this foule and treacherous crime, in stealing away *Masserina* his Brothers wife, and entertaining and using her as his owne. Hee knowes how infinitely this their adultery is displeasing to God, and odious to men, and how opposite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his minde, a vexation to his heart, and a scruple to his conscience any longer to attend and follow them, because he is assured, that the divine Justice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpunished, Hee calling to his remembrance the sweet vertues and chastity of his Mistris *La Precoverte*, and (by opposition and Antithesis) comparing them to the foule vices and whoredomes of *Masserina*, hee out of his duty to the first, and detestation to the second, though a bad Servant to his Master, yet was a good Christian to God, gives his Mistris *La Precoverte* very secret intelligence, of his masters lascivious residing and living here in *Geneva* with *Masserina*, whereof he sends her word, he is a very sorrowfull and unwilling eye witnesse, and so leaves the reformation thereof, first to God, and then to her selfe. Our vertuous sweet Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foule crime of adultery betwixt her Husband, and his Sister *Masserina*, whereat her chaste heart towards him, and her pure and religious soule towards God, makes her send many teares to earth, sighes to heaven. Once she thought to acquaint her brother *Vimory* herewith, but then fearing that his just choller might peradventure exasperate him against her Husband, shee againe as soone forsakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more discretion and safety to be silent herein towards him. And yet consulting her griefes and afflictions with God (whose sacred advice and assistance how to beare her selfe in this action and accident, shee religiously implores) shee at last deemes it a part both of her affection, duty, and conscience, to use her best zeale and endevours to reclaime them from this their abhominable, & beastly course of life. And in regard her poverty, weakness, and sickness will not (according to her desires and wishes) permit her to ride over to them in person to *Geneva*, she therefore commits and imposeth that charge to her pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as also to his lewd Sister, or rather his lascivious Strumpet *Masserina*, to see if her letters (by the permission and providence of God) may prevaile with their hearts and soules to reforme and draw them home, the which she purposely, and expressly sends by a confident messenger, and with the greatest secresie she possibly can devise.

Her

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE to HARCOVRT.

YOur flight and Adultery with that graceleſſe Strumpet Maſſerina, is ſo diſpleaſing to God, as I cannot but wonder that his divine Iuſtice will permit Geneva, *or any other place of the world to containe you without puniſhing you for it; yea when in this foule crime of yours, I conſider her by my ſelfe, and you by your Brother* Vimorye, *I find that his griefe proves my ſhame, and my ſhame his griefe, and that you and her are the true cauſes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and ſoule, and cannot conceive that I have any way deſerved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore faile not to certifie mee why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd courſe of life, which in the end will aſſuredly produce thy miſery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, doe ſpeedily redeeme it. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hope and beleeve it to be the firſt fault in this kind and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pitty than of my hatred, and of my prayers then of my curſes. So if you will abandon your deboſhed Siſter, and come home and live with mee who am thy chaſte and ſorrowfull wife, my armes and heart ſhall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is paſt, and prepare my ſelfe to welcome you home, with a thouſand Smiles and Kiſſes, if you will reſolve and remember henceforth to love mee as much, as formerly (without cauſe or reaſon) you have neglected and hated mee.*

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Letter to *Maſſerina*, bewrayd theſe paſſions.

LA PRECOVERTE to MASSERINA.

NO longer Siſter, but lewd ſtrumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuſe thine own Husband, but that thou muſt likewiſe bereave me of mine, who is his owne and onely Brother: as if a ſingle ſinne and ingratitude, could not content thy laſcivious luſt, or ſatisfie thy inordinate deſires: but that thy impiety to God, and prophaneneſſe and obſcenity to thy ſelfe, ſhould make thee guilty of ſo foule a crime as Adultery, and which is worſe, of ſuch a foule and baſe Adultery as comes very neere to the worſt kinde of Inceſt; whereof thy thoughts and heart can informe thee, and thy conſcience and ſoule aſſure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miſerable, as now thou falſly thinkeſt thy ſelfe happy. Wherefore triumph not, to have made my griefe thy glory, and my affliction thy felicity, for God (who is as juſt, as powerfull) will requite my wronges in thy Perſon, and when thou leaſt dreameſt thereof, his Divine puniſhments will ſharpely ſcourge and revenge thy laſcivious pleaſures, except thou deject and proſtrate thy ſelfe at the feet of his ſacred Mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his ſaving Grace with unfeined repentance for the ſame, by reſtoring my Husband to mee, and thy ſelfe to thine, and by making thy peace with God, whom ſo highly und hainouſly thou haſt therein offended; which if thou doe, thou mayeſt then reeſtabliſh thy fortunes, and redeeme thy reputation, or elſe for ever aſſuredly ruine both them and thy ſelfe. So if I ſee thee to imbrace this chaſte, and to follow this vertuous and religious courſe, I will againe aſſume the name of a Siſter, and leave that of a Strumpet towards thee, yea, I will wholly forget theſe thy (almoſt unpardonable) wrongs and diſgraces which thou offereſt mee, and for ever bury them in perpetuall ſilence, and eternall oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Meſſenger arriving at *Geneva*, he firſt findes out *Noell*, and then ſecretly delivers theſe two Letters to *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina*, who much muſing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themſelves into their Inner Chamber, they there breake up the ſeales

seales and peruse them; Whereat their hearts galled, and their Consciences so netled and stung as they cannot refraine from blushing for meere shame, and then againe, from not looking pale with meere anger thereat. Thus looking stedfastly each on other, their owne guiltinesse doth for the time present somewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondereth at his wifes boldnesse in writing to him; and *Masserina* is not a little dismaid and daunted to see that her husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is discontented with his wifes peremptory Letter, *Masserina* is apprehensive & fearefull of her Husbands silence, when againe changing their conceits and thoughts which inconstantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinsicall peace, or tranquillity; *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vymories* silence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Masserina* contemplating & ruminating on her sister *La Precovertes* choller, reputs it to extreame griefe, sorrow and Indignation; But at last consulting together hereon, they both of them concurre and fall upon this resolution; that to colour out their lascivious life, they by their answers to her, must overvaile it with much seeming chastity, and pretended sanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimories* silence, or revenge, they must remove from *Geneva*, and speedily resolve to forsake and leave it; When feare giving life to their despaire, and despaire adding wings to their feare, they call for pen and paper, and each returne *La Precoverte* their severall answers by her owne messenger who had strict charge and command from her to see them, but not to dare once to speake or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) heevery honestly and punctually performed, only to shew her gratefulnesse to honest *Noell*, she gave precise order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true respect and fidelity towards her, which she would never forget nor leave unrecompenced, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Masserina* were any way suspitious that it was their man *Noell* which gave *La Precoverte* intelligence of their residence in *Geneva*.

Harcourts Letter to his wife was in these tearmes.

HARCOVRT to LA PRECOVERTE.

DOe not rashly and unjustly torment thy selfe with jealousie at my absence, for thou shalt finde as much joy thereof at my returne, as now thou beleevest and fearest the contrary. I have vowed to accompany my Sister in law Masserina *to our Lady of* Loreto, *which is the best Saint of the best Countrey of the world*, Italy, *(where wee are now setting forwards from this towne of* Geneva;) *to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Oraisons for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imaginest they are of iniquity and prophaneneſſe. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou esteemest a crime; but when shortly I shall bee so happy to enjoy thy sweet company and presence, then my just reasons will justly enforce thee both to know and acknowledge, that that pretended crime of mine is lesse than an errour, and this errour lesse than nothing. And if thou wilt yet bee farther inquisitive why, or from whence our journey was first derived, I pray let these generall tearmes content thy feare, and satisfie thy jealousie, that it was her devotion and conscience to God, not my desire or affection to her which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, than a condigne penance; either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveneſſe of thee, or my soule of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy feare and jealousie deemes mee guilty. Therefore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertaine, and thy resolution to welcome mee home with thy smiles and kisses when I come, the which shall be, if not so shortly as thou expectest or I desire, yet as soone as reputation and good speed shall permit.*

HARCOVRT.

Masserina's

Maſſerina's Letter to her ſiſter in law carried theſe lines.

MASSERINA to LA PRECOVERTE.

MY departure and abſence hath neither wronged mine owne Husband nor abuſed thine, for it is my pure zeale to God, and not any laſcivious luſt in my ſelfe which drew mee to this devotion to ſee Loretto, *and him (through his goodneſſe) to the reſolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart deſies that foule ſinne of Adultery, and my ſoule deteſts that odious one of Inceſt, whereof I am farre more innocent than thou thinkeſt mee guilty. I am ſorry for thy griefe, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am ſo farre from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with paſſion, and this to my minde with compaſſion, although I confeſſe I have ſmall reaſon to place it ſo neere mee, in regard thy jealouſie is the ſole authour, and my fidelity and chaſtity no way the cauſe thereof; wherefore I am ſo farre from fearing, as I love Gods juſtice, becauſe as in other ſinnes I have offended his Divine Majeſtie, ſo I am ſure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and doe moſt freely referre my fortunes and reputation to his ſacred pleaſure, but not to thy ſecret diſcontents and ill grounded choller, from which (by the plea of a juſt proviſo) I have all the reaſons of the world to appeale, as alſo for that foule ſcandall and infamous Epithete of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too vertuous once to conceive, much leſſe to name, but leaſt of all for one ſiſter in law (without cauſe or reaſon) to give to another: But thou art* La Precoverte, *therefore I forget this ingrateſull crime of thine, and I am* Maſſerina, *therefore I freely and abſolutely forgive it, and to doe thee as much right as thou haſt done mee wrong, I will ſilence it in eternall obſcurity and oblivion.*

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our obſervation, or rather of our deteſtation, to ſee how impiouſly theſe prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and alſo to *La Precoverte*, whom they have ſo hainouſly offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their owne hearts and conſciences are nevertheleſſe as apparent as the Sunne in his brighteſt Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and preſumptuouſly abandoned themſelves to Satan, to contrive ſuch irreligious excuſes, and to frame ſuch ungodly Apologies, for theſe their foule crimes and offences, and ſo to make Hypocriſie the veile of their Adultery, and the cloake to cover it from the light and ſight of the world: And is it not a reſolution worthy of a halter in this world, and of Hell fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect ſtrength, and full of life and health, (eſpecially *Maſſerina's* Husband *Vimory*) as but right now to their ſhame, not to their glory, they underſtand by *La Precovertes* letters to them. To the Magiſtrates of *Geneva* they are firme Proteſtants, and as they pretended, ſo they then (as they conſtantly affirmed) intended to live and dye. To *La Precoverte* in their Letters they are found Roman Catholikes, and in the ſublimity and ſingularity of their zeale travelling towards the Lady of *Loreto* in devotion. O wretched Chriſtians, or indeed rather O miſerable wretches, thus with your hypocriſie to think to deceive God, when therein you onely deceive your owne ſelves and ſoules. For can there be a greater miſery found by us on earth, or ſent us by the devill from hell, to make Religion (which of it ſelfe is a precious and ſoveraine Antidote) to become a fatall drugge, and a pernicious ingredient to poyſon, not to preſerve our ſoules, & ſo onely to delight our earthly humours and affections, & to pleaſe our carnall deſires & concupiſcences? Of all ſorts of men (after the Atheiſt and the murtherer) the Hypocrite is the verieſt devill upon earth, and hee is ſo much the more wretched and execrable, in that hee guilds over his ſpeeches, life and actions with the ſeeming ſhew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conſcience know, that he is nothing leſſe. To be luke-warme in religion, is to be prophane,

not religious : And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, ſo hee that is of two religions is of neither. For God who is ſtill jealous of his owne honour, and of our ſalvation, will not onely have our ſoules, but our hearts to ſerve him, and not only our hearts, but alſo our tongues to glorifie him, that is to ſay, all our actions, and all our affections, not a peece of our heart, but hee will have our whole heart, and not on angle or corner of our ſoule, but our whole ſoule : For in matters of his divine worſhip and ſervice, (which conſiſts in that of our faith, and of his glory) hee will not admit of any Rivall or Competitor, nor be ſerved in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his ſacred Word and Commandements, and inſtructed us by his holy Prophets, and bleſſed Apoſtles.

But againe to *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina*, whoſe laſcivious hearts and lewd conſciences not permitting them to reſt in aſſurance, or reſide in ſecurity any where, the very day after they had diſpatched the meſſenger with their Letters to *La Precoverte*, (holding *Geneva* no place for them, nor they for *Geneva*) they truſſe up baggage, and ſo with much ſecrecie leave it, and direct their courſe to the great and famous Citie of *Lyons*, (ſome two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Towne of *France*, and there they thinke to ſhrowd themſelves among that great affluence and confluence of people which inhabite and aboord there from divers parts, and they make choyce to live in this frontier Citie, becauſe it is neere to *Savoy*, where if any danger ſhould chance to betide or befall them, they might ſpeedily and ſafely retire themſelves there, and ſo lay hold on the law and privilege of Nations, which is inviolable throughout all the world. At their arrivall at *Lyons* they take their chambers and reſidence neere the Arſenall, though for the two firſt nights they lie in Fanders-ſtreet. They have not beene in *Lyons* fifteene dayes, but there befell them an accident very worthy both of our obſervation, and of their remembrance, which was thus ; A Gentleman of the City of *Tholouſe* named *Monſieur De Blaiſe*, having ſome five dayes before treacherouſly killed his elder brother *Monſieur de Barry*, in the high way as they travelled together upon a quarrell which fell out betweene them, for having deboſhed and clandeſtine ſtollen away his ſaid elder brother *De Barray's* wife from him, & conveyed & tranſported her away with him : There was a privie ſearch then made in *Lyons*, when that ſame night *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* were upon ſuſpition apprehended for them, and laid in ſure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneſchall and Procureur Fiſcall, they juſtified their innocency, by many who knew *de Blaiſe*, and ſo were cleared; but yet it gave them both a hot Camiſado and fearfull Alarum, and left an ominous impreſſion in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumſtances of this action with their owne) had they had the grace to have made good uſe, they had not (hereafter) made themſelves ſo famouſly infamous, nor conſequently this their hiſtory ſo prodigiouſly deplorable.

Harcourt and *Maſſerina* whiles they ſtay here in *Lyons* (as guilt is ſtill accompanied with feare do e ſeldome goe forth their lodgings, and when they doe, they (for their better ſafety) diſguiſe themſelves in different apparell, and for her part ſhe goes ſtill cloſe masked, and muffled up in her Taffeta coyffe. Yea both of them make it their practiſe to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and ſtreets ſeldome, as if their foule crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the communion of Gods Saints, and conſequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly feares his brother *Vimorys* ſilence and revenge, and ſhe highly envieth and diſdaineth her ſiſter in Law *La Precovertes* jelouſie, & ſtill that diſgracefull word of Strumpet (which ſhe upbraided her with, and obtruded to her in her Letter) ſtrikes & ſincks deepely in her heart & remembrance, in ſuch ſort, that it ſo poſſeſſeth her thoughts with malice, & takes up her minde with choller and fierce indignation, as ſhe vowes to her ſelfe not thus to let it paſſe in ſilence, or to vaniſh & dye away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her ſiſter *La Precoverte* promiſed and ſpake. And here it is that the devill firſt begins to take poſſeſſion of her heart, and by degrees to ſeize upon her ſoule, and to make her wholly to forſake God. For knowing *La Precoverte* to be wife

to

to her brother in law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom ſhe affects a thouſand times dearer than her owne Husband, yea, than her owne life) ſhee is therefore ſo great a beame to her eye, ſo ſharpe a thorne to her heart, and ſo bitter a corraſive to her content, as ſhe not onely aſſumes bad thoughts, but bad bloud againſt her: For vowing that none ſhall ſhare with her in his affection, ſhee forgetting her Conſcience and Soule, Heaven and God, is ſpeedily reſolved to cauſe her to be poyſoned, her inraged malice being capable of no other excuſe or reaſon but this, that it is impoſſible ſhe can reape any perfect felicity or content in earth, till ſhee have diſpatch't and ſent her to *Heaven*. To which end ſhe inſinuates her ſelfe into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deales with them ſeverally and ſecretly to effect this helliſh buſineſſe, for the which ſhe promiſed either of them a hundred crownes of the ſumme in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey. But the devill hath made her ſo crafty & ſubtile, as ſhe ſtill retaines from them, the name *Maſſerina* and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt; There are good, and bad men of all countreyes, faculties, and profeſſions, theſe two Apothecaries are as honeſt as ſhe is wretched, and as religious and charitable as ſhe is prophane and bloody, ſo the one denies her requeſt with diſdaine and choller, and the other with charity and compaſſion, alleaging her many pious conſiderations & reaſons to diſſwade her from this foule and bloody act, the execution whereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (ſayes hee) no leſſe than the utter ſubverſion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confuſion of her life in this world, if not likewiſe of her ſoule in that to come; So ſhee being hereat a little galled and ſtung in Conſcience, to ſee that this great City of *Lyons* affoords poyſon but no poyſoners, to act and finiſh this her bloody project; The devill hath yet notwithſtanding, made her ſo curious in her malice, and ſo induſtrious, and reſolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether there were any Italian Emperick or Mountebanck in that City, (whom ſhee thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody deſires and intents) ſhe is advertiſed, that there departed one hence ſome eight dayes ſince, who is gone to reſide this ſpring of the yeare at the Bathes at *Pongges*, a mile from the city of *Nevers*, his name being *Signior Baptiſta Tivoly*, (whom I conjecture may derive his ſurname from that pleaſant ſmall towne of *Tivoly*, ſome twenty ſmall ſmiles from Rome, wherein there are many Cardinalls, country Pallaces, or houſes of pleaſure) being very skilfull in Mineralls, and in attracting the ſpirits and quinteſſence of divers other vegitives; Of a vaine glorious, and ambitious humour and diſpoſition, and yet of a very poore eſtate and meanes, and ſuch a one, as indeed *Maſſerina* holds every way a fit agent and inſtrument for her turne and purpoſe.

She is glad of this advertiſement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge before ſhe have ſeene and ſpoken with *Tivoly*. The which to effect ſhee to *Harcourt* pretends a ſuddaine ach in her right arme, and ſo upon good adviſe tells him that ſhe is very deſirous to goe to the Bathes of *Pongges* by *Nevers*, there to ſtay ſome fifteene or twenty dayes at fartheſt; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and farre leſſe of her revengefull and bloody intents towards the ſafety and life of his wife *La Precoverte*) approves of her reſolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderfull carefull of her ſelfe, her health and ſafety, and proffereth to accompany her himſelfe: ſhe with many kiſſes, deerely thankes him for his care of her and affection to her herein; anſwereth him that his ſtay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more ſafe and ſhort, ſo ſhe accepts of the man for the maſter, and only takes *Noell* along with her, who reſpects her ſo well, as he cares not for her ſight, much leſſe for her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, & (impatient of all delay) the next morning findes out *Tivoly* at *Pongges*, being a very tall man, of a cole black beard, and of a wanne and ſullen countenance, ſhee by his Phyſiognomie judgeth that her hopes will not bee deceived of him; The ſecond day ſhe breakes with him about her helliſh buſineſſe and findes him tractable to her devilliſh intents: They proceed to this lamen-

table bargaine,and ſhe is to give him one hundred Crownes in hand,and a faithfull promiſe of a hundred and fifty more when he hath effected it, as alſo fifty Crownes for the Charge of his journey,the which ſhe limits at fifteen dayes,ſo having ſettled this her buſineſſe, ſhe now names the party to *Tivoly* whom ſhe will have him to poyſon, *La Precoverte*, to be the woman who reſides and dwels with her Father *Monſieur La Vaquery*, a poore Gentleman in the Citie of *Troyes* in *Champagne*, and ſhee a young Gentlewoman of ſome twenty yeares of age, of a flaxen haire, and very ſickly. When giving him a ſmall Saphir ring from her finger, ſhe therewith ſweares him both to the performance, and to the ſecrecy of this murther, the which,armed by the Devill hee doth. When being exceeding glad of this his bloody imployment, which brings him ſtore of gold, the which hee eſteemes the Elixar of his heart, and the felicitie and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the maine buſineſſe that brought him on this ſide the Alpes,from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any feare of God or thought of heaven or hell,theſe murtherous and damnable miſcreants have concluded and ſhut up this their bloody bargaine.

Our poore ſweet *La Precoverte*,having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneva*,and conſidering the contents thereof, as alſo that of her Siſter in Law *Maſſerina*, ſhe knowes not what to think either of their Letters or of themſelves: ſhe ſees her letter to promiſe much zeale and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembring his former unkindneſſe, I may ſay cruelty, towards her; as alſo the manner of their baſe and clandeſtin departure, then ſhe thinkes the firſt to be falſe, and the ſecond feigned, & therefore conceives ſhe hath far more reaſons to deſpaire than to hope either of their Innocencie, or their returne; But this is her reſolution, *Harcourt* is her Husband,therefore ſhee will ſtill love him dearely; She is his wife, and therefore ſhe will for ever pray for him, and his proſperitie religiouſly. Thus hoping and many times (with many heavy ſighes and bitter teares) wiſhing and deſiring his happy returne,and vertuous reformation, ſhee in his abſence lives penſively and ſorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widdow than a wife,and ſuch is her miſerable Eſtate, and poore and ſorrowfull fortune, that ſhe well knowes not, whether ſhe may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Childe: For ah mee, ſhe is ſo invironed with afflictions, ſo incompaſſed with calamities; ſo aſſaulted with ſickneſſe, and ſo weighed downe with ſadneſſe and diſconſolation, as ſhee reputes her life worſe than death, and either wiſheth her Husband at home with her,or her ſelfe in Heaven with God.

But Alas, alas, deere ſweet young Gentlewoman; little doeſt thou thinke or dreame (now thou deſireſt death) what a helliſh plot there is contrived and intended againſt thy life by theſe two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devill, *Tivoly*, and thy Siſter *Maſſerina*: O *Maſſerina*,*Maſſerina*, the diſgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family,the ſhame of thy time, and the ſcandall of thy ſex. O how I want words not teares, to condemne thy cruell rage, and to execrate thy infernall malice and fury, thus to reſolve to imbrue thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chaſte and vertuous Siſter in Law *La Precoverte*; for was it not ſin and luſt enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and preſence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be ſo wretched and inhumane, as likewiſe to rob her of her life? O griefe,O ſhame, O pitty, that thou ſhouldeſt once dare to think thereof, much leſſe to attempt it, I meane ſo lamentable a crime, and ſo bloody a fact, which aſſure thy ſelfe, as there is a God in Heaven, will never goe long unpuniſhed in Earth.

But I muſt proceed in this our ſad and mournefull Hiſtory, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling reſolution, I am enforced to declare that this limbe of the Devill *Tivoly*, rides away to *Troyes*, where he ſpeedily and ſecretly makes profeſſion of his Empery. When underſtanding that *Monſieur de la Vaquery* is conſtantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) ſoone skrewes and inſinuates himſelfe into his Company. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weakneſſe and imbecillity of our Judgements, (in any profeſſion whatſoever) ſtill to preferre and reſpect ſtrangers before our owne Countreymen, ſo *Monſieur de la Vaquery*, hearing this Italian to devoure

voure Latin at his pleaſure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogus of phyſicall phraſes which hee had ſtollen, not learnt from *Ariſtotle*, *Galen*, and *Paracelſus*, His ignorance beleeves him to be very learned, and therefore hee holds him a moſt fit Phyſitian, to cure his Daughter *La Precoverte* of her conſumption, whereinto (as before) ſhee was deeply & dangerouſly fallen, by the unparalleld griefes and ſorrowes which ſhee conceived, for her husbands former unkindneſſe to her, but more eſpecially, for his preſent abſence and flight with his laſcivious Siſter *Maſſerina*. So (in a moſt unhappy houre) Her Father *La Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Tivoly*; Which (being the onely occaſion and opportunity hee gaped for) hee freely promiſeth him his beſt art and skill for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his houſe with him, and viſiteth his daughter; Hee findes her to be weake, leane, and pale, the which ſerves the better for his turne, to colour out this his bloody purpoſe to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any Grace in his heart, or any ſparke of religion or pietie in his Soule) the very ſight of this ſweet, this harmeleſſe, this beautifull young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compaſſion, and not with helliſh cruelty to reſolve to poyſon her. But his ſinfull heart, his ſeared Conſcience, and his ulcerated and virulent ſoule had (in favour of gold) made this compact with the devill, & therefore he will advance, and not retire in this his infernall reſolution. Hee feeles her pulſe, caſts her eſtate in an Urinall, receives thirty Crownes of her Father for her cure, and ſo bidding her to be of good comfort, hee adminiſtreth her two pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmeleſſe ſweet Gentlewoman) within three dayes after, ſhe ſuddainly dyes in her bed by night; *Tivoly* affirming to her ſorrowfull Father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violency, and inveteracy of her conſumption, had turned all her blood into water, & exhauſted and extenuated all the radicall humours of her life, which opinion of this baſe and bloody Italian Mountebanke paſt currant with the ſimplicity of his beliefe and their Judgements: So he burieth his daughter, and with her his chiefeſt earthly delight and joy: Within three dayes after that this ſorrowfull and lamentable tragedy was acted. This monſter, this Devill incarnate *Tivoly*, leaves *Troyes*, and poaſts away to *Nevers*, where he raviſheth *Maſſerina's* heart, with the joyfull newes and aſſurance of *La Precovertes* death and buriall, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crownes, the which according to her promiſe ſhee failes not preſently to pay him downe. And here againe they ſolemnely ſweare ſecrecy each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Maſſerina* feaſting her heart with joy, & ſurfeiting her thoughts with content to ſee the rivall and competitor in her loves, *La Precoverte* thus diſpatched and ſent for heaven, She now thinking to domineere alone in her *Harcourts* heart and affection, eſteemes her ſelfe a degree neerer to him in marriage, that ſo of his Siſter ſhee may become his Wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aymeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her deſires and wiſhes terminate. But her Husband *Vimories* life doth daſh theſe joyes of hers in peeces, as ſoone as ſhee conceives them, & ſtrangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds *Nevers* to be a pleaſant City, and *Pongges* a delightfull little place to live in, and when the Spring is paſt & the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of farre more ſafety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, and ſhee affects and loves it farre the better, becauſe here it was ſhee firſt heard and underſtood of *La Precovertes* death, which as yet for a time ſhee cloſely conceales to her ſelfe; Wherefore ſhee ſends *Noell* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Maſter, and by her letter prayes him ſpeedily to come and live with her at *Nevers*, which ſhe affirmes to him is a pleaſant City, & that there ſhe attends his arrivall and company with much affection and impatiency.

Harcourt, to pleaſe his ſweet-heart Siſter *Maſſerina*, leaves *Lyons*, and comes to her at *Nevers*, where with thankes & kiſſes, ſhe joyfully welcomes him, telling him that theſe bathes of *Pongges*, have perfectly freed her of her ache; but in her heart & mind, ſhe well knowes, it is the death of *La Precoverte*, and not thoſe bathes, which hath both cured her

doubts and ſecured her feares. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pougges* above three weekes ſince his arrivall, untill they there (but by what meanes I know not) underſtand of *La Precovertes* death, whereat hee ſeemes nothing ſorrowfull, but ſhe extreamly glad and joyfull. And by this time, which is at leaſt a whole yeare ſince their flight & departure from Saint *Simplician* and *Sens*, they in their Travels and other gifts and expenſes, have conſumed and expended a pretty ſumme of their money. In all which time, wee muſt underſtand that *Vimory* hates his wife and Brother ſo exceedingly, as hee (in contempt of their crimes and deteſtation of their trecherous ingratitude) ſcornes either to looke or ſend after them; but the only revenge which he uſeth towards him in his abſence, hee pretends a great Summe of money to bee due to him from him, and in compenſation thereof, ſeizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by Order of Juſtice gathereth up, and collects his rents from his Tenants, to his owne uſe and behoofe. Which extreamely grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Maſſerina*, who (by this time) ſeeing in what obſcurity and conſidering in what continuall feare and eminent danger they live in, As their laſcivious affections, ſo their irregular deſires, and irreligious reſolutions, looke one and the ſame way, which is to ſend her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven, after his wife *La Precoverte*, yea ſo reſolute are they in theſe their bloody intentions and deſires, as they wiſh and pray for it with zeale, and deſire it with paſſion and impatiency. And now their malice is growne ſo reſolute, and their reſolution ſo graceleſſe in the contemplation and conceiving of this bloudy fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Maſſerina* vowes to him that ſhee can reape no true content either in her life or conſcience, before, of his ſiſter he make her his wife; Nor I replies *Harcourt*, before my brother *Vimory* be in Heaven, and I marry thee and be thy husband here in earth. When (as a bloudy Courtiſan and Strumpet) ſhee gives him many thankes and kiſſes for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her ſake; when (working upon the advantage of time, occaſion and opportunity) She tells him, that in her opinion, the ſhorteſt and ſureſt way is to diſpatch him by poyſon. *Harcourt* diſlikes her judgement and plot, as holding it no way ſafe in taking away his brothers life, to entruſt and hazard his owne at the courteſie of a ſtranger (at which ſpeech of his, ſhe bluſheth and palleth as being conſcious and memorative of what ſhe had lately cauſed to be perpetrated by *Tivoly*) Therefore hee thinkes to acquaint and imploy his owne man *Noell* in this bloody buſineſſe, and profereth him two hundred Crownes, and forty more of yeerely penſion during his life, if hee will piſtoll his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields. But *Noell* is too honeſt a man, and too good a Chriſtian to ſtabbe at the majeſty of God, in killing man his creature and Image, and ſo abſolutely denies his Maſter, and although he be a poore man, yet he rejects his offer, as reſolving never to purchaſe wealth, or preferment at ſo deere a rate, as the price of innocent blood; whereat his Maſter bites his lip for diſcontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetuall ſecrecie and ſilence of this propoſition and buſineſſe, which *Noell* promiſeth, but ſweares not; Hereupon *Harcourt* to approach neerer to *Sens*, Hee and *Maſſerina* leave *Nevers*, and very ſecretly by litle Journies (and the greateſt part by night) come to *Maſcon*, and there his heart ſtrikes a bargaine with the Devill, and the Devill with his ſoule and reſolutions, to ride over himſelfe to *Sens*, and there with his owne hands to piſtoll his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets miſſe him, then to finiſh and perpetrate it with his owne Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother, thus to make thy Hope and Charitie prove bankrupt to thy Soule, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevaile with *Harcourt*, to diſſwade him from this bloody buſineſſe; Whereunto the damnable treacherie and malice of *Maſſerina* impetuouſly precipitates and haſtens him onwards, although it be againſt her owne Husband. So he leaves *Maſcon*, and in a diſguiſed beard, and poore ſute of apparell, comes to Saint *Simplician* purpoſely leaving *Sens*, a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleaſant wood of his, a little mile from his houſe where hee knew he was accuſtomed

accuſtomed to walke alone by himſelfe ſolitarily; Hee perſonating and acting the part of a poore begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his tongue as well as his beard and apparell, with his hat in his hand (eſpying his Brother) hee goes towards him with an humble reſolution, and requeſteth an Almes of him. Which *Vimory* ſeeing and hearing, hee in meere charity and compaſſion of him, becauſe hee ſaw him to be though a poore, yet a proper man, and which is more, a Souldier, drawes forth his purſe and whiles hee lookes therein for ſome ſmall piece of ſilver; *Harcourt* (as a Diſciple of the Devill) very ſoftly drawes out his little piſtoll out of his left ſleeve (which he covered with his hat) and having charged it with two bullets, hee lets flie at him, and ſo ſhoots him in the trunck of his body, a little under the heart, of which two wounds he preſently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his brother was miſerable and diabolicall in giving it him, for he only fetched two groanes, but had neither the power or happineſſe to ſpeake one word. And the Devill (in the cataſtrophie of this mournefull Tragedie) was ſo ſtrong with *Harcourt*, as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not onely malice but rage and fury it ſelfe, for fearing hee was not yet dead, hee twice ran him thorow the body with his ſword. When leaving his breathleſſe body all goring in his hot reeking blood, hee with all poſſible celerity takes his horſe (which he had tied (out of ſight) to a tree not farre off) and ſo with all poſſible ſpeed gallops away to his now intended wife *Maſſerina* at *Maſcon*, who triumphs with joy at his relation of this good newes, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleaſing and delectable. But God will not permit that theſe wretched joyes and triumphes of theirs ſhall laſt long.

This cruell murther of *Monſieur Vimory* is ſome two houres after knowne at his houſe and Pariſh of Saint *Simplician*, as alſo in the City of *Sens*, and ſo diſperſed over all *Burgundy*, and the murtherers narrowly ſought after, but in vaine; *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* meet with theſe reports at *Maſcon*, but yet they hold it diſcretion and ſafety, a ſmall time longer, to conceale themſelves ſecretly in that Towne, and ſo to ſuffer the heat of this newes to paſſe over, and bee blowne away. But at the end of two moneths, *Harcourt* (ſetting a milk white face upon his bloody fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his mannor houſe of Saint *Simplician*, which now by the death of his Brother *Vimory*, who died without iſſue, wholly devolved and fell to him. Who having formerly plaid the Devill in murthering his ſaid brother, hee now as infernally playes the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making ſo wonderfull an outward ſhew and demonſtration of ſorrow for the ſame, as he and all his ſervants being dighted in blackes. A moneth after hee ſends for his good Siſter in Law *Maſſerina*, who comes home to him, and they ſeeme ſo abſolutely ſtrange each to other, as if they had never ſeene one another during all the long time of their abſence, & ſhe likewiſe ſeemes to drowne her ſelfe in her teares, and is likewiſe all in blacks for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their falſe maſk, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sinnes of Adultery and Murther. Now as cloſe as they conceale this their diſhonourable flight and departure, yet it diſcovered and found out, and held ſo odious, ſo foule, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their neighbours (who yet know nothing of their murthers) as they diſdaine to welcome them home, or (which is leſſe) to ſee them, which they both are inforced with griefe to obſerve, as holding it to be the reflection of their owne diſgrace and ſcandall, the which henceforth to prevent, they within two moneths after, ſend for their Ghoſtly fathers, as alſo for two Jeſuites, and the Vicar of their pariſh, and acquaint them with their deſires and reſolutions to marry: But theſe Eccleſiaſtiques affirme it to be directly oppoſite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Roman Church, for one Brother to marry the widdow of another, as alſo againſt the written law of God; and therefore they utterly ſeek both to perſwade and diſſwade them from it, as being wholly unlawfull, and ungodly, and ſo refuſe to Conſent thereto, much leſſe to performe it without a diſpenſation from the Pope, or his *Nuntio* now reſident at *Paris*. They cauſe the *Nuntio* to bee dealt with about it, but hee peremptorily refuſeth

refuſeth it ; But in favour of money, and ſtrong friends, within three moneths they procure it from Rome, and ſo they are ſpeedily married, now thinking, and withall beleeving and triumphing, that this their nuptiall knot, hath power to deface and redeeme all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their diſgrace and ſcandall with the world. And therefore in their owne vaine and impious conceits, are ſecure, and abound in wealth, delight, and pleaſure ; But as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come wee therefore firſt to the detection and diſcovery of theſe their bloudy crimes of murther, and then to the condigne puniſhments which they received for the ſame: Whereof the manner briefly is thus. It is many times the pleaſure and providence of God, to puniſh one ſinne in and by another, yea and ſometimes one ſinne for another, the which wee ſhall now ſee apparent in this bloudy and helliſh Italian Mountebancke *Tivoly*, who repairing to the great Faire of *Sens*, and there beginning to profeſſe his Empery to a rich Goldſmiths wife of that City named *Monſieur de Boys*, he the third day ſtole a ſmall caſket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a cupboard, (the lock whereof hee cunningly pickt, and ſhut againe) valued at foure thouſand Crownes, and the ſame night fled upon that robbery towards *Maſcon*, thinking there to put himſelfe on the River of *Soan*, and ſo to ſlip downe to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alps into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a ſpeedy, and curious reſearch for his theefe, whom as yet hee could not find, or diſcover; When hearing of this Mountebanck *Tivoly* his ſuddaine departure and flight, hee takes him to bee his theefe, purſues him in perſon, and within foure leagues of *Maſcon* apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provoſts (or Sheriffes) men with him in their Coats, with their piſtols at ſaddle bow, to aſſiſt him) *De Boys* finds many of the Jewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which hee could never recover : So being brought back to *Sens*, hee was firſt impriſoned, and then examined by the *Senshall* and the Procurer Fiſcall : When having neither cauſe, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, hee therefore freely confeſſed it, the devill ſtill aſſuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence, and Judgement; That it is very poſſible, and he thinkes very probable and feaſeable to corrupt his Judges with ſome of the Jewels which hee had cloſely conceal'd and hid about him ; But, hee ſhall ſpeedily ſee the contrary.

For they ſeeing this Italian Emperick (by his owne confeſſion) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemne him to be hanged the very next day for the ſame. So having a Cordelier (or Gray) Fryer, ſent him that night to priſon to prepare his ſoule for Heaven ; Hee the next morning (according to his ſentence of condemnation) is brought to his execution : Where on the Ladder, hee (to free his Conſcience and ſoule) doth conſtantly and ſorrowfully confeſſe, that he had formerly poyſoned *Madamoyſelle La Precoverte*, daughter to *Monſieur de La Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that hee was hired to doe it by the Lady *Maſſerina*, of whom at *Pougges* hee received two hundred and fifty Crownes and a ſmall Saphir Ring to performe it, as alſo fifty Crownes more, which ſhe gave him for his charges from *Nevers* to *Troyes*, and ſo he dies in the conſtant confeſſion of this his foule and lamentable murder, and is hanged for his Robbery: and his body afterwards burnt for deſtroying and poyſoning of this young Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, whom many Gentlemen and Ladies there preſent well knew, and exceedingly bewayled, for the goodneſſe of her ſweet nature and pure beauty, as alſo for the excellency of her honourable perfections and religious vertues ; And although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected ſome ſpeech from him, at the taking of his laſt farewell of this world, yet (beſides his former confeſſion hee ſpake nothing, but mumbled out ſome few words to himſelfe, which were not underſtood ; And thus hee lived wretchedly as hee dyed miſerably, giving no teſtimony of his contrition or ſorrow to the World, or of any ſpark of griefe, or repentance, towards God.

Now before his body was fully conſumed to aſhes, This our Wretched and bloudy Gentlewoman *Maſſerina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are (by

(by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken priſoners in their own houſe of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and Kiſſing together, without any thought of danger, much leſſe of death. They hereat looke each on other with griefe and aſtoniſhment, eſpecially *Maſſerina*, who underſtanding (by ſome of thoſe that apprehend them.) That it was the Italian Mountebanke *Tyvoly*, who at his execution accuſed her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and cauſing him to poyſon her Siſter *La Precoverte*, ſhee then ſees her ſelfe to bee a dead woman, and no hope left her in the world of her life, but every way a firme aſſurance and confidence of her death; yet ſeeing *Tyvoly* dead, ſhee reſolves to ſtand upon her Juſtification. Shee is all in teares at this her lamentable diſaſter, curſeth the name and memory of *Tyvoly* for ruining her, with himſelfe, and now, when it is too late ſhee blames her ſelfe of indiſcretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with *Tivoly* in priſon, to conceale this her fact and name. As for her Husband *Harcourt*, hee (knowing himſelfe abſolutely Innocent of this murther, hee grieves not for the death of his firſt wife *La Precoverte*, but now extreamely mourneth and lamenteth to thinke of this, of his ſecond wife *Maſſerina*, for live, hee feares ſhee cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and whiſpereth her ſecretly in her eare, that hee will give all his eſtate and meanes to ſave her life, or elſe that hee will dye with her: ſhe thankes him with a world of ſighes and teares, and rounds him as privately in his eare with many deepe cathes and aſſeverations, that her tongue ſhall never dare to ſpeake any one word or ſyllable to her Judges, which ſhall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, ſafety or life, and ſo they are by their apprehenders ſeparated; and then ſeverally conveyed to the priſon of *Sens*: *Maſſerina* is firſt arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former reſolution) ſhe (not with teares, but with high words and ſpeeches) ſtands upon her Innocency and Juſtification, they informe her how ſtrongly *Tivoly* at his death declared ſhe had given him two hundred and fifty crownes, a Saphir Ring, and fifty crownes more to pay his charges at *Pugges*, and how he at her inſtigation, and in favour of this her gold poyſoned *La Precoverte* at her father *Monſieur La Vaqueris* houſe at *Troyes*, She termes *Tivoly* witch and devill, yea worſe then a thouſand devils. thus to accuſe her falſely of this murther of her ſiſter *Precoverte*, whereof ſhee vowes to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that ſhee is as Innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithſtanding all theſe her great fumes and cracks) doe preſently condemne her to the rack, the which as ſoone as ſhe ſaw and conſidered the ſharpe nature of thoſe exquiſite torments, then God was ſo mercifull to her ſoule by his grace, though ſhe was not ſo heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foule ſinnes, that ſhe would not permit her tender dainty limbes to be expoſed to the miſery of thoſe cruell tortures, but then and there confeſſeth her ſelfe to be the author of poyſoning *La Precoverte* her Siſter, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her Judges farther demanded whether her laſt Husband *Harcourt* were not likewiſe acceſſary with her in poyſoning of his firſt wife *La Precoverte*, ſhe with much aſſurance and conſtancy cleeres him hereof, and is ſo kinde and loving to him, as ſhe ſpeakes not a word to them, of his piſtolling to death of her firſt Husband his Brother *Vimory*: So for this her foule and bloudy fact of hers ſhe is condemned to be hanged the next morning, and for that night again returned to priſon, where ſhe and her ſorrowfull Husband, make great ſuit to the Judges that they may for a ſhort time ſee and ſpeake one with the other, but it will not bee granted them: When *Harcourt* being as confident of his owne life, as hee was of his wifes death, makes ſecret proffer (by ſome friends of his) to the Judges of all his lands and demaynes to ſave his

wife,

wife, but they (reſembling themſelves) doe ſo much feare God, and reverence and honour the ſacred Name of Juſtice, as they are deafe to his requeſts.

The next morning (according to her ſentence) ſhe is brought to the place of her execution, but (at her earneſt and importunate requeſt) ſo early, that very few people were preſent at her death, where being aſcended the Ladder, ſhee there againe curſed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villaine *Tivoly*, and wiſhed much proſperity and happineſſe to her Husband *Harcourt*, when turning her eye about, and ſeeing a Coſen Germaine of his there preſent named *Monſieur de Pierpont*, ſhee cals him to her, and is ſo vaine at this laſt period (as it were) of her life, as ſhe takes off her glove and bracelet from her right hand and arme, and prayes him to deliver it to his Coſin and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to aſſure him from her that ſhe died, his moſt loving and conſtant wife, which *Monſieur Pierponte* faithfully promiſed her to performe, then a Subordinate officer of Juſtice being there to ſee her dye, tells her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that ſhe being now to leave earth, and ſo ready to aſcend into heaven, they prayed her in the name & feare of God to declare to all thoſe who were preſent, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or acceſſary, with her in the poyſoning of his firſt wife *La Precoverte*, and that ſhe ſhould doe piouſly and Chriſtianly to diſcover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the ſalvation of her owne ſoule: When ſhee ſolemnely vowed to him and to all the people, that her Husband *Harcourt* never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way acceſſary knowing or conſenting with her or *Tivoly*, in poyſoning of his wife, and this which ſhee now ſpake was the pure truth, as ſhee hoped for Heaven; And now after a few teares, ſhee moſt vainely and idlely fell prayſing and commending of him, eſpecially how tenderly and deerely hee loved her; with other ridiculous and impertinent ſpeeches tending that way, which I hold (every way) unworthy of my mention and repetition (but had not the grace, either to looke up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodneſſe to looke downe into her owne heart, conſcience or ſoule, with contrition and ſorrow for all thoſe her foule Adulteries and Murthers; Neither to pray to God for her ſelfe, or to requeſt thoſe who were preſent to pray to God for her; And ſo ſhee was turned over, all wondring and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore ſome few lamenting or ſorrowing for this her infamous death: But ſhee there ſpeakes not a word, or the ſhadow of a word, either of her Husband *Harcourts* piſtolling to death of his Brother her firſt Husband *Vimory*, or of her knowledge thereof or conſent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* ſeemed outwardly very ſorrowfull for this ſhamefull death of his wife *Maſſerina*, yet hee is inwardly exceeding Joyfull, that her ſilence at her death, of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, hath preſerved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; Whereupon being the ſame day freed and acquitted by the Judges of *Sens*; both of his pretended crime, as alſo of his impriſonment; Hee compoſing his countenance equally betwixt joy and ſorrow, returnes to his houſe of *Saint Simplician*, where now thinking himſelfe abſolutely diſcharged and cleered of all theſe his former Adulteries, as alſo of his late cruell murthering of his Brother; Hee within two (or at moſt within three moneths after his wife *Maſſerinaes* Execution caſts off his mourning apparell, (which hee wore for her death) and neither thinking of his ſoule or his conſcience, or of Heaven or hell, hee flantes and froliques it out in brave apparell, and becauſe hee is now fortunately arrived to bee chiefe

Lord

Lord and maſter of a great eſtate both in Lands and money, therefore he thinkes it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generoſity to dight and put himſelfe now into far richer apparell then ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his neighbours, yea, all the City of *Sens*, (with no little wonder) tooke eſpeciall notice thereof; Yea he is ſo far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murthering of his Brother *Vimory*, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two wives, as with much vanity, and with farre more haſte then diſcretion or conſideration, he now ſpeedily reſolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, becauſe God in his ſacred Juſtice and Judgements will deceive his hopes.

For, when hee thinkes himſelfe ſecure and ſafe, not onely from the danger, but likewiſe from the ſuſpition of any fatall or diſaſterous accident which can poſſibly befall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both ſuddenly and ſoundly ſurpriſe him. His honeſt man *Noell*, (with an obſervant eye, and a Conſcionable, and ſorrowfull heart) hath heard of *La Precevertes* poyſoning, and of *Vimories* piſtolling to death, and hath likewiſe ſeene the hanging both of *Tivoly*, and of his laſt Miſtris *Maſſerina*. In all which ſeverall accidents, as one way hee wondereth at the malice of Satan: So another way hee cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the juſt judgements of the Lord: Hee likewiſe knowes what his Maſter *Harcourt* is to him and hee to his Maſter, and in time of his ſervice and attendance under him, what different and ſeverall paſſages of buſineſſe and ſecrets have paſt betweene them: Hee hath remarked farre more vices then vertues in his Maſter, whereat hee much grieveth, but hee was infinitely more enforced then deſirous either to ſee or know them, and this againe doth exceedingly rejoyce him: Hee well knowes that fidelity is the glory of a ſervant, and yet it is a continuall ſenſible griefe to his heart, and vexation to his ſoule, to ſee that his Maſter ſerves God no better: Hee doth not deſire to know things (which concerne his ſaid Maſter) whereof hee is ignorant, but doth wiſh and pray to God that hee were ignorant of many things which hee knowes, and of more which hee feares; and being very often perplexed in his minde with the reluctation of theſe different cauſes, and their as different effects. Hee cannot but in the end ſatisfie himſelfe with this reſolution: That as *Harcourt* is his Earthly Maſter, ſo God is his Heavenly Maſter; But here betides an unexpected and unwiſhed Accident to this *Noell*, which will ſpeedily try of what temper and mettall both himſelfe, his heart, his conſcience and his ſoule is made, and what infinite diſparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleaſure and viſitation of God: Hee is ſuddenly taken extreame ſicke of a peſtilent Feaver, but not in his Maſter *Harcourts* houſe, but in his owne Fathers houſe, who dwelt ſome foure leagues thence at a pariſh called *Saint Lazare*, and his Phyſition yeelding him a dead man, hee as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the extreame Unction, and then prepares himſelfe to dye: But hee is ſo morall, and ſo good a Chriſtian, as (the premiſes conſidered) hee reſolves to carry his conſcience pure, and his Soule white and unſpotted to Heaven. Hee prayes his Father therefore, that hee will ſpeedily ride to *Sens* (in whoſe Juriſdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that hee hath a great Secret to reveale them now on his death bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the ſervice of the King, and the good of his owne ſoule. His Father accordingly rides to *Sens*, and brings two of thoſe Judges ſpeedily with him to his Sonnes bed ſide, to whom (in preſence of three or foure more of his Fathers

Fathers neighbours) hee very ſicke in body, but perfectly ſound in minde, tells him, that his Maſter *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have had him piſtoll his Brother *Vimory* to death, and proferred him two hundred Crownes in mony, and forty Crownes Annuity during his life to performe it, but hee refuſed it, and knowing the ſaid *Mounſieur De Vimory* to bee ſince murthered by a piſtoll, he therefore verily beleeves, that it is either his ſaid Maſter, or ſome other for him ; which is guilty of that lamentable murther, the true detection whereof (he ſayes) he leaves to God and to them, and within halfe an houre after, (yea before they were departed his Fathers houſe) this *Noell* dies.

Hereupon, theſe Judges wondring at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the diſcovery of this lamentable murther. They ſpeedily ſend away their officers who apprehend *Harcourt* in his owne houſe of *Saint Simplician*, carowſing and froliking it in his beſt wine in Company of three or foure of his deboſhed conſorts and Companions, and ſo they bring him to *Sens* : Where lying in priſon that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cauſe him to bee arraigned before them ; and Charge him with piſtolling of his Brother *Mounſieur de Vimory* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devill) hee ſtrongly and ſtoutly denies, they read his man *Noells* dying Evidence againſt him, to prove it : So they adjudge him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which hee endureth with a wonderfull fortitude and conſtancy, and ſtill denies : When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their ſoules from God : That hee was yet the undoubted murtherer of his Brother, they the ſecond time adjudged him to the racke, whereon permitting himſelfe to bee faſtened, and the tormenters giving a good touch at him, God is more mercifull to his ſoule, then his Tortures are to his body, and ſo with teares in his eyes, hee confeſſeth that it was hee which piſtolled his Brother *Vimory* to death, and which afterwards ranne him twice thorow the body with his Rapier : Whereupon for this bloody and unnaturall fact of his : His Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemne him the next afternoone betweene foure and five of the clocke, to bee broken alive on the wheele at the publike place of execution : Some few Gentlemen his kinsfolk ſolicite his reprivall, becauſe as yet they diſpaire of his pardon, but their labours proves vaine, and they purchaſe no reputation in ſeeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry fie on him, and on his foule and enormous Crymes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the houre and place appointed) hee is brought to his execution, where a mighty concourſe of people both of *Sens* and the adjacent Country flock to ſee this monſter of nature take his laſt farwell of this world : Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin ſute with a gold edge : Hee confeſſeth himſelfe guilty of murthering his Brother *Vymory*, and yet he grieves farre more for the death of his laſt wife *Maſſerina* then hee doth for that of his firſt, *La Precoverte* : Hee demands forgiveneſſe of God, and the world for this his foule crime of Fratricide, and prayes all who are there preſent to pray to Almighty God for the ſalvation of his ſoule, and that they become more charitable and religious, and leſſe bloudy and prophane by his example : So commending his ſoule unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himſelfe three or foure times with the ſigne of the Croſſe, hee willingly ſuffers the Executioner to faſten his Legges and Armes upon the Wheele, the which as ſoone as hee breakes

breakes with his iron barre ; untill he have ſeized upon death, and death on him.
And thus was the wretched lives, and miſerable, and yet deſerved deaths of theſe our cruell and inhumane, graceleſſe Murtherers, and in this manner did the Triumphs of Gods Revenge juſtly ſurprize them to their ſhame, and cut them off to their Confuſion : May we reade this Hiſtory to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon to our owne particular reformation and inſtruction.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (*the Laquay of* Borlary) *kils* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Feliſanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame*; Borlary afterwards *hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

IT is a thouſand griefes, and pities, to ſee Chriſtians who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, ſhould ſo wilfully and wretchedly loſe it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent bloud of their Chriſtian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our ſelves of that rich ornament, and ineſtimable Iewell, which God (in his Sonne *Chriſt Ieſus*) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophaneſſe, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the ſubtle malice, & malitious ſubtilty of Satan, (the profeſſed enemy, and Arch-Traytor of our ſoules) as alſo of his infernall Agents and Factors, who thereby make themſelves fire-brands and incendiaries of their owne felicity and ſafety. And becauſe the examples of the wicked, doe ſtrike apprehenſion and feare to the godly, and that the puniſhment

and death of murtherers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirme the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reason, and to this end) I have purposely given this next History a place in my Booke, wherein wee shall see Choller, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloudy parts; Let us reade it with a zealous feare and a Christian fortitude, and so we shall assuredly hate this foule and crying Sinne in others, and religiously, and constantly avoid it in our selves.

THE foundation of this History, is laid in the faire and famous City of *Verona*, (antiently a great Colony of the Romans, since a free estate of it selfe, but now dependant and subiect to the Estate and Seignory of *Venice*) wherein their lately dwelt an old Gentleman being a widdower, and one of the chiefest and noblest families of that City, named Seignior *Fabritius Miniata*, who was rich in lands, but exceeding wealthy in mony, (whereof hee had put a great and remarkeable Summe in the banke of *Venice*) he had one onely Childe, a daughter of some eighteene yeeres of age, named *Dona Felissanna*, who was wonderfull faire, and a most lovely sweet Creature, tall and slender of stature, of yellow golden haire, and sanguine damaske Rose Complexion; Now as her beauty was every way answerable to her birth and extraction, no lesse were her singular vertues and sweet perfections to her beauty, and as wealth, beauty, and vertue concurring and meeting together, are three powerfull lures & attractive Adamants to draw the desires & affections of many noble gentlemen to seek her in marriage; So two of her chiefe Suitors and who chiefely flattered their hopes to inioy this sweet and pretious Iewell of nature, and who stood in best possibility to beare away her affection and her selfe, was *Seignior Thomas Planeze*, a brave young Gentleman of the neighbour City of *Mantova*, of a sweet presence, and proper comely feature, of some twenty five yeeres old, not very rich, yet endued with competent meanes to maintaine himselfe like himselfe, but infinitely well bred, and adorned and honoured with all those generous parts and endowments which are requisite to make the gallants of our times compleat, and the other *Seignior Iuan de Borlari*, a very rich Gentleman of the same City of *Verona*, a proper man of countenance, but of personage somewhat crooke backed, and much Camber-legged, and drawing towards forty yeeres of age; but of education, conditions and qualities so ignorant and incivill, as hee seemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed, more a clowne than a Citizen, and yet otherwise of metall and courage enough: And that wee may the more apparantly see, and perfectly know, upon what termes they both stand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter; *Miniata* is infinitely desirous of *Burlari* for his sonne in law, but not of *Planeze*; and *Felissanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planeze* for her Husband, but not *Borlari*; which they both perceiving, whiles *Borlari* intends to seeke the affection and consent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planeze* shapes a contrary course, resolves to seeke and preferre that of the Daughter before the Father; the regard of *Borlari* his wealth, and of *Planezes* poverty with covetous *Miniata* like a furious streame, or impetuous Torrent, beares downe all other regards and considerations before it. But the consideration and respect of *Borlari* his deformed personage, and then that of *Planezes* sweet feature and deportment with amorous *Felissanna*, as a delicious charme, and heart-ravishing extasie, sweeps away all other regards and respects whatsoever. The Father bids *Borlari* to be couragious and cheerefull, and then he shall not faile to have his daughter for his wife; But the daughter wills *Planeze* to be discreet and constant, and then she will not faile to take him for her husband; *Miniata* to shew his

his love to *Borlary*, forbids *Planeze* his houſe, and the company of his daughter; *Feliſanna* to reveale her deere and fervent affection to *Planeze*, aſſureth him hee ſhall often enjoy both her ſight and company, but confidently if not peremptorily, prohibits *Borlari* to approach her preſence. Thus whiles *Borlari* often frequenteth and converſeth with the Father publikely, no leſſe, or indeed farre oftner doth *Planeze* privately, and whiles the firſt hath more cauſe to deſpaire, than reaſon to hope of her affection and conſent to be his wife: the ſecond hath all the reaſons and cauſes of the world, not onely to hope but to aſſure himſelfe thereof; But the patience of a little time, will ſhortly reſolve our curioſity, whereunto theſe different affections will tend, and what the event and iſſue will be of theſe their oppoſite intentions and reſolutions.

But becauſe the ambition and wiſdome of *Borlary* will make it conſpicuous and apparant to his Miſtris, That there is as much difference betwixt him, and *Planeze*, as there is betweene herſelfe, and her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*; Hee therefore ſeeing that hee cannot hitherto gaine her by the perſwaſion of her father, now hopes and attempts it by this her maids ſolicitation; as holding her to be a fit inſtrument for the compaſſing of his deſires, and a proper Agent for the perfecting and crowning of his wiſhes, becauſe his beſt genius and intelligence informe him, that ſhee hath a great power and beares a great ſtroke and ſway with her Miſtres: But we ſhall ſhortly ſee, and he too ſoone finde the contrary, and that theſe his ill grounded hopes and undervalewing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wiſdome and judgement. Now to gaine this her chambermaide *Radegonda* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerefulneſſe, ſhe may obtaine him her Miſtres, her favour and affection: Hee bribes her with ſilver and Gold, and many other gifts, if not too coſtly for his giving, yet I am ſure too rich for her receiving, and in requitall thereof ſhe with her tongue promiſeth him her beſt power and aſſiſtance towards her Miſtris, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He ſends likewiſe by her to his love, and her Miſtris divers curious rich preſents and two Letters, and prayes her to take time at advantage, and ſo to deliver them to her from him, the which likewiſe ſhee faithfully promiſeth, but yet intends nothing leſſe, ſo ſhe holds it rather a vertue than a vice, to keepe theſe preſents for her ſelfe, and to give the letters to his Corrivall *Planeze*, to whom (by ſolemne oath) ſhe had formerly ingaged her beſt art and power, and her chiefeſt aſſiſtance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers, is not ſo ſecretly borne betwixt *Planeze* and herſelfe, but *Borlari* (by ſome ſiniſter accidentall meanes) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes ſo unkindely at *Radegondaes* hands, as (conſulting more with paſſion then reaſon) his heart is ſo inflamed with Choller, and his reſolution with revenge againſt her, that (impatient of all delayes) he ſends for her one afternoone to meet him at the Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next ſtreet to a friends houſe of his, where aſcending a chamber and bolting the doore within ſide to him, hee (with choller and threats) chargeth her with this her ingratefull infidelity and treachery towards him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making herſelfe a witneſſe againſt her ſelfe, as well of the delivery of his letters to *Planeze*, as alſo of keeping her preſents for herſelfe, and that her Miſtris and he are ſolemnly contracted each to other: Hee there in meere revenge to her, and in malice and diſdaine to her Miſtris, puls off her head attire, and very baſely & violently cuts away all her hayre, and throwes it into the fire, notwithſtanding that *Radegonda* firſt fell on her knees, and with infinite teares and prayers beſought him to the contrary: But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radegonda*, and of his diſdaine to her lady, his unkinde miſtris *Feliſanna*, ſo hee now likewiſe reſolves to make it one of his juſtifications to the world. Poore *Radegonda* is all in teares and choller at this her diſgracefull accident received of *Borlari*, and no leſſe, but rather farre more is her young Lady and Miſtris *Feliſanna*, the griefe of the one ingendring the choller of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth ſo deepely ſticke in her heart and mind, and ſo extreamely exaſperateth her againſt him, as ſhe makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, who (not-

withstanding her fathers prohibition) was then discended his Coach and ascended the *Parlor* to visit her. *Planeze* wondreth and grieves at this incivill and base indignity of *Borlari* towards *Radegonda*, which hee every wayes sees can no way but reflect on the other part of himselfe *Felissanna*, and so consequently on himselfe: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affection, and the fumes of his revenge so farre eclipse and transport his judgement, as he freely profereth her his sword, and selfe, to right *Radegondaes* wrong on the person and life of *Borlari*, the which courtesie and noble affection and respect of his, *Felissanna* takes most lovingly and kindely of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and dearely, that by no meanes she wil permit him to ingage, much lesse to hazard himselfe in this triviall quarrell; which being (as shee affirmed) more feminine then masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her owne deciding and requitall, the which (in that regard) she prayed him wholly to leave and referre to herselfe.

Borlari (by some of *Miniataes* domestique servants, whom in favour of mony he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) heares hereof, and especially takes notice of *Planezes* forwardnes to fight with him for the quarrell of a poore chamber-maid, so seeing that he could hope for nothing but for despaire in his affection from *Felissanna*, he takes this so ill from *Planeze*, (who although he be his rivall and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be outbraved by this *Mantovesse* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring Generosity, and to give him a touch and taste of his owne: He the next morning by his laquey *Romeo* sends him this challenge.

BORLARY to PLANEZE.

IN regard thou couldest not content thy selfe to bereave me of the Lady Felissanna, *whose sweet beauty and vertues are by farre more deare and pretious to mee then my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice) thou likewise makest it thy Trophees and Glorie, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, onely for the triviall respect of her Chambermaids haire; Therefore because thou makest so small an esteeme of my life; My reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt have for the defence and preservation of thine owne. To which end, I pray thee to meet mee to morrow (betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoon) with thy single Rapier without seconds, in the first meadow without the Vinsensa gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrivall, with much zeale and impatiency, Thou art Noble enough to bee so generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appeare, and approve thy selfe so Noble.*

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felissanna* well knowing *Romeo* to bee *Borlari* his laquey, and seeing him deliver a letter to her lover *Planeze*, which she feareth to be some challenge, she thereat (adorning and beautifying her lilly cheekes with a Roseat blush) prayes him to tell her what *Borlary* his letter contained; When (his owne honour getting the supremacy of his affection towards her) he tels her, that *Borlari* therein onely requested him, to meet him the next day in the Domo (which is the Cathedrall Church of that City dedicated to *Saint Athanasius*) the which he is now going to grant him in his answer. But *Felissanna*, still iealous and fearefull) prayes him to shew her those two letters, which he pleasantly puts off with some kisses, and yet her bloud and heart so freezeth within her with feare, as she useth the best power of her art, and the chiefest Art of her affection, to coniure him not to fall out, muchlesse to fight with *Borlary* at their meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tels her he is too irreligious to be so prophane, to disdaine and pollute that sacred place with the effusion of Christian bloud, because it is the temple of prayer, the house of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peacefull attonement and reconciliation, then for a contentious quarrell, now (as the malice of men is finite, but of women infinite) *Felissanna* seeing

ſeeing her *Planeze* going to write his letter, revenge and choller being then extravagantly predominant in her lookes and reſolutions, ſhe haſtily ſteps downe into a chamber next to the garden, where ſhe ſends for *Borlaries* laquey *Romeo*, and cauſeth three of her groomes (whom ſhe had purpoſely placed there by force and violence to cut off his right eare; which they preſently doe, notwithſtanding that he uſed a thouſand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then haſtily departing from him, ſhe ſpake this to him: Tell thy Maſter *Borlari*, that I have cauſed thine eare to be cut off, to requite the affront and diſgrace which he offered me in cutting off my chambermaid *Radegondaes* haire.

Planeze having ſecretly to himſelfe read *Borlari* his challenge: Hee thinkes ſo honourably of himſelfe, and ſo diſgracefully of him, as he not a little wondereth to ſee, that he hath the courage to write to him, muchleſſe the reſolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryall of his valour to himſelfe, and affection to his miſtris upon a more generous ſpirit, and nobler perſonage then *Borlari*, he accepts his challenge, and in this anſwer promiſeth him to meet him and performe it, the which he honourably conceales from *Feliſannaes* feare and iealouſie, and ſo ſealing up his letter, he goes downe to deliver it to *Borlary* his Laquey, and reſolves to diſpeed and haſten his returne, but contrary to his expectation hee findes this laquey *Romeo* bitterly ſtorming and weeping; and ſo demanding the cauſe thereof, hee then and there by a Gentleman his ſervant, is firſt informed of the Laqueys diſgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have underſtood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this diſaſterous accident, but love preſcribes ſo powerfull a law to his diſcretion, as he is inforced to beare up with the time and ſo to diſſemble it, and when in the language of a victory and a triumph *Feliſanna* acquaints him therewith; he holds it diſcretion, rather to winke at it, and diſſemble it with ſilence, then to remember it with choller or reprehenſion towards her; So he to acquit his ignorance, reputation and honour herein towards *Borlari*, cals his laquey againe, and vowes and proteſteth to him, as he is a Gentleman that hee is free from being any way knowing or acceſſary to this his diſgrace and diſaſter, and bids him to aſſure his Maſter from him, that hee is every way Innocent hereof, the which he would have ſignified to him in writing, but that his letter was ſealed before he knew it, and ſo giving him ſome crownes to waſh downe his anger and ſorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo ſayes little but thinkes the more, and as hee diſdaineth to bewray any appearance of griefe hereat, ſo hee cannot cloake that of his choller, nor overvaile or ſmother that of revenge, in their fatall effects, which time will too ſoone produce.

Romeo in great haſte and more choller, arrives to his maſter *Borlaries* preſence, gives him *Planezes* letter, who very ſpeedily and haſtily breaking up the ſeales thereof findes therein theſe lines.

Planeze to Borlary.

I Acknowledge it to be rather thy misfortune then my merits that induceth the faire and vertuous Lady Feliſanna *to give her affection to mee, and not to thy ſelfe, the which as a rich treaſure, and pretious Iewell I doe not onely eſteeme equall to my life, but a thouſand degrees above it, and therefore it was with much affection and zeale to her, and with no oſtentation or malice to thy ſelfe, that I tendred her my beſt ſervice, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didſt offer to her Chamber-maid* Radegonde. *In which regard, becauſe thou purpoſely giveſt a ſiniſter conſtruction to my intent therein, and art ſo ambitiouſly reſolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the loſſe of mine, I doe therefore freely and cheerefully accept of thy challenge, and my impatience and zeale ſhall anticipate thine before I performe it, wherein if my Rapier give not the lie to my bloud, my misfortune to my Rapier, thou ſhalt finde mee enough noble and generous to attempt this duell for thy ſake, and to finiſh thoſe of greater danger for the Lady* Feliſanna's

liſannas ſake, *who I freely profeſſe is the Empreſſe of my affections, and till death ſhall bee the Queene Regent of my deſires and wiſhes.*

PLANEZE.

Borlari hath no ſooner peruſed and oreread this letter of *Planeze*, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and ioyfull thereof, as if his glory conſiſted in his ſhame, and his ſafety in his danger: Then his laquey *Romeo* acquaints him with his diſgrace acted, ſaith he, wholly by *Dona Feliſanna*, and no way as he vowes and thinks by the conſent or knowledge of *Planeze*, and ſo relates all that he and ſhe charged him to report unto him: The which *Borlari* hearing and underſtanding, hee extreamely ſtormes to ſee his owne affront and diſgrace, offered and brought home unto him in that of his Laquey: When having other affaires and buſineſſe in his head, he contents himſelfe for that time to give him ſome gold, thereby the ſooner to make him forget the loſſe of his eare, which his lockes better then his lookes could now overvaile and cover.

Theſe two inconſiderate Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambitious to preſerve their honours then their lives, and more carefull of their reputations towards the fooliſh people of the world, then of their ſoules towards God) are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to diſpatch this their raſh enterpriſe and irreligious buſineſſe, and it is not the leaſt part of *Planezes* diſcretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blinde the *Argus* eyes of *Feliſannaes* feare and vigilancy, and how to ſee a beginning and end to this duell, with his generoſity and fame, that he be no way diſturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed houre being come, *Borlary* (with his Chirurgeon) as Challenger, comes firſt into the field, I meane into the meadow, the deſigned place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloudy Tragedy, and he hath not ſtayed halfe a quarter of an houre, but *Planeze* the Challenged arrives there likewiſe with his Chirurgion: When their malice is ſo furious, and their courages ſo inflamed each againſt other, as paſſing over their ſaluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themſelves into their ſhirts, doe both of them draw, and ſo approach each other. At their firſt comming up, *Planeze* runnes *Borlari* through the left thigh, and *Borlary* him in the right ſhoulder, and the ſight of their ſcarlet bloud upon their white ſhirts doth rather revive than quench their courages: At their ſecond meeting, *Borlary* runnes *Planeze* into the right arme of a large and deepe wound, and *Planeze* dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the ſmall of his belly, which went neere to prove mortall, for it fetcht much bloud from him, made him to beginne to faint and ſtagger, ſo being both of them well neere out of breath, they make a ſtand to breath and take the benefit of the aire, but their hearts and animoſity are ſo great as they will not as yet deſiſt or leave off, but now begin afreſh to redouble their blowes and courages, and here they traverſe their ground to gaine the advantage of the Sunne: with farre more adviſement and diſcretion then before. Now at this their third comming up, *Borlari* preſents *Planeze* a furious thruſt, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runnes *Borlari* into the necke, a little wide of his throat bole: whereat *Planeze* inſtantly cloſing with him, hee fairely attempted to whip up his heeles, but that *Borlari* his ſtrength prevented *Planezes* agility: when each having the other by the collar of their ſhirts with one hand, & their rapiers in the other, as they are ſtriving and ſtrugling together, God (more out of his gracious goodneſſe and mercy then of their deſires and wiſhes) is pleaſed that neither of them ſhall for this time dye. For the Earle of *Lucerne* riding poaſt (with three Gentlemen in his company) from *Venice* towards *Turin*, chanced to eſpie and ſee them in the meadow, almoſt all covered over with ſweat, bloud, and duſt, when hee and they leaping from their Horſes, he very honourably and charitably runnes to them and parts them; offering them his beſt power and a pretty parcell of his time, to end and ſhut up their differences in a friendly attonement and reconciliation, but ſo inveterate and ſtrong (by this time)

time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way feaſeable but impoſſible to effect it: So this brave and honourable Earle contents himſelfe, to reconduct and ſee them ſafe into the City, where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, he againe takes horſe and away. Our two Duelliſts having firſt thanked him for his noble Courteſie towards them, but otherwiſe they are exceedingly grieved to ſee the victory puld out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes with no leſſe ambition and felicity, then each their owne life, and either of them the death of his adverſary. But as they are gratefull to the Earle of *Lucerni* for this his honourable courteſie towards them; yet they are ſo irreligious as they looke not up to heaven, nor once have the grace to thinke on God, much leſſe to thanke his divine Maieſty, for now ſo mercifully and ſo gratiouſly withdrawing them as it were from out the very iawes of death; but ſtill they retaine their malice and cheriſh and foment their revenge each to other, eſpecially *Borlary* to *Planeze*, for it is a Continuall private griefe and a ſecret Corraſive to his content and minde, to ſee that he is inforced to weare the willow Garland, and that *Planeze* muſt beare away his faire and beautifull Miſtris *Feliſanna* from him: But wee will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts, and their thoughts to God, and ſo againe ſpeake of *Romeo*, the Laquey of *Borlary*, who as a wretched and moſt execrable villaine comes now to act a bloody and wofull part in this Hiſtory.

For we muſt here underſtand, that this lewd Laquey *Romeo*, is ſo extreamely incenſed with choller and inraged with malice againſt the Lady *Feliſanna* for the loſſe of his eare, as (being ſeduced and incouraged by the Devill) he was once of the minde to have murthered her in the ſtreet, the very firſt time he had met or ſeene her: but then againe reſpecting his maſter *Borlary*, whom he knew affected her tenderly and deerely, he forſooke that opinion of his, and reſolved to wreake his wrath and indignation upon her three ſervants who were the Actors of cutting off his eare, as he was the Author therof: But then againe remembring that he knew them not, nor any of them for that they were all purpoſely masked and diſguiſed, He then ſwaps a bargaine with the devill, and the devill with him, that the ſtorme of this his malice and revenge ſhould aſſuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chambermaid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this reſolution he is ſo execrably prophane and bloudy, as hee vowes that neither Heaven of Earth, God or man ſhall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove ſo pernitious an enemy to others as to herſelfe, ſo Revenge will in the end aſſuredly make us as miſerable, as firſt it falſly promiſed to make us happy.

Romeo continueth ſtill reſolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poore innocent harmeleſſe ſoule, ſhe was not ſo much as guilty of a bad thought, muchleſſe of a bad action or office towards him; and therefore leaſt deſerving this his revenge;) when waiting many nights for her, as ſhe iſſued forth in the ſtreet in her Ladies errands, he at laſt in a darke night found her, and there ſlew her with his rapier, giving her foure ſeverall wounds, whereof he mought have ſpared the three laſt, becauſe the very firſt was mortall, and thereupon betooke himſelfe to his heeles and fled through the ſtreets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledge of this lamentable Murther, but God is ſo exaſperated at this foule and lamentable fact of his, as (in his Starre-chamber of Heaven) hee hath ordained and decreed, that *Romeo* ſhall inſtantly receive condigne puniſhment for the ſame as not deſerving to ſurvive it, for running through the ſtreets to provide for his ſafety and life: He at laſt tooke the river of *Addice*, neere the old caſtle, where thinking to ſwimme over to the other ſide, or to hide himſelfe in ſome of the mill-boats, he was diſcovered by the ſentinels (for the watch was already ſet) and the newes of this murther was by this time reſounding and ecchoing in all parts of the Citty. The Souldiers of the Caſtle ſuſpected him to be the murtherer, they ſend a boat after him and apprehend him: ſo by the criminall Iudges he is committed to priſon for that night, and being the next morning accuſed by

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Seignior Miniata by way of torture, & by the Lady *Felisanna* his daughter by legall order for the murthering of her Chambermaid *Radegonda*, he without any thought of feare, or shew of sorrow or repentance, freely confesseth it, for the which he is presently condemned to be hanged, and the same day after dinner he was accordingly dispatched and executed, notwithstanding that his master *Borlari*, used his best friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to save him. Thus we see there was but one poore night betweene *Romeoes* taking away *Radegondaes* life, and losing of his owne, and betweene her murthering and his hanging; At his execution he spake not a word either of the losse of his eare by the Lady *Felisanna*, or of that of *Radegondaes* haire by his master *Borlari*, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no lesse doth *Planeze*: But for the other speeches which this bloudy footman delivered on the ladder at his execution, they were either so ungodly, or so impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deserves my pen, or my Readers knowledge.

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, returne wee againe to speake of his living Master *Borlari*: who after he had spent much time and labour, and as I may say, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to seeke to prevent that *Planeze* mought not marry the faire *Felisanna*, hath notwithstanding, to his matchlesse griefe, and unseparable sorrow seene that it is all bootlesse and in vaine, for by this time she through the importunity of her teares and prayers hath obtained her father *Miniataes* consent, to take and injoy *Seignior Planeze*, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are solemnely marryed in *Verona*, and in that height of pompe and bravery as is requisite to their noble ranke and qualitie; When *Planeze* the more to please his new wife leaves *Mantova*, and wholly builds up his residence in *Verona* with her, and in her father *Miniataes* house, who never hated him so much heretofore, as now hee deepely affects and loves him, and to say and write the truth, hee well deserved that affection of the father, and this love of the daughter; sith the lustre and vertue of his actions made it apparant to all *Verona*, yea to all *Italy*, that hee proved a most kinde and loving Husband to the one, and a most obedient, and respective sonne in law to the other.

Now although *Felisanna* bee thus marryed to *Planeze*, yet the affection of *Borlari* to her, is still so farre from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flourisheth at the sight of her pure and delicate beauty; for those golden tresses of her haire, those splendant raies of her sparkling eyes, and those delicious lillies and Roses of her cheekes doe act such wonders in his heart, and his heart in his resolutions; that his lust ecclipsing his judgement, and outbraving his discretion he cannot, hee will not refraine, to try if hee can yet procure and get her to bee his friend though not his wife; and so futurely to obtaine that curtesie from her by the eye, which formerly he knew it impossible for him to get by the maine. To which end his affection or rather his folly, giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his minde, because both the one and the other were still ranging and ruminating on *Felisannaes* sweet Idea, and delitious feature, Hee enters into a consideration and consultation with himselfe, whether he should bewray his amorous flame to her by himselfe or by some other; or either by his penne or his tongue; when after hee had proposed and exchanged many poore reasons and triviall Motives *Pro* and *Con*, hee at last resolves on the last, which is to doe it by letters, when hying himselfe to his closet, he traceth her these lines, which by a confident friend of his he forthwith sends her.

Borlary

Borlary to Felisanna.

I Will crave no other witneſſe but my ſelfe, of thy fervent love and conſtant affection to thee; for none can better teſtifie, how I alwayes made it my chiefeſt Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeale anſwerable to that of thy beauty; and that this mought bee as truely Immortall, as that is divinely rare and rarely excellent, which to confirme, I have ſealed it with ſome blood, but with more teares, ſo that although thou haſt given thy affection from me to Planeze, *yet my heart and ſoule tells me it is impoſſible to give mine to any but to the Lady* Feliſanna. *And becauſe thou canſt not be my wife, therefore I pray be pleaſed to reſolve to live my friend, as in requitall I doe dye thy Servant. I confeſſe I am not worthy of thy affection, much leſſe to injoy the ſweet fruit therof; thy ſweet ſelfe; yet becauſe I cannot be more thine then I am, therefore I pray thee make thy ſelfe as much mine as thou mayeſt be. Thy heart ſhall not be a truer Secretary to our affections then my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly referre it to thy will and pleaſure, which mine ſhall ever carefully attend and religiouſly obey. I ſend thee my whole heart incloſed in this Letter, and if thou vouchſafe to returne me a piece of thine in exchange, Heaven may, but Earth cannot croſſe our affection.*

Borlary.

The Lady *Feliſanna* receives this letter with much wonder, and orereades it with more Contempt & Choller, for if ſhe diſdained *Borlary* and his affection when ſhe was a maid, much more doth ſhe now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: One ſhe was of opinion to have throwne this his Letter into the fire, and have anſwered it with diſdaine and ſilence; But then againe conſidering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obſcænity of his deſires, ſhee conceived he mought (peradventure) impute her ſilence to a degree of conſent: and therefore though not in affection to him, yet in diſcretion and love to her honour, ſhe reſolves to returne him an anſwer, when knit ing her browes with anger, dipping her pen in gall and vinegar, and ſetting a ſharpe edge of contempt and Choller on her reſolutions, ſhe haſtily frames her Letter, and gives it to his owne Meſſenger to deliver it to *Borlari*, whoſe heart ſteering his courſe betwixt hope and feare till he receive it: he firſt kiſſing it, and then haſtily breaking up the ſeales thereof, findes that it ſpeakes this language.

Felisanna to Borlary.

IF thou want any witneſſes of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obſtinate and vaine perſeverance herein, of one makes me calpable to ſerve for many. And if thou hadſt beene as truely careſull and ambitious of thine owne honour, as thou falſly pretendeſt to be of my poore beauty, thou wouldeſt not ſo often have ſacrificed thy ſhame to my glory, nor ſo ſottiſhly have caſt away thy blood or teares on my contempt: How thou intendeſt to diſpoſe of thy ſelfe, I neither deſire to know, nor care to underſtand. But as I have given my ſoule to God, ſo God hath given my heart to my husband Planeze, *from whom neither the malice of Satan or power of hel ſhal withdraw it, & therefore as I am* Feliſanna, *I deteſt thy luſtfull ſuit, and as* Planezes *wife, I deſie both it and thy ſelfe; And thus to be thy friend, thou ſhalt finde me thy friend, but for ſuch ſervants as thy ſelfe, I leave them to their owne proper Infamy and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of my actions, and my husband of my affections, therefore it ſhall pleaſe mee well when I underſtand that thy tongue will recant thy folly. I repent thy indiſcretion towards me, in ſeeking to erect the Trophees of thy laſcivious luſt upon the ruines of my pure and candide honour: And I aſſure thee, that if hereafter thou inſpire and fortifie not thy heart with more religious, and leſſe ſinful deſires and affections, that Earth can and Heaven will make thee as truely miſerable, as now thou falſly thinkeſt thy ſelfe fortunate.*

Felisanna.

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of *Felisanna*, is so galled with griefe and netled with sorrow, to see his refusall sent him in her disdaine, as he knowes not to what passion to betake himselfe for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coyne sse and cruelty, makes his dispaire to gaine so much on his hopes, that once he was minded absolutely to forsake her, and to court her affection no more, but then againe his lustfull heart and desires, remembring the freshnesse of her beauty and the sweetnesse of her youth, hee held himselfe a coward, every way unworthy to enioy so faire a Lady, and so sweet an Angel, if he retyred upon her first denyall, especially because as those Cities and Castles, so those Ladies and Gentlewomen who entertaine a pearle, are already halfe wonne. In which consideration because it many times proves an errour in Nature; but still in judgement, to flatter our selves most, with that which wee most hope for and desire, He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to beleeve, that his second may perchance obtaine that from her which his first could not, for that he knows that most ladies and gentlewomen pride themselves with this felicity to bee often sought and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore resolving once more to try his fortune, and her courtesie, he by his former messenger greets her with these lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

THy sweet and excellent beauty hath enkindled so fervent a flame in my heart, that thy late disrespect and contempt of me in thy Letter, is not sufficiently prevalent to make me, or so soone or so sleightly forsake thee. For although thou terme my love folly, and my affection obstinacy, yet untill thou cease to be faire, finde it not strange, if it be impossible for me to cease to be affectionate: Neither doe I sacrifice my shame to thy Glory, or cast away my teares on thy contempt, sith I performe it more out of duty then complement, and rather out of true zeale then false hypocrisie. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of war, so the fairest beauties, by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more then one assault and seige; and that Cavillers cannot justly be termed, either a Gentleman, a Souldier, or a Lover, who will resolve to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet, and so beautifull an enemy as thy selfe: Neither can it any way breed infamy or repentance in me to be servant to so deare, and slave to so faire a Mistris, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound sence, and to subvert and overthrow Reason. Be then but as courteous as thou art faire, and as kinde as I am constant, and thou shalt find that I onely desire to erect the Trophes of mine Honour and Glory upon those of thy content, to sacrifice my best life at the shrine and altar of thy beauty, and to devote and prostrate my best zeale and service to the feet of thy Commands, which if thou please to grant me, Earth will not make me miserable, but Heaven fortunate.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* having received and oreread this second Letter of *Borlari*, as one way she laughes to see the constancy of his folly, and indiscretion, so another way shee stormes, and yet grieves to see her selfe to bee both the object and the cause thereof: When returning to the party who brought it her, she thinkes to vent part of her choller on him, taxeth his audacity and rashnesse herein, and strictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlary* his Letters: yea, she is so farre transported with passion and choller against *Borlary* for sending them to her, as now she resolves to answer this with silence, and henceforth to burne all other which are sent or brought to her from him, because it his folly make him culpable of sending, she will not futurely make her selfe guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts are taken up with feare, & her heart surprised with resolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) she should shew these his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is so tender, so faithfull, so constant to him; because she likewise knowes that his is reciprocally so to her, that she will rather displease herselfe, then any way discontent him, or administer him the least cause whatsoever, to

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runne the hazard of his diſpleaſure or indignation; for as by concealing them from his knowledge, ſhee knowes this buſineſſe will be for ever huſh'd up in ſilence, and perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrariwiſe, if either through *Borlary* his malice to her, or indiſcretion to himſelfe, it ſhould any way come to her Huſbands eare, then ſhe thinks ſhe ſhould give him a juſt cauſe of exception and offence againſt her; Wherein, if the ſubtilty of the Divell ſhould once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealouſie might call her Honour and Fidelity in queſtion, and make him ſuſpect and feare her to be diſhoneſt, though heretofore (in heart and ſoule) he confidently knowes and believes the contrary: ſhe further knowes, that there is nothing ſo eaſie, as to entertaine jealouſie, nor ſo difficult, as to expell it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a ſcandall, but likewiſe to remove the originall cauſe thereof; faine ſhee would conceale theſe fooliſh Letters of *Borlari* from her Huſband, but yet ſhe doubts it, and willing ſhee is to acquaint him therewith, and yet ſhe feares it: And although her chaſtity and innocency perſwades her to performe the laſt, yet her diſcretion and judgement encourage and prompt her to execute the ſecond; And here our beautifull and vertuous young Wife is perplexed as a traveller, who meets with two different waies, and knowes not which is the beſt for him to take; and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a ſhip at Sea, at one time ſurpriſed and met with two contrary windes and tides; for preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her Huſband, and his to her before any other earthly reſpect or felicity whatſoever; ſhee in the intricacy and ambiguity of theſe doubts, wiſheth that *Borlari* had ſlept when hee writ and ſent her thoſe Letters, or ſhe when ſhe received and read them. But at laſt conſulting with Reaſon and Religion, with her Soule and God, then her chaſtity gives a commanding law to her feare, and her innocency to her doubt; So firſt hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Huſband, or diſturb the tranquillity and ſincerity of her marriage; ſhe watching a fit opportunity, ſhewes her Huſband the firſt Letter of *Borlari* to her, with her anſwer thereof, and then his ſecond Letter, the which ſhe informes him, ſhee anſwered with ſilence and contempt, adding withall: That had ſhee a thouſand lives as ſhee hath but one, ſhee would cheerefully ſacrifice and loſe them all, before ſhee would be guilty of the leaſt thought to diſtaine the honour of his bed, or to breake her ſacred vow of Love and Chaſtity, which in preſence of God and his Church, ſhee religiouſly made and gave him in marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of theſe ſpeeches, and the reading of theſe Letters, doth at one inſtant both bluſh and pale, for as hee lookes pale with Envie towards *Borlari*, to ſee how ſecretly and ſubtily hee endevoureth to ruine his honour in that of his wifes; ſo he bluſheth for love towards her, to ſee how ſweetly and chaſtly ſhe had demeaned her ſelfe in her anſwer to him, as alſo what a wiſe and loving part it was in her ſo punctually and fully to acquaint him therewith; when in requitall hereof he gives her many praiſes and kiſſes, extolls her chaſtity and vertues to the ſkie, and condemnes *Borlarie* his luſtfull vices to Hell, and although (for the preſent) ſhee findes ſome incongruity in his ſpeeches, and obſerves ſome perturbation in his lookes, yet he makes his affection ſo apparant to her, and diſſembleth his hatred and choller towards *Borlari* ſo ſecretly and artificially; That his wife *Feliſanna* wholly repoſing her ſelfe upon her owne integrity, and her Huſbands diſcretion, ſhe (ſweet innocent Lady) little dreames or thinkes of any diſaſter which will enſue hereof, much leſſe what diſmall effects threaten to proceed from this inconſiderate act of hers, in acquainting her Huſband with thoſe Letters. But ſhe will have time enough to ſee it to her griefe, and know it to her ſorrow, yea, ſhe will finde occaſions enough to repent, but never any meanes how to remedy it, except it be too late, and which then will meerely prove phyſicke after death.

Planeze (as wee have formerly underſtood) is extremely incenſed againſt *Borlary*,

thus to attempt to bereave him of his ſweeteſt Joy, which is his wifes affection, and ſhe of her moſt pretious Jewell, her chaſtity; And although (both in reaſon and Religion) hee had farre more cauſe to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both aſſured and confident, that his wifes chaſtity triumphed ore *Borlaries* luſt, and her glory was apparant in his ſhame; for as objects, ſo actions being beſt diſtinguiſhed by their contraries, therefore through the obſcure clouds of *Borlari* his obſcene concupiſcence, that of *Feliſannas* Angelicall chaſtity, as a bright relucent Sun, ſhined forth moſt radiantly and ſweetly with farre more vigor and glory, yet *Planeze* being a man compoſed of corrupt fleſh and blood, and therefore ſubject to paſſions, and thoſe paſſions to errors and imperfections; So hee takes a courſe and reſolution herein contrary to all judgement, and to all reaſon, yea, diametrically oppoſite to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his wifes chaſtity and honour, yet as the deareſt and pureſt affections cannot be exempted of ſome ſhadow or ſpice of feare, ſo although his heart looked directly on *Borlari* with malice, hee cannot poſſibly refraine, nor retaine his thoughts, from glancing ſquint-eyed on his wife with jealouſie. And although hee knowes it to be a moſt ignoble gratitude, and irreligious impiety in him, thus to call her honour in queſtion, or (in the beſt ſenſe) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publique ſhew of ſuſpition or diſtaſte to her, or by ſeeking any private revenge on *Borlari*, yet becauſe her beauty and vertue is a thouſand times dearer to him than his life; and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as deare as his ſoule: Hee therefore thinkes ſhee ſhall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his owne reputation any wrong, if hee reſolve to right both her and himſelfe on *Borlari*, when conſulting not with reaſon or charity, but with their oppoſites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts before he have fought with *Borlari*, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deſerved his ſcorne than his care, and was every way farre more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chyrurgion which he had made choyce of) hee ſends him this challenge.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

THy crime is ſo foule, and ſo apparant unto mee, in ſeeking by thy two laſcivious Letters to diſtaine my honour in that of my wifes chaſtity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it; Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wanteſt grace, bring thy ſelfe, thy Rapier, and thy Chirurgion with thee to morrow at ſixe of clocke in the morning, in the City Ditch without the outer Gate, which looks towards Breſcia, *and there my ſelfe and my Chirurgion (who is the bearer hereof, will ſilently and honourably waite for thee. And if thy obſcene heart retaine yet any ſparke of generoſity, or thy vicious braine of judgement, thou wilt reſolve to performe this my requeſt, and to excuſe my reſolution herein, ſith it is wholly derived from thy laſciviouſneſſe, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.*

PLANEZE.

Borlary receiving and peruſing this Challenge of *Planeze*, hee is much grieved and ſorrowfull, to ſee that *Feliſanna* had ſo little diſcretion for her ſelfe, and ſo much hatred againſt him, to ſhew her Huſband theſe his Letters, and except ſhe meant to make her ſelfe the preſent authour, and the cauſe of her future affliction and miſery, hee knowes not elſe what ſhe intends hereby. But for *Planeze* his ſpleene and reſolution againſt him, *Borlary* knowes it to be both juſt and well grounded in the beſt ſenſe, and in the worſt to be yet a requitall of that Challenge and Duell which he formerly ſent and preſented him: Onely he doth a little admire (if not wonder) that he ſhould

now

now againe make triall of his valour and courage, whereof hee ſo lately had experience, and taſted. And although hee had farre more reaſon to reſt aſſured than doubtfull, that this ſecond Duell of theirs would not prove ſo fortunate as their firſt, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves *Feliſanna* ſo dearely, albeit ſhe hate him extremely, that he will by no meanes refuſe to fight with her Huſband once againe for her ſake, yea, and to kill him for his owne, if poſſibly he can, the divell making him ſtrong in the vanity of this beliefe and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planeze*, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no leſſe happineſſe and felicity, than by his death to obtaine his widdow for his owne wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Caſtles of vaine hopes in the aire, which the leaſt breath of Gods mouth, or wind of his noſtrills will eaſily reverſe and blow away. For this is to conſult and reſolve with Satan, and not with God; and therefore no marvell, if hee ſee his laſcivious deſires to come too ſhort of his ridiculous hopes, and both his hopes and deſires herein to end in as much true miſery, as they began in falſe hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlary* having made a turne or two in his Garden, to reſolve upon this buſineſſe, which ſo much imported both his honour and life: Hee at laſt, with joy in his lookes, and courage in his countenance, turnes to *Planeze* his Chirurgion, whom after he uſed reſpectively and courteouſly, hee ſecretly rounds him thus in his eare; Tell *Seignior Planeze* from mee, that I will not faile to meete him to morrow morning, according to his requeſt and expectation, and ſo hee diſmiſſeth him, who as ſoone returnes this anſwer of *Borlary* to *Planeze*, whom hee now findes ſtaying for him in the Church of the *Auguſtine Fryers*, but God knowes, with no intent or devotion to pray, or to invoke his Divine and Sacred Majeſty to divert him from this his intended bloody enterprize, but rather to reconduct home the Lady *Feliſanna* his wife, who, harmeleſſe ſweet Gentlewoman, was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the moſt religious Prayers, and zealous Oriſons of her ſoule unto God, without once ſurmiſing or thinking what a mournfull and dangerous part her Huſband was reſolved to act the next morning, to the prejudice of her content, if not to the utter diſſolution and ruine of her Matrimoniall joy and felicity. But her Husband *Planeze* beares this buſineſſe, and theſe his intentions ſo ſecretly from his wife, as it was impoſſible for her to have any ſuſpition, much leſſe knowledge of this his next daies intended Duell.

The night, which brings reſt to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duellists. For the conſideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrell, and the cauſe thereof, doth equally poſſeſſe their braines, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their ſleeping faculties: So preferring their danger to their ſafety, their reſolution to their reſt, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I meane from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendezvous: Which *Planeze* firſt entreth, and there makes halfe a dozen of turnes, before he have any newes of his Contendant or Adverſary *Borlary*, whereof he doth not a little muſe, yet he no way deſpaires of his comming, becauſe (by late experience) hee knowes him to be couragious and valiant. But to put *Planeze* his muſing out of doubt, and his doubt out of queſtion, in comes *Borlary* all unbraced and untruſſed, and afarre of eſpying *Planeze* in the ditch before him; He (aſhamed of this advantage hee had, becauſe of long ſtay) with his hat in his hand, prayes him to excuſe this error of his, affirming it to be the fault of his Watch, but not of his heart, which hee alledged ſhould ever goe true with his Honour and Reputation; When *Planeze* returning his Complement, by approving of his Apologie, (without any further expoſtulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blowes.

At their firſt meeting, *Borlary* gives *Planeze* a wound in the right arme, and *Planeze*

requites him with another in his right ſide, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrell with his life. But although it make him loſe much blood, yet he hath ſtrength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, onely he deſireth *Planeze*, that they may breath a little, the which hee generouſly granteth. At their ſecond comming up, *Planeze* preſents a thruſt to *Borlary*, but hee wards it, and runnes *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deepe wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgeons doe earneſtly pray them to deſiſt, as having now already here ſufficiently teſtified their courage and valour. At their third meeting and joyning, *Planeze* gives *Borlary* a lick ore the fore-head, which makes his blood ſtreame downe his face and eyes, and *Borlary* fully incenſed and prepared to requite it, drives a faire thruſt to *Planeze* his breaſt, but hee very dexterouſly and fortunately wards it, beating downe the point of *Borlary* his ſword into the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him, and whips up his heeles, who falling upon his owne Rapier, breakes it in two pieces, at which unlooked for diſaſter, *Borlary* ſeeing his naked breaſt expoſed to *Planeze* his bloody Rapier, and conſequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once ſtriving or endeavouring to grapple with his enemy) hee (more deſirous to live with ſhame, than to die with honour) deſcends ſo farre from true and noble generoſity, as he begges his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous ſpirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage, and wreaked the utmoſt of their gall and ſpleene upon the miſfortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is ſo truely noble and generous, as diſdaining to fight with an unarmed man, and ſo to eclips or blemiſh the luſtre of his reputation in killing him who begged his life of him, and when it lay at his pleaſure to give or take it, as he throwes away his Rapier, making him promiſe, and ſweare he will never henceforth attempt againſt the honour of his wife; *Planeze* very freely and cheerefully gives him his life: And to ſhew himſelfe the more generous in this his courteſie, lends him his hand to raiſe him up on his feet; for which infinite kindneſſe, *Borlary* yeelds him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their clokes, they part very good friends, and ſo get themſelves into two of the neereſt houſes of the Suburbs, very ſecretly and ſilently to dreſſe their wounds, and at night they returne to their houſes: Where our deare and faire *Feliſanna* underſtanding the manner and cauſe of this combate betwixt her Huſband and *Borlary*, it is impoſſible for me to define whether ſhe wept and ſighed more for the loſſe of her Huſbands blood, or rejoyced and praiſed God for the ſaving and ſparing of his life.

Yet this Combate of theirs is not ſo ſecretly acted, but in leſſe than two daies, all *Verona* hath newes, and prattles thereof. When meaſuring the firſt Duell of *Planeze* and *Borlary* by the ſecond, and the ſecond by the firſt; They extoll *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Planeze*, but infinitly applaud the noble courteſie and generoſity of *Planeze*, in giving *Borlary* his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have taken it from him. And as moſt commended the Lady *Feliſanna* for diſdaining to make ſhipwracke of her honour on the *Scylla* and *Charibdis* of *Borlary* his luſt, and for not ſacrificing her chaſtity to his laſcivious affections and deſires; So, in generall, all Gentlemen and Ladies condemne her of indiſcretion, in ſhewing his Letters to her Huſband, and in acquainting him with his ſuits & deſires, it having been ſufficient for her ſecretly to have given him the repulſe and deniall, and her ſelfe the glory. Againe, there want not divers, eſpecially the younger ſort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Verona*, who taxe *Borlary* of cowardize, in ſhamefully begging his life of *Planeze*, when either his good fortune in ſtruggling, or his piece of ſword in his defence, might, peradventure, have preſerved it. Thus every one ſpeakes according to his owne fancie and affections.

Borlary having loſt ſo much blood for the affection which he bore to *Feliſanna*, and received and reaped nothing from her but diſdaine and hatred, hee is not a little grieved and vexed hereat. But when he underſtands that hee hath now made himſelfe

ſelfe the laughter of all *Verona*, in this his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, and that his reputation doth therefore univerſally ſuffer in this action, hee is then, as it were, pierced to the heart with ſorrow, and to the ſoule with ſhame. Hee knowes it were farre better for him to be borne a Clowne, than to be held and eſteemed a Coward; and that having once purchaſed that baſe title, hee ſhall difficultly ever loſe. Yea, whereſoever he goes, he heares and ſees, that his Superiours, his Equalls, and his Inferiours, not onely prattle at his ſhame, but point at his infamy herein, ſo that hee is (in manner) a ſhame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almoſt a ſhame to himſelfe. But ſee here the vanity and impiety of this inconſiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curioſities, yet it will deſerve his compaſſion and pity, to ſee what uſe, or rather what abuſe hee makes of this his imaginary diſhonour: For neither with reaſon, which is the ſoule of his heart, nor with Religion which is the life of his ſoule, doth he once looke up to Heaven to thanke God for ſo mercifully protecting, and ſo miraculouſly preſerving of his life in theſe two duells, when hee, as it were, ſtood on the brinke, and in the very jawes of death, and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Planeze* his Rapier and of his pleaſure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be ſo much a Chriſtian, and too much the member of Satan, to be ſo much the childe of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of laſcivious deſires and luſt; now as a limbe and agent of the Divell, he will wholly abandon it to infernall rage and helliſh revenge; for knowing *Planeze* to be both the Author and object of his diſhonour, and the inſtrument and cauſe of his diſgrace, hee therefore retaines this diabolicall and bloody Aphoriſme in his heart; that as long as hee lives, it will live with him, and when he dies, it will die with him; and therefore to refetch his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly ſacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and reſolutions to revenge, hee moſt ingratefully and deſperately, reſolves to murther *Planeze*, or at leaſt to cauſe him to be murthered. Lo, here the wofull eſtate, and wretched reſolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlary*, and what a monſtrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conſpire his death, of whom (in a manner) hee but rightly now received his life, hee little knowes, or (which is worſe) he will not know, that revenge ſtill proves as pernitious, as pleaſing to their Authors, and that murther endeth in as much true miſery, as it begins in falſe content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious ſacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the father of all unity and charity.

But the Divell is ſo familiar a gueſt, and ſo frequent a counſellour to *Borlary*, that hee wretchedly vowes and execrably ſweares, that *Planeze* ſhall no longer live but die. Once hee was of opinion, either to piſtoll or ponyard him in the ſtreet by night, but then againe, ſeeing the eminency of that danger in the misfortune of his Laquey *Romeo*, he rejects it as ruinous, and reſolves on poyſon which he thinkes is the ſhorteſt and ſafeſt way for him to ſend him for Heaven, and thinkes none ſo fit for his purpoſe to give and adminiſter it to him as *Planeze* his owne Apothecary *Caſtruchio*, being the more confident in this his choyce, becauſe hee knowes him to be a wonderfull poore man, and withall, extremely vitious and debauſhed, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and more a Divell than a Catholike, and therefore believes that a little money will act wonders in his heart and reſolution; Neither doth he faile in his judgement, or deceive himſelfe in the hopes of his choyce; for he no ſooner proffereth him three hundred Duckatons, to poyſon *Planeze* (one halfe in hand, and the other when it is performed) but hee accepts thereof, ingageth himſelfe (by hand and oath) ſpeedily to diſpatch and finiſh it, and ſo like two Factors or furies of Hell, both of them ſweare ſecreſie each to other herein.

Borlary longing, and *Caſtruchio* deſiring to finiſh this Tragedy on *Planeze*, that he might likewiſe touch the laſt one hundred and fifty Duckatons; The Spring ap-

proching, wherein *Planeze* every yeere for the preſervation of his health, was accuſtomed to take Phyſike of *Caſtruchio*, hee no ſooner ſent for him to that effect, but firſt purging, then bleeding him, hee then artificially perſwades him to take a vomit the next morning, whereunto *Planeze* eaſily conſents, ſo he adminiſtreth it to him and therein infuſing poyſon, hee within ſix daies after dies thereof, when *Caſtruchio* demanding his other one hundred and fifty Dukatons, *Borlary* ſpeedily paies it him with much content, joy and delectation: But let the firſt know, and the ſecond remember, that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our Hiſtory leades us now (as it were by the hand) to our ſorrowfull young widow *Feliſanna*, who, poore ſoule, (not dreaming any way in the world either of poyſon or of *Borlary*) is ready to weep her ſelfe to death, that ſhe muſt ſurvive and cannot dye with her deere and ſweet husband *Planeze*, and that as one bed, ſo one grave might containe them, yea her griefe is ſo great and her ſorrowes ſo infinite for the loſſe of this her other part of her ſelfe, that neither her father, kinsfolks or friends can poſſibly comfort her; for ſtill ſhe ſees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impoſſible for him to die as long as ſhe lived: Which exceſſe of ſorrowes, ſighes and teares of hers, ſo withered the roſes and lillies of her beauty, and ſo eclipſed the luſtre of her ſparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgements of all thoſe who ſaw or knew her, ſhee became ſo pale and leane, as ſhee was no longer *Feliſanna*, but onely the poore ſicke Anatomy of *Feliſanna*.

We have ſeene this wretched Gentleman *Borlary*, and this execrable Apothecary, *Caſtruchio*, commit this horrible murther upon the perſon of noble and Generous *Planeze*, and wee ſhall not goe farre, before wee ſhall ſee the ſacred Juſtice, and juſt puniſhments of God to ſurpriſe and overtake them for the ſame; For God is now reſolved to triumph ore thoſe bloody miſcreants, and although they have ſo cloſely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murther, as there are no earthly eyes to detect nor witneſſe to give in evidence againſt them for the ſame: yet our good and gratious God, who is the true ſearcher of our hearts and reines, will to his glory and their confuſion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepeſt conſideration, and of our moſt ſerious and religious obſervation: The manner whereof is thus:

This wretched Apothecary *Caſtruchio*, having received his other hundred Dukatons of *Borlary* (as wee have formerly underſtood) for miniſtring this bloody buſineſſe, and being (as we know) of a moſt vitious and debauſhed life, hee had already in his riots and prodigalities ſpent and conſumed all his eſtate: And now this three hundred Dukatons which he received of *Borlary* for performing this bloody buſineſſe, makes him by many degrees farre worſe than hee was before; for (as by Gods ſacred and ſecret providence) it was impoſſible to proſper with him, ſo his prophane vices and ſinnes, and his beaſtly pleaſures and prodigalities made it conſume and melt away as ſnow againſt the Sunne, in ſuch ſort, that it ſeemed to him, that he was a thiefe to himſelfe, and that one of his hands and pockets hourely couzened and betrayed the other; And although for a time hee bore this his vitious courſe of life very cloſe and ſecret from the eye and knowledge of the world, whereby his credit farre exceeded his Eſtate, ſo after the committing of this foule murther, both his Eſtate, Credit, and all went to wracke and ſpoyle; for hee left nothing either unſpent or unpawned, and which is yet worſe, he fell into many arrerages and debts, which at laſt grew ſo clamorous (eſpecially when his prodigall and beaſtly life of whoring, drunkenneſſe, and dicing, came to be divulged and ſpred to the world; that by three of his greateſt creditors he is arreſted and clapt into priſon, and his ſhop ſeized on by them, which they finde as empty of drugs, as his Maſters heart was of pity, and his ſoule of piety: And as it is the nature (or rather the miſery) of priſons, that where one man vertuouſly improves

proves his life and actions there, a hundred doe vitiouſly ruine themſelves, ſo *Caſtruchio* being one of this laſt number, he there waſteth and conſumeth all that hee hath, or which he can poſſibly procure, and in a few weekes reduceth himſelfe to ſo extreame poverty and beggery, that hee is ſlapt into the common goale among the pooreſt ſort of priſoners who live by the almes and charity of well diſpoſed people, his clothes being all tottered and torne, having no bed to lye on nor hardly bread to ſuffice nature, or to maintaine life, being abandoned of all his friends and acquaintance, who will rather ſee him ſtarve and dye then releeve him: And yet in all theſe extremities, and at the very loweſt ebbe of theſe his wants and miſeries, hee will yet neither looke downe into his Conſcience, heart, and ſoule with ſorrow, nor up to heaven or to God with repentance for all his foule ſinnes and vices, eſpecially not for this his cruell and lamentable poyſoning of *Planeze*, which are the true reaſons and the efficient cauſes of theſe his miſerable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miſeries are ſo great and infinite here in priſon, that none whoſoever will come thither to ſee him, much leſſe to pitty him, and leaſt of all to releeve him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, then of her courteſie or charity to him, although ſhee diſdaine to goe her ſelfe into priſon to ſee *Caſtruchio*, yet ſhee is contented ſometimes to ſend him her ſonne *Bernardo*, a boy of ſome ſixteene yeeres of age to goe his errands, ſo his neceſſity making his invention pregnant and cleere ſighted, after hee had tyred all his friends and acquaintance with notes and Letters, which returne ſtill empty fiſted, his memory at the laſt falls and pitcheth on *Borlary*, who (for the bloody reaſon formerly mentioned) he thinkes the onely fit man of the world to redreſſe his wants, and to releeve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often ſends *Bernardo* with many pittifull requeſts and intreaties for money, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary conſidering that he hath far more cauſe and reaſon to love *Caſtruchio* then to hate him for that (by vertue of the premiſes) hee ſees his owne life to lye at the mercy of his tongue, although he rather wiſh him in Heaven then in priſon, yet being extreamely covetous, and yet holding himſelfe both in conſcience and diſcretion bound to releeve him; hee therefore ſends him ſome ſmall ſummes of money, but no way enough to buy him cloathes, or to maintaine his former prodigalities, but rather hardly ſufficient to maintaine life in him, much leſſe to cheriſh or pamper him. And ſo often doth *Caſtruchio* ſend the boy *Bernardo* to *Borlari* for money, that at laſt being weary thereof, and reſolute to part with no more money, (God here makes his covetouſneſſe partly the meanes to chaulke out a way to his owne confuſion) and is reſolved neither to ſpeake nor to ſee *Bernardo*, and to that effect gives order to his ſervants: When little *Bernardo* ſeeing that hee weares out his time, and his ſhooes in vaine to hunt after *Borlary*, whom he knowes will not be ſpoken with by him, hee tels *Caſtruchio* that he provide himſelfe of another meſſenger towards *Borlari*, for he wil goe no more to him, becauſe he ſees it is wholly impoſſible for him to ſpeak with him: and at this diſcourteſie of *Borlary*, *Caſtruchio* doth now bite his lip with diſcontent and hung his head for anger, and from henceforth hee begins to aſſume bad bloud, and to conceive dangerous thoughts againſt him, but as yet the conſideration of his owne ſafety or danger makes him patient and ſilent; But God will not have him to continue ſo long, for almoſt preſently wee ſhall ſee his patience burſt forth into violence and impetuoſity, and his ſilence breake out into extreame choller and indignation againſt him.

His old Baud *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her ſinnefull profeſſion) as often as ſhe heares or knowes that *Caſtruchio* had any mony from *Borlari*, ſo often ſhe would come to the priſon to him, and ſpeedily carouſe and conſume it with him; but when by her ſonne *Bernardo* ſhee ſees his purſe ſhut, that fountaine exhauſted, and that

her

her boy could no more ſee *Borlary* but a wodden face, I meane his doore ſhut, then ſhe (reſembling her ſelfe) againe forſakes *Caſtruchio*, and will neither ſee him nor come neere his priſon, ſo that at laſt he not ſeeing *Bernardo* nor once hearing from *Borlary* in three weekes or well neere a moneth together, and being ready to periſh, ſtarve and dye under the heavy burthen and preſſure of his wants, hee earneſtly ſends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and cauſeth her to be informed, that if ſhe will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, hee will ſpeedily ſend him ſome ſtore of money, and then ſhee ſhall have a ſhare and part thereof, ſo when no other reſpect or conſideration will, then this of money againe brings this old filthy Beldam *Dorilla* to the priſon to *Caſtruchio*, who having provided her a bottle of wine, and five Gazettaes to drinke by the way (thereby the more carefully to effect his buſineſſe hee exceedingly incenſed with choller and revenge againſt *Borlari* for this ingratitude towards him) writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth *Dorilla* with ſpeed, care, and ſecreſie to deliver it into *Borlary* his owne hands and to no other, which letter of his ſpake this language.

CASTRVCHIO to BORLARY.

THou knoweſt that for three hundred Duckatons which thou gaveſt mee, I poyſoned Seignior Planeze *in a Vomit, and wilt thou now be ſo hard and cruel hearted againſt mee to ſuffer me to die in priſon for want of ſo ſmall a ſumme as twenty Duckatons? I am made of the ſame fleſh and blood as thou art, and although my fortunes be ſo low plunged, yet my heart is ſo high ſeated and elevated, that I give thee to underſtand I will rather conſent to be hanged then ſtarved: Wherefore becauſe my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou meane to prevent the one, and to ſecure thy ſelfe from the other, faile not ſpeedily to ſend mee the ſaid twenty Duckatons by this bearer* Dorilla, *whom I have entruſted with my letter faſt ſealed (and ſo maiſt thou with thine) but for the ſecret therein (which thou woteſt of) ſhe is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courteſie thou ſhalt not onely tye my tongue and pen, but my heart and ſoule to ſilence, or elſe not: Amiddeſt thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reſerved mee to make thee know that thou doeſt not uſe, but abuſe it, and therein thy ſelfe.*

CASTRVCHIO.

Dorilla receiving this Letter from *Caſtruchio*, ſhee puts it into her purſe and promiſeth him her beſt care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to *Seignior Borlary*, although ſhe confeſſeth that ſhee neither knew him nor his houſe: But ſee here the providence and mercy of God which cleerely reſplends and ſhines in the deportment and action of this beaſtly old bawd, for ſhe meeting with ſome of her gameſters and goſſips in the ſtreet (though contrary to the cuſtome of *Italy*) away they goe to a taverne, where they all ſwill their heads and braines with wine, eſpecially *Dorilla*: So the day being farre ſpent, her buſineſſe for *Caſtruchio* is ended ere begun; for ſhee forgetting her ſelfe cannot remember his letter, but as faſt as her reeling legges will permit her, away ſhee ſpeedes towards her owne houſe, which was ſome halfe a mile off in the City. But when ſhee was in the ſtreets and had a little taken the aire, then ſhee calls *Caſtruchios* letter to minde, and her promiſe to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) ſhee hath quite forgotten; for ſhee cannot once hit on the name *Borlary*. But at laſt remembring the letter to be in her purſe, and ſhee by this time in the midſt of the City, ſhee takes it out in her hand, and ſeeing a faire, yet ſorrowfull young Lady to ſtand at the ſtreet doore of her houſe all in mourning attire, and no body neere her, after ſhee had done her duty to her, ſhe reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requeſteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when (God out of the Profundity of his Power and

and Immenſity of his pleaſure, having ſo ordained and ordered it, that this faire young Lady was our ſweet *Feliſanna*, (who for the death of her deare Husband *Planeze*, had dighted her ſelfe all in mourning attire and apparell, thereby the better to make it correſpond with her heart: who reading the ſuperſcription thereof, and finding it directed to *Seignior Borlary* (by ſome motion or inſpiration from Heaven) her heart could not refraine from ſending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman from whom this Letter came; *Dorilla* (as drunke in her fidelity and innocency, as ſhee was guilty of her drunkenneſſe) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in priſon, named *Caſtruchio*: At the very repetition of which name, our *Feliſanna* againe bluſhed, and then paleth, as if God had ſome newes to reveale her by this Letter, becauſe ſhe remembreth that this *Caſtruchio*, as wee have formerly underſtood, was the very ſame Apothecary who gave her Huſband *Planeze* Phyſick a little before his death; Whereupon ſhee praying *Dorilla* to come with her into her houſe, becauſe ſhee purpoſely and politiquely affirmed ſhee could not reade written hand her ſelfe, but would pray her father to doe it; ſhee leaves her in the outer Hall, and her ſelfe goes into the next roome, where breaking up the ſeales of this Letter, ſhee at the very firſt ſight and knowledge that her Huſband was poyſoned, and by whom, and that God had now miraculouſly revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkenneſſe of this old woman, ſhee for meere griefe and ſorrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a ſwound, had not her Father and ſome of his ſervants, who over-hearing her paſſionate out-cries, come ſpeedily to her aſſiſtance; which yet could not awake *Dorilla*, who had no ſooner ſate her ſelfe downe in a chaire in the Hall, but being top-heavie with Wine, ſhee preſently fell aſleepe. *Miniata* rouſing up his fainting and ſorrowfull daughter, brought her againe to her ſelfe; and ſeeing her in a bitter agony and paſſion of ſorrow, demands of her the cauſe thereof: when the briniſh teares trickling downe her vermilion cheekes, ſhee croſſing her armes, and fixing her eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to ſpeake a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to reade; *Miniata* peruſing it, is as much aſtoniſhed with griefe, as his daughter is afflicted with ſorrow at this poyſoning of her Huſband and his ſonne in Law, *Planeze*: ſo enquiring of her who brought her this Letter, ſhe after many ſighes and pauſes tells him, that it was the Mercy and Providence of the Lord, who ſent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: They both goe to her, and finding her faſt ſleeping and ſnoring, *Miniata* pulls her by the ſleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his daughter and ſervants, where, and from whom ſhee had this Letter: who as drunken as this Bawd is, ſhee is conſtant in her firſt ſpeech and confeſſion to *Feliſanna*, that ſhee had it from *Caſtruchio* an Apothecary who lay in priſon, but ſhee had forgotten to whom ſhee was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her backe her Letter againe. But *Miniata* ſeeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus ſtrangely had revealed this murther of his ſonne in Law *Planeze*, hee calls in two Gentlewomen his next neighbours to comfort his daughter *Feliſanna*, and ſo leaving *Dorilla* to the guard of two of his ſervants, hee (with two other Gentlemen his neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Caſtruchio's* Letter in his hand, hee drives away to the State-houſe, where he findes out the Podeſtate and Prefect of the City, and ſhewing them the Letter which revealed the poyſoning and poyſoners of *Planeze* his ſonne in Law, they (in honour to Juſtice, and out of their reſpect to the ſorrowfull Lady his daughter) take their Coaches, and returne with *Miniata* home to his houſe: Where they firſt examine *Feliſanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is conſtant in her firſt depoſition. Whereat theſe grave and honourable Perſonages, wondering and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his ranke and quality, ſhould make himſelfe the guilty and bloody Authour of ſo foule a Murther; they (likewiſe admiring and bleſſing Gods providence in the detection thereof) doe preſently ſend away

their

their Isbieres (or Serjeants) to apprehend *Borlary*; and so they goe to their Forum (or seat of Justice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio*, to be brought from the prison before them: Who at the very first newes of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, hee curseth the person and name of this old Bawd, *Dorilla*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himselfe to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlary* to be the Authour, cause, and instigator of this his poysoning of *Planeze*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soule, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Serjeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) finde *Borlary* in his owne house, ruffling in a new rich suit of apparell, of blacke Sattin, trimmed with gold buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seeke in marriage a very rich young widdow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himselfe (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poysoning of *Planeze*, or how hee was revealed to be the Authour thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*; Hee is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now beating his breast, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever hee embrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planeze*. So both himselfe and *Castruchio* are brought to the State house, where the Podestate and Prefect first examine them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them to confesse themselves guilty of this foule murther, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemne *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be throwne into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All *Verona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talke and prattle of this foule and lamentable murther, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd, *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to whores willingly, now at last, she brings him to the Gallowes against her will. The morning they are brought to their execution, where there flocke and resort a world of spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Friers to direct their soules for Heaven; yet this miserable wretch, *Castruchio*, seeming no way repentant or sorrowfull for this his foule fact, uttered a short prayer to himselfe, and so caused the top-man to turne him over, which hee did, and within two houres after his body was throwne into the River. But for *Borlary*, hee came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared; for with griefe in his lookes, and teares in his eyes, he therefore delivered this short and religious speech:

That hee grieved in his heart, and was sorrowfull in soule, for this lamentable murther of his, committed on the person of *Planeze*, as also for seducing of *Castruchio* to effect it by poyson, for whose death hee affirmed, hee was likewise exceedingly afflicted and sorrowfull: That it was the temptations of the flesh and the Divell, who first drew him lustfully to affect the faire, chaste, and vertuous Lady, *Felissanna*, and consequently to murther her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtaine her for his Wife, or for his Courtesan: That hee was infinitely sorrowfull for all these his enormous crimes, for the which hee religiously asked forgivenesse, first of God, and then of the Lady *Felissanna*, and likewise prayed all those who were there present, to pray unto God for his soule; that hee was more carefull of his reputation towards men, than of his salvation towards God; and that his neglect of prayer, and of the participation of the blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, was the originall cause of this his misery. So againe, commending himselfe to the prayers, and recommending his sinfull, yet sorrowfull soule into the hands of his Redeemer, the sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetuall divorce

divorce betweene his ſoule and his body, which pious and courteous ſpeech of his was as great a conſolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of *Caſtruchio* was a terrour to the vitious ſpectators and auditors: So to confirme the ſentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is preſently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and deſerved deaths of theſe three irreligious and unfortunate perſons: Of *Romio* the Laquey: Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Caſtruchio* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the juſtice of the Lord of Hoſts (in due time) juſtly triumph o're their execrable crimes in their ſharp puniſhments, and ſhamefull ends. Pray we that we may reade this their Hiſtory with feare, and as religious andgodly Chriſtians, remember theſe their lamentable murthers with horrour and deteſtation.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIX.

Beaumarays *and his brother* Montagne, *kill* Champigny *and* Marin (*his Second*) *in a Duell*; Blancheville (*the widdow of* Champigny) *in revenge thereof, hireth* Le Valley (*ſervant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtoll, which hee doth; for the which* Le Valley *is broken on the wheele, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

LEt all Religious Chriſtians examine their hearts and ſoules, with what face wee can tread on Earth, or looke up to Heaven, when we ſtab at the Majeſty of God, in killing and murthering man, his Image, a bloody crime, ſo repugnant to nature, as reaſon abhorres it, a ſcarlet and crying ſin ſo oppoſite to grace, as God and his Angells deteſt it. And yet if ever Europe were ſtained or ſubmerged with it, now it is; for as a ſwift current, or rather as a furious torrent, it now flowes, and overflowes in moſt Kingdomes, Countries and Cities thereof, in ſo much as (in deſpight of divine and humane Lawes) it is now (almoſt) generally growne to a wretched cuſtome, and that almoſt to a ſecond nature. A fatall example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will report and relate us. Wherein Gods Juſtice hath ſo ſharpely and ſeverely puniſhed the perpetrators thereof, that if wee either acknowledge God for our Father, or our ſelves for his children and ſervants, it will teach us to be leſſe revengefull, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgement.

I Will now relate a ſad and bloody Hiſtory, which betided in the faire City of *Chartres*, (the Capitall of the fertill Countrey of *Beauſſe*) ſo famous for her ſumptuous Cathedrall Church, dedicated to the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, as alſo for that *Henry* the fourth, (that great King, and unparalleld Captaine of *France*) during the combuſtions of the league, was (deſpight of the league) crowned therein. In which faire and pleaſant

City, as there ſtill dwell ſome Noblemen, and many Gentlemen, in reſpect of the ſweet aire, and goodly Champaigne Countrey thereabouts, (ſecond for that to no other in *France.*) So of late yeeres, there reſided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well deſcended, being both of them heires to their two deceaſed Fathers: The one of them named *Mounſieur De Champigny*, and the other *Mounſieur De Beaumarays*, and their Demaines and Lands lay within ſeaven leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendoſme.* Now the better to ſee them in their true and naturall Characters; They were both of them tall and ſlender, and of faire and ſanguine complexions, and very neere of an age: For *Champigny* was twenty ſixe yeeres old, and *Beaumarays* twenty foure, and yet the laſt had a beard, and the firſt none, and of the two, *Champigny* was by far the richer, but *Beaumarays* the Nobler deſcended. Now, to lay this Hiſtory upon its proper ſeat, and naturall foundation, we muſt underſtand that there was a very rich Counſellour of the Preſidiall Court of *Chartres*, named *Mounſieur De Roſaire*, whoſe wife being deade, left him no other childe, but one faire young daughter, of the age of ſome eighteene yeeres, named *Madamoyſelle De Blancheville*, very tall and ſlender of ſtature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a Coale-blacke haire and eye-browes, and of deportment and geſture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time, both theſe our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* were importunate Sutors, and paſſionate Rivalls to marry her, in ſo much, as the one of them could difficultly be abſent from the fathers houſe, and daughters company, but the other was preſent, which engendered ſome malice, but more emulation between them. But in the end, (after a whole yeeres reſearch and more) as the Willow was deſtinied and reſerved for *Beaumarays*, ſo was the Laurell for *Champigny*; for to his joy, *Blancheville's* deſire, and her fathers content, he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays* knowing his birth to be more Noble, and his breeding farre more generous than that of *Champigny*, (though not in outward ſhew, yet in inward ſenſe) was extremely diſcontented and ſorrowfull, but to remedy it he could not.

In ſuch, and the like refuſing accidents, diſcretion is ever farre better than paſſion, and contempt than care. But *Beaumarays* cannot, or at leaſt will not, be of this temper. He forſakes reaſon, to flie to choller, and ſo loſeth his reall and ſolid judgement, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For being at ſupper in company of ſome five or ſixe Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, he tranſported with malice and revenge towards her, forgat himſelfe ſo farre, as (betweene jeſt and earneſt) to let fall theſe indiſcreete and raſh words, *That ſhee was more diſdainfull than chaſte:* a ſpeech which he ſhall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought ſtill to be deare and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, becauſe their loſſe thereof can ſeldome be repaired, but never ſo well or ſo fully recovered, but that there ſtill remaines ſome ſtaine or blemiſh thereof. This undeſerved ſcandall of *Beaumarays* to his *Quondam* Miſtreſſe *Blancheville*, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are ſuch, as there are few companies without a Foole or a Traitor to their friends, and ſome are accompanied with both. *Mounſieur Marin* a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vaine than honeſt) will make himſelfe one of this laſt number, for hee being ambitiouſly deſirous to ſkrew himſelfe into the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville*, (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tells her this ſpeech of *Beaumarays*, whereat ſhee is exceedingly incenſed and exaſperated: But for that time (as a true woman) ſhee diſſembles her malice and revenge towards him, and ſo rakes up the memory thereof in the embers of ſilence; but yet with this condition & reſervation, that hereafter ſhe will take time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuoſity.

In the meane time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference betweene her Huſband and *Beaumarays*, whereat ſhe is ſo farre from grieving, as ſhee rejoyceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of ſeats in the Church, (as being both of one Pariſh) as alſo for that he takes the holy bread firſt, and goes before

fore him in all proceſſions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a graine to yeeld that to him which he never yeelded, and is therefore reſolute to juſtifie his equality of birth, and conſequently, not to wrong his Anceſtours in himſelfe. When ſeeing *Beaumarays* paſſionately bent to maintaine and preſerve that which he had undertaken, hee flies to Juſtice, and ſo preſently puts him in ſuit of Law for the ſame in the Preſidiall Court of that City. *Blancheville* (whoſe pride in her ſelfe exceeded her birth, and whoſe malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays* at the leaſt ſurmounted her diſcretion and reaſon) brings no water to quench, but oile to inflame this quarrell betwixt him and her Huſband, when ſeeing them already entred into a deep proceſſe of Law; ſhee diſdaining to ſee her ſelfe thus abuſed, and her Huſband thus wronged by him, can reape no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choller, before ſhee have written him theſe lines.

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAVMARAYS.

WAs it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy falſe and ſcandalous ſpeeches to Mounſieur Marin, *and others, but thou muſt now attempt to diſgrace my Husband in the Church? and becauſe theſe crimes of thine are ſo unjuſt and odious, as they deſerve acknowledgement and ſatisfaction from a farre better Gentleman than thy ſelfe; therefore I ſpeedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or preſence, which if thou deny us, wee will make thee know, what it is, to abuſe thy ſelfe and us, in points of theſe high natures, whereof the firſt cannot, the ſecond will not admit of any other excuſe or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my minde; as thou haſt heretofore vented mee the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Conſider therefore ſeriouſly with thy ſelfe, what thou haſt to doe herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine owne diſcretion, and as ſoone as I receive thine anſwer and reſolution, I will not faile ſpeedily to returne thee mine.*

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, ſhe is irreſolute with her ſelfe, by whom to ſend it him, but at laſt ſhee ſends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom onely ſhee intruſteth this great ſecret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays* his owne hands, and to crave his anſwer thereof. *Martha* being a witty faire maid, of ſome two and twenty yeeres of age, goes to *Beaumarays* houſe, and ſpeakes with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tells her, that his Maſter is now buſie with two Gentlemen in his ſtudy, and that ſhee ſhall immediately ſpeake with him as ſoone as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refraine from amorouſly gazing and ranging upon the excellency of her bluſhing beauty, and upon her ſweet vermillion cheekes, great rolling eyes, and flaxen haire, wherewith his heart at the very firſt encounter, is ſurprized and raviſhed. Here *Le Valley* kiſſeth and rekiſſeth *Martha*, and entertaines her with much prattle, and many pleaſant love ſpeeches, yea, then and there loves her ſo dearely, as he vowes ſhe ſhall remaine his Miſtreſſe, and he her ſervant till death. So ſome halfe an houre after the two Gentlemen take leave of his Maſter, and then *Le Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivers him her Miſtreſſes Letter and meſſage, ſo hee wondring at the laſt, receives the firſt, leaves her in the Hall with his man *Le Valley*, and ſo ſteps to his ſtudy, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruſeth this Letter. Here he accuſeth his owne indiſcretion, in ſpeaking againſt *Blancheville's* chaſtity, and exceedingly condemneth *Marins* treachery in revealing it to her. Once hee was of opinion to have returned her his anſwer by Letter, but at laſt ſcorning her and that reſolution, hee then contrariwiſe reſolves to anſwer her with ſilence, and ſo ſteps forth to *Martha*, and with a diſdainfull frowning looke, bids her tell her Miſtreſſe from him, that her malicious proud and fooliſh Letter ſhall have

no other anſwer from him, but contempt and ſilence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his anſwer in writing to her Miſtreſſe, but *Beaumarays* his firſt reſolution is his laſt, ſo ſhe departeth from him infinitely diſcontented. But the Maſter is not ſo unkinde to *Martha*, as his man *Le Valley* is courteous; For he being deepely enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one halfe of her way home, and goes into a Mercers ſhop, buyes her a faire paire of gloves, and as the pledge of his future affection, beſtowes them on her, the which (without farther excuſe or ceremony) ſhee thankfully accepteth, and promiſeth him to weare them for his ſake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Miſtreſſe, ſhe delivers her *Beaumarays* his anſwer, *verbatim* as hee told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* ſeeing her ſelfe thus wronged and ſlighted of him, in that he diſdaineth to give her any ſatisfaction, and which is worſe, that he peremptorily refuſeth, and ſcorneth to anſwer her Letter; She is ſo ſtrangely tranſported with malice and choller towards him for the ſame, as ſhe vowes to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet ſhe knowes not in what manner to performe and perpetrate it; onely ſhee againe reſolves not as yet to acquaint her Huſband therewith, but to attend and watch for ſome future deſired opportunity.

Two yeeres are almoſt paſt away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great coſt and charge) doe vehemently conteſt in Law about their Church quarrell for precedency, but they doe it farre more out of malice towards themſelves, than any way out of piety towards God. And as moſt of the great Judiciall Courts of *France* are too too frequently oppreſſed with Law ſuits of this nature; ſo I may affirme with as much truth as pity, that this is a fatall rocke, whereon many hot contentious *French* ſpirits doe moſt inconſiderately ſuffer ſhipwracke. At the end of which time (as the loſſe of one party proves ſtill the gaine of the other) the Preſidiall Court of *Chartres* pronounceth ſentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the precedency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crownes charge and dammage to *Beaumarys*. This thundering ſentence ſo prejudiciall and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wives hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choller, and her out of all patience towards *Beaumarays*. Hee bites his lip with griefe, and his wife inflamed with rage at the report and knowledge hereof, and although he were once minded to appeale from this ſentence of the Preſidiall Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his beſt friends, hee as ſoone abandoneth as embraceth, that reſolution. Hee cannot ſee *Beaumarays* but with envie, nor his wife heare ſpeake of him, but with infinite malice and deteſtation. Shee is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her ſpeeches and actions, both day and night, precipitates her Huſband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice againſt him begins afreſh to revive and flouriſh, and now ſhe thinkes it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Huſband with *Beaumarays* his baſe and ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her honour, the which with much paſſion, and many teares ſhee effects, and alſo ſhewes him the Copy of her Letter, which ſhee ſent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto ſhe informes him, hee diſdainfully returned her no anſwer, but contempt and ſilence. *Champigny* is ſo deepely incenſed hereat againſt *Beaumarays*, as his wife needes not many words or circumſtances to induce and perſwade him to revenge it on him: when preſently hee being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counſell, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirmes as much to him, as he would have him affirme. Now, as *Blancheville* thinkes that her Huſband *Champigny* will queſtion *Beaumarays* by the Law of Juſtice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and aſſumes a contrary reſolution, to doe it by that of his ſword. When having prayed, and procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horſe-backe, hee (conſulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by *Seron* his footman, ſends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY

CHAMPIGNY to BEAVMARAYS.

AS thy knowledge is Iudge, ſo Mounſieur Marin *is witneſſe, what baſe and ignoble ſpeeches thou haſt falſly vomitted forth againſt the honour and chaſtity of my wife. And becauſe crimes of this nature are ſtill odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much leſſe to be digeſted and ſuffered by a Husband: Therefore thanke thy ſelfe, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on thy valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with our ſwords on horſebacke, on Tueſday next, betweene ſixe and ſeven in the morning, without the North hedge of the very firſt Vineyard beyond the River, where you ſhall finde wee will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cauſe, to the injuſtice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the iſſue of this Duell will prove glorious for me, and ſhameſull and ruinous for thy ſelfe.*

CHAMPIGNY.

Seron (according to his charge and duty) findes out *Beaumarays* in his owne houſe, and very ſecretly gives him his Maſters Letter; who much muſing thereat, ſteps to the window, and there privately reades it to himſelfe: When bluſhing and ſmiling to ſee the bold folly of *Champigny*, the fooliſh malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the baſe treachery of *Marin* towards him, hee is ſo couragious and generous, as hee diſdaines to be out-braved by any man whatſoever in the point of honour, (which hee eſteemes farre dearer and precious than his life) eſpecially by *Champigny*, whom he holds to be as much his inferiour in valour as blood. He therefore trips to his ſtudy, and writes *Champigny* this Letter, the which hee returnes by his foot-man in anſwer of his.

BEAVMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my ſelfe Iudge, ſo I deſire not to be witneſſe either of thy wifes chaſtity or unchaſtity. It is ſufficient for me to leave her to her ſelfe, and her ſelfe to thee. Marin *ſhall have time enough to repent his treachery towards mee, and thou to exchange thy jealouſie into Iudgement. But becauſe I ſee thy choller now exceeds all the bounds of reaſon, for that thou art ſo inconſideratly and raſhly audacious, to ſeeke and preſerve thy wifes honour with the loſſe and ruine of mine; know therefore, that to cheriſh and maintaine it equally with my life, I cheerefully accept thy challenge, and doe hereby give thee to underſtand, that I with my ſecond, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horſebacke, where we doubt not but to acquit our ſelves, as our ſelves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our ſwords are compoſed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better, and conſequently, that you may, perchance, meet with your ſuperiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction.*

BEAVMARAYS.

He hath no ſooner ended this his Letter, but he preſently beginnes to thinke of his ſecond, when calling to minde his owne younger brother *Le Montagne*, (a young Gentleman of ſome twenty yeeres of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duells, and in both of them came off with his honour, he ſends for him to his cloſet, and there ſhewes him *Champigny* his challenge, and his anſwer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any ſtomacke to ſecond him at this feaſt, his brother *Montagne* highly applauds his generous reſolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and favour he now doth him in making him his ſecond, vow, that if he had many lives, as he hath but one, he is ready to ſacrifice them all at his feet and ſervice; and couragiouſly tells him, he ſhould have taken it for a ſenſible affront,

diſgrace and injury, if hee had made choyce of any other than himſelfe: So they both prepare their horſes, ſwords and courages againſt the approaching time, and no leſſe doth *Champigny* and *Marin*.

Beaumarays and his brother *Montagne* conceale this buſineſſe from all the world; and *Champigny* beares it ſo cloſe & ſecret, as he makes not his ambitious and malitious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himſelfe, ſmothers it up in ſilence. Tueſday morning being come, our foure impatient champions are in the fields at their Rendez-vous; firſt arrive *Champigny* and *Marin*, and preſently after them, *Beumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling courſers: At their entrance, *Marin* comes with a ſoft trot toward *Beumarays*, thinking to apologize himſelfe to him; But *Beumarays* is ſo brave and generous, as he is deafe to his ſpeeches, and will not heare him, but tells him, that it is ſwords, not tongues, which muſt now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty: So *Marin* miſſing of his aime, he returnes againe upon the ſame trot to *Champigny*, and now, according to the order and nature of Duells, it is ordered betweene thoſe foure deſperate Gentlemen, that their principalls ſhall ſearch the ſeconds, and the ſeconds the principalls, to ſee whether their doublets were any more than ſword proofe, but they might well have ſaved themſelves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations and honours with the leaſt ſhadow or tincture of cowardize; ſo they caſt off their doublets, divide themſelves, and then draw, and the firſt muſt, and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beumarays*, who being ſome foureſcore paces off, they give the ſpurs and reines to their horſes, and part as ſwift as the wind, or rather ſo furiouſly and ſuddenly, as two claps of thunder, or flaſhes of lightening: At their firſt encounter, *Beumarays* runs *Champigny* through his ſhirt band, into the right ſide of his necke, and *Champigny* him into his left ſhoulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make ſhort turnes with their horſes, and ſo fall to it amaine with their ſwords, when againe *Beumarays* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returnes him one in counterexchange, whereof neither of them being mortall, they againe divide themſelves to breath, which having done, and both of them as yet unſatisfied, they part the ſecond time, at which cloze, *Champigny* miſſeth *Beumarays*, and hurts his horſe in the necke, but *Beumarays* gives *Champigny* a licke with his ſword ore his forehead, which bled exceedingly, but yet they are too couragious to deſiſt, as ſcorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it againe the third time, which proves as fortunate for *Beumarays*, as fatall to *Champigny*; for as his horſe ſtumbleth on his fore-feet, *Beumarays* in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left pap, where his ſword meeting and cutting the ſtrings of his heart, he preſently, in a fainting and faltering language, ſpake theſe his laſt words: *Beumarays, I forgive thee my death, and God be mercifull unto my Soule*, and with the ſame, fell ſtarke dead from his horſe to the ground; When *Beaumarays*, as a noble Gentleman, leapt preſently from his horſe to his aſſiſtance, and ſo did his owne ſecond, *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vaine, for already life had forſaken his body, and conſequently, his ſoule was fled to his place: So hee lies there gored in his blood, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathleſſe body with his cloake, *Beaumarays* ſheathes up his ſword, and with hands and eyes elevated to heaven, rendreth thanks to God for this his victory.

No ſooner hath *Montagne* congratulated with his brother *Beaumarays* for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of himſelfe, hee calls out to his Rivall *Marin*, and bids him prepare to fight; When his brother *Beaumarays* notwithſtanding his loſſe of much blood, doth infinitly deſire to ſpare his brother *Montagne* from fighting with *Marin*, and ſo to performe it himſelfe. But *Montagne* is too couragious and generous either to underſtand this motion, or to reliſh this language from his brother, and ſo in hot words and high termes, he peremptorily tells him: *That hee came to fight with* Marin, *and fight he would*; whereupon his brother *Beaumarays* gives him his prayers,

commits

commits him to his good fortune, and ſo with his cloake muffled about him; ſits downe a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne* remounting his ſteed, he cals out againe to *Marin* and bids him prepare to fight.

Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunate diſaſter of his principall, but rather the more exaſperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vowes to ſell and requite his death deerely on the life of his adverſary *Montagne*: to which end they divide themſelves and draw, and ſo part each towards other, I know not whether with more ſwiftneſſe or courage; At their firſt encounter *Marin* runnes *Montagne* into the ſmall of the belly of a ſleight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great ſlaſh on his left cheeke, which hangs downe and bleeds exceedingly; When preſently cloſing againe, *Montagne* runnes *Marin* into the right thigh, and he him in requital into the right arme, and then they divide themſelves to take breath, and all theſe their wounds being as yet incapable to appeaſe or ſatisfie their courages, they preſently determine againe to fall to it with bravery and reſolution; When behold the Marquis of *Bellary* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his Sonnes, and their traine paſſeth that way from *Chartres* to goe to *Paris*, and ſeeing two Gentlemen on Horſebacke in their ſhirts with their ſwords drawne, he iudgeth it a Duell, when he and his two ſonnes gallop into the little meddow ioyning to the vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late; for *Montagne* and *Marin* ſeeing them ſwiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more haſte then good ſpeed, ſet ſpurres to their horſes the ſooner, and at this their ſecond meeting *Montagne* warding *Marins* ſword and putting it by, doth at the very ſame Inſtant runne him thorow the body a little below his navell, of which mortall wound, hee fell preſently from his horſe dead to the ground, uttering onely theſe words: *O Montagne, thou haſt ſlaine me: Thou haſt ſlain me, God receive my Soule:* and then and there without ſpeaking a word more immediately dyed.

No ſooner hath *Montagne* wiped and ſheathed up his ſword, but his joyfull brother *Beaumarays* galops up to him, and cheerefully congratulates with him for the ſame: When inſtantly the Marqueſſe of *Bellary*, and the two Lords his ſonnes, arrive to them, though a little too late; They are aſtoniſhed to ſee two proper Gentlemen lie there ſlaine in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marqueſſe, as briefly as his time and their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cauſe of their quarrell, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and ſatisfied by them, hee ſends the dead bodies of *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach; And underſtanding by *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, that for the preſervation of their ſafeties and lives, they were reſolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beauſſe*, and ſo thwarting ore *Normandy* by *Evereux* and *Leſieux*, to embarke themſelves for *Caen*, and thence to paſſe the Seas into *England*, till their friends in their abſence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as alſo that they were deſtitute both of Chirurgions to dreſſe their wounds, and of a guide to conduct them thither; Hee very nobly gave them his owne Chirurgion and guide, and promiſing them likewiſe, to labour with the King to the utmoſt of his power, for their peace, hee paſſeth on his journey, and commits them to the beſt fortune. A ſingular, yea, an honourable courteſie of this brave old Marqueſſe of *Bellary*, whoſe deſerts and fame I ſhould much wrong, if I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this Hiſtory.

Whiles thus the Marqueſſe of *Bellay* is travelling towards *Paris*, and *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* poſting for *Caen*, come we briefly to *Chartres*, which now reſounds and rattles with the report and iſſue of this combate, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all (according to their paſſions and affections) ſpeake differently thereof; ſome condemne the vanity of *Beaumarays*, others the folly and treachery of *Marin*, but all doe highly extoll the courage and generoſity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave wee them to their cenſures, and come wee againe to ſpeake of *Blancheville*, who takes the

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newes of this untimely death of her Husband so tenderly and sorrowfully, that she is ready to drowne her selfe in teares; It is not only a grief to her heart to see, but a terror to her conscience, to know, that her Husband *Champigny*, and her friend *Marin*, have both of them lost their lives for her sake, and when againe shee falls on the consideration and remembrance, that the first died by the hand and sword of *Beaumarays*, her mortall enemie, and the second by that of his brother *Montagne*, then she is againe ready to burst her heart and breast with sighing thereat. She is so uncapable of Counsell, as she will heare of no consolation, nor speake of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*, and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and speeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her selfe. To which end she converts most of her Corne and Wine into money, goes to *Paris*, casts her selfe at the Kings feet, and to the feet of that great and illustrious Court of *Parliament* for Justice, against *Beaumarays*, the murtherer of her Husband, the which againe and againe, shee aloud resounds and ecchoes forth to their eares, yea, her rage is so great, and her malice so outragious towards him, that notwithstanding his body is absent, yet she spends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Custome of *France* to be hanged up in *effigie*: But although her sute be just, yet (by reason of his great friends in Court) she sees her selfe so unfortunate, that she cannot obtaine it. Whereupon, after twelve moneths vaine stay in *Paris*, and a profuse expence of money, she (with much griefe and sorrow) secretly vowes to her selfe, that if ever he returne againe to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that she her selfe will be both his Judge and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this hellish resolution of hers, shee deepely sweares, that neither Earth nor Heaven shall divert her.

Now, to follow the naturall streame and tide of this History; Wee must againe bring *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* on the stage thereof: For the Reader must understand, that their wounds being dressed and secured, having bestowed both their horses on the Chirurgion and guide, the two servants of the aforesaid Marquesse of *Bellary*, and likewise written him a thankfull Letter for his honourable courtesie extended to them, and therewith likewise prayed him to solicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their absence, they privately (without any followers) embarque themselves upon an English vessell at *Caen*, and so with a prosperous gale, arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take horse for *London*, where they settle up their aboad and residence, from whence *Beaumarays* sends to *Chartres* for two of his foot-men, and his brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them some sixe weekes after, and brings their Masters word, how earnestly and violently their adversaries follow the rigour and severity of the Law against them in *Paris*, but especially against *Beaumarays*; they receive these advertisements, from their servants and friends, rather with griefe than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their owne disgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marquesse of *Bellary*, and likewise to the Bishop of *Chartres* (their deare friend and kinsman) to hasten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and absence as much as they wish their safety and returne, take time at advantage, and the King in a well disposed humour, and so doe most effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majesty, how these two absent Gentlemen and brothers, *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*, were without just cause or reason, provoked to this unfortunate combate by their adversaries; that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers; that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themselves: That for their vertues and generosity, they were beloved of all their Countrey and acquaintance: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majesties warres; and that their valour and courage was such, that in these times, which threatened more troubles than promised peace, they would undoubtely prove happy and necessary members for his service, with many other prevailing motives and reasons conducing

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that way ; which at laſt ſo weigh downe the heart and minde of the King, that hee freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seale, the which to make the more authenticall, they cauſed them to be enregiſtred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marqueſſe and Biſhop joyntly and ſpeedily writ to them thereof from *Paris*. And after ſome five moneths of their ſtay in *London*, they ſend them over theſe their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earle of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Ambaſſadour there for this preſent French King, *Lewis xiii.* the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good newes of theirs makes them now like the ayre of *France*, better than that of England. So they ſpeedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poaſt away *Dover*, *Callais*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the firſt thing they doe, they finde out the Marquis of *Bellay*, and the Biſhop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they doe their lives to the King : To whom they expreſſe a thouſand demonſtrations of thankfulneſſe for this their honour and favour ſhewed them. They likewiſe burne with deſire to teſtifie ſo much to the King, when the Marquis, ſeconded by the Biſhop, preſent them to his Majeſtie, who falling to his feet, hee gives them his Royall hand to kiſſe. They can better expreſſe their thankfulneſſe in deeds than words to him, and in language of their ſwords, than in that of their tongues : Only they tell his Majeſtie, that having received their lives of his meere clemencie and Royall favour, they moſt humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may ſpend and end them in his ſervice. Hee allowes of their zeale and humility, and to redouble his favour, hee gives them againe his hand to kiſſe, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impoſſible, that hee ſhall ſhortly have occaſion to uſe their ſwords and ſervice, and ſo diſmiſſeth them.

Theſe our two brothers remaine a moneth in *Paris*, wherein almoſt daily they tender their thankfull reſpects and ſervice to the Marquis and Biſhop, at the end whereof leaving their duties, and receiving their commands, they take horſe and returne home for *Chartres*, (from which by reaſon of their diſaſter they have beene ſo long abſent) where all their kinſfolks and friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almoſt all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce of their fortunate and ſafe returnes. Onely the Parents of *Marin* doe envie *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville*, the ſorrowfull and incenſed widdow of *Champigny*, hate *Beaumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes ſuch good meanes and friends, that in leſſe than two moneths he obtaines a perfect reconciliation of the firſt ; but although *Beaumarays* have made many faire overtures and proffers of attonement by his friends to the ſecond, yet in ſix moneths he ſees it is wholly impoſſible for him to procure it of her, and which is worſe, ſhe is ſtill ſo outragious and revengefull towards him, that he thinks he never ſhall ; for ſhe diſdaines to ſee him, and ſcornes to heare of him : and ſtill her malice and indignation againſt him, makes her conſtant in her former helliſh and bloudy reſolution, that by one meanes or other ſhe will ere long murther him, as he hath her Husband : A fearefull and moſt execrable reſolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and farre more the ſoule of a Chriſtian.

In the former part of this Hiſtory we have underſtood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beaumarays* his man) to *Martha Blancheville's* Chambermaid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and ſeene the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarays*. And wee ſhall not goe farre before the end hereof will enforme us what mournefull fruits, and deplorable effects, theſe different accidents and perſons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, ſo I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgement herein, I beleeve we ſhall ſhortly ſee the Antitheſis of this poſition made good and verified in the perſons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all poſſible meanes how he may marry *Martha* ; ſo is *Blancheville* maliciouſly

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pondering and ruminating with her ſelfe how or by what meanes or agents ſhe may murther *Beaumarays*. Thus we ſee that the heart of the firſt is as full of kindneſſe and courteſie, as the mind and reſolutions of the ſecond is of cruelty and bloud. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two yeares and upwards, ſince *Le Valley* firſt ſaw and ſpake with his ſweet heart *Martha*, in his Maſters houſe, that there hath paſt many love tokens betweene them, but as yet he could never draw her conſent to marry him; for ſtill ſhee tels him that ſhe loves her Miſtreſſe ſo dearely, that ſhe will not depart from her ſervice, nor wed any man, without her free conſent, and therefore that they have farre more reaſon to doubt than to hope of this match betweene them, conſidering the lamentable accident and diſaſter which hath paſt betweene their Maſters. *Le Valley* ſeeing he muſt firſt winne the Miſtreſſe, before he can wed the maid, with his ſweet hearts adviſe, reſolves to ſeeke *Blancheville's* conſent thereto, the which he doth in faire and orderly tearmes. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inkling how dearely *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of marriage, now by this his motion thereof to her ſelfe, ſhe is fully confirmed thereof. When obſerving more paſſion than judgement, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his ſpeeches to her ſelfe, ſhe preſently (being induſtrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) forgets God and all goodneſſe, abandoneth all Chriſtianity and humanity, and ſo the devill brings her a plot, or elſe her owne heart and head fetcht it from hell: She thinkes that this poore ſervant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and inſtrument for her, either to poyſon or piſtoll his Maſter *Beaumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his conſideration of her freſh youth and beauty, is a ſufficient bait, and powerfull lure to make him undertake and performe it, and hereon ſhe ſettles up her bloudy reſolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already ſufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and cloſely and finely ſpunne it in her braines, ſhee politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than deſpaire, that hee ſhall ſhortly marrie her maid *Martha*; onely ſhe tells him ſhe muſt firſt conferre with her, to ſee how ſhe ſtands affected to him, and that if he repaire to her againe at the end of the weeke, ſhee will then aſſuredly give him ſuch an anſwer, as ſhe doubts not but will content and pleaſe him, or elſe the fault ſhall be his: But to conclude her ſpeech, ſhee chargeth him not to ſpeake or utter a word hereof to his Maſter *Beaumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiſeth her to performe. He goes from the Miſtreſſe to the maid, and reports what ſhe hath told and ſpoken, ſo theſe young folkes flatter themſelves, that they very ſhortly ſhall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whoſe heart and minde runnes wholly upon a bloudy revenge towards *Beaumarays*) no ſooner underſtands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doores, but ſhe ſends for her maid *Martha* into her chamber, where (no way acquainting her with her bloudy intent and policie) ſhe chargeth her to ſweare that ſhe will never marry *Le Valley* without her free conſent, and that in the end ſhe ſhall not repent the following of her adviſe and counſell herein, which *Martha* ſolemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and ſatisfied. The end of the weeke being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his ſweet heart *Martha*, to know if ſhe be ſhortly reſolved to marry him, who having beene perfectly taught her leſſon, tells him plainly, that ſhe will be his wife, conditionally that he can gaine her Miſtreſſe *Blanchevilles* conſent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyfull, hee giving her many kiſſes, intreats her to bring him to her Miſtreſſe, and that hee hopes to receive pleaſing newes from her, to both their contents. *Blancheville* (with much longing impatiency) attends his comming, and receives and welcomes him into her Cloſet with a cheerefull countenance, where bolting the doore, this helliſh *Erynnis* (not heavenly *Urania*) paſſionately tels him, that it ſhall be impoſſible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid *Martha*, except he firſt ſweare to her to performe a ſecret buſineſſe for her, which infinitely concernes her content and ſervice. *Le Valley* deſires to know of her what it is, but ſhe firſt ſweares him to ſecrecie herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which

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hee freely ſweares : When *Blancheville* (with hypocriticall, yea, with diabolicall teares in her eyes) being inſtructed and prompted by the devill, repreſenteth unto him, how fouly his Maſter *Beaumarays* had firſt wronged her chaſtity and honour, then abuſed her Huſband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he ſhould not onely marry her maid *Martha*, but that ſhe would likewiſe give him three hundred Crownes of marriage money with her, (if for her ſake, and at her requeſt) he would kill his ſaid Maſter, either by Poyſon, Ponyard, or Piſtoll, of which ſumme ſhee told him he ſhould have the one halfe in hand, and the other when he had performed it, the which if he refuſed to doe, ſhe ſwore by her part of Heaven, that he ſhould never marry her, nor come neare her.

Le Valley is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloudy propoſition and requeſt of hers, the which ſhe might well perceive by the diſtraction of his lookes, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tels her, that although he loves *Martha* farre dearer than his life, yet he cannot finde in his heart to kill the pooreſt Chriſtian in the world, much leſſe ſo good and ſo deare a Maſter as *Beaumarays* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as ſubtill in her malice, as ſhe was malicious in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) ſhewes *Le Valley* the three hundred Crownes in faire gold) which was farre more than ever before he had ſeene, Tels him what a deare friend ſhe will ever remaine to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractiſed, nor charme unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this helliſh fact. But finding him as frozen as ſhe was fiery therein, ſhe bids him to take a weeks time to conſider thereof, then to bring her his laſt reſolution, and withall to remember his oath of ſecrecie herein from all the world, both which points hee conſtantly promiſeth her to performe. As he deſcends the ſtairs from her, his ſweet heart *Martha* comes preſently to him to know the minde and reſolution of her Miſtreſſe, whom hee thinks good then to ſatisfie with this pleaſing anſwer, that hee hopes a ſmall time will worke and compaſſe both their deſires. So after a few kiſſes and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no ſooner returned home, but his heart is as penſive and ſorrowfull, as his minde and braine is perplexed and troubled for the cauſe thereof. He conſults with himſelfe, and his reſolutions are as different as his deſires. He cannot as yet finde in his heart to kill his Maſter, and yet hee can reſolve rather to die than to loſe *Martha* his Miſtreſſe. True it is, that the ſight of the Lady *Blanchevilles* gold doth act wonders in his hearts, but farre more the ſight and remembrance of *Marthas* ſweet youth and delitious beauty : So the firſt tempts him exceedingly, the ſecond extreamly, and the devill in both of them infinitely ; yet notwithſtanding his faith and ſoule are ſo ſtrong with God, that hitherto hee cannot conſent or be drawne to imbrue his hands in the innocent bloud of his Maſter. But here befals an unexpected accident, which violently precipitates and throwes him headlong on the contrary reſolution.

His Maſter *Beaumarays* (not for want of any reſpect or love to *Blancheville*, but becauſe hee perfectly knew ſhee extreamly hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley* that he ſhould not frequent her houſe, nor no more dare to ſeeke her maid *Martha* in marriage, the which he confidently promiſed him he would : He now underſtands that contrary thereunto, his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued ſtill an earneſt ſutor to her ; ſo he hereupon calls him to him, and gives him five or ſix ſound boxes on the eare, for his diſobeying him, and vowes that if hee ever any more returne thither, and ſeeke *Martha* in marriage, he would utterly caſhier him, and wholly diſcharge him from his ſervice. *Le Valley* not accuſtomed to receive blowes of his Maſter, was ſo extreamly incenſed hereat, as diſdaining the blowes for his Maſter, and his Maſter for the blowes ſake, they engender ſuch bad bloud in him, as hee preſently ſtrikes a bargaine, firſt with his choller, then with the Devill, that hee would now adhere to the requeſt of *Blancheville*, and ſo ſpeedily returne his Maſter a ſharpe requitall and bloudy revenge for the ſame ; and indeed from that time forwards hee never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and deteſtation. So without farther de-

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lay, the ſame night as ſoone as his Maſter was gone to bed, he trips away to *Blancheville's* houſe, informes her at large what had paſt betwixt his maſter and himſelfe, and therefore aſſures her that hee is fully and conſtantly reſolved to murther him within three or foure dayes, if ſhee would performe her promiſe to him, to give him the three hundred Crownes, and that alſo within a moneth after he ſhall marry *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond meaſure joyfull, ſhe faithfully and ſolemnly ſweares him the performance thereof, when (as a pledge of the reſt) ſhee preſently payes him downe the firſt hundred and fifty in gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purſeth up. But the receit thereof ſhall coſt him deare.

From the intended matter of the murther of *Beaumarays*, theſe two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, ſhe propoſeth that infernall drugge poyſon, but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And becauſe ſhe diſlikes to have him ponyarded, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he ſhall piſtoll him to death, and this is their definitive, cruell, and helliſh reſolution. *Le Valley* having thus diſpatcht his buſineſſe with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kiſſes of his ſweet *Martha*, (who poore ſoule is as innocent, as they two are wholly and ſolely guilty of this deplorable conſpiration) hee puts a cheerefull countenance on his revengefull heart, ſo returnes home, and the very next day gets his Maſters pocket piſtoll, which hee loads with a brace of bullets, and watcheth every day and houre for a deſired opportunity to ſend him to heaven. So the third day after Monſieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his brothers Hawks and Spannels, and taking almoſt all his men ſervants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to waite and attend on his Maſter, then and there this fatall occaſion anſwered his prodigious expectation. For that very Fore-noone, his Maſter *Beaumarays* comming from the houſe of office, hee calls up *Le Valley* to him in his chamber to truſſe his points, which wretched Villaine hee is buſie in performing, but alas, in moſt barbarous and bloudy manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing leſſe than of his danger or death, then this monſter of nature fingering his hinde points with his left hand, very ſoftly drew his Piſtoll out his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernall courage and audacity) ſhot him into the reynes of his back, nearely oppoſite to his heart, whereof hee preſently fell downe dead to the ground, without having either the power or happineſſe to utter one prayer or word whatſoever, but onely two or three ſmall fainting, or indeed dying groanes.

This bloudy and execrable wretch *Le Valley*, ſeeing his Maſter dead, hee triumphs in his good fortune, to ſee what a brave Butcher he had proved himſelfe in ſo ſpeedily and neatly diſpatching him. When to put the better varniſh on his villany, and ſo to make it appeare to the world, that his Maſter was his owne murtherer, he taketh the piſtoll and placeth it in his dead right hand, layes the key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the doore having a ſtrong Spring-lock, puls & ſhuts it faſt after him. When againe, to make his innocency the more cleare and conſpicuous to the world, hee ſpeedily and ſecretly taking a horſe out of the ſtable, a Hawke on his fiſt, and a Spanniell at his heels, and ſo very joyfully and cheerefully gallops away to the fields, where (after ſome houre at leaſt, or houre and halfe at moſt) hee finds out Monſieur *Montagne*, and tells him his Maſter diſpatcht him to him with a freſh Hawke, which was his beſt and chiefeſt Gaſhawke. They Hawke all day together, and *Le Valley* (as accuſtomed) is very officious and diligent to Monſieur *Montagne*, who towards night returnes home to *Chartres*, having (betweene them all) taken eight Partridges and one Pheſant. Hee arrives at his brothers houſe, where miſſing him, he gives the Pheſant and foure of the Partridges to the Cooke to dreſſe for their Supper; when afterwards againe miſſing his brother *Beaumarays*, and enquiring for him, the meniall ſervants of the out-houſes tell him they ſaw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, hee ſends up *Le Valley* to looke him in his chamber, who returnes him this anſwer, that his Maſter is not there, but the doore is ſhut: *Montagne* marvelleth at his brothers long (& unaccuſtomed) abſence,

abſence, and ſo doe all his ſervants. They finde his Cloake, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pin in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not farre, but at ſome neighbours houſe, hee ſends *Le Valley* one way, and the reſt of the ſervants to other places to finde him out; but whiles they ſeeke after him, *Le Valley* (favoured by the night) trips away ſpeedily to the Lady *Blancheville's* houſe, and there moſt briefly and ſecretly acquaints her how bravely he hath diſpatched his Maſter that forenoone, ſhe cannot containe her ſelfe for joy of this ſweet newes, nor expreſſe it to him in leſſe than a kiſſe, hee ſaies hee will tell her the reſt to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promiſe to him, the which ſhee againe and againe ſweares to him, ſhe will performe it with a ſurpluſage and advantage, ſo hee kiſſeth his ſweet heart *Martha*, and againe diſpeeds himſelfe home: Where he and the reſt of the ſervants who were ſent into the ſtreetes, returne *Montagne* no newes of their Maſter his brother: Supper being more than fully ready, his long miſſing of him, doth at laſt bring him much doubt, and ſome ſuſpition and feare of his welfare. It runs ſtill in his minde, that hee may be yet aſleepe in his Chamber; wherefore hee aſcends thither with *Le Valley*, and others of his ſervants, who call aloud, and bounce amaine at the doore, but they heare no anſwer nor ſpeech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and redouble his feare of his brother: At laſt hee commands them to force and breake open the doore, but it being exceeding thicke and ſtrong, they cannot. *Montagnes* tender care of his brother, doth by this time infinitely increaſe his feare of him, which at laſt ſo powerfully ſurpriſeth him, that hee preſently commands a Ladder to be erected to his brothers chamber window towards the garden, and ſends up one of his Laqueyes with a torch to looke into the chamber, the Laquey forceth open the caſement, and then thruſt in his torch firſt, and his head after, which hee ſpeedily withdrawing very paſſionately cryeth out: That his Maſter hath murthered himſelfe with his piſtoll, and lies there dead all goared in his blood. *Montagne* at this lamentable newes, teares his haire, weepes, and cries out a maine for ſorrow thereof, and ſo doe all his ſervants: Among whom *Le Valley* is obſerved to be one of the moſt, who weepes, and cries mightily thereat. *Montagne* being almoſt as dead with griefe and ſorrow hereat, as his brother *Beaumarays* was with his wound; he bids the Laquey to teare downe the caſement, and to enter and unlocke the doore, which hee doth: So hee with *Le Valley*, and the reſt of the ſervants, aſcend and enter the chamber, where (to their unexpreſſible griefe and ſorrow) they ſee this mournfull and murthered perſonage, with the diſcharged Piſtoll faſt in his hand, and the key of the chamber doore on the table, as hath beene already expreſſed. Once *Montagne* thought that his brother might be robbed and killed by thieves, but ſeeing all his trunks faſt locked, and then opening his ſtudy doore, and finding all his gold, ſilver and Jewells there in good order, he abandons that ſuſpition and jealouſie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath abſolutely murthered himſelfe. The report of this tragicall and ſorrowfull accident ſounds loud in the ſtreets of *Chartres*: *Montagne* ſends for the Kings Attourney, and the Fiſcall to ſee, and for Chirurgions to viſit his dead brothers body, they all concurre and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his ſervants, and ſo generally affirme and conclude; That *Beaumarays* hath (with his little Piſtoll) ſhot himſelfe into the backe with a brace of bullets, whereof he died, which is ſweet muſick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his wormewood and gall comes after. And now *Montagne* with all requiſit order, ſtate and decency, ſolemnizeth his brothers funerals, & not only all *Chartres*, but all *Beauſſe*, & all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Biſhop of *Chartres*, the Marq. of *Bellary*, and the King himſelfe much lamented & bewailed the unfortunate loſſe of this noble & valiant Gentleman.

The griefe and ſorrow of *Montagne* for his brothers untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*; for as he triumphes, ſo for her part, ſhe is ſo extremely delighted and raviſhed with this ſweet newes, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) ſhe gives him his hundred and fifty crownes, and becauſe

he hath diſpatched his Maſter *Beaumarays* ſo ſpeedily and ſecretly, ſhe therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred crownes) and likewiſe gives it him: When to make good her oath and promiſe to him, (as alſo to make his pretended joy compleate) the very ſame day moneth after, marrieth him to her maid *Martha*. But marriages that are founded and cymented with innocent blood, never have proſperous ends. Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortall enemy *Beaumarays*, and now likewiſe is *Le Valley* (in his conceit and minde) rapt up into the third Heaven of joy, in injoying his faire and ſweet wife *Martha*, and neither of them hath the conſcience to thinke of, or the grace to repent this foule and bloody fact of theirs; Which, (when they leaſt dreame thereof) we ſhall ſee God in his ſacred mercy in Juſtice, will ſpeedily detect, revenge and puniſh, as the ſequell thereof will declare and informe us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murther of *Beaumarays* proceeded primarily from God, ſo it did ſecondly from his ſorrowfull brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witneſſes and evidence (and wholly guided by ſacred power, and ſwayed by divine influence) was led to it by foure remarkeable circumſtances and conſiderations, every way worthy of our knowledge and retention. The firſt was his finding and peruſing of *Blancheville's* Letter to his brother *Beaumarays* (which formerly we have ſeen) wherein he obſerved a wonderfull deale of inveterate malice towards him from her: the ſecond was *Le Valleys* ſudden marrying of her chamber-maid *Martha*, by the which hee conceived, that that ſuſpicion ſtrongly reflected on her, and this on him: The third was from the ſight of the Diamond Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the ſame which wee have formerly ſeene *Blancheville* to give him) for *Montagne* believing that he had ſtollen it from his dead brother, his Maſter, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when *Le Valley* to cleare himſelfe of this pretended theft, was enforced to informe both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady *Blancheville* her Miſtreſſe, the which confeſſion of his, indeed, added much ſuſpition and jealouſie of them both to the heart and minde of *Montagne*, as believing that it muſt be ſome extraordinary tye and ſervice, which ſhould make *Le Valley* capable to deſerve ſo great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and laſt conſideration was farre more powerfull and prevalent with him, than all the three former, to ground his ſuſpition againſt *Le Valley* for thus murthering of his brother, and wherein the Reader may deſervedly admire and wonder at the celeſtiall providence and juſtice of God, which moſt miraculouſly and divinely appeares herein; for the ſame day two moneths after the murther of *Beaumarays*, and the ſame day moneth that *Le Valley* married his wife *Martha*, it pleaſed the Lord (in his ſecret pleaſure and juſtice) to ſend him a Gangreen in his right hand, which beginning to extend and ſpread, his Chyrurgions, to ſave his life, adviſed his ſaid hand to be ſpeedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This ſuddenly cutting off *Le Valleyes* right hand by advice of his Chyrurgions, brings terrour to him, feare to *Blancheville*, and aſtoniſhment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate ſpirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which piſtolled his brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impoſſible, that *Blancheville* mought be the Authour, and he the actor of this cruell murther. Wherefore grounding this his ſtrong ſuſpition upon the piety and innocency of his brothers life and diſpoſition, as alſo on his owne foure former premiſed ſerious conſiderations and circumſtances, hee neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts; But goes to the *Seneſhall*, and Kings Attourney of that City, and accuſeth *Le Valley* to be the murtherer of his brother *Beaumarays*. The wiſe and prudent Judges, advertiſed the Preſidiall Court thereof likewiſe: So they preſently cauſe him to be apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame; they charge him with this cruell murther committed on the perſon of his Maſter, but he ſtoutly denies it with many fearefull oathes and imprecations: But his crime

crime being greater than his Apologie, they adjudge him to the rack, where in the middeſt of his tortures, God ſo deales with his heart and prevailes with his ſoule, that hee confeſſeth, it was he who murthered his maſter *Beaumarays* with a piſtoll charged with a brace of bullets, and that hee was hired to performe it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred crownes in gold, and a Diamond ring to effect and finiſh it. At the relation and confeſſion whereof *Montagne* and the Judges, exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them againe demanded if his wife *Martha* were not likewiſe acceſſary with them in this murther, hee freely and conſtantly told them that ſhee was not, and that he would take it to his death, that ſhee was every way as Innocent, as himſelfe and *Blancheville* her miſtris were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court ſpeedily ſend ſergeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is ſo farre from the apprehenſion or feare of any danger, as ſhee dreames not thereof: They find her in her owne houſe playing on her lute, and ſinging in company of many Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants ſeize on her, and tells her accuſation and crime, whereat ſhee is amazed and weepes exceedingly, and no leſſe doe thoſe who are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who ſtrongly accuſe her for being the Author of this cruell murther of *Beaumarays*, and acquaint her with *Le Valleys* full and free confeſſion thereof, as we have formerly underſtood: When here ſometime with teares, and then againe with paſſion and choller, ſhe tells the Judges, that *Le Valley* is a devill & a villaine, thus to accuſe her falſely: That ſhe never gave him a ring or three hundred crownes to doe it, and takes God to witneſſe that ſhe is wholly innocent of that murther. But this poore and paſſionate Apologie of hers, will not paſſe current with her Lyncee-eyed Judges, who cauſe her to be confronted with *Le Valley*, who ſtands firme to his former accuſation againſt her, and yet her faith is ſo weak with God, & ſo ſtrong with Satan, as with many cryes and curſes, ſhe againe and againe cryes out and proteſteth of her Innocency: They produce her ring, and part of her gold, but ſhe boldly denies and ſtoutly forſwears both; So they preſently adjudge her to the rack, whereto with much conſtancy ſhee permits her ſelfe to be faſtened: But at the very firſt touch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brooke thoſe exquiſite torments, God was pleaſed to be ſo gracious and mercifull to her ſoule, as ſhe preſently (with many teares) cries out that ſhe was the guilty Authour of this horrible murther, and ſo in all points and circumſtances concurres and agrees with *Le Valleys* depoſition and accuſation againſt her; Here her Judges againe demand of her if her maid *Martha* were never acceſſary or conſenting with her and *Le Valley* in this their bloudy fact, but ſhe vowes to them, that upon perill of her ſoule, ſhe was abſolutely innocent thereof, ſo hereupon this our inhumane Lady *Blancheville* is againe looſed from her rack, and brought away to the Tribunall of Juſtice, and ſo likewiſe is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the Kings attourney preſently crave judgement of the preſidents againſt theſe two murtherers, who after a long and a religious ſpeech which they made, both to them and to all who were preſent upon this bloudy fact and crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudge *Le Valley* the very next day to be broken on the wheele alive, and *Blancheville* then likewiſe to be hanged, which gave matter of Univerſall ſpeech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Beauſſe*.

Wee have ſeene the perpetration and detection of this inhumane and lamentable murther, committed by theſe two unfortunate wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and Juſtice of God) wee are come to ſee the triumphs of his revenge to fight againſt them in their condigne puniſhments for the ſame. They by their Judges are that afternoone returned againe to their priſons, and the ſame night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Chriſtian charity) direct and prepare their ſoules for Heaven. So the next morning about ten of the clocke they are brought to the common place of execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to bee ſpectators of theſe their unfortunate ends and

deplorable tragedies: And first *Le Valley* ascends the scaffold, who is sad and pensive, and sayes little else in effect but this, that it was partly *Blanchevilles* gold, but chiefely his love to her maid, his wife *Martha*, who first drew him to murther his deere master *Beaumarays*, whereof hee affirmed he was now heartily repentant and sorrowfull, and besought the Lord to pardon him; He here tooke it to his death that his said wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murther, and therefore beseeched *Monsieur Montagne*, to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom hee likewise prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few *Ave Maries* to himselfe, and often marking himselfe with the signe of the crosse: He was by his Executioner presently broken on the wheele, whereof he immediatly dyed.

Le Valley was no sooner dispatched, but up comes our Female monster *Blancheville* on the Ladder, whose youth and beauty drew pitty from the hearts, and teares from the eyes of most of her spectators: in her countenance shee was very sad and mournefull, and yet I am enforced to confesse this truth of her, that (in the last Scene and act of her life) her pride and Vanity so farre usurped on her judgement, her piety, and her soule, that shee came here to take her last leave of the world, apparelled in a rich black razed sattin gowne, a crimson damaske pettie-coate, laid with white sattin guards, a rich cutworke falling band, her haire all strewed with sweet powder, decked with white ribban knots and roses, and a snow white paire of gloves on her hands, so shee there craves leave of the people to speake a few words before she dies, which with a well composed countenance, and behaviour, she doth in these tearmes

She said that her deare and tender affection to her husband *Champigny* occasioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumarays*, and that as soone as she had slaine him in the field, she in revenge thereof instantly resolved and vowed to send him to heaven after him: she affirmed that she was now sorrowfull from her heart and soule, that she had caused *Le Valley* to kill this his master, also that shee was so unfortunate and miserable, as now to see him dye for her sake and service, in requitall whereof shee gave all her apparell, and some of her plate and Jewels to her old maid, now his new wife *Martha*, whom shee affirmed in presence of God and his angels, was no way guilty or consenting to this lamentable murther, which shee beseeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her, she likewise besought *Montagne* & *Martha* to forgive her, and entreated all who were present to pray to God for her soul, she conjured all Ladies & Gentlewomen who were sorrowfull eye-witnesses of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and so to hate malice and revenge in themselves as much as she loved it: When againe praying all her spectators to pray to God for her, shee after a few Pater-nosters, and Ave-maries was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deserved death of these two bloudy wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*, and in this sharpe manner, did God justly revenge and punish this their horrible crime of murther: Whose untimely and unfortunate deaths, left much griefe to their living parents and friends, and generally to all who either saw or knew them. May we read this their History, first to the honour of God, and then to our owne Instruction and reformation: That the sight and remembrance of these their punishments may deterre us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloudy crimes, Amen.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia; *He ſome twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) robbeth his (and her) ſonne* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe (not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his father) doth accuſe him for that robbery, for which he is hanged.*

THoſe who (by the pernicious inſtigation, and fatall temptation of Satan) doe wilfully imbrue their hands in innocent bloud and ſo make themſelves guilty of murther, are no longer men, but have prodigiouſly metamorphoſed themſelves into the nature and quality of devils. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Chriſtians deteſtation, ſo moſt commonly (without Gods ſaving grace and mercy) their hearts are ſo obdurated with impenitency of ſecurity, and their ſouls ſeared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheiſticall prophaneneſſe and impiety, that they are ſo farre from thinking of God, as they beleeve there is no God, and ſo farre from fearing of his judgements and puniſhments, as they are deſperately confident they have not deſerved any: But becauſe their hearts and actions are as tranſparent to Gods eyes and knowledge, as Gods decrees, and reſolution are inviſible to theirs, therefore (deſpight this their blindneſſe and the devills malice and ſubtilty to obſcure and conceale it) this world will affoord them no true peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquillity: But whereſoever they goe or live, their guilty thoughts and conſciences as ſo many helliſh bloud-hounds will inceſſantly purſue and follow them, till in the end they drag them to condigne ſhame, miſery, and confuſion for the ſame: which this ſubſequent Hiſtory will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable perſonage, whom it mournefully preſents to our view and conſideration. Let us read it in the feare of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becomes good Chriſtians to make.

IT is not the meanneſſe of the perſonages, but the greatneſſe and eminence of Gods Judgements, which hath prevailed with mee to give this Hiſtory a place among my others : The which to draw from the head-ſpring, and originall, wee muſt underſtand, that in *Italy*, (the Garden of Europe, as Europe is that of the whole world) and in the City of *Genova*, (ſeated upon the Mediterranean Sea, which the Italians for the ſumptuouſneſſe and ſtatelineſſe of her buildings, doe juſtly ſtile and entitle, proud *Genova*) neare unto the Arſenall upon the Key, there dwelt (of late yeares) a proper tall young man, of a coale blacke haire, ſome twenty five yeares old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his trade was a Baker, and was now become Maſter of his profeſſion, and kept forth his Oven and ſhop for himſelfe; wherein hee was ſo induſtrious and provident, that in a ſhort time hee became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Galleyes of this Eſtate and Seigniory : Hee in few yeares grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the daughters of many wealthy Bakers, and other Artificers of *Genova*, but hee was ſtill covetous, and ſo addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be reſolved or perſwaded to ſeeke any maid or widdow in marriage, ſith hee knew it to bee one of the greateſt and moſt important actions of our life, and which infallibly drawes with it, either our chiefeſt earthly felicity or miſery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before conſummated on earth; So *Lorenzo* going on a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is ſome twenty little miles from *Genova*, and heretofore was a free City and Eſtate of it ſelfe, but now ſwallowed up in the power and opulencie of that of *Genova*, he there fell in love with a rich Vintners daughter, her father named *Iuan Baptiſta Moron*, and ſhee *Firmia Moron*, who was a lovely and beautifull young maiden, of ſome eighteene yeares of age, being tall and ſlender, of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow haire, but exceedingly vertuous and religious, and endowed with many ſweet qualities and perfections; who although ſhee were ſought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worſt of whom (either for eſtate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no way compare, yet ſhee could fancie none but him, and hee above all the men of the world ſhe (ſecretly in her heart and mind) deſired might be her Huſband. *Lorenzo*, (with order and diſcretion) ſeekes *Fermia* in marriage of her Father *Moron*, who is too ſtrong of purſe, and too high of humour to match his daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanicall profeſſion, and ſo gives him a flat and peremptory deniall. But *Lorenzo* finds his daughter more courteous and kinde to his deſires, for ſhe being as deeply enamoured of his perſonage, as hee was of her beauty and vertues, after a journey or two which hee had made to her at *Savona*, ſhee conſents and yeelds to him to bee his wife, conditionally that hee can obtaine her fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwiſe; which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult taske for him to compaſſe and procure; for her father knowing *Fermia* to be his owne and onely childe and daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education, together with the conſideration of his owne wealth and eſtate, made her every way capable of a farre better Huſband than *Lorenzo* : As alſo that his daughter in reaſon and religion, and by the lawes of heaven and earth, was bound to yeeld him all duty and obedience (becauſe of him ſhee had formerly received both life and being) therefore hee was reſolute that *Lorenzo* ſhould not have his daughter to wife, neither would hee ever hearken to accept, or conſent to take him for his ſonne in Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchaſed the affection of his ſweet and deare *Fermia*, hee now (out of his fervent deſire and zeale to ſee her made his wife, and himſelfe her Huſband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her father *Moron* to conſent thereunto, wherein the more importunate, humble, and dutifull he (both by himſelfe and friends) is to *Moron*, the more imperious

imperious, averſe, and obſtinate is he to *Lorenzo*, as diſdaining any farther to heare of this his ſuit and motion for his daughter. But *Lorenzo* loves the daughter too tenderly and dearely thus to be put off with the firſt repulſe and deniall of her father, and ſo (notwithſtanding) he againe perſevereth in his ſuit towards him, with equall humility and reſolution: He requeſteth his conſent to their affections with prayers, and his daughter *Fermia* (having formerly acquainted her father with her deare and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) ſhe now prayes him thereto with teares: But (as one who had wholly wedded himſelfe to the ſingularity of his owne reſolution and pleaſure) he againe proudly refuſeth him with diſdaine, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choller and indignation, and ſo ſecretly vowes to himſelfe, and publiquely ſweares to them, that he will firſt die, and ſalute his grave, before ever hee will permit him to marry his daughter. Which unkind anſwer and thundering reſolution of his, proves the extreme griefe of his daughter *Fermia*, and infinite affliction and ſorrow of her Lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are enforced to beare up with the time, yea, and to make a vertue of neceſſity, by ſeparating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he retrnes to *Genova*, and ſhee lives and remaines with her Father in *Savona*, having no other comfort left them in their abſence, but hope, nor no other conſolation, but ſometimes to viſit each other with their Letters, which they doe.

Old *Moron* now finds his young daughter *Fermia*, farre more penſive, reſerved and ſorrowfull than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to ſee her affection intangled with this Baker *Lorenzo*, yet he rejoyceth to ſee, that he comes to *Savona*, as alſo to underſtand that his daughter hath no way ingaged her ſelfe to him in promiſe of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and conſent thereto, which as heretofore, ſo now againe, he deeply ſweares, hee will never be drawne or perſwaded to grant. And the ſooner and better eternally and fully to daſh theſe their irregular loves and affections, hee thinkes it fit for him to provide, and requiſite to preſent his daughter with another Huſband: To which end hee gives her the choyce of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but ſhee will have none of them, for her affection is ſo deeply fixed, and conſtantly ſettled on *Lorenzo*, that ſay her father what he will, or doe he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to ſee, much leſſe to ſpeake with any one of them: Whereat hee calls her fooliſh Gigglet, and fond Girle, and ſweares, that he will wholly renounce her for his daughter, and abſolutely diſ-inherit her, and leave her a begger, if ſhe marry *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choller, and leaves her alone to her ſelfe, to entertaine herdiſconſolate and ſorrowfull thoughts, with a world of ſighes and teares.

As for the Letters which paſſe from *Genova* to *Savona*, and that are alſo returned from *Savona* to *Genova*, betweene theſe our two Lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this their Hiſtory, I have therefore purpoſely excluded, and for order and brevities ſake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and tooke up their affections and patience ſo long, that three yeeres are now paſt and blowne over, ſince they firſt ſaw each other, and ſince *Lorenzo* firſt motioned *Moron* for his conſent to marry his daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to thoſe our two young Lovers ſeemed at leaſt ſo many ages, The Reader is prayed to underſtand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or ſixe journeyes from *Genova* to *Savona*, to ſee his *Fermia*, and hath importunately requeſted her father *Moron* for his conſent, and that at leaſt as many times ſhe likewiſe hath imployed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath beene more often on her bended knees to him to begge it, but all theſe their requeſts and ſolicitations towards him prove vaine.

When *Lorenzo* at laſt conſidering and remembring, that hee had uſed all the lawfull meanes he could poſſibly invent, and *Fermia* all her beſt indeavours and inventions which lay in her mortall power to draw her father *Moron* to their deſires and

wiſhes

wiſhes of marriage, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevaile with him, he thinkes it now high time (as well for the ſettling of his fortunes and trade, as alſo for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay cloſe ſiege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithſtanding her fathers refuſall) ſhe would conſent and yeeld to marry him, and ſo very ſecretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himſelfe in *Genova*, telling her, that although hee had never a Duckaton of marriage money with her from her father, yet that God had given him eſtate and meanes enough to maintaine her and his family, in full and plentifull proſperity, and that he would be a thouſand times more tender and carefull of her than of his owne life. Thus with a world of ſweet words and ſugred promiſes and perſwaſions, this ſweet and faire young maiden (contrary to her former wholeſome, vertuous and obedient reſolutions) is at laſt, drawne and tempted away by him, now to proove diſobedient to her father, yea, and to forſake and flie away both from his houſe and himſelfe. So *Lorenzo* having to that end ſecretly provided himſelfe of a fine ſmall Frigot, of foure oares on each ſide, he therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policy of the Genoueſſes (now their Lords and Superiours) have dammed up, and made uncapable of ſhips of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their owne capitall City) where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, ſhe (taking her beſt clothes, and other chiefeſt neceſſaries with her) in the dead time of the night, when her father and his ſervants were faſt in ſleepe, and all things being huſhed up in ſilence, ſeemed to conſpire to her raſh and inconſiderate eſcape, ſhee by the Garden doore, iſſued forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kiſſes, and ſo conducts her to the Frigot, where the wind (in favour of this their clandeſtine flight) proving very faire, they hoyſe up ſaile, and earely the next morning arrive at *Genova*, where (within two houres after) *Lorenzo* conducts her to Saint Saviours Church, and there very ſecretly, (yet ſolemnly) eſpouſeth and marries her. But, O *Fermia*, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thine innocency and indiſcretion, thy few yeeres, and many vertues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, ſo raſhly and diſobediently to flie from *Savona* to *Genova*, and to take (or rather to ſteale) away thy ſelfe from thy Father, purpoſely to give thy ſelfe in marriage to *Lorenzo*, for which indiſcreet and diſobedient fact of thine, it is not unpoſſible for thee to ſee this enſuing poſition verified and confirmed in thy ſelfe, *That there is nothing ſo eaſie in young people as to commit errours, nor ſo difficult as to repaire them.*

Whiles thus our young married couple celebrate their nuptialls in *Genova* with delight and joy, old *Moron* the father, grieves and ſtormes thereat in *Savona*, for the ſudden flight of his daughter: When fearing and believing that *Lorenzo* had ſtollen her away, he ſecretly makes enquiry thereof at his houſe of *Genova*, from whence he hath perfect notice, that ſhe is there, and married to him, whereat hee paſſionately converts his griefe into choller, both againſt her and him, and (in regard of this their diſgrace and diſhonour offered him) moſt conſtantly vows to himſelfe, and to all who are neere him, that they ſhall never touch nor injoy the vallew of one Duckaton of all his Eſtate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once ſend after them, nor ever hereafter ſee them, which ſharpe vow and bitter ſentence againſt our *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, wee ſhall be enforced to ſee him too carefully to keepe, and too ſeverely and punctually to performe.

Some ten daies after this marriage of *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, when their wedding joyes and pleaſures had given them ſome truce and time to conſider of their worldly affaires, becauſe they know and repute it folly, to thinke to be able wholly to live by love, *Lorenzo* conſidering the injury and diſgrace which he had offered his father in Law, *Moron*, in this action, and therefore very deſirous yet now againe to ſeeke his conſent and good will to this their marriage, that thereby hee may participate and ſhare of ſome part of his wealth, hee determineth ſhortly to ride over to *Savona*

to

to him, and with his best respects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheless, he thinkes it very fit, and holds it most expedient, that his wife in the meane time, should first excuse her selfe to her father by her Letter, the which she doth in these termes:

FERMIA to MORON.

ALthough the cause and manner of my departure from you and your house make mee more worthy of your indignation than of your pardon, yet when you shall please to remember that you are my father, and my selfe your onely childe and daughter, and that God and his holy Church hath of Lorenzo *my friend, now made him my husband, and also that for the terme of three whole yeeres, I with teares and prayers, came many times prostrate to you on my bended knees to obtaine your consent thereunto, then I hope you will at least excuse, if not wholly forget and pardon this error of mine: Or if these reasons be not powerfull enough to intercede with your displeasure, I most humbly beseech you further to consider, that herein I have neither blemished nor disgraced your reputation with any point of dishonour; For as I came to my Husbands bed a pure Virgin, so I will live & die with him a chaste wife; and that as this clandestine flight and marriage of mine was the first, so it shall be the last act of my disobedience towards you. Some small portion of your wealth at our first beginning, will doe my Husband and selfe a great dale of good in our trade, but this I leave, as to your consideration, so to your pleasure; Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth, and lower if I could) I desire your blessing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will shortly second this Letter of mine to you with his presence, and will then commit that taske to his tongue, which I have now obediently imposed and commanded to my pen: And my prayers and hopes, and his promises and vertues doe assure me, that (in his respects and service to you) you shall ever finde him to be as much your servant as your sonne in Law. God ever prosper your age with health, and blesse your health with prosperity.*

FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in *Savona*, and understanding by the messenger who brought it, that it came from his daughter *Fermia*, from *Genova*, he was at first in such a fret and fume of choller thereat, as hee once thought to have throwne it into the fire, without vouchsafing to read it: But after he had made three or foure turnes in his Parlour, and so somewhat abated the violence of his passion and choller, he then procures so much time from his pleasure, and so much patience from himselfe, as he breaks up the seales thereof, and peruseth it, the which as soone as he had performed, he in presence of the messenger who brought it, teares her Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choller) throwes it into the fire, when againe turning himselfe to him, he bad him tell the Gigglet his daughter, *That her carriage had beene so base, disobedient, and ingratefull to him, that hee disdained to returne her any answer to her Letter, and was very sorry that hee had so much descended from himselfe, as to have received and read it:* When without once enquiring of him how his daughter did, yea, without giving the messenger any reward, or which is lesse, without making him drinke, he hastily and chollerickly flings from him, and will no more see or speake with him. Who returning to *Genova*, and reporting to *Lorenzo* and his wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himselfe had of her father *Moron* in *Savona*; shee grieves and stormes thereat publiquely, and hee privately, and at their first relation and knowledge of this her fathers unkindnesse in answering her Letter with silence, they looke each on other with their countenances composed, partly of discontent, and partly of sorrow, and for her part, shee cannot refraine from teares, till at last, her Husband *Lorenzo* steps to her, when (as much to dissipate her griefe, as to dissemble his owne) he gives her many smiles, and comforts her with these speeches: That acccording to her promise

miſe (in her Letter) to her father, he will the next weeke goe over to him, and will then beare himſelfe ſo reſpectively towards him, that he hopes his preſence ſhall purchaſe his affection, which her Letter could not, ſo ſhe hereat remaines better ſatisfied than her Huſband contented with this harſh carriage, and unkinde reſolution of their father towards him.

Now ſome eight daies after, *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handſomely clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horſe in an Inne, hee a little before ſupper time, goes to his father in Law, *Morons* houſe, where enquiring of his ſervants for him; they tell him he is above in his Chamber, when deſirous to ſee and ſpeake with him, one of them ſteps up to him, and informes him thereof; Whereat *Moron* ſtarting up, as if he had beene ſuddenly awaked out of a dreame, he at the firſt mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but eſpecially of that of his ſonne in Law, *Lorenzo*, bolts himſelfe faſt in his chamber, and then calling up his ſervants to him, hee flatly chargeth them to deny his being within to *Lorenzo*, and as ſoone as he is gone forth, to ſhut the doores againſt him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his houſe, for that his pleaſure and reſolution is neither to ſee nor ſpeake with him. *Lorenzo* bites the lip at this baffle of his ſervants, firſt, to ſay their Maſter, his father in Law was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it diſcretion to depart, goes to his Hoſtary (or Inne) to Supper, and returnes thither againe ſpeedily after, but findes the ſame anſwer. So then fearing the truth, that his father in Law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returnes to his lodging, and in much choller, betakes himſelfe to his bed, but this diſcourteſie of his father in Law will not permit him any ſound reſt, but onely affords him many broken diſcontented ſlumbers. The next morning, very earely, he returnes thither againe, to ſee and ſpeake with him, but the firſt proved the laſt anſwer of his ſervants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all nettled with choller and anger) takes horſe, and rides away for *Genova*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genova*, where he truely and fully relates to his wife *Fermia*, the diſcourteſie of her father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly underſtood, which (poore ſweet ſoule) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her minde and thoughts, but how to remedy it, ſhee knowes not; for as ſhe knowes, ſhe (by her diſobedient flight and marriage againſt her fathers conſent) hath committed a great fault towards him, ſo now ſhee ſees, that (of neceſſity) ſhe muſt owne and make the beſt of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and ſhe reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they referre the iſſue of this their fathers pleaſure or diſpleaſure unto God; but yet rather hoping than deſpairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their deſires, they paſſe away their time merrily and ſweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Huſband to her, and ſhe a kinde and dutifull wife to him. Hee exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and ſhe as carefull in her houſe and family, to ſave what he gets, and thus in ſixe moneths after, they neither goe nor ſend to their father, thinking and hoping, that although it be unlikely, yet it is not impoſſible but that hereafter of his owne free accord and good diſpoſition and nature, hee may ſhortly exchange his diſpleaſure into courteſie, and his malice into affection towards them: but as yet, they ſtill finde the contrary, for in all this time, he never ſends to them, nor ſo much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of ſixe moneths, *Lorenzo* prayes his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona* to ſee what alteration this long time hath wrought in her fathers affection, and ſo recommends her portion from him, to her care and remembrance, but reſolves not to write to him becauſe of his unkindneſſe to him at his laſt being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her Huſband, than out of her owne willingneſſe or deſire) accepts of this journey, but ſtill ſhe feares that ſhe ſhall finde her father to be one and the ſame man in his diſcontent and diſpleaſure againſt them. But yet in regard ſhe is his owne fleſh and blood, his onely childe, and therefore a great part of himſelfe, ſhee yet flatters her

her ſelfe with this hope, that he cannot be ſo unnaturall to her, as hee was unkinde to her Huſband. Shee comes to *Savona*, but looke what entertainment her Huſband *Lorenzo* found from her father, the ſame in all reſpects and points doth ſhe, and no otherwiſe: For he will neither ſpeake with her, no nor ſee, nor permit her, either to lie, eate, or drinke in his houſe, but moſt uncourteouſly and unnaturally cauſeth his doores to be faſt ſhut againſt her; yea, and to adde cruelty to his unkindneſſe, he is extreme angry with his ſervants, for daring to admit her to ſpeake with him, and with her Aunt *Alcyna* (his owne ſiſter) for receiving and lodging her.

Our ſweet *Fermia* the daughter is extremely perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her fathers bitter unkindneſſe and cruelty towards her, the which ſhe ſeales with many ſighes, and confirmes with infinite Rivolets of teares, which trickle downe her beautifull cheeks as ſo many pearled drops of dew on bluſhing and fragrant damaſke Roſes: When againe imploying her aforeſaid Aunt *Alcyna*, and likewiſe intreating father *Bernardin De Monte*, her Fathers owne ghoſtly father, to perſwade him in her behalfe, which they doe. But at laſt, ſeeing the requeſts of the one bootleſſe, and the ſpirituall exhortations of the other vaine and to no effect, then as ſhe came from *Genova* to *Savona*, with ſome hope and joy, ſo is ſhe againe conſtrained to returne from *Savona* to *Genova*, with infinite griefe and deſpaire; Where from point to point (betwixt anger and teares) ſhe relates to her huſband *Lorenzo*, the unnaturall diſcourteſie which her Father had offered her: Whereat as before, ſo now he againe diſſembleth his diſcontent thereof, and with many ſweet ſpeeches, and ſome few kiſſes, ſeekes to comfort and pacifie her: But ſtill the remembrance hereof ſticks deepe in her mind, and yet farre deeper in his thoughts, for the knowledge of his father in Law *Morons* diſcourteſie firſt offered to himſelfe, and now to his wife in *Savona*, being known and reported to many of his neighbours and friends in *Genova*, they ſcoffe and taunt at his fooliſh ambition, in marrying and ſtealing away his wife, and in all companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done farre wiſer to have married a poore trades mans daughter in *Genova* with a ſmall portion, then a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing: which fooliſh and malicious ſpeech of theirs, falls not ſo eaſily from his memory as from their tongues, but leaves an impreſſion therein, for from henceforth *Lorenzo* of a wiſe man, proves himſelfe a foole, of an honeſt man a knave, and ſo of a good Chriſtian to God, an extreme bad huſband both to his wife and himſelfe: for now ſeeing the mountaines of his hopes of a rich wife turned to molehills, and they to nothing through his Fathers diſpleaſure and unkindneſſe to them, hee lookes not on his wife with ſo kinde and reſpective an eye as heretofore, although poore harmeleſſe young woman, ſhee knowes farre better to lament and grieve, than how to remedy her fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacie, for before a whole yeere be paſt ſince their marriage, her Huſband ſo farre forgets his love to his wife, his regard to himſelfe and his reputation and credit to the world, as he firſt beginnes to ſleight her, and then to neglect both himſelfe and his profeſſion: And here now it is, that idleneſſe begins firſt to enter into his hands, vice into his heart, and ſinne into his ſoule; and here it is, that he firſt falls into bad courſes, and wicked company, from whence in the end (I feare) will proceed nothing but ſhame, repentance, miſery and confuſion of all ſides.

Hee who formerly prayed often with his wife and family in his houſe, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now hee is ſo dangerouſly fled from God, and ſo deſperately following of the Divell, as he ſcornes the Church, and will neither pray himſelfe at home with his wife, nor (which is worſe) permit or ſuffer her to doe it at home with her family: Hee hath forgotten her deare affection and conſtancy to him, and how ſhee hath incurred her fathers indignation for making him her Huſband, and her ſelfe his wife: Hee hath forgotten his former oathes and promiſes of his tender affection and conſtant love to her, and how that

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in life and death he would live and die more hers than his owne; Hee hath forgotten how for his ſake, and for the fervent love ſhe bore him, that ſhe forſooke divers rich young men of *Savona*, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth and Profeſſion: Or elſe if hee did remember it, he would not thus ſleight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and laſcivious company, ſpending both his time, his meanes, and himſelfe, upon Panders, Bawds and Strumpets; from which ungodly life and ſinfull converſation, neither her prayers, intreaties, requeſts, perſwaſions, ſighes or teares can poſſibly reclaime him; but hee lets all things runne at randome and confuſion without order, care, or conſideration, ſo that within the compaſſe of one yeere and a halfe, his trade is neglected, his credit crackt, his reputation loſt, his eſtate ſpent, and nothing left, either to maintaine himſelfe, or relieve her, but griefe, ſorrow, diſpaire and miſery. She ſets all his beſt friends, and moſt vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, ſhe holds it more ſhame than ſinne, to acquaint his Confeſſor therewith, who taking a fit time, deales roundly with him for his reformation, and failes not to paint out his ſinnes and vices, as alſo their deſerved puniſhments in their fouleſt and moſt hideous colours: But ſtill her Huſband *Lorenzo* is ſo ſtrongly linked to the Divell, and ſo firmely wedded to his beaſtly vices and enormities, that all the world cannot divert or diſſwade him from them; and ſtill hee is ſo farre from abandoning and forſaking them, as hee addes new to his old: For the Divell hath now taught him to delight in curſing and ſwearing; for in his ſpeeches and actions, hee uſeth many fearefull oathes and deſperate execrations: He begins to revile her, and to give her foule language, terming her Beggar, and her father Villaine, and that he is bound to curſe them both, becauſe (ſaith he) they have beggered him; when God and his ſinfull ſoule and conſcience well knowes, that there is nothing more untrue or falſe: For if his piety toward God, or his care & providence of himſelfe and his family had equallized hers, he had then made himſelfe as happy as now he is miſerable, and ſhe as joyfull, as now we ſee her diſconſolate and ſorrowfull; and then no doubt, but time and God would have drawne her father *Moron* to have beſtowed ſome portion on him with his wife, whereas now the knowledge of his impious life, and laſcivious prodigalities doth juſtly occaſion him to the contrary. Againe, here befalls another accident which brings our ſorrowfull *Fermia* new griefe, vexation and teares, for ſhe ſees her ſelfe great, yea, quick with childe by her Huſband *Lorenzo*, ſo as that which ſhee once hoped would have beene the argument of her joy, now proves the cauſe of her affliction and ſorrow; for his vices hath ſcarce left her wherewith to maintaine her ſelfe; and therefore it grieves her to thinke and conſider, how hereafter ſhe ſhall be able to maintaine her childe, when God in his appointed time ſhall ſend it her; for he hath ſo conſumed his eſtate, and ſpent, ſold and pawned all their beſt houſhold ſtuffe and apparell, that almoſt they have nothing left to give themſelves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet ſtill how lewd and irregular ſoever *Lorenzo* be, his vertuous and ſorrowfull wife *Fermia* ſerves God duly and truly, and ſpends a great part of her time in prayer, ſtill beſeeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her huſband all his foule ſins towards him, and cruell ingratitude towards her ſelfe: When, in the midſt of this her poverty and miſery, once ſhe thought to have left her huſband in *Genova*, and to have caſt her ſelfe at her fathers feet in *Savona*, that he would pardon, receive and entertaine her: But then againe conſidering his flinty heart and cruelty toward her, and that he would rather contemne than pity her youth and miſery, but eſpecially calling to mind her duty to her huſband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the preſence of God and his Church, for better, for worſe, for richer, for poorer; Then, I ſay, the conſideration and remembrance thereof, is ſo ſtrong a tye to her conſcience, and ſo ſtrict an obligation to her ſoule, that ſhe thinkes his vices and poverty, hath now more need of her aſſiſtance, prayers and company, than of her abſence; ſo as a vertuous wife, and a religious Chriſtian, ſhe will not conſent to forſake and leave him, but reſolves to ſtay and

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live with him, to see what the Lord is pleased to impose on her, and (for his sins and hers) what afflictions and miseries he hath ordayned and decreed for them: And yet being desirous to draw hope and comfort any way, because shee findes griefe and dispaire from all parts, shee resolves to acquaint her father with her calamities, as also (earnestly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which she doth in this her sorrowfull letter to him, which she sends him safely to *Savona*.

FERMIA to MORON.

I Now finde to my griefe, and know to my shame and Repentance, that my disobedience in marrying Lorenzo *against your consent and without your blessing, is the reason why God hath thus punished me with a bad husband in him, whose fervent affection to me is so soone forgotten and frozen, and whose Vertues in himselfe are so suddenly and sinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigalities hath spent and consumed all his estate, and left not wherewith either to give himselfe or mee maintenance: In which regard because my afflictions are so great, and my miseries so infinite, that I rather deserve your pitty, than your displeasure; Therefore if not for my sake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers sake and remembrance, who is your dead wife, either give my Husband meanes to set up his old trade and forsake his new vices in* Genoua, *or else take me home to live with you againe in* Savona: *& if you will not in Nature respect me as your Daughter, yet in compassion entertaine me as your Handmaid, and I most humbly and religiously beseech you to thinke and consider with your selfe, to what great wants and necessitie I am now reduced, sith I write you this my letter rather with teares then inke: God direct your heart to my reliefe and consolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your service, and consecrated to his glory.*

FERMIA.

Her father *Moron* after a long consultation and reluctation with himselfe, whether he should reade or reject this letter of his daughter; He at last (having formerly understood of her husbands prodigality, and her poverty and misery) breakes up the seales thereof and peruseth it, and surely if there had beene any sparke of humanity or reason, or of good nature or pitty in him at all, his former knowledge of her miseries, and now this present assurance and confirmation thereof, should have perswaded him to grant her, if not the first, yet the second of her requests, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but hee is still so hard-hearted to her as hee will neither relieve her wants, nor pitty her afflictions, but (more out of hatred then affection to her) thinkes he hath done enough in sending her not his love, but this his sharpe letter in answer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA.

IF thy Husband prove not to thy liking, thou hast just reason to thanke thy selfe, and to condemne thine owne temerity and disobedience in hoosing him, and if his affection be so soone forgotten or frozen to thee, it is a iust punishment of God, because thine was so fast to me, whereas that is the effect, so doubtlesse this is the prime, and originall cause thereof, and as his vices and prodigality hath spent all his estate, so I have not so little iudgement, (though thou so small understanding) to thinke that mine shall redeeme it, which (upon the whole) were then to imitate and second him in his folly, and consequently to make my selfe guilty in consuming it. And because thou fleddest with him without my knowledge from Savona *to* Genova, *and didst there marry him without my consent, therefore it is neither thy Griefe nor Misery, or thy shame and repentance, which shall induce me either to respect or pitty thee as my daughter, or which is lesse, to relieve and entertaine thee as my handmaid: you both are young enough to worke and labour for your living, as thy mother and my selfe did for ours, and therefore know that thy youth deserves no compassion from my age, and if this will not satisfie thee, then the best ad-*

aduiſe and conſell which I can or will give thee is, that thou continually direct thy prayers to God for thy reliefe and conſolation: And herein thou wilt then ſerve thy ſelfe pleaſe me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardeſt my Commands, or deſireſt my bleſſing, let me neither ſee thee, or hereafter heare any more of thy vaine and fooliſh Letters.

MORON.

The receit of this her fathers unkinde and cruell Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with deſpaire, and her heart with griefe; or if that doe not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her deboſhed husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reaſon and oppoſite to Grace, he many times beats her; ſhe is all in teares hereat, uſeth all poſſible meanes to reclaime him from his new vices to his old vertues: Shee continually perſwades him fairely with exhortations, ſweetly with ſighes, and deerely with teares, yea poore ſweet young woman, ſhee many times caſts herſelfe at his feet, and with her armes croſſed, her hands elevated towards heaven, her haire diſhevelled and dandling about her cheekes, and her pearled teares bedewing the lillies of her mournefull and diſconſolate countenance, begs him to forſake his vices to himſelfe, and his undeſerved unkindneſſe and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vaine, for he proves deafe to her requeſts and prayers, and blinde to her ſighes and teares. He hath no longer mony to buy corne, and is ſo farre from ſelling any bread to others, as he hath ſcarce enough to give to himſelfe and to his great bellied wife, and as for his ſervants he is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himſelfe and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkeable, for when he wants mony, he beates her, if ſhee will not preſently ſupply his wants, and furniſh his expences. Now in the middeſt of all theſe her griefes and miſeries, God ſends her a faire young ſonne, of whom the father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her neighbours beene farre greater than that of her husband to her, both the mother had miſcarryed, and the childe periſhed in the ſharpe throwes and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little ſon, whom ſhe cauſeth to be chriſtened in a very poore manner and ceremony, is *Thomaſo*: For ſhe is ſo poore as ſhe hath nothing but raggs to wrappe and cover him with, and therefore with much griefe and ſhame, ſhe begges poore linnen clouts of her neighbours to keepe him cleane and ſweet: When it is waking, ſhee lookes and kiſſeth it often with ioy, but when it ſleepes or ſuckes, then ſhe grieves that it is ſo unfortunate both in a wicked father, and in a poore diſconſolate mother, who hath more meanes to lament and pitty, then milke to feed and nouriſh it: Shee often ſhewes her husband his childe, and importunately begges him henceforth to have a more provident care of himſelfe for his childes ſake, and of his childe for his owne ſake: But he as a lewd Husband and too degenerate a father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them, yea his vices and cruelty makes her ſorrow ſo infinite, that ſhee reputes herſelfe a burthen to herſelfe, and a thouſand times wiſheth ſhe were in heaven; And one time among the reſt after her husband without cauſe, had given her many bitter words and ſome ſharp and cruell blowes her childe being in its cradle, he gone forth from her in choller, ſhee fals downe on her knees to prayer, the which ſo ſoone as ſhe had ended, and her childe awaking and crying, ſhe takes it up in her armes, and mournefully ſitting downe on the floore by her bed ſide, ſhee (weeping as faſt as her poore infant babe ſucked) having bolted her chamber doore, was over-heard by one of her neighbours (twixt whom and her ſelfe there was but a wainſcot encloſe and partition) to pronounce theſe (or the like) ſorrowfull ſpeeches to her ſelfe.

O poore *Fermia*, it had been an infinite happineſſe for thee if thou haddeſt never ſeene thy husband *Lorenzo*, or periſhed and ſuncke in the Sea when thou fleddeſt with him from *Savona* to *Genova*, before he was thy Husband. For ſurely thou haſt great cauſe to thinke, and reaſon to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a iuſt plague and puniſhment

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ſent thee from God, for diſobeying thy father, in marrying without his conſent and bleſſing; with whom when thou livedſt ſingle, thou hadſt ſo much felicity and joy, as thou kneweſt not what belonged to ſorrow and miſery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art enforced to taſte ſo much griefe and miſery, as thou knoweſt no more what belongs to joy & felicity. Then thou diddeſt ſurfet with the choyce of the coſtlieſt meats and viands, and now thou art ready to ſtarve meerely for want of bread: Then thy apparrell was rich, but now rent and torne: Then thy beauty made thee ſought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefes and ſorrowes having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee. For can thy griefes bee matched, or thy afflictions and ſorrowes paralleld, when thou haſt a Husband who neither feares nor ſerves God, who will neither goe to Church or pray himſelfe, or permit or ſuffer thee to doe it; and who is ſo farre from loving thee, as hee loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye mee) hee drownes himſelfe and his wits in wine, and keepes whores to thy noſe, ſpends all his eſtate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the off-ſcumme and Caterpillers of the world) with whom he conſumes his time and himſelfe, making night day, and day night in theſe his beaſtly revels, and obſcene voluptuouſneſſe, and upon whom he hath ſpent ſo much, as he now hath nothing left either to ſpend or maintaine himſelfe and thee; yea, thy miſeries are ſo great, and thy afflictions and ſorrowes ſo ſharpe and infinite, that thou haſt no parent left to ſuccour or relieve thee, and which is leſſe, no friend who will aſſiſt or comfort thee. Poore young woman, and diſconſolate ſorrowfull wife that thou art, it were a bleſſed happineſſe, and a happy bleſſing for thee that thou wert unborne or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother dyed too ſoone for thee, when thou wert young, and therefore ſhee cannot, and thy father lives, (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee ſo much as he will not aſſiſt and releeve thee. And as all thy kinsfolkes refuſe to lend or ſend thee any comfort in theſe thy wants and calamities; ſo thoſe who profeſſed themſelves thy friends in thy proſperity, will not now either ſee thee in thy pouerty, or know thee tn thy miſery. When againe and againe looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kiſſes, then (her teares interrupting her wordes, and her ſighs againe cutting her teares in peeces) ſhe continueth her ſpeech thus: And thou my ſweet babe, what ſhall I ſay to thee, ſith almoſt I can doe nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my ſelfe, how then can I give milke to thee? and yet I love thee ſo dearely and tenderly, that although thy unkinde and cruell father hate me ſo deadly, yet I will ſtarve before thou ſhalt want, yea, I will cheerefully worke, and (if occaſion ſerve) begge my ſelfe to death to get ſuſtenance and neceſſaries for the preſervation of thy life. For live thou my ſweet babe as happy as thy poore mother is miſerable and unfortunate: And if I die before thee, (as I hope I ſhall not live long) ſay thou hadſt a mother who loved thee a thouſand times dearer than her owne life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poore in eſtate and meanes to maintaine thee. And if I leave thee nothing behind me, (becauſe I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I wil give thee my bleſſing, and leave thee heire to theſe my moſt religious prayers, That God in his divineſt favour and mercy will not powre down his wrath and puniſhments on thee, but thou mayeſt live to be as happy in thy vertues, as I feare thy father will be miſerable in his vices; and as true a ſervant and inſtrument of Gods glory, as (with griefe and teares) I ſee he is of his owne diſgrace and diſhonour.

Neither is our vertuous *Fermia* deceived in the cloſe of this her paſſionate and preſaging ſpeech towards her husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly courſe of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his freſh as his drunken humours) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight & glory to beat her; who notwithſtanding yet thinking and hoping to work ſome good in him, through his ſight of this poore infant his ſon; She often ſhewes it to him, & with ſighes and teares prayes him to leave off this his ſinfull life towards God, & theſe his cruell courſes and actions towards herſelfe. But he is ſtill the ſame man, yea, he is ſo wretchedly debauched and vitious, as hee will

not endure to thinke of making himſelf better, and to ſay the truth, I beleeve and think that the Devill cannot poſſibly make him worſe; the which his poore ſorrowfull Wife perceiving, as alſo that her childe being now by this time almoſt two yeares old, ſhee hath not wherewithall in the world to maintaine it meat or cloathes, ſhee is enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, and ſo workes exceeding hard with her needle, thereby to give life to her ſelfe, and her pretty young ſonne; and yet ſay ſhe what ſhe will with ſighes, and doe ſhe what ſhee can with teares, her Huſband ſtill forcibly takes away the two parts of the poore profit, and ſmall revenewe of her labours, both from her ſelfe, and her little ſonne *Thomaſo*, not caring if they ſtarve or die, ſo hee have to maintaine his vitious expences among his lewd Conſorts and Companions; yea, her miſeries and wants are now ſo great, and her affection to her childe ſo deare and tender, that when ſhee hath no meanes to ſet her ſelfe to worke, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchleſſe griefe and ſhame) ſhee deſcends ſo farre from her ſelfe, as ſhamefully and ſecretly in remote ſtreets and Churches, ſhee begges the almes and charity of ſome well diſpoſed people for their ſubſiſtence and maintenance: But at length, when ſhe ſees that her Huſband is informed and acquainted therewith, and that hee is ſo inhumane in himſelfe, and ſo cruell hearted to her and her ſonne, that hee likewiſe takes theſe ſmall monies away from her, (which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies) then not knowing what (in the world) to doe, or which way to winde or turne her ſelfe any longer, to maintaine her ſonne, which (by many degrees) ſhe loves better than her ſelfe, ſhe reſolves to write to her father to take him home to him at *Savona*, and maintaine him, which ſhee doth by this her enſuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA to MORON.

THe increaſe of my Husbands vices are thoſe of my wants and miſeries, which are now growne ſo extreame and infinite, that I have not cloathes nor food left to maintaine my ſelfe, or my poore little ſonne Thomaſo, *nor ſcarce to give life to us: And conſidering that I am your daughter, (yea your only childe) me thinks both in Nature and Chriſtianity, that my Father ſhould not ſee me driven to theſe ſharpe and bitter extremities, without releeving me, eſpecially, becauſe as heretofore, ſo now my ſighes begge it of you with humility for charities ſake, and my teares with ſorrow for Gods ſake. Or if yet your heart will not diſſolve into pity, or relent into compaſſion towards me, at leaſt let it towards my poore and pretty yeung childe, whom now with prayers and teares I beſeech you to take from me and maintaine, though not as a great part of me, yet as a little piece of your ſelfe, and whom God (in his ſacred power and ſecret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reſerve to be as much happineſſe to you, as I your ſorrowfull Daughter, and his poore Mother ſee my ſelfe born to affliction and miſery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I ſhall the ſooner forget your unnaturall unkindneſſe and cruelty towards my ſelfe. And ſo may you live in as much proſperity, as I feare I ſhall ſhortly die in extreame indigence and miſery.*

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* receiveth and peruſeth this third Letter of his Daughter *Fermia*, whereat being yet nothing moved in charity, or touched in compaſſion towards her, but only towards her young ſonne (and his grand childe) *Thomaſo*, he returnes her this ſhort anſwer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilfull and obſtinate in diſobeying my commands with thy Letters, wherein I beleeve thou takeſt more glory, than either I conceive griefe at the relation of thy wants, or ſorrow at the repetition of thy miſeries, the which I am ſo far from releeving, as I onely pity it that I am thy father, but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet becauſe thy young ſon Thomaſo *is as innocent as thou art guilty of my diſpleaſure and indignation, therfore give him to this bearer whom I have purpoſely ſent to receive him of thee, and I will ſee whether it be the pleaſure of God that*

that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy selfe, and if in his sacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a crosse and calamity to mine, which if it prove so, then give God the only praise and glory, which is the best use and requitall which thou canst make, or I desire.

MORON.

Our poore and desolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although she be wonderfull sorrowfull at the perseverance of his cruelty towards her selfe, yet she is infinitely glad and joyfull at his compassion and kindnesse towards her young son, whom apparelling the very best that possibly she could, (which God knowes is ragged, meane, and poore) she (with a thousand sighes, teares, prayers, blessings, and kisses) gives him to her fathers messenger, to whose affection and education, as also to Gods gracious protection and preservation, she religiously recommends him; when (to her exceeding griefe and sensible affliction) she sees it out of her possible power once to perswade her Husband *Lorenzo* either to kisse or to see him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to blesse it, or of his duty to pray to God to blesse it, much lesse to kisse it at parting. A most unkinde and unnaturall part of a father to his sweet and pretty young sonne. Which strange and discourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impossible for us to see God as strangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowfull *Fermia* having thus sent away her little sonne *Thomaso* to her Father *Moron* at *Savona*, she the very same night dreames in her poore bed and house in *Genoa*, that she shall never be so happy to see him againe; when being awaked, and remembring this her sorrowfull dreame, she for meere griefe bitterly weepes thereat, and although she would, yet she cannot possibly forget or suppresse the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her minde; so that thinking her selfe fortunate in placing this her little sonne with her Father, and his Grandfather; she is now very pensive and sorrowfull for his absence, because she can no longer see him, play with him, and kisse him, and is infinitely disconsolate and mournfull when she thinks of her dreame of him. In the meane time her lewd Husband growes from bad to worse, so that her cohabitation is but a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an Indenture of slavery, and a contract of misery under him. Such is her incomparable griefe, such her unparalleld afflictions and calamities.

Five yeares our disconsolate *Fermia* lives in this rich misery, and miserable poverty with her Husband, and yet all the whole world cannot perswade her Father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no consolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; so she armes her selfe with the last, and adorneth her self with the first. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little son *Thomaso*, but now being eased of that burthen, she will give it over, so she workes hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet shee cannot get so fast as her Husband spends it prodigally and lasciviously. Her care and vertues make her the pity, as his lewdnesse and vices make him the scorne and contempt of their neighbours. So while, she sits at home close at her needle in poore apparell, hee idlely wanders abroad untill hee have brought his apparell to rags, and himselfe almost to nakednesse. And here it is that her wretched Husband *Lorenzo* now first begins to hearken to the Devill, yea, to prove a very Devill himselfe towards this his deare and vertuous Wife; for hee enters into a consultation with himself, that if he were once rid of his Wife *Fermia*, he might marry some other with a good portion to maintaine him and so againe set up his Trade of Baking which now had forsaken him, because hee had vitiously and unthriftily forsaken it. When his faith being as weake with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the world, hee assumes a bloudy and damnable resolution to murther her, and hereunto the devill is still at his elbow to provoke & egge him onward, and continually blowes the coals

to this his malice and indignation against her: So neither his minde or heart, his conscience or soule can divert him from this fearefull enterprize, and lamentable & bloody businesse: The which to performe and perpetrate, hee on a great holiday (which was the purification of the blessed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard some halfe a mile from the City of *Genova* under colour to recreate themselves, and to take the aire, which God knowes, shee poore soule, takes for a great, because an unaccustomed favour and courtesie at his hands, where shee most lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himselfe fast asleepe, and she (innocent harmlesse young woman) then and there slept soundly, and every way being as devoyd of feare, as hee was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolicall cruelty, (seeing the coast cleare) softly riseth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happinesse to utter one word before her death: Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, hee speedily and politiquely enters *Genova* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all suspition of this his bloody and damnable fact.

The very same night this her breathlesse murthered body is found out by some of *Genova*, who accidentally walked that way; and they causing it to be brought to the City, it is knowne by some of *Lorenzo's* neighbours, to be his wife *Fermia*, whereat to adde the better cloke to his knavery, and shadow to his villany, he seemes to be wonderfully sad, and passionately sorrowfull for the same, and so requesteth the Criminall Officers, both in and about the City, to make curious research and enquiry for the murtherers of his wife, which they doe; but this hypocriticall sadnesse and false sorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevaile for a time, yet (to that of Gods Mercy and Justice) in the end, it shall little availe him; so hee gives her a poore and obscure buriall, every way unworthy the sweetnesse of her beauties, and the excellency of her vertues. Her father *Moron* hath speedy notice of this deplorable death of his daughter, who considering how she had cast away her selfe upon so bad a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly hee seeme to bewaile and lament it, yet inwardly he much cares not for it; and for her little sonne *Thomaso*, his few yeeres dispenceth with his capacity from understanding, much lesse from lamenting and mourning for this disasterous end of his mother.

A moneth after the cruell murther and buriall of this vertuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloody and execrable Husband *Lorenzo*, (is yet so devoid of grace) as hee goes to *Savona* to request his father in Law *Moron*, to give him some maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his wife his daughter, as also to see his sonne *Thomaso*. But *Moron* by his servants, sends him a peremptory refusall to both these his requests, and so will neither see him, nor suffer him to see his sonne, but absolutely for ever forbids him his house: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choller leaves *Savona*, and returnes to *Genova*, where selling away his wifes old clothes to provide him new, hee seekes many maidens and widowes in marriage, but the fame of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late wife, is so fresh and great, that they all disdaine him; so that utterly despairing ever to raise himselfe and his fortunes by marriage, he forsakes and leaves *Genova*, inrolls himselfe a *Bandetti*, and for many yeeres together practiseth that thievish profession, to the which wee will leave him, and speake a little of his young and little sonne *Thomaso*.

Old *Moron* traines up this his Grand-childe, *Thomaso*, very vertuously and industriously, and at the age of fourethene yeeres, bids him chuse and imbrace any trade he best liketh: When *Thomaso* exceedingly delighting in limming, graving, and imagery, he becomes a Goldsmith, and in foure or five yeeres after, is become a singular, expert, and skilfull work-man in his trade: His Grand-father loves him dearely and tenderly, and intends to make him his heire; but *Thomaso* (led, as I thinke, by the immediate hand and providence of God, or out of his owne naturall inclination) being of a gadding humour to travell abroad, and see other Cities and Countries, and having a particular itching desire to see *Rome*, (which he understood is one of the very prime and chiefe places of

the

the world for rich and curious Goldſmiths,) He finding a french ſhip of *Marſeilles* (which by contrary winds ſtopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vechia*, very ſecretly packes up his trunke and trinkets, and ſo goes along in that ſhip: Now as ſoone as his Grandfather *Moron* underſtands hereof, he very much grieves at this his raſh and ſudden departure: So *Thomaſo* arrives at *Civita Vechia*, goes up to *Hoſtia* by ſea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where he becomes a ſingular ingenious Gold-ſmith, and thrives ſo well, (as after a few yeeres) he there keepes ſhop for himſelfe, and conſtantly builds up his reſidence.

In all this long tract and progreſſion of time, which (my true information tells me) is at leaſt 24. yeeres; his father *Lorenzo* continues a thieviſh *Bandetti* in the State of *Genova* and *Luca*, where hee commits ſo many lewd robberies, and ſtrange rapines, depredations and thefts, as that countrey at laſt becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, ſo he leaves it, and travelleth into *Thoſcany*, and to the faire and famous City of *Florence*, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the revenewes of his robberies, hee againe ſets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profeſſion hee knew himſelfe expert and excellent, and here he ſetleth himſelfe to live and dwell, takes a faire commodious houſe, and lookes out hard for ſome rich old maiden, or young widow to make his new wife; *But God will prevent his thoughts, and fruſtrate his deſignes and deſires herein:* For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his ſoule, nor his ſoule with his All-ſeeing and righteous God for the cruell murthering of his old wife, *Fermia*, which as an impetuous ſtorme and fierce tempeſt, will ſuddenly befall him, when he leaſt dreames or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner ſo ſtrange, and an accident ſo miraculous, that former ages have ſeldome, if ever paralleld, or given us a precedent hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Juſtice of God reſplends with infinite luſtre and admiration; and therefore in my poore judgement and opinion, I deeme it moſt worthy of our obſervation, as wee are men, and of our remembrance as wee are Chriſtians.

Charles, now Cardinall of *Medicis*, going up to *Rome* to receive his hat of this preſent Pope, *Vrban* VIII. and *Coſmos* the great Duke of *Florence* his brother (in honour to him and their illuſtrious Blood and Family, whereof they are now chiefe) reſolving to make his entry and aboad in that City of *Rome* to be ſtately and magnificent; Hee cauſeth his Houſe and Traine in all points to be compoſed of double Officers and Servants, to whom hee gives rich and coſtly liveries, and among others, our *Lorenzo* is found out, elected and pricked downe to be one of his Bakers for his owne trencher in that Journey, where in *Rome* hee flaunts it out moſt gallantly and bravely in rich apparell, and is ſtill moſt deboſhed and prodigall in his expenſes before any other of the Cardinalls meniall Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murthering of his wife *Fermia*, but rather abſolutely believes, that as hee, ſo God had wholly buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetuall ſilence and oblivion; but the Divel will deceive his hopes: For now that lamentable murther of his cries aloud to Heaven and to God for vengeance; wherein wee ſhall behold and ſee, that it is the Providence and Pleaſure of God, many times to puniſh one ſinne in and by another, yea, and ſometimes one ſinne for another, as reſerving it in the ſecret Will and inſcrutable Providence, to puniſh Capitall offenders, whereof murtherers are infalliby the greateſt, both when, where, and how he pleaſeth; for earthly and ſinfull eyes, have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our minde and capacity to dive into his divine actions and reſolution, becauſe many times hee accelerateth or delayeth their puniſhments, as they ſhall ſtand moſt fit and requiſite for his Juſtice and their crimes.

When therefore the Panders and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his money and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his griefe) he now ſaw, that by no poſſible meanes hee could procure or borrow any more there,

being

being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodigality ſtrike ſaile, and ſo as he vainly and fooliſhly thinks to diſgrace his Lord Cardinals ſervice inſtead of honouring it: He once was minded, and reſolved to ſteale ſome gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-maſters Trunck: But then conſulting with his judgement and diſcretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that reſolution as ſoone as it was borne, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to ſteale ſome pieces of Plate out of a young Goldſmiths ſhop there in *Rome* with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and whoſe ſhop and company, he (with divers others of his fellowes) very often haunted and frequented ſince his comming to *Rome*: The which, watching and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two faire rich guilt Chalices, and a curious ſmall gold crucifix ſet with a few Saphires and Emeralds, all mounting to the valew of foure hundred and fifty Dukatons. This young Goldſmith (whoſe name we ſhall anon know) is amazed at this great loſſe, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knowes not whom to ſuſpect or accuſe for this robbery but *Lorenzo* the Cardinall of Florence his Baker: whom he ſaw, and obſerved did very often and too familiarly frequent his ſhop, and farre the more doth he fortifie and increaſe this his ſuſpition of him, becauſe then making a curious inquiry and reſearch of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points ſo vitious and deboſhed, as we have formerly underſtood, only the murther of his wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himſelfe knew: Wheupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are priviledged as ſanctuaries, but in a Taylors houſe neere adjoyning: he with an Officer ſearched his Chamber and Trunck wherein he found one of his Chalices, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which *Lorenzo* immediately had ſold both to pay his debts, and to put ſome double Piſtols in his pockets for his vaine and prodigall expences; when hunting after this his thiefe *Lorenzo* he preſently findes him, commits him to priſon, and accuſeth him to the Captaine and Judges of *Rome*: Who upon knowledge and ſight of one of the Chalices found in *Lorenzoes* Trunk, and alſo upon his confeſſion of having ſold away the other, and likewiſe the Crucifix of gold, they condemne him to be hanged the very next day for the ſame, *Lorenzo* (bitterly weeping & fuming at this his diſaſter) doth moſt humbly ſue and petition the Lord Cardinall his Maſter to beg his life of the Pope, who conſidering him to be a baſe Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his ſervice) to be very foule and ſcandalous, He is too Noble and wiſe to attempt or undertake it, and therfore becomes deafe to his requeſts: Whereupon *Lorenzo* is that night returned to his priſon, where he hath leaſure though not time enough, to think upon his conſcience and ſoule, upon the baſeneſſe of this his robbery, and the foulneſſe and bloodineſſe of murthering his wife *Fermia*.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the Bridge foot, in a little walled Court cloſe to the Caſtle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flock from all parts of *Rome* to ſee the Cardinalls of Florence his Baker take his laſt leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Friar, in his ſoules journey towards Heaven, as ſoone as he aſcended the Ladder, he there confeſſeth this his robbery: And likewiſe that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about ſome twenty & three yeers ſince) murthered his own wife named *Fermia Moron* in a vineyard neere *Geneva*, whereof he ſaith he will no longer charge his ſoule: The which the young Goldſmith (whoſe name was *Thomaſo Lorenzo* over hearing) he preſently burſt forth into teares, and very paſſionately and ſorrowfully cries out, that this man on the Ladder is his owne Father, and that *Fermia Moron* was his owne Mother, and therefore he with a world of ſobs, ſighes, and teares prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Juſtice to forbeare, and leave the priſoner for a ſmall whiles, which accordingly they do: When at the deſcent of his Father from the Ladder, *Thomaſo* (in preſence of all that huge number of people who were preſent) throwes himſelfe at his feet, and ſeeming to drowne himſelfe in his teares for ſorrow, confeſſeth himſelfe to be his Son,

and

and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to be his Mother, and therefore prayes him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in ſeeking his death of whom he had received his owne life: And although the conſideration of his Mothers lamentable murther doth pierce him to the heart with griefe, yet knowing him likewiſe to be his Father, and himſelfe his Sonne, he freely and willingly offers the Captaine of *Rome*, and the Judges all his Eſtate to ſave his Fathers life, but this his robbery is ſo foule, and that former murther of his ſo inhumane and lamentable, yea ſo odious to God and the World, and ſo execrable to Men and Angels that none will preſume or dare to ſpeake in his behalfe: So the next day *Lorenzo* is hanged, having firſt freely forgiven his Son *Thomaſo*, and entreated him likewiſe to forgive him for murthering of his Mother, and for any other thing elſe, he at his death ſaid little: But curſed the name and memory of that miſerable and covetous wretch his Father in Law *Moron*, whoſe unkindneſſe and cruelty he ſaid had occaſioned and brought him to all this miſery. But he ſpake not a word of his griefe or ſorrow for having murthered his wife *Fermia Moron*; Only he ſaid and beleeved that this his untimely death was a juſt revenge and puniſhment of God to him for the ſame.

The common ſort of the Spectators and people of *Rome*, ſeemed to taxe the Cardinall of Florence his Maſter for not ſaving this his Bakers life: but the wiſer and more religious ſort, applauded his generoſity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: But all doe admire and wonder at Gods ſacred providence and divine Juſtice in making the Sonne the cauſe and inſtrument of his Fathers hanging for murthering of his Mother, the which indeed gave cauſe of ſpeech and matter of wonder to *Rome*, *Genova*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea, to all *Italy*: And thus was the wicked life and deſerved death of this bloody Villaine *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Juſtice of the Lord triumph ore his crime in his puniſhment. And as for his Sonne *Thomaſo* (the Goldſmith) after this infamous and ſcandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himſelfe to live in *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonſtrations of Joy, and affection, and after his death made him ſole heire to all his wealth and Eſtate.

To God be all the Glory.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expreſſed
In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great variety of mournefull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke V.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1639.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE

(And truely Noble)

FRANCIS, LORD RVSSELL,

Baron of *Thornehaugh*, and Earle of *Bedford.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHen I had the honour to referre, to that Valiant, Wise, and honest Nobleman, Arthur, *Lord* Chichester, *Baron of* Belfast (*whose sublime merits doe here iustly deserve and challenge this Testimony from my Duty; That he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now so soone crowned a Saint in Heaven*) *I then had first the happinesse to know, and to be known of your Honour at your* Cheswicke; *in whom (because I ever hold it a farre lesse crime to speake the truth, then either to silence or dissemble it) I then found so many prints and stamps of true honour, and Characters of ancient Goodnesse and Nobility, that (with a pleasing content and delectation) I was enforced to be againe and againe enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your sake, and reciprocally, to love and respect your Lordship for both their sakes. Since when (out of your generosity, not my expectation or deserts) your*

Honour was pleased to conferre a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will (with equall Zeale, and Ambition) strive to make as eternall, as I know my selfe to be mortall and transitory. You are a Religious Christian, *and a true hearted* Englishman; *and therefore as it is your glory, so it is our happinesse, that you are both a constant Lover of God and his Church, and a firme and faithfull honourer of your Prince and Countrey, and you are now Lord Lieutenant (under our Gracious Soveraigne) of that famous County of* Devon, *and faire, and honourable City of* Excester, *to which I owe my nativity; and in both which the* Russels (*Earles of* Bedford) *your noble Ancestors have condignely left behind them many honourable Trophees of their* Valour, *and sweet and precious perfumes of their* Vertue.

These premises being so powerfull in truth, and so considerable and prevalent in reason, I therefore flatter my selfe with this hope, that your Honour *will attribute it rather to Dutie, then Presumption in me, if I now publikely attempt to profer and sacrifice up something to the Honour of your illustrious* Name, *and to the Dignity of your resplendent* Vertues: *Missing therefore of that desired happinesse (by some rare or elaborate peece) sufficiently to testifie to your Lordship and to the whole world, what you are to me in the height of* Honour, *and what I am, & desire to be found of you in the lownes of* Obsservance *and* Humility, *It will therefore be no lesse my Felicity, then your Goodnesse, If you vouchsafe to accept and patronize this my Fift Booke of foraigne* Tragicall Histories, *and also please to permit them to travell and seeke their Fortunes abroad in the world, under the auspicious Planet, and authenticall Passeport of your Noble Protection, wherein you may behold and see, how soundly, how sacredly the Justice of God meets with this crying and scarlet Sinne of* Murther, *which (in these our depraved, and sinnefull times) in contempt of the Lawes of* Heaven *and* Earth, *make so lamentable and so prodigious a progression; and how sharpely and severely it (deservedly) punisheth (those Butchers, and Monsters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I desire not to usurpe)*

uſurpe) any part of your Lordſhips houres of leiſure to give firſt to the Knowledge, and then to the Contemplation of theſe Hiſtories, and the ſeverall Accidents which they report and relate, I ſhall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that Honour *and* Favour, *which I ingenuouſly acknowledge, I am farre more capable to deſire then deſerve.*

I come now to implore pardon of your Honour *for this my Preſumption, in inſcribing and adventuring ſo meane a worke to your noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epiſtle, as ſoone as began, to aſſure you, That I will ever (religiouſly) pray unto God to accumulate all proſperities and bleſsings on your* Honour; *as alſo on your moſt Vertuous* Counteſſe, *and ſucceſsively on your Honourable and Flouriſhing Poſterity, who now promiſe no leſſe then a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrice Noble Name, and Family.*

Your Honours in all
Dutie and Service,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE GROVNDS AND CONTENTS OF THESE HISTORIES.

History XXI.

Babtiſtyna *and* Amarantha *poyſon their Eldeſt Siſter* Iaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants,* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtifle her elder Syſter* Babtiſtyna *in her Bed.* Bernardo *flying away, breakes his necke with the fall off his Horſe,* Pierya *is hanged for the ſame, ſo likewiſe is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt;* Bernardo *being buried, his body is againe taken up, and hanged to the Gallowes by his feete, then burnt and his aſhes throwne into the Rivea.*

Hiſtory XXII.

Martino *poyſoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet; He afterwards growes mad, and in confeſſion reveales both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widdow to* Monfredo, *and Siſter to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.*

Hiſtory XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his owne Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kills* Caſſino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a ſhort Musket* (*or Carabyne*) *from a Window. Hee is beheaded for thoſe two murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the River.*

Hiſtory XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kills* La Roche *in a Duell.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon his owne brother* Valfontane, Moncallier *after falls and breakes his necke from a paire of ſtaires.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Fathers Miller to murther and ſtrangle* Marieta *in her bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond,* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheele, and* Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.*

Hiſtory XXV.

Vaſti *firſt murthereth his Sonne* George, *and next poyſoneth his owne Wife* Heſter, *and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the Fields, hee revealeth theſe his two murthers, for the which hee is firſt hanged, and then burnt.*

GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXI.

Babtiſtyna *and* Amarantha *poyſon their Eldeſt Siſter* Iaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtifle her Elder Siſter* Babtyſtina *in her bed*; Bernardo *flying, breakes his necke with the fall off his Horſe,* Pierya *is hanged, ſo likewiſe is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt,* Bernardo *being buried, his body is againe taken up, hanged to the Gallowes by his feet, then burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the ayre.*

THe Golden times being paſt, what doth this Iron or flinty age of ours produce, but Thornes for Roſes, and Brambles for Lillies, I meane bloudy and barbarous acts inſtead of deeds of Compaſſion and workes of Charity? Not but that Chriſtianitie (as a faire and glorious vaile) covereth the face of *Europe*, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of learned and godly Preachers, who (by the ſanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine) ſpend the greateſt part both of their time, and of themſelves to propagate Vertue, and Piety in us, and conſequently to root out vice and Sinne from among us; But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Iudgements, the weakneſſe of our Faith, the coldneſſe of our Zeale, and our neglect of prayer, which ſometimes (O that I might not ſay too too often) tranſporteth our ſelves, beyond our ſelves, and our reſolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reaſon, yea and violently carryeth us to deſperate and inhumane attempts, which this next deplorable Hiſtory will ſo apparantly

rantly and perſpicuouſly verifie unto us, that wee ſhall difficultly reade it without ſighes, nor underſtand it without teares, at leaſt if we have but the ſparkes of ſo much Charity in our hearts, and Piety in our Soules as the unfortunate Authours, and miſerable Actours hereof wanted.

IF *Tuſcany* be the beauty and glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the capital City thereof) muſt needs bee that of *Tuſcany*; or elſe it could not ſo juſtly and generally deſerve that true and excellent Epethite of Faire. It is a City which hath given both Life and being to the Illuſtrious Family of the *Medicis*, (or as ſome affirme, they to it.) The worſt Grounds about it are Vineyards, and the beſt are dainty Meadowes, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadowes for their ſpaciouſneſſe, and their Meadowes are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and croſſed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and that River againe by two ſtately Bridges curiouſly embeliſhed and adorned with many Marble and Alabaſter Statues. The Streets hereof are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the moſt part) rather Palaces than private Houſes, and the Temples for ſumptuouſneſſe and beauty, nothing inferiour to the beſt, and richeſt of *Italy*, eſpecially the two moſt ſumptuous and unparalleld Chappels of the *Babtiſtaria*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as alſo the *Domo*, and *Campanella* (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a moſt magnificent and ſtately Cathedrall Church, which not onely catcheth our eye with wonder, but ſurpriſeth our thoughts with admiration, as all our Engliſh Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, doe (peradventure) know farre better than my ſelfe; I ſay in this rich and faire City of *Florence*, neere the Church of the *Dominican* Friers, in the latter dayes of the Great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an ancient, vertuous, and generous Cavalier, named *Seignior Leonardo Streni*, deſcended of a Noble Family, neere to the City of *Piſtoia*, where his Auncеſtours left him many faire Demeanes, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Vertue and Wiſedome, the true Foundation of moſt of the chiefeſt Houſes, and beſt Families of *Italy*) hee managed and improved ſo well, that within the ſpace of twenty yeares hee became exceeding rich and opulent, but neere about this time, that the ſweetneſſe of his content, might receive ſome checke of bitter affliction, to ſhew him that man is ſubject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity heere on Earth, his Lady *Alcydina* died, which brought him much ſorrow and affliction, having onely yet this joy and conſolation left him, that hee had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named, *Iaquinta*, *Babtiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, who albeit, hee hoped would prove the ſtayes and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afoord him, farre leſſe ſelicity, and more miſery than he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine, the which, to approve and verifie, they are by me prayed to underſtand, and remember, that theſe two youngeſt Daughters, *Babtiſtyna*, and *Amarantha*, are wonderfull faire and beautifull, of a reaſonable tall ſtature, very ſtreight and ſlender; but *Iaquinta*, the eldeſt Daughter is of a browne complexion, ſhort, and crook-backd, but ſhe hath this ſleight, that her Tailors art ſerves to overvaile the defects, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature; and ſhe herſelfe hath the ſkill to put on freſh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the purity and ſimplicity of former Ages were not acquainted with, or elſe purpoſely diſdained and hated, although the pride and vanity of theſe our times doe ambitiouſly allow and practiſe them. Againe, *Iaquinta* is proud and ſtately, *Babtiſtyna* chollericke, ſullen, and revengefull, and *Amarantha* (to the eye and judgement of the World) pleaſant and courteous. Have wee but a little patience, and wee ſhall ſhortly ſee each of theſe three Siſters, appeare in their true colours, and in very different wayes to act their ſeverall Parts upon the Stage and Theater of this their Hiſtory.

Streni ſeeing himſelfe a Widdower, not ſo much favoured of God to have any Sonne to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage; Hee (as a provident and loving Father) holds it a great point of affection and

and discretion in him now to leave his Mannour House of *Cardura* neere *Pistoia*, and to betake himselfe to live and reside in *Florence*, hoping thereby with lesse difficulty, and farre more advantage, to looke out and provide fit Husbands for his Daughters, answerable to their Ranke and Degree; which disposition and resolution of his pleased them well, and administred them cause of great content and joy, sith it is now growne to a custome, and an habite, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen be infinitely desire to live in great Townes and Cities, where they may see, and be seene, and especially in those of *Italy*, more than in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their aboad and residence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and essentiall reasons, why their Cities are so rich, populous, and faire.

Thus we see *Streni* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwell (as I have formerly said) neere the Monastery of the *Dominican* Friers, where his wealth, birth, and port, cause him to be visited and frequented of the best and noblest sort of that City, and as the time of his residence, so the number of his acquaintance encreaseth, for vertue is capable to purchase friends every where, and his wealth and Daughters beauties like so many powerfull Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his House to see and serve them; Where although *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha*, are beloved and sought in Marriage of many, yet their Father is resolute to marry their eldest Sister *Iaquinta* first, wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his House, shee is to be seene, and courted, but *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* are mewed and fast locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers resolution, for his word must bee their Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this History, as I one way commend *Streni* his resolution to marry his eldest Daughter first, so yet in approving his discretion for her preferment, I must nevertheless taxe his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngest Daughters; For as it was a courtesie of him to have *Iaquinta* seene of Suters, so it was a degree of dis-respect, I may say, of cruelty in him to confine *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* as Prisoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purposely and honourably to his House, both to see and seeke them in Marriage.

But *Iaquinta* (armed with her fathers love and authority) growes extreamely imperious and stately; She triumpheth in conceit to see herselfe preferred of her father before her Sisters. She sees her two sisters *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are sued and sought for in marriage by divers Cavilliers, and the very consideration hereof grieves, and the remembrance afflicts her, but wit hall she observes, that they dare not disobey, or contradict their fathers command, to affect or speake with any, and therefore the very knowledge and remembrance here of, againe rejoyceth her. As it is a happinesse for us to purchase friends, so it is a misery to lose them. Her sisters love her, but shee loves not them, they are as unworthy of her hatred, as she is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledge, but yet shee should consider, that they are her Sisters, and not her Servants, and that their bloud is hers & hers theirs. It is an argument of indiscretion and insolency, for one Brother or Sister to thinke themselves better then another, But many Gentlewomen, who are Sisters, esteeme pride a second beauty, or at least an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore to preferre and elevate themselves, they care not how they disparage and deiect others. The beauty of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* is an eye-sore to *Iaquinta*. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit. It is still a happy vertue for us to checke and vanquish our owne vices. She knowes that many Gentlemen love them, but sees and observes with griefe, that none affect her. Her desire to marry is so immodestly licentious and boundlesse, as shee could willingly resolve to accept of any Gentleman for her husband, that would be content to take her for his wife: but Incontinency proves still a pernicious counsellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now, as *Cantharides* flye still to the faireſt flowers; so shee sees (and indeed infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to see) that all Lovers and Suitors

flie

flie to one of theſe her two Siſters, and wholly abandon and forſake her ſelfe: but being a woman, ſhe wants not an invention to apply a preſent remedy to this her diſcontent and choller. Shee muſt have her Siſters beauties and braveries eclipſed, that hers may appeare more bright, and reſplend and ſhine with more luſtre and glory: Shee knowes that Chriſtall ſeemes precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, ſhee very paſſionately, and yet ſubtilly workes upon the affections of her Father, and obtaines of him, that as her yeares, ſo her apparell may excell and exceed that of her Siſters, the which hee inconſiderately grants her; and this ſhee receives and conceives to bee a ſtep to her advancement, and an obſtacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to ſee themſelves impriſoned in a Chamber, whiles ſhee to her content and pleaſure rejoyceth both to ſee, and to bee ſeene of Gentlemen: So now their diſcontent thereof growes into choller, and their choller into rage, to ſee this their elder Siſter *Iaquinta* not onely to ſtep ſome degrees beyond them, but likewiſe many beyond her ſelfe in her apparell.

It is ever a wiſe and diſcreet vertue in Parents to diſtribute their favours and affections equally to their Children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at leaſt that they be ſo reſerved and cautious, as to conceale it ſecretly to themſelves, that the reſt may neither perceive nor know it. That *Streni* ſought to marry *Iaquinta* before *Babtiſtyno* and *Amarantha* (as I formerly have ſaid) hee did well, but yet to make them loſe when they might finde and gaine a fortune, was withall to bee indiſcreet, if not unnaturall. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counſelled and led by the eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will priſe and affect beauty without vertue, others vertue without beauty; but where both meete and concurre, it doth not onely pleaſe, but delight, and ſo joyntly ſympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the beſt and nobleſt Cavalliers of *Florence* love *Babtiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, but not *Iaquinta*; or if they ſeeme to court *Iaquinta*, it is but with a reſerved hope and intent to enjoy the ſight and company of *Babtiſtyna* and *Amarantha*. but as jealouſie and malice have alwayes foure eyes in ſtead of two; ſo it is at leaſt a torment, if not many deaths, to *Iaquinta*, to ſee her two ſiſters to live and be beloved of all ſuters, and her ſelfe of none; the which to prevent, and ſo to ſtop the progreſſe of their Triumphs, and conſequently of her owne diſcontent and affliction, ſhee (not deſirous to have two ſuch Starres of beauty to appeare and ſhine together in the Firmament of her Fathers Houſe in *Florence*) doth ſo ſecretly undermine, and ſo cunningly prevaile with him, as her two Siſters (when they leaſt dreame or thinke thereof) are by his order and command ſuddenly ſent away by Coach to his Countrey Houſe of *Cardura*, neere *Piſtoia* (whereof wee have already made mention) notwithſtanding all their requeſts, ſighes, and teares to the contrary, and there by his appointment to bee privately and diſconſolately ſhut up, from any acceſſe or converſation of any man whatſoever, and under the charge and cuſtody of an old ill-favoured Beldame (ſometimes their Schoolmiſtris) named *Dona Malevola*.

Babtiſtyna and *Amarantha*, being enforced to baniſhment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, beleeved that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Siſter *Iaquinta*, as by the ſeverity of their Father; They know not from what Saint to implore aide or aſſiſtance, or from what point their Art, or Invention to expect for hope or redreſſe hereof; But at length (being conſtrained to make a Vertue of Neceſſity) they brooke this their diſgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much leſſe diſpairing) but that a little time will worke a great alteration in their Eſtates and Fortunes; But ſeeing a moneth paſt over, and their Keeper *Malevola*, ſtill more and more bent to reſtraine them of their liberty, without ſuffering them to ſee or ſpeake with any Stranger, or any Stranger with them, they at laſt recollect, and plucke up their ſpirits to themſelves, and ſo reſolve to write a faire Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Siſter *Iaquinta*, to procure their returne to *Florence*, which they doe, and ſend it by one *Bernardo* a truſty Servant of theirs, That to their Father ſpake thus.

BABTISTINA

BABTISTINA and AMARANTHA to STRENI.

IT is with much astonishment and griefe to us, that you have so sodainely banished us from your presence, and from Florence, *to live here rather as Prisoners then your Daughters, in your Countrey house of* Cardura; *And having the honour to be so great a part of your selfe, we do not a little wonder what our Errors or Crimes should be, that we must be inforced to be deprived of that felicity, and suffer this misery. If we have beene sought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath beene in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in the least degree we have not swerv'd from your consent, but have done, and doe still inviolably make your Pleasure t herein our resolution, and your Will and Commands our Law. But we are confident that although you are the cause, yet our Sister* Jaquinta *is the sole Author of this our sorrowfull and immerited sequestration; Who (peradventure) in regard that her beauty comes short of ours, that her malice therefore must not onely exceed the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although she allege her Privilege and Prerogative of yeares against us, yet because our blood is as good as hers, and our hearts and education no worse, therefore we humbly beseech you to be so favourable, and kinde to us, that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our accuser, and which is worse our enemy, that you will not make her our Iudge, but that we may speedily reobtaine the happinesse to returne and live with you in* Florence, *without which we s t all assuredly either live here in Dispaire, or shortly dye in Discontent and Misery: Which request of ours is so iust and equall, as you cannot deny it to us either in affection or nature, much lesse in reason or pitty. God ever blesse you with happinesse, and make us happy in your blessing.*

BABTISTYNA.
AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Sister *Iaquinta* depainted these passions.

BABTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to JAQVINTA.

HAving curiously examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the least shaddow of cause, much lesse of Reason, why thou shouldst so sharpely exasperate our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from Florence *to* Cardura, *neither doe we thinke it is for that we are fairer then thy selfe, but that thou art more malicious then us, which hath occasioned thee and thou precipitated him to this sharpe resolution against us. If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet we no way intend or desire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not beleeve us, at least beleeve this truth from us, that thou hast far more reason to doubt thine owne haste, then any way to suspect or feare ours therein, for whiles thou prayest for a Husband, we will first make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deserve good ones. Wee advise thee therefore in Love, and counsell thee in affection and Charity, to consider seriously with thy selfe, that we are thy Sisters, not thy Servants, much lesse thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and uncapable to digest it, because the priority of thy yeares can no way justly introduce an inequality in our blood; and if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our selves, and consequently from the nature and affection of Sisters, thou shalt doe us great right, and to thy selfe more reason, to cause our Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he sent us away from him with discourtesie and indignation.*

BABTISTYNA,
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey *Bernardo* arriving to *Florence*, and having delivered these two Letters to *Streni* and *Iaquinta*, they breaking up the seales thereof, perused and read over their Contents

Contents; when he ſmiling to ſee the indiſcretion of two theſe his daughters, attributed this their diſobedience towards him, and their diſcontent towards their ſiſter *Iaquinta*, rather to ignorance and ſimplicity, then to malice, and yet hee could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter ſent him: But for *Iaquinta*, ſhee was ſo galled and netled with her two ſiſters inſolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but eſpecially, and farre the more, for that ſhee feared that their Letter to her Father might cauſe him to grant their returne to *Florence*, the which to her poſſible power ſhe would no way willingly permit or ſuffer, as deſirous to rule and governe her Father alone, and ſo to raigne ſole Lady over his humours and houſe, without rivals and competitors: to which end ſhe goes to him, and in the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt tearmes which either her art, or malice could invent, ſhee extreamely incenſeth him againſt her Siſters, alledging to him that their ſtay in *Cardura* was neceſſary, and their diſobedient motion for their returne to *Florence* too inſolent and inſupportable, and that ſhe hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice ſo unjuſtly to fall and reflect on her, becauſe ſhee was as innocent as they guilty thereof, and that for any thought and deſire of a husband ſhe vowed ſhe had none, but that his will and pleaſure ſhould in all things bee hers, as reſolving both to live under his commands, and to dye in his favour and ſervice: Which ſugred and treacherous ſpeeches of hers ſo prevailed and vanquiſhed the credulity of her old Father, yea and ſo powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all in choler againſt *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, he reſolves with himſelfe to returne them a ſharpe anſwer, and commands *Iaquinta* to doe the like, the which they both write and ſend backe to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, hee delivereth his two young Ladies and Miſtreſſes theſe two Letters, and they ſpeedily and privately retyring themſelves to a cloſe ſhaddowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earneſt deſire and impatiency, firſt breake up that of their Father, wherin contrary to their hopes, but not to their feares, they finde this language.

STRENI to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purpoſely to croſſe your owne good fortunes, you would not ſo raſhly and peremptorily have attempted to croſſe my good intentions and affection towards you, in ſending you to Cardura, *but would have brooked it with as much patience as I ſee you doe with diſcontent, and before this act of your diſobedience, now revealed mee in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and mine houſe of* Cardura *to be rather a palace than a priſon for you: ſo if you knew how ill thoſe errors of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and teares, than remember them either with the leaſt thought of delight, or conceit, or ſenſe of joy. Nay thinke with your ſelves what modeſty it was, what wiſedome it is, for your green youth to preſume (or to dare to preſume) to teach my gray age how, or when, to chuſe you husbands, when God knowes that neither your years, nor your diſcretion, do as yet make you capable to think of husbands; and if you have any judgement remaining in you, then judge with your ſelves how falſe and incongruous your reaſons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppoſe and contradict them. And having uſed me with ſo ſmall reſpect, ſee againe with how much untruth and envy you abuſe your ſiſter* Jaquinta, *who to my knowledge is as innocent of thoſe falſe aſperſions of pride and malice towards you, as your ſelves are guilty of them towards her, ſith ſhe loves nothing more, and you affect nothing leſſe than humility and charity, their contraries; for believe me, I find her to be your true friend, & your ſelves to be the greateſt & only enemies to your ſelves; for otherwiſe you cannot live in the ſmalleſt degree of deſpair, diſcontent, or miſery, becauſe ſuch is my care of your education and maintenance, that no yong Ladies of* Tuſcany, *and few of* Italy, *of your ranke and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honor, the which my indulgency & affection ſhall ſtill continue to you, if your diſobedience & folly henceforth give me no farther motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my bleſſing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to think of God, not of husbands; of your love to your ſiſter* Jaquinta, *not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-bookes, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of ſuch vaine*

vaine conceipts, and passions, wherewith you have stuff'd and farced up your Letter to mee; the which, together with the Copie of this of mine to you, I now inclose and returne to your Governesse Malevola, *that she hereafter may be more carefull of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more houres to discretion and honour, and lesse to idlenesse and vanity, to the end that shee seeing her fault in yours, shee may thereby the better futurely know how to teach, and you how to learne to reforme them. And so I beseech God who hath made you my Daughters, to blesse, and make you his faithfull servants.*

STRENI.

They having thus perused their Fathers Letter, and seene his spleene and passions towards them, they cannot so much accuse him of choller, as they beleeve they have reason to condemne their sister *Iaquinta* of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more speed then affection, and with more haste then charity, they likewise breake up the seales of her Letter, wherein she greets them thus.

JAQVINTA to BABTISTINA and AMARANTHA.

I Am so farre from incensing, or precipitating our Father against you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his sending of you from Florence *to* Cardura, *was not onely without my consent, but without my knowledge; and for calling in question either the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein; for it is that most whereof I trouble my heart and minde least: and therefore my haste to marry comes infinitely short of your jealousie and feare; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Sisters to become mine enemies herein, I know no cause in Nature, and lesse reason in Grace, why those false suggestions of yours should fall within the compasse of your conceipts, or those untrue scandalls within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vaine as ridiculous either for your love or counsell ever to thinke to make mee beleeve or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my yeares, it shall never make mee esteeme worse of you then of my selfe; for my conscience to God, and my actions to the world shall still make it apparent, that although you contemne my friendship, I will yet corroborate and cherish yours, and that there shall want no good will or zeale in mee, that (according to your desires and expectation) our Father doe not speedily recall you from* Cardura *to* Florence, *where your presence shall still be my happinesse, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportments and carriage towards me give me not henceforth just cause to divert me from this sisterly affection and resolution, I am constantly resolved both to live and dye in the same.*

JAQVINTA.

Babtistina and *Amarantha* having thus read and considered these two severall Letters of their Father and Sister *Iaquinta*, they are infinitely incensed and chollerick to see his discourtesie, and her dissimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they must be inforced to live a solitary countrey life in *Cardura*, whiles shee triumphs in pride, and flants it out in bravery in *Florence*; & as they much repine and murmure at his dis-affection, so they infinitly disdain and complaine of her imperious courses and carriage towards them, adding no beliefe to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocriticall. They pitty the weakenesse of their Fathers judgement, in suffering himselfe to be so violently transported & carried away by the subtile policie & secret malice of their sister towards them; wherein although their duty and obedience do some way excuse his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way possibly dispence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourely see confirmed & made apparent in the unaccustomed strict and hard usage of their Governesse *Malevola* towards them, which with her best endevours and ambition sought as well to captivate their minds as their persons, by making her selfe to be as much their Goaler as their Governesse; but they vow to requite her unkindnesse, and to revenge their Sister *Iaquinta's* cruelty towards them:

They ſee her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; ſo they alter the courſe of their naturall affection, and now decline, in ſtead of increaſing, in ſiſterly love and charity towards this their ſiſter. To goe retrograde in vertue, is to goe forwards in vice; for as it is the marke, ſo it is the duty of Chriſtians to render good for evill, but not evill for good: yea, all contrary examples and Axiomes are ill taught, and worſe practiſed, and it is to be feared, that the end thereof will produce at leaſt ſorrow, if not miſery and deſtruction.

But *Babtiſtyna* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilfull to make good uſe of their ſiſter *Iaquinta's* bad affection, and malicious carriage towards them; for elſe, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and deteſt this bloody deſigne and reſolution of theirs, which they now intend to imbrace and put in practice. They are weary of their ſiſters hard uſage of them, they cannot digeſt her imperiouſneſſe and pride, and (in all outward ſemblance and apparance) if they ſtay from marriage till ſhe be married, they may all die Maids, and as our Engliſh adage goes, *Whip Apes in Hell for company.* They preferre their beauty before hers, as much as ſhe doth her age before theirs, and deeming it impoſſible for them to have Huſbands ere ſhee be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reaſon and religion, and ſo at one time begin both to deſire and to plot her death; and of theſe two wretched ſiſters *Babtiſtyna* is the moſt forwards in this their intended deplorable buſineſſe; for ſhe is ſo weake with God, and Satan ſo ſtrong with her, that ſhe ſaies often to her ſelfe, ſhe can reape no content in this world, before her ſiſter *Iaquinta* ſee another. It were better for us not to foreſee a ſin, than ſeeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, ſhe purpoſely lets fall ſome words to her ſiſter *Amarantha* tending and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too courteous to be ſo cruell, and too religious, to be ſo outragious and diabolicall to any, eſpecially to her ſiſter: had ſhe lived in the piety, and perſevered in the integrity of this opinion and conſcience, peradventure, her daies had ſeene better fortunes, and her end been freed from ſo much miſery. It is not enough for us to be vertuous and godly, except wee religiouſly and faithfully continue therein; for conſtancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortall, to become (in a manner) partly divine: But (to report Truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weake to reſiſt her ſiſter *Babtiſtyna's* ſtrong temptations and perſwaſions. It is an excellent vertue and happineſſe in us, to have our eares ſtill open to good counſell, and ſhut to that which is evill and pernitious: but *Amarantha* hoping and deſiring to gaine a good Huſband, makes her in a ſmall time conſent to the loſſe of a bad ſiſter; and now ſhee is therefore fully reſolved to joyne with *Babtiſtyna*, to make *Iaquinta* away. Good God, what eruelty, rage and barbariſme is it, for two ſiſters to reſolve to murther their third! But this is not all; for we ſhall ſee more blood ſpilt upon the Theater of this Hiſtory, before wee ſee the Cataſtrophe thereof. Theſe two unnaturall young Gentlewomen, having thus ſwapt a bargaine with the Divell, to diſpatch their ſiſter *Iaquinta*, they now conſult on the manner thereof, whether or no, they ſhould performe it with Ponyard or Poiſon; but at laſt they agree upon poiſon, but diſagree which of them ſhall adminiſter it to her, and if there were any ſpark of grace remaining in either of theſe two bloody minded ſiſters, it was in *Amarantha*; for ſhee cannot find in her heart or conſcience to doe it, and yet ſhe is ſo graceleſſe and impious, as ſhe freely gives way to the performance of this bloody fact; ſo in the end, they fall upon this ungodly reſolution, that lots muſt decide it; thus the divell holds, and they as his infernall factors and agents, draw them, and it falls to *Babtiſtyna* to do it. But here ere they proceed farther in the progreſſe of this lamentable buſineſſe, and how to execute it; they are now aſſaild with a doubt & difficulty of no meane importance; for as they hold it requiſite for them to performe this murther in *Florence*, ſo they know not how to eſcape from their watchfull Governeſſe *Malevola* from *Cardura*: but they are women, and therefore they will be induſtrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore

they

they will bee ſwift and ſubtile in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty at their command) they reſolve that the firſt ſhall ſpeedily procure the ſecond: To which end, they, by their ſervant *Bernardo*, ſecretly hire a Coach for foure Duckatons, the next night to carry them away very cloſely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with ſo many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Poſterne gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and ſilence) he effecteth, being himſelfe onely by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their journey.

Theſe two revengefull ſiſters having thus given order for their eſcape, and ſecretly packed up ſuch things as they held neceſſary to carry with them, as ſoon as their Governeſſe *Malevola* was in bed & faſt aſleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandeſtine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their chamber doore, to which giving a ſoft knock, they preſently deſcend the ſtaires with him to the Garden, & from thence to the Coach, wherein ſeating themſelves, they leave *Cardura*, and ſo with great ſpeed drive away for *Florence*, where they arrive to their Fathers houſe, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the next morning, he much wondring, & their ſiſter *Iaquinta* extreamly perplexed & grieved at this their ſuddain & unexpected arrivall, they caſt themſelves at their Fathers feet, and crave his bleſſing and excuſe, but he receives them with more anger then joy, & ſo gives them frowne: & checks in ſtead of Kiſſes: He heares their reaſons of their unlook'd for departure from *Cardura*, which hee rejects both with contempt and choller, ſharpely reproves their diſobedience, and voweth ſpeedily to returne them; they anſwer him, that his preſence is the ſole felicity and glory of their life, & that they had rather dye with him in *Florence*, then live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Siſter *Iaquinta*, ſhe diſſembles her love to them, as they doe their malice to her; for whiles ſhe ſecretly wiſheth them out of *Florence*, ſo (in counterchange) do they as ſilently wiſh & deſire her in heaven: but after a day or two was paſt over, then their hypocriſie & diſſimulation was ſuch each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it ſeemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder ſiſters, then now they were; ſo artificially could all of them overvaile their malice, & ſo cunningly could they conceale their different intentions, thereby the better to compoſe their countenances & ſpeeches. But when *Iaquinta* againe perceives that the gallants of *Florence* doe afreſh repaire and flock to her Fathers houſe, purpoſely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of theſe her two younger ſiſters, then her old jealouſie revives, and inflames her new malice towards them; ſo as with all her power and art, ſhee againe ſecretly tampers with her Father, either to returne them againe to *Cardura*, or to contract and eſpouſe them to a Nunnery, that ſhee might thereby triumph alone at her pleaſure, and being then ſole heire to all his lands and eſtate, might wed her ſelfe to the greater fortune, and nobler huſband, and ſhee wanted neither ſighes nor teares to draw him to this her earneſt deſire and reſolution.

This is not ſo ſecretly borne betwixt their Father and ſiſter *Iaquinta*, but *Babtiſtyna* and *Amarantha* have preſent and pregnant notice hereof, the which ſtrongly and fully to prevent, they (now incouraged and animated by the devill) reſolve to reduce, and draw their bloudy contemplation into action, & ſo (with more haſt than good ſpeed) to diſpatch their ſiſter for heaven, becauſe they loved *Florence*, diſdained *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts & ſoules) infinitely deteſted to ſpend & end their dayes in a nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor his juſtice or judgments before their eyes, *Amarantha* buyes the poyſon, and *Babtiſtina* adminiſtreth it to their ſiſter *Iaquinta*, in a lemmon poſſet, which they obſerved ſhe often uſed to drinke the Summer time, ſo that ſome ten dayes after ſhe dyed hereof, when none but God, beſides them, was witneſſe of this their unnaturall and bloudy buſineſſe: So they rejoyce as much as their father grieves and ſorrowes hereat, and now they are alone, and domineere at their pleaſures in their Fathers houſe at *Florence*, without rivalls or competitors: But God is as juſt as they are ſinfull, and therefore they ſhall reape but poore

and miſerable fruits of this their bloudy victory. For within leſſe then ſix weeks after the deplorable death of *Iaquinta*, a ſudden languiſhing ſickneſs oretakes and ſurpriſeth *Babtiſtyna*, ſo as the white tincture of her face lookes yellow, and the freſh roſes and lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, and wither of the Jaundies : A ſickneſſe which I thinke God ſent her purpoſely to puniſh her for that execrable crime of hers in poyſoning her Siſter. But the beauty of *Babtiſtina* cannot be ſo much eclipſed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily growes more deliciouſly ſweet, and ſweetly delicious and amiable ; ſo as all thoſe Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuſcanie*, who come to ſeeke *Streni* his Daughters in marriage, doe infinitely preferre *Amarantha* before *Babtiſtyna*, and paſſionately deſire the firſt, as much as they now ſleight and neglect the ſecond : *Babtiſtina* is not ignorant hereof, but ſees it with griefe, obſerves it with ſorrow, and remembers it with choller and indignation; and yet ſhe ſeekes and ſtrives to conceale it from her Father, and to diſſemble it to her Siſter *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joy beginnes now to participate of her dead ſiſter *Iaquinta's* living humours and conditions; ſhe is now become the eldeſt Siſter, and therefore will not permit or ſuffer her younger to be her mate, or equall, much leſſe her ſuperiour ; and although her Sickneſſe hath depriv'd her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminiſhed, but rather increaſed and augmented her deſire to marry, ſhe envies the fight and fame of her Siſter *Amarantha's* beauty, as much as ſhe lamenteth the decayes, and pittieth the ruines of her owne ; and both grieves and ſcornes to ſee ſo many Gallants court and ſeeke her in marriage, and none her ſelfe: Now as pride and malice (for the moſt part) are inſeparable companions, ſo her diſcontent hereat made her ſo devilliſhly malicious, as ſhee ſecretly vowes to her ſelfe, that ſhe could almoſt finde in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a companion of *Iaquinta's* fortune, as of her bloud, but God then preſenting her firſt Murther to her eyes and remembrance, the devill was not then enough prevalent or powerfull with her, to draw her to conceive or commit a ſecond. Thus not being willing to adde murther to murther, and ſo to gallop in ſtead of pacing to hell and deſtruction, ſhee nevertheleſſe determinately reſolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Siſter *Iaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha* ; and yet ſo to wreake her malice and revenge on her, as cloſely to inſinuate, and under hand ſurreptitiouſly to prevaile with her Father, that ſhe be ſpeedily eclipſed, and againe ſent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and cuſtody of *Malevola*, the which ſhee effectually and briefely obtaineth of him ; ſo our young and faire *Amarantha* (though infinitely againſt her will) is now inforced to leave *Florence*, and ſuddainely (when ſhee leaſt thought or dreamt thereof) is againe confined and baniſhed to *Cardura*, notwithſtanding all her ſighes, teares, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much ſorrow and more indignation) being arrived to *Cardura*, ſhe is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly diſcontented with her Father, and infinitely incenſed againſt her ſiſter *Babtiſtina* for the ſame, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meere pride and malice towards her ; the which ſhee now doth not conceale, but make apparant to her old Beldame Governeſſe *Malevola*, both in her lookes, ſpeeches, and actions. She wondreth that her Siſter is ſo inconſiderate of her ſelfe, and ſo imperious and bitter towards her ; and how it is poſſible for her ſo ſoone to forget either their joynt crime, or their ſeverall danger for their ſo inhumanely and cruelly poyſoning their elder Siſter *Iaquinta* ; the conſideration and remembrance whereof is of ſo ſharpe and bitter digeſtion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart ſweares to the Devill, that ſhee neither can nor will long indure it ; yea, the time ſeemes ſo irkeſome to her, and her ſtay in *Cardura* ſo infinitely long and tedious, as if houres were yeares, and dayes ages, that ſhee often thought to ſteale away from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horſe-back, and ſo to have put her ſelfe into ſome diſguiſed apparell, that none ſhould know thereof before ſhee came to her Fathers houſe

houſe and preſence: but at laſt conſidering, that her reputation & fortune might ſuffer much in this action, ſhe holds it not amiſſe, rather convenient, firſt to write to her Father and Siſter, to ſee if her Letters may prevaile with them for her returne; the which ſhe doth, and ſends them to them to *Florence* by her old truſty ſervant *Bernardo*. Her Letter to her Father bewrayed theſe paſſions.

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

MY obedience hath not deſerved ſo much contempt and hatred, as that (without cauſe or reaſon) you ſhould thus againe baniſh mee from Florence *to* Cardura; *and with how much griefe and ſorrow I digeſt it, I can better relate with diſcontent, then conceale with patience: How deare your ſight and preſence was, and ever ſhall be to mee, if you will not know, and withall remember, God doth; for my ſoule appeales unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefeſt life of my joy, and the ſweeteſt joy of my life; So as if you are not the cauſe, I am ſure my Siſter* Baptiſtyna *is of this (undeſerved) cruelty towards me, who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, ſtrives to bee as unnaturally imperious to mee, as my deceaſed Siſter* Jaquinta *was both to her ſelfe and mee. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my ſelfe, as God and Nature have made mee your Daughter; for if you will not permit mee to reſpire and breath the ayre of* Florence, *I will ſhortly hazard my life to enjoy that of heaven: for already this my inforced exile hath brought mee to extreame diſcontent, and that almoſt to utter deſpaire.*

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Siſter *Babtiſtyna* carryed this meſſage:

AMARANTHA to BABTISTINA.

COuldſt thou not be contented to live happy in Florence, *but that thou muſt needs conſtraine our Father to make mee live miſerable here in* Cardura? *Is our Siſter* Jaquinta's *blood already cold, or is the memory as well as the manner and cauſe of her death already of thee forgotten, and ſo raked up in the duſt of her Grave? Iudge with thy ſelfe (if thou art not wholly as devoid of judgement, as of affection and charity) what a palpable, yea what a groſſe and ſottiſh vice it is in thee, hereby to make thy ſelfe both guilty of her pride, and Heire apparant to her malice. I remember thoſe ingratefull crimes and vices of hers towards us with pitie, and I pitty theſe of thy ſelfe to me with admiration, in that thou wilt not ſuffer mee to live at the courteſie of thy tongue, when thou well knoweſt that thy life ſtands at the mercie of mine; Not that I am either ſo malicious to thee, or ſo uncharitable or undiſcreet to my ſelfe, to wiſh thee any diſaſter or danger to the prejudice of mine owne happineſſe, and ſafety; for I deſire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us: the which if thou wilt grant mee, by cauſing our Father ſpeedily to recall mee home to* Florence, *he ſhall then ſee, and thou aſſuredly finde, that I will bee as much thy Handmaid as thy Siſter, and that I will farre ſooner both hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, then for my ſelfe: but if thou deny me this curteſie, then blame not me, but thy ſelfe, if the event and iſſue of this thy cruelty come too ſhort of thy hopes, and ſo (peradventure) flie a pitch farre beyond thy expectation.*

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the ſafe and ſpeedy delivery of theſe her two letters, as alſo to procure her Fathers and Siſters Anſwers to them, hee rides away to *Florence*, where he is no ſooner arrived at *Streni* his houſe, but meeting with the young Lady *Babtiſtyna*, and thinking to deliver her letter (whether it were out of haſte, or misfortune, or both) he delivers her her Fathers letter, in ſtead of her owne, the which ſhe well obſerving, ſhe haſtily and purpoſely breaks up the ſeales thereof, and ſilently reads it to her ſelfe; whereat growing firſt red with choller, and

then againe pale with envie, ſhee folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turnes to *Bernardo*, and demands him for her Siſter *Amarantha's* Letter to her ſelfe; for (quoth ſhee) that which I have already read and peruſed, is hers to my Father; when *Bernardo* (as much amazed at his errour, as afflicted at his fooliſh ſimplicity) reading the direction of the ſecond Letter, and finding her ſpeeches and his miſtaking true, he then gives her her own Letter & deſires back the other for her Father, as alſo both their anſwers thereunto, for his Lady and Miſtreſſe *Amarantha*; whereunto, when ſhe had peruſed her owne Letter, ſhe (with diſdaine in her lookes, and malice in her eyes) teares her fathers letter before *Bernardo's* face, and then returnes him this bitter anſwer; *tell that proud Girle thy Miſtreſſe from me, that it is my Fathers pleaſure & mine, that ſhe ſhall ſtay in* Cardura *and not ſee* Florence *till ſhe receive other order from us; and for any further anſwer, either from our Father, or my ſelfe, it is both a vanity & a folly for her to expect*: And ſo (in much choller and indignation) ſhe flies from him, and violently throwes faſt the doore againſt him. *Bernardo*, not expecting ſuch ſharp and cold entertainement, and ſeeing it now wholly impoſſible for him to have any acceſſe to *Streni*, or anſwer from *Babtiſtyna*, he leaves *Florence*, and ſpeedily returnes to *Cardura* to his Lady *Amarantha*, to whom hee punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and ſharpe and proud anſwer which her Siſter *Babtiſtyna* had given and ſent her, and leaveth not a ſyllable unrehearſed, but onely ſilenceth his miſtaking, in giving of her her Fathers Letter in ſtead of her owne, as right now wee underſtood,

Amarantha is all inflamed with choller at this proud and cruell carriage of her Siſter *Babtiſtyna* towards her, yea the remembrance thereof, ſo tranſporteth her thoughts with envy, and her heart with revenge againſt her, that ſhe vowes ſhee neither can, nor will brooke it at her hands; and here, not hearkening either to Reaſon, or Religion, or to her Conſcience, or Soule, ſhe now violently ſeduced, and exaſperated by the Devill, doth refreſh revive her old malice, and reſumes her former pernicious reſolutions to her Siſter *Babtiſtyna*: Shee hath neither the wit, much leſſe the grace, to conſider, That choller increaſeth her owne torment and miſery, and that if we vanquiſh not our owne malice and revenge, it is more to be feared then doubted, that it will in the end both vanquiſh and ruine us. She hath formerly conſented to poyſon her eldeſt Siſter *Iaquinta*, and now ſhe likewiſe vowes, that ſhe will cauſe her elder Siſter *Babtiſtyna* either to be poyſon'd or piſtoll'd to death; but which of theſe to make choyce of as yet ſhe is irreſolute, and upon this bloudy buſineſſe her thoughts runne inceſſantly to her heart, as ſo many lines to their centre. O that ſo young a Lady, and ſo ſweet a beauty ſhould make her ſelfe acceſſary and guilty of ſo foule and inhumane crimes; but this I may write to her ſhame, and the Reader may pleaſe to obſerve it to his comfort, and retaine to his inſtruction; That had ſhee had the grace to have beene formerly ſorrowfull and repentant for her firſt Murther, ſhe had then never proceeded ſo farre, as to have made her ſelfe guilty of contriving and reſolving a ſecond.

Babtiſtyna hath a chamber-maid named *Pierya*, of ſome twenty foure yeares old, who was farre more faire then rich, as being heire to much beauty, though to no lands, or eſtate; & having heretofore for ſome trivial reſpects ſometimes incurred the anger & diſpleaſure of her Lady, and for the ſame received many a ſharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, then of her purſe; She now accidentally chancing to break a faire rich looking-glaſſe of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her, but alſo without pitty or humanity drawes and drags her by the heire about her chamber, & then againe and againe kicks her with her foot. *Pierya's* heart is not ſo ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality ſo contemptible, but that ſhe is very ſenſible of this her diſgrace, as holding her fault far inferiour to her correction, and therefore diſdaining any longer to ſerve ſo cruell a miſtreſſe, ſhe very privately packs up her apparell, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, forſakes *Babtiſtyna*, and ſo reſolves henceforth to live and dye with her younger Siſter *Amarantha*: But as there

there are many of both theſe places, who report that it was onely her hatred to *Baptiſtyna*, and her affection to *Amarantha*, which drew her to this reſolution; yet there are divers others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Piſtoia*, who (better acquainted with *Pierya*, and her ſecrets) have ſolidly affirmed to mee, that it was wholly her affection to *Bernardo*, which was the trueſt reaſon, and ſtrongeſt motive thereof, and the event and iſſue of this Hiſtory, will confute the firſt, to confirme this ſecond opinion of theſe her deliberations and reſolutions; For, for the terme of at leaſt three or foure yeeres heretofore, *Pierya* was knowne to be paſſionately in love with *Bernardo*, and ſhe had imployed many friends towards him, to perſwade and draw him to marry her; but he was ſtill as averſe, as ſhe forward in this ſute: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and ſlender perſonage, yet hee hated her poverty, and (becauſe of ſome ſmall lands and meanes he had) as he thought himſelfe too good to be her Huſband, ſo ſhe in regard of her beauty, youth and chaſtity, both highly and infinitely diſdained to be his ſtrumpet; and indeed the paſſage and preceſſe of theſe their affections was not from time to time unknowne to *Amarantha*. *Pierya* is as welcome to *Amarantha*, as *Baptiſtyna* is ſorrowfull for her departure, and the youngeſt ſiſter now entertaines her with as much courteſie, as the eldeſt formerly retained her with cruelty: As for *Bernardo*, hee inwardly delights, though outwardly will not ſeeme to rejoyce in her company, and ſo gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for *Pierya*, her carriage was ſo modeſt, and yet withall ſo reſpective to him, as if ſhee endavoured to make it her chiefeſt ambition and glory, that her vertues and chaſtity ſhould make as true and as perfect a conqueſt of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for *Baptiſtyna* (her *Quondam* Lady) ſhee is now angry with her ſelfe, as ſoone as ſhe knew of her departure from her; but when ſhee underſtands that *Pierya* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her diſcontented ſiſter *Amarantha*, then (under hand) ſhee makes ſtrong meanes to her returne againe to her ſervivce, intimating to her, that ſhee is ready to redeeme her former diſcourteſie towards her, both with acknowledgement and requitall. But theſe her hopes will deceive her, for ſhee will finde, that errours are not ſo ſoone repaired as committed, and that her want of kindneſſe to her Chamber-maid *Pierya* may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her ſelfe. *Pierya* is deafe to all theſe her requeſts, and indeavours rather to tye her ſelfe to *Amarantha* his new affection, then to *Baptiſtyna* his old unkindneſſe, as preferring the courteſie of the firſt to the choller and indignation of the ſecond. On the other ſide, *Amarantha* is glad of this reſolution of her new Maid, *Pierya*; for the Divell being ſtill at her elbow, hee continually ſets fire to her malice, and (as infernall incendiary) perpetually blowes the coles to her revenge againſt her Siſter *Baptiſtyna*; yea, and now he ſo captivateth her ſoule, and extinguiſheth her devotion and zeale towards heaven, that (I write it with pity and ſorrow, and not with paſſion, but compaſſion) ſhe had neither the power to pray, nor the happineſſe or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods ſake, or to deſire Gods preſence and aſſiſtance for her owne: No, no, Such thoughts of piety were farre from her prophane thoughts and minde; for as her beſt blood, ſo her beſt zeale was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her Siſter. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody Siſter, ſhe doth yet farre worſe: For (by the Divells ſuggeſtion) ſhe aſſumes this horrible reſolution, not onely to ingage and hazard her ſelfe but others therein, as ſhe tooke a pride, and conceived a glory, not to ſhipwracke her ſelfe alone, but to confound and caſt away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable buſineſſe of hers. The manner is thus:

She knowes, that by reaſon of her ſtrict exile in *Cardura*, ſhee muſt needes imploy ſome factors and agents, either to poyſon or murther this her Siſter *Baptiſtyna* in *Florence*; and therefore ſhee thinkes none ſo fit and proper to attempt and performe it, as her old truſty ſervant *Bernardo*, and her new maid *Pierya* his ſweetheart, whom (by degres) ſhee purpoſely drawes and oligeth to her hy gifts and promiſes; and her reaſon

reason for this conceipt and opinion of hers, that they will concurre with her in this bloody fact, is derived from this foundation andground, that Love and Money may easily act wonders in the hearts and minds of those who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that she perfectly knowes, that for many yeeres *Pierya* hath deeply loved *Bernardo*, and dearely desired and wished him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but onely disliked her poverty: Wherefore believing that she would doe much for the obtaining of this Husband, and hee for preferment and gold, she is resolute in making this her bloody proposition to them; when not caring any more to write to her Father, shee is now as hasty as bloody in her malice and revenge towards her Sister; and so impatient of delay (and without any further consideration with her selfe, or consultation either with her soule, or with God) shee taking time at advantage, first breakes with *Pierya* about this bloody businesse, adding withall, that her desire and resolution is to have her Sister *Baptistyna* stifled in her bed; For now the Divell hath cast off her resolutions from poyson or ponyard; to which effect, she promiseth to gaine her *Bernardo* to her Husband, and to give them wherewithall to maintaine themselves well being marryed, if shee will consent with him to undertake and performe her request: which profers and promises of her Lady doe sound so sweetly in poore *Pierya's* eares, and worke so deepe an impression in her heart, especially that shee shall hereby injoy *Bernardo* for her Husband, whom she loves farre dearer than her owne life, that being wholly vanquished with the consideration thereof, as also inchanted with the sweet melody of her Ladies sugred perswasions, shee without any feare or thought of God, as an inconsiderate and graceless Maiden) yeelds to her ungodly and inhumane requests; who then swearing her to secrecie, she within a day or two after, likewise boardeth her servant *Bernardo* upon this bloody businesse, the which if hee will performe for her, and take *Pierya* to his wife, shee faithfully promiseth to give him 150. Dukatons of yeerely Annuity, during his life, and to remaine their true and constant friend for ever. At first *Bernardo* wondereth and staggereth at the hearing of this cruell and lamentable project, as amazed and astonished thereat, as if hee were now so good a Christian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his soule; but at last, being deeply inamoured of *Pierya's* delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yeerely summe of gold for their maintenance in marriage, which hee loves dearely, hee (forgetting himselfe, and which is worse, God) without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free consent and promise to performe both her requests, as well of the Murther as Marriage. Whereupon shee carries him to her Closet, and there calls for *Pierya*, and acquaints her with her and *Bernardo's* conclusion; So in her presence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themselves each to other, and then they all three doe severally and joyntly sweare secrecie, as also punctually to accomplish this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faster and stronger to tie them to her desires and their promises) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatons in gold, as a pledge and earnest penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiseth to reward them with so much more as soone as they have sent her Sister *Babtistyna* to Heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pierya* (to testifie their thankfulnesse to her) doe both vow and sweare, that herein (as in all things else) her will shall be their law, and that their best services and best lives shall for ever be prostrate to her commands. But they shall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this gold, because it is the price and hire of innocent blood.

This lamentable (because sinfull) compact, being thus secretly shut up, and impiously concluded betweene these three wretched personages, then *Bernardo* and *Pierya* fall so close and thicke to their amorous kisses, as being desirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and mind, they request their Lady *Amarantha*, that she would please to permit them to finish and consummate their marriage, before

before they perpetrate the murther of her Siſter *Babtiſtyna*; but ſhe (who was clearer ſighted in her malice and revenge to her ſaid Siſter, then they in their judgements and affections to themſelves) conſidering that this ſeale of their marriage was the great tie and Gordian knot for them to performe and finiſh her deſire, the which, if it were once ſolemnized, then their devotion and zeale thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards, either grow cold, or freeze, if not ſhortly wither and die away upon the deſigne, ſhee ſtrongly oppoſes and contradicts it, as affirming they ſhall firſt diſpatch her ſiſter before they marry; the which *Bernardo* well obſerving and conſidering, he thinkes it no folly in him to learne by her, and ſo to make her diſcretion his: and therefore that this murther being once committed, ſhee might after at her pleaſure revoke her verball Annuity given him; the which to prevent (and ſo to be as wiſe in his covetouſneſſe, as ſhee was cruell and bloody in her bounty) hee tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her deſire, hee will willingly deferre his marriage till then, but withall, humbly requeſts her to give him her promiſed Annuity written and ſigned with her owne hand; the which, becauſe ſhee cannot well refuſe, ſhe then and there doth in theſe termes:

IN conſideration, that my ſervant Bernardo *doe eſpouſe, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid* Pierya, *I doe promiſe, that (after the conſummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yeerely give and pay unto the ſaid* Bernardo, *or his Aſſignes, during all the terme of his life, the full and intire ſumme of one hundred and fifty Duckatons of* Florence *Money, and in witneſſe and teſtimony of this truth, I hereunto ſubſigne my Name:*

AMARANTHA.

A promiſe and contract written with more blood than inke, or rather not with inke, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to ſerve as a powerfull witneſſe, and Inſtrument of his glory, and, peradventure, to the infamy and confuſion of thoſe who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promiſe to *Bernardo*, and likewiſe received his, and his intended wifes *Pierya's* oaths in counterchange, ſhe now thinkes with her ſelfe, that ſhee muſt againe returne *Pierya* to *Florence*, and by ſome ſlie hypocriſie, to reinveſt and ſcrew her anew into her old Lady, *Babtiſtyna's* ſervice, thereby to be the more able and fit to diſpatch her. Now as ſhee is maliciouſly ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident, which ſeemes both to favour her hopes, and to further her deſires and expectation herein: For by this time, *Babtiſtyna* writes over to *Malevola*, to deale ſecretly and ſeriouſly with *Pierya* for her returne to *Florence* to her ſervice, and that ſhee ſhall finde her welcome to exceed her expectation and deſires: So the truth is apparant, that *Pierya* (inſtructed by the Premiſes) now needs not many great perſwaſions from *Malevola*, to draw her to conſent to this reſolution; for as ſhe and her *Bernardo* receive the firſt motion of this (unexpected) newes with joy, ſo *Amarantha* imbraceth and entertaines it with delight; and now their laſt conſultation is held betweene them, about the concluſion and finiſhing of this mournfull buſineſſe. To which end, *Pierya* is diſpatched for *Florence*, and the fifteenth day after, *Bernardo* is likewiſe ſecretly and preciſely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct appointed time for them to cloſe and ſhut up this Tragedie. Wee muſt now allow and conceive *Pierya* to be againe entertained of her old Lady *Babtiſtyna* in *Florence*, with much courteſie and joy; and for the ſeale and ciment of this their reciprocall reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new blacke wrought Silke Gowne, and a purple Damaske Petticoat, the which (as a trecherous diſſembling wretch) ſhee ſeemes to receive of her with much content and thankfulneſſe, the which yet we ſhall ſhortly ſee her requite with a moſt inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her de-

ſire

ſire of marriage, and longing for a Huſband, makes her thinke every houre ten, before the fifteenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha*, (who ſees by no other eyes, but by thoſe of malice and revenge towards her Siſter) ſhe thinkes every day an age, before ſhe heare of her diſpatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni* his houſe in *Florence*, and at one of the Clocke after midnight, he findes the little Garden doore open, and his *Pierya* there purpoſely to receive and welcome him; ſo they beginne their meeting with kiſſes. Shee leads him by the hand to the outer doore of her Ladies chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to ſtifle her in her bed, ſhe had there to that purpoſe, provided two pillowes, keepes one, and gives him another to effect it: Theſe miſerable wretches (for the more ſecrecie) put off their ſhooes, and out the candles, and the darkneſſe of the Moone, and the obſcurity of the night, ſeeming to conſpire to their conſpiracie, they ſoftly enter her chamber, goe one by one ſide, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Babtiſtyna* lying ſoundly ſleeping and ſnoring, they ſtifle her with their pillowes, and then a little whiles after, thruſt a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was ſo fierce and implacable towards her, as ſhe hath neither grace to ſpeake, nor power to ſcreech or to cry. Thus ſhe who had formerly poyſoned her elder ſiſter *Iaquinta*, is now alſo cruelly murthered by the trechery of her youngeſt *Amarantha*, which makes me cry out and ſay: *O Lord, as thou art immenſe in thy mercy, ſo thou art inſcrutable in thy judgements, and that therefore as we ought not, ſo we cannot reſiſt his divine power and eternall preordination.*

Bernardo and *Pierya* (as two limbes of the Divell) having finiſhed this cruell murther on *Babtiſtyna*, they leave her breathleſſe body on her bed, and then withdrawing themſelves from her Chamber, they ſoftly pull faſt the doore, which had a Springlocke, and then ſhee ſecretly throwes in the key within ſide, at a private hole, or cranny; when her Sweet-heart and her ſelfe deſcended the ſtaires, and with wonderfull ſilence ſtalke away to the Garden, without the Poſterne doore whereof, his horſe, tied up to an Iron ring in the wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kiſſes they part, hee faithfully promiſing her to returne to her againe at *Florence* within a moneth after at moſt, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pierya* now (in the depth and dead of this diſmall night) betakes her ſelfe to her bed, and there (as devoyd of feare as of Grace) ſleeps ſoundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obſcure night, gallops thorow the ſtreets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Piſtoia*, where God (in all ſeeing providence) cauſeth his horſe to ſtumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he brake his necke, and preſently died, and his horſe then riſing, flies from him ſtraglingly in the ſtreets, leaving the breathleſſe corps of *Bernardo* in the ſtreet, having not the happineſſe either to cry or utter one word at this his ſudden and diſaſterous death; God having ſo ordained and decreed in his Starchamber of Heaven, that although for the murthering of the Lady *Babtiſtyna* he deſerved a more ſhamefull end, yet that this poore horſe which brought him to *Florence*, ſhould at the ſame time and place be his executioner, as alſo that there was ſcarce one houre betweene his crime and his puniſhment, betweene her murther and his owne death: An act and example of Gods Juſtice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Chriſtians moſt eſpecially to remember, ſo ſecret and ſacred are the judgements of the Lord of Hoſts. All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly iſſued forth his mouth) as alſo in the dirt of the ſtreet, uneſpied of any mortall eye; but as ſoone as the morning began to appeare thorow the windowes of Heaven, then it was found, and likewiſe to be done by the fall off a horſe, whereof his necke, the beholders ſaw, was broken, the which the ſooner they were induced and led to believe, becauſe they likewiſe found a horſe neere him, ſtragling in the ſtreets without his rider: This his dead body is therefore preſently expoſed to the Criminall Judges of that faire and famous City, who forthwith, cauſe his Pockets to be ſearched, where, in ſtead of gold, they, by the direction of God, finde the before

fore nominated promiſe of a yeerely Annuity, which wee have formerly underſtood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Seignior Leon d'Oro Streni* his daughter, and by this note, confidently believing this dead man to be the ſame *Bernardo*, and hee to be *Amarantha's* ſervant, they (without once ſuſpecting or dreaming of any murther committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the newes of this dead found Corps ratling throw the ſtreets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and ſo ſpeedily arrives to *Streni* his houſe before them; whereat *Pierya* (looking for nothing leſſe) takes ſo hot a allarum of griefe, feare, and deſpaire, that her guilty thoughts and conſcience (like ſo many blood-hounds) ſtill purſuing her, ſhee ſeeing this unlook'd for diſaſter and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; ſhee therefore preſently flies out adoores, and (with much celerity, and more feare) betakes her ſelfe to the leaſt frequented and moſt remoteſt ſtreets of the City for her ſafety. By this time the Criminall officers are arrived at *Streni's* houſe, whom they acquaint with this mournfull accident, ſhew him this aſſurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughters hand, as alſo the dead corps, and if this were her ſervant, who (with a countenance compoſed of aſtoniſhment, feare and ſorrow) acknowlegdeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha's* owne hand writing, and the dead perſonage to be her ſerving-man *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he ſorrowfully feares, that this death of his, and that aſſurance of hers, doth either import or include ſome greater diſaſter and misfortune; Whereupon, they againe modeſtly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chamber-maid, *Pierya*, who returnes them this anſwer; that the firſt is at his Mannor of *Carara*, neere *Piſtoia*, and the ſecond here in his houſe, and now ſerving his eldeſt Daughter *Babtiſtyna*; they demand to ſpeake with *Pierya*, whom hee cauſeth to be ſought in all places of his houſe, but ſhe is not to be found, ſo he ſends to looke her in his Daughters Chamber, her Miſtreſſe, but his ſervants returne and report, that the doore of that Chamber is faſt lock'd, and that they can get no ſpeech either of her, or of the Lady *Babtiſtyna*; which anſwer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealouſie of the Judges, and the feare of the Father: So they all reſolve to aſcend themſelves to that Chamber, where they aloud againe calling both the Lady and her maid, and hearing no anſwer of either of them, they inſtantly cauſe the doore to be forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they find the Lady *Babtiſtina* dead, and well neere cold in her bed, and cauſing her body to be ſecretly ſearched by ſome Chirurgeons and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that ſhee is undoubtedly ſtifled in her bed, and her face very much blacke and ſwolne with ſtruggling for life againſt death. They are amazed, and her father *Streni* almoſt drowned in his ſorrowfull teares at the ſight of this deplorable accident, and mournfull ſpectacle, and therefore what to ſay, or how to beare himſelfe herein he knowes not.

But the Judges upon farther knowledge and conſideration of the flight of *Pierya*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promiſed Annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) doe vehemently ſuſpect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly conſenting and guilty of *Babtiſtina's* death, notwithſtanding that the Key of her Chamber was found throwne in within ſide: So they preſently leave this ſorrowfull Father to his teares, and betaking themſelves to their Seat of Juſtice, doe inſtantly cauſe all the Gates of the City to be ſhut, and a ſtrict and curious ſearch to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehenſion of *Pierya* which (in their zeale and honour to ſacred Juſtice) they performe with ſo much care and ſpeed, as within three houres after ſhe is found out, and apprehended in an Aunts houſe of hers, who was a poore woman and a Landreſſe of that City, named *Eleanora Fracaſa*. The Judges being preſently advertiſed hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this Annuity) charge both her and her lover *Bernardo* to be the actors, and *Amarantha* to

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be at leaſt accellary, if not the Authour, with them of murthering of *Baptiſtyna*; ſhe can hardly ſpeake for teares at this her examination, becauſe her ſighes ſtill cut her words in pieces; and yet ſhe is ſo farre from grace and repentance, as at firſt ſhe ſtoutly denies all, and boldly affirmes, that both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her ſelfe, were every way innocent of attempting any thing againſt *Babtiſtyna's* life, & that if ſhe were dead, ſhee died onely of a naturall death by the appointment of God, and no otherwiſe; and to this anſwer of hers the Divell had made her ſo ſtrong, as ſhee added many fearefull oathes and deprecations, both for her owne and their juſtification; but yet (notwithſtanding this her Apologie) theſe grave and cleere-ſighted Judges are ſo farre from diminiſhing, as they augment their ſuſpition both of her and them, and ſo commit her to priſon, and forthwith to the racke. At the pronouncing of which Sentence, *Pierya* is much daunted, ſeemes to let fall ſome of her former fortitude and conſtancie, and to burſt forth into many paſſionate teares, ſighes and exclamations; but they will nothing availe her: For, ſeeing her pretended Huſband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joyes of her heart, ſhee ſo fainted, as at the very firſt ſight of the Racke (with ſome teares, and more deep-fetcht ſighes) ſhe confeſſed to her Judges, that ſhe and *Bernardo* had ſtifled her Lady *Babtiſtyna* in her bed; but ſtill conſtantly affirmed that her ſiſter *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her ſelfe with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, ſhe (in requitall thereof) could doe no leſſe than be a meanes to procure a pardon for her life: But theſe hopes of hers will deceive her, and flie as faſt from her hereafter, as ever ſhe formerly did from God. So the Judges (in deteſtation of this her foule and bloody crime) adjudge her to be hanged for the ſame; but firſt they ſend her backe to priſon, and the very next morning, before breake of day, they ſecretly ſend away three of their *Isbieres* (or Sergeants) to *Cardura*, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to *Florence*, being very confident (notwithſtanding *Pierya's* deniall) that ſhee likewiſe had a deepe finger and ſhare in her Siſter *Babtiſtyna's* murther.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence* to *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but flattering her ſelfe with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her ſiſter *Babtiſtyna*, & conſequently that ſhe ſhould ſhortly reviſit *Florence*, and there dominere alone, and obtaine ſome gallant Cavallier of her Father for her Huſband; ſhe in expectance of her ſervant *Bernardo* his returne, and of his pleaſing newes, had that day (as it were, in a bravery and triumph) purpoſely dighted her ſelfe up in her beſt attire, and richeſt apparell; and ſo betaking her ſelfe to her Chamber, and to that window which looked towards *Florence*, ſhe with a longing deſire expecteth every minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clocke before dinner (contrary to her expectation) ſhee ſees three men to enter into the houſe, apparelled as *Florentines*, whereat ſhee much muſeth and wondereth, as not knowing what they, or their comming ſhould import. Theſe three Sergeants having entred the houſe, they are brought to the Governeſſe *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her Chamber; to whom (with a diſſembling confidence) they report to her, That *Seignior Streni* her Father, hath ſent them to conduct and accompany her ſpeedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquires of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect, whereunto one of the ſubtilleſt of them makes anſwer very ſlily and artificially to her, that her Fathers haſte, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her, for that hee perfectly knew from him, hee was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Huſband: Her Governeſſe *Malevola* likewiſe demands of them, if he had not written to her ſelfe, they anſwer no, but that he bad them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his Daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themſelves to *Florence* by Coach, and onely one Foot-boy. The Pupill and Governeſſe conſult hereon, and the very name of a Huſband makes the firſt as willing as the ſecond is diſcontented to goe to *Florence* without a Letter; but the

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policie of the Sergeants ſo prevaile with the ſimplicity of this young Lady, and old Gentlewoman, that they ſpeedily pack up their Trunks, ſo dine, and then take Coach and Horſe, and away for *Florence*; during which ſhort journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* be great, yet ſhe findes ſo many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her minde at the abſence and ſilence of her man *Bernardo*, as ſhe cannot poſſibly againe refraine from muſing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at *Florence*, where theſe Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) in ſtead of *Amarantha's* Fathers houſe, do clap her up cloſe priſoner in the Common Goale of that City, notwithſtanding all her prayers and cries, ſighes and teares to the contrary; and then ſend her Governeſſe *Malevola* home to her ſaid Father to advertiſe him hereof; who tearing the ſnow-white haire off his head and beard at this ſad newes, and extreamely fearing the dangerous conſequence of this deplorable accident, he (with teares in his eyes, ſorrow in his lookes, and ſighes in his ſpeeches) repairs ſpeedily to the Judges, to whom ſorrowfully and humbly caſting himſelfe almoſt as low as their feet, he prayes them to think of his age, and of his impriſoned Daughters youth, and that having unfortunately loſt his eldeſt Daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngeſt, nor caſt her life away either upon bare preſumption or circumſtance, or upon the wrongfull reports and malice of his and her enemies: but theſe grave and Lynce-ey'd Magiſtrates (who look as deepely into the priviledge and dignity of Juſtice, as he doth into the paſſions of paternall affection and nature) cut him off with this ſharpe reply, That they honour his age, and reſpect his Daughters youth, that ſhe ſhall have juſtice, and that by the lawes of *Florence* he muſt expect no more; with which cold anſwer he returnes home to his houſe, as diſconſolate, as he came forth ſorrowfull, being not permitted, but defended to ſee, or ſpeak with his Daughter *Amarantha* in priſon, only he hath permiſſion to bury his murthered Daughter *Babtiſtyna*, the which he performeth with far more griefe and ſorrow then ſolemnity.

The truth and decorum of this Hiſtory muſt now invite the Reader to viſite *Amarantha* in priſon, who being there debarr'd from ſpeaking with any, or any with her, except (thoſe miſerable comforters) her Sergeants and Goalers, ſhe now ſeeing the imminency of her danger, and fearing the aſſurance of her death, for that ſhe heard a ſecret inckling (from the lower Court, through her Chamber window) *That her Siſter* Babtiſtyna *was murthered, her Mayd* Pyeria *impriſoned, and ſhe her ſelfe vehemently ſuſpected for the ſame:* She therefore now beginnes to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of theſe her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder Siſters with contrition, and ſolemnely vowes to God, that if his divine Majeſty will now pleaſe to ſave her life, ſhe will henceforth religiouſly redeeme the firſt and ſecond with repentance. So in the middeſt of theſe good thoughts, though vaine deſires and wiſhes of hers, ſhe yet ſtill flatters her ſelfe with this poore hope, that if her man *Bernardo* be living, then her promiſed Annuity to him written with her owne hand is ſtill ſure, and therefore tacitly dead in his cuſtody; and that both he and *Pierya* cannot any way wrong her without infinitely wronging themſelves, and endangering their owne lives: ſo albeit her Judges have matter of ſuſpicion, yet they can have no cauſe of death againſt her, or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Fathers greatneſſe and friends are ſo prevalent in *Florence* and *Tuſcany*, that (if the worſt fall out) he and they can obtain at leaſt her reprivall for the preſent, if not, her pardon for the future. But (contrary to all theſe her weak & triviall hopes) the very next morning ſhe is ſent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and religious ſpeech to her) they demand her, firſt, If ſhe imployed not her ſervant *Bernardo*, and *Pierya* to murther her Siſter *Baptiſtyna*, the which ſhee firmely and conſtantly denies; Secondly, If ſhee had not given an Annuity of 150 Duckatons during his life to marry *Pierya*, the which ſhee likewiſe denies; then they produce and ſhew it her under her own hand writing, where-

at(they measuring her heart by her countenance)she seemes to be so much perplexed with sorrow, and amaz'd with feare, as shee cannot refraine from giving them lesse words, but more teares ; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themselves now to be in a faire way,and a direct course to obtaine the whole truth of this lamentable businesse from her) they bethink themselves of a policie, thereby to effect and compasse it, which is every way worthy of themselves and their offices, of their discretion and justice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility,they desire and intend to save her, if shee will not wilfully cast her selfe away ; That her safety and life now consisteth in her plaine confession, and not in her perverse denyall and contestation, of being accessary and consenting to the murther of her Sister *Babtistina* ; That they have proofes thereof, as cleare, and as apparant as the Sunne : and that they having caused *Pieria* to bee executed for the same this morning, she confessed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which speeches of her Judges, and confession and death of *Pieria*, this wretched and unfortunate Lady *Amarantha* (seeing her selfe so palpably convicted of this her bloudy and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with feare toward her selfe, or choller towards *Pieria*, she falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great shower of teares) makes her selfe (by her free confession) to bee the prime authour of her Sister *Babtistina's* murther, That shee had hired *Bernardo* and *Pierya* to performe it, and given him an Annuity of 150 Duckatons *per annum*, and to each of them 50 Duckatons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly understood : when (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) she most bitterly exclaymed on the name,memory, and ingratitude of this base wretch *Pieria* (for so shee then termed her) in that she could not be contented to die her selfe,but also as much, and as maliciously,as in her power, to think likewise to hazard her own life with her. And now our cholerick, and yet sorrowfull *Amarantha* (betweene these two different extreames of hope and feare) layes hold of her Judges late promise and profered courtesie to her to save her, and then and there (with many reverences, teares, and wringing of her hands)most humbly beseecheth them for Gods sake,and for honours cause, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although she confesseth she is most worthy of death, in being so degenerate and bloudy minded towards her own Sister. But they (having by this commendable meanes, and artificiall policie, drawn this worm from *Amarantha's* tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth)are exceeding sorrowfull, & as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pitty her descent,youth, and beauty ; but well knowing with themselves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of Justice upon all capitall malefactors, and especially on murtherers (who are no lesse then monsters of nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of mankinde) and that the greatnesse of their quality and blood doth onely serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater : therefore (I say) these wise and religious Judges proove deafe to her requests, and blinde to her teares ; and so having first caused her to signe this her confession, and then confronted her with *Pieria*, who now to *Amarantha's* face confirmed as much as shee her selfe right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expiation of this her cruell murther, adjudge her likewise to be hanged the next day,at the common place of execution, in company of *Pieria*, although her aged sorrowfull Father *Seignior Streni* (being well nigh weighed downe to his grave with the extreame griefe and sorrow of these his misfortunes and calamities)profered the Judges and the great Duke the greatest part of his estate,and lands,to save this his youngest,and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*: But his labour proved lost, and his care and affection vaine in this his sute and solicitation, because those learned Judges, & this prudent & noble Duke,grounded their resolutions and pleasures upon this wholsome & true Maxim, That Justice is one of the greatest Colossus & strongest columns of kingdoms and common-weales, and the truest way and

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meanes to preſerve them in floriſhing proſperity and glory, and conſequently, that all wilfull & premeditated murtherers cannot be either too ſoon exterminated, or too ſeverely puniſhed, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choller then ſorrow, and *Pieria*, with more feare then choller, are now both ſent back to their priſons; and that night *Streni* ſends his Daughter, and the Judges ſend *Pierya*, ſome Fryers and Nunnes to prepare their ſoules for heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I muſt affirme with equall griefe and pitty, that both theſe two female monſters had their hearts ſo ſealed, and their ſoules ſo ſeared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perſwaded, or drawne, either to thinke of repentance or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* reſounds of theſe their foule and inhumane crimes, as alſo of their juſt condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clocke, they are brought to the deſtin'd place of execution, there to receive their condigne puniſhments for the ſame. *Pierya* firſt mounts the Ladder, who made a ſhort ſpeech at her death, to this effect, That her deſire to obtaine *Bernardo* for her huſband had chiefely drawne her to commit this murther on her Lady *Babtiſtina*, and that it was farre more her Siſter *Amarantha's* malice to her, then her owne, which ſeduced her to this bloudy reſolution; and that this her owne ſhamefull death was not halfe ſo grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her lover *Bernardo*, whom, ſhe there affirmed to the world, and tooke it to her death, that ſhe loved a thouſand times dearer then her owne life, with many other vaine and ridiculous ſpeeches tending that way, and which ſavoured more of her fond affection to him, then of any zeale or devotion to God; and therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my ſilence, then of my relation: and ſo ſhe was turned over. To ſecond whoſe unfortunate and ſhamefull end, now our bloudy & execrable *Amarantha* (with far more beauty then contrition, and bravery then repentance) aſcends the Ladder; who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purpoſely dighted & apparelled her ſelfe in a plain black Sattin gowne, with ſilver lace, and a deepe-laced Cambrick Ruffe of a very large Set, with her haire unvailed, and decked with many roſes of ſilver Ribband: At her aſcent, her extraction, beauty, and youth, begate as much pitty, as her bloudy and unnaturall crime did deteſtation, in the eyes and hearts of all her ſpectators: When after a pauſe or two, ſhee (vainely compoſing her countenance, more with contempt, then feare of death) there to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Countrey to ſee her dye (with a wondrous boldneſſe) confeſſed, That ſhee had not onely cauſed her ſiſter *Babtiſtina* to bee ſtifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but that her ſaid Siſter *Babtiſtina* and her ſelfe had formerly poyſoned their elder Siſter *Iaquinta*, and that it was onely their imperiouſneſſe and pride towards her, which drew her to this reſolution and revenge againſt them both; the which ſhe affirmed, ſhee could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that ſhee more ſenſibly lamented, & grieved for the ſorrowes of her Fathers life, then for the ſhame and infamy of her owne death: when, without any ſhew of repentance, without any ſpeech of God, or which is leſſe, without ſo much as once looking up towards heaven, or inviting or praying her ſpectatours to pray to God for her ſoule, ſhee (with a graceleſſe reſolution, and prophane boldneſſe) conjured her Executioner ſpeedily to performe his office and duty, which by the command of the Magiſtrate hee forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her ſecond murther, and then by a ſecond decree and ſentence of the Criminall Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to aſhes for her firſt; who likewiſe, in honour to Juſtice, and to the glory of God, doe alſo cauſe the dead body of *Bernardo* (for two whole dayes) to be hanged by his feet in his ſhirt to the ſame Gallowes, and then to bee caſt into the River of *Arno*. And here the Judges alſo, to ſhew themſelves, themſelves, were once of opinion to have unburyed *Babtiſtina*, and likewiſe to have given her dead body ſome opprobrious puniſhment, for being acceſſary with her Siſter *Amarantha* to poyſon their elder ſiſter *Iaquinta*; but having no other evidence or proofe hereof, but onely the

teſtimony of her condemned dying Siſter *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable then impoſſible, ſhee might ſpeake it more out of malice then truth, as alſo that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and puniſhment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deſerved ends, and condigne puniſhments of theſe wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the juſt revenge, and ſacred juſtice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloudy crimes.

And now here fully to conclude and ſhut up this Hiſtory in all its circumſtances; The griefes and ſorrowes of this unfortunate old Father was ſo great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all theſe his three onely Daughters and Children, that although piety and religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquiſhed and depreſſed with all theſe his different bitter croſſes and calamities, hee left *Florence*, and retired himſelfe to a ſolitary life in *Cardura*, where hee not long ſurvived them, but dyed very penſively and mournfully.

GODS

GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino *poyſoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet*; *Hee afterwards growes mad, and in confeſſion reveales both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widdow to* Monfredo, *and Siſter to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.*

AS it is a dangerous wickedneſſe to contrive and plot murther; So much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finiſh, and perpetrate it; for to kill our Chriſtian Brother, who figuratively beares the image of God, is an act ſo odious, as Nature cannot excuſe, and ſo diabolicall, as no Clemencie can pardon; And yet this age, and this world is but too plentifull and fertile of ſuch bloudy Tigers, and inhumane Monſters, and Butchers of mankinde, as if they had not a Conſcie nce within them to accuſe them, a God above them to condemne them, and a Hell below them to puniſh them; or as if they had not the ſacred Oracles of Gods eternall Word, I meane the Law and the Goſpell, and the bleſſed Precepts and Doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apoſtles, yea, of Chriſt Jeſus himſelfe, the great Shepherd, and ſacred Biſhop of our ſoules, to teach us the rules of Mercy, Meekneſſe, and Long-ſuffering, whiles wee live in this vale of Miſery here below, and that wee muſt imbrace and follow Peace and Charity with all men, if ever wee thinke to parti-

cipate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above: But nevertheleſſe (yea directly contrary hereunto) this inſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who though ſufficiently inſtructed in the rules of Piety and Charity, yet he wilfully abandoned the firſt, and contemned the ſecond, by cruelly and unnaturally imbruing his hands in innocent bloud; for the which wee ſhall ſee, that he in the end ſuffereth a ſevere and ſhamefull death. May wee read this Hiſtory to the glory of God, and the inſtruction of our ſelves.

THe Scene of this Hiſtory is laid in *Spaine*, in the famous Province of old *Caſtile*, and in the faire and ancient City of *Burgos*, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed *Dona Catherina Antunez* (a Sirname much knowne, and famous in that City, Province, and Kingdome) who had by her deceaſed Husband *Don Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two ſonnes, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Martino*, and one Daughter named *Dona Cecilliana*. Her eldeſt ſonne *Don Pedro* was a gallant Cavallier of ſome eight and twenty yeares of age, tall, and well-timbred, by complexion and haire black, and of a ſwart and martiall countenance, who for the ſpace of ſeven yeares ſerved as a voluntary Gentleman under that wiſe and valiant Commander *Don Gonſalez de Cordova* in *Germany*, and againſt the Lords States of the *Netherlands*, and ſince in the *Veltoline* and *Millane*, againſt the *Griſons* and *French*; In both which warres, hee left behind him many memorable teſtimonies of his proweſſe, and purchaſed divers honorable trophees of true valour, and generoſity: but for any other intellectuall endowments of the mind, hee was no ſcholler, and but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honeſt, courteous, and affable, particularly to his friends, and generally to all the world. His Brother *Don Martino* was of ſome foure and twenty yeares of age, ſhort of ſtature, very ſlender, but crooke-back'd, of an Aubrun haire, a withered face, a ſquint eye, of inclination extreamely ſullen, and of diſpoſition and nature envious and revengefull, as deſirous rather to entertaine a night-quarrell in the ſtreet, then a day-combate in the Field; but as God is many times pleaſed to countervaile and reward the defects of nature in the body, with ſome rich gifts and perfections of the mind, ſo though not by profeſſion, yet by education he was an excellent Scholler, of an active and ſharp wit, a fluent tongue, and ſingularly able either to allure or divert, to perſwade or diſſwade, according as the ſtreame of his different paſſions and affections led him; Vertues enough relucent and excellent to build a fame, and ſufficient to raiſe an eminent fortune, if his former vices doe not too fatally eclipſe the one, and deface the other. Their Siſter *Cecilliana* (aged of ſome twenty yeares) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulencie and fatneſſe, of a black hayre, an amiable browne complexion, a big rolling eye, & the ayre of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, then modeſtly beautifull: She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleaſant and facetious, yet ſo reſerved in the externall demonſtration thereof, that through her Mothers pious and auſtere education of her, ſhee (in all outward ſemblance) ſeemed rather to be fit for a Nunnery then a Huſband, and more proper to make a Saint, then a Wife; but as the face proves not ſtill a true Index of the heart, nor our lookes and ſpeeches ſtill a true Sybile of our ſoules, ſo how retired ſoever her Mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye, conſpiring with her laſcivious heart, made her the more deſirous thereof, and farre the more licentiouſly, in regard ſhee was ſtrictly forbidden it; ſo as (not to contradict or diſſemble the truth) I am here inforced to relate and affirme, that ſhe imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlmen of that City, of her private acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, then modeſty can well warrant, or chaſtity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this City likewiſe (more noble by birth, then rich in eſtate and meanes) named *Don Balthazar de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Cecilliana* as famous for her chaſtity, as for her beauty) beares a ſingular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are ſo fervently intangled in the ſnares of her delicious beauty, that in publicke and private, in his deſires

ſires and wiſhes, and in his ſpeech and actions he proclaimes her to be his Miſtreſſe, and himſelfe her ſervant; and if he affect and deſire *Cecilliana* for his Wife, no leſſe doth ſhe *Monfredo* for her Husband; ſo that they many times by ſtealth meet and conferre privately in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane than a religious cuſtome of *Spaine* (wherein Heaven is too much made to ſtoope to Earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worſe) many times their Courtizans and Strumpets. *Cecilliana* (oftentimes warranted by her Mothers indiſpoſition) can no ſooner take Coach to enjoy the pleaſure and benefit of the freſh ayre abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfredo* aſſuredly meets her, where leaping from his Coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her Wayting Gentlewoman in his own) they at firſt familiarly kiſſe and conferre, and in a few of theſe meetings at laſt effectually reſolve to give themſelves each to other in the ſacred bonds of marriage; ſo he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and ſhe reciprocally returnes him a paire of Gold Bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witneſſe) very ſolemnely contract themſelves man and wife, yet for ſome ſolid reaſons, and important conſiderations, which conduce to the better accompliſhing of their deſires, they for a time conclude to beare it ſecretly and ſilently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed betweene them, that a moneth after, and not before, he ſhall attempt to ſeek her publickly in marriage, both of her Mother the Lady *Catherina*, as alſo of her two Brothers *Don Pedro* and *Don Martino*. So when this moneth is paſt over (which to theſe our two Lovers ſeems to be many ages) *Monfredo* very fairely and orderly ſeekes her of her Mother in marriage, and likewiſe (in tearmes fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two Brothers with his ſute and affection to their Siſter, and with his beſt art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable tearmes) to gaine and purchaſe their conſents thereunto. As for her Mother, ſhe (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) conſidering the weakneſſe of *Monfredo's* eſtate, the death of his parents, whereby ſhe ſees him deprived of all future hope to raiſe his fortunes, doth abſolutely deny to beſtow her Daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extreame diſtaſte of this his ſute and diſlike of himſelf, ſhe (with much obſtinacy and choller) forbids him her Daughters company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbeare her houſe, telling him ſhe hath already firmely ingaged her word and promiſe to *Don Alonſo Delrio*, that he ſhall ſhortly eſpouſe and marry her. Now although this ſharpe anſwer of hers ſeeme to nip *Monfredo's* hopes and deſires in their bloſſomes, yet relying more on the affection and conſtancy of the Daughter, than on the power or reſolution of the Mother, he againe and againe (with a moſt reſpective and honourable importunity) ſoliciteth her conſent; but he ſees it loſt labour, becauſe ſhe is reſolute that her firſt ſhall be her laſt anſwer to him herein. As for her Brother *Don Pedro*, he loves his Siſter ſo perfectly, and her content ſo dearely, that he findes him to ſtand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and reſpect to him, that he utterly contemnes the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therefore faithfully promiſeth *Monfredo* his beſt aſſiſtance towards his Mother for the effecting of their deſires. But for her yonger Brother, *Don Martino*, he findes a contrary nature and diſpoſition in him; for he never loved, but hated his Siſter *Cecilliana*, and therefore hates *Monfredo* for her ſake, and loves *Delrio*, becauſe he heares ſhe hates him, and ſo animates his Mother againſt them; and thus he gives *Monfredo* cold anſwers, and (the ſooner and better to convert his hope into deſpaire) tels him plainly that *Delrio* muſt and ſhall marry his Siſter, and none but he: Thus *Monfredo* departs, as glad of *Don Pedro* his love, as he is ſorrowfull for his Mother and Brother *Don Martino's* hatred. And here (to obſerve the better order in this hiſtory, and likewiſe to give the curioſity of the Reader the fuller ſatisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent for us to underſtand, that *Don Delrio* was alſo a well deſcended Gentleman of the ſame City of *Burgos*, rich in lands and monies, but at leaſt fifty five years old, having

ving a white head and beard, of a hard and ſoure favour, and exceedingly Baker-legged; yet as old as he was, he was ſo paſſionately inamoured of the freſh and ſweet beauty of *Cecilliana*, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himſelf too old to be her husband, but led more by his luſt than his judgement, and encouraged by *Dona Catherina* her Mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed downe her affection towards him, he often viſiteth her daughter *Cecilliana*, and with his beſt oratory and power ſeeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: but ſhe having her heart fixed on *Monfredo's* youth, and comely feature, ſhe highly ſlights *Delrio's* frozen age, as diſdaining to make her ſelfe a *May* to this *December*, becauſe ſhe apparantly knew, and perfectly beleeved, that he was every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed; for it was *Monfredo*, and only *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and choſen for her ſecond ſelfe and Husband: And ſuppoſe (quoth ſhe) that *Monfredo* be not ſo rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Caſtile*, yea all *Spaine* well knowes, that by deſcent and generoſity he is farre more noble, and that there is as great an *Antitheſis* and diſparity betweene the vertues of the firſt, and the defects and imperfections of the laſt, as there is betweene a Clowne and a Captaine, and a Peaſant and a Prince; therefore let my Mother ſay what ſhe will, *Delrio* what he can, or my brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they ſhall ſee, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either he, or my Grave, ſhall be my Husband.

But the Lady *Catherina* her Mother (notwithſtanding her Daughters averſeneſſe and obſtinacie) layes her charge and bleſſing upon her to forſake *Monfredo*, and takes *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the laſt will give her, and what afflictions and miſery the firſt doth threaten her: but the affection of *Cecilliana* is ſtill ſo firmely fixed, and ſtrongly ſetled and cymented on her *Monfredo*, that ſhe is deafe to theſe requeſts, and blinde to theſe reaſons of her Mother, in ſeeking to diſſwade her from him, and in conſenting and perſwading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her ſhadow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghoſt, to draw her hereunto, yet ſhe ſtill findes her Daughter as reſolute to denie, as ſhe is importunate to requeſt it of her, vowing that ſhe will rather wed her ſelfe to a Nunnery, than to *Delrio*, whom ſhe ſaith ſhe cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily diſdaineth to marry. Her Mother ſeeing her Daughter thus conſtantly and wilfully to perſevere in her obſtinacy againſt her deſires, ſhe (with much choller and griefe) relates from point to point to her Sonne *Don Martino* what had paſt betweene them; whom ſhee knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monfredo*, as her eldeſt Sonne *Don Pedro* hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their Siſter in marriage. *Martino* takes advantage of this occaſion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blowes with one ſtone, by croſſing his Siſter in her affection, and his Brother in his deſignes and wiſhes, doth now more than ever incenſe his Mother againſt her, alleadging that it would be a far greater honour, and leſſe ſcandall to their Name and Houſe, that ſhe were rather married to a Nunnery, than a Beggar, and with many powerfull reaſons, and artificiall perſwaſions, ſtrives to make her inclinable to this project, and flexible to this reſolution of his, as indeed in a little time ſhe doth: For the Mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the ſlie policy, and fortified by the ſubtile inſinuation of her Sonne *Don Martino*, ſhe hereupon conſtantly reſolves to betake and give her Daughter to God and the Church, affirming that ſhe ſhall never reape any true content in her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before ſhe ſee her cloyſtered up & eſpouſed to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not ſo cloſely carried between them, but the vigilancie of *Don Pedro* (whoſe affection and care aimes to give *Monfredo* and his Siſter content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceale from them both; when firmely purpoſing to prevent it, and ſo to croſſe his Mother and Brother, who herein delight and glory to croſſe him, he bethinks himſelfe of an invention (worthy of himſelfe) how and which way to effect

effect it. He ſends for *Don Alonſo Delrio* to the *Cordeliers* Church, and there relates him the friendſhip he bears him, that he will not ſee him runne himſelfe into an errour in ſeeking his Siſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, whom he knowes he cannot poſſibly obtaine; She (to his knowledge) being already firmely contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithſtanding all that his Mother and Brother *Don Martino* have ſaid or can do to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thanks *Don Pedro* for the expreſſion of this love to him, the which he affirmes he ſhall ever finde him ready both to deſerve and requite; when meaſuring the time future by the preſent, and of *Cecilliana's* blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blaſted age, he vowes to *Don Pedro*, that he will henceforth no more deſire or ſeek his Siſter in marriage, nor yet ſpeak with her, or come neere his Mother or Brother; ſo that buſineſſe is for ever daſhed, and receives an end, almoſt as ſoone as a beginning. The which *Don Martino* (out of his deepe reach and politick pate) underſtanding, and knowing that this falling off of *Delrio*, from farther ſeeking his Siſter in marriage, proceeded wholly from the ſecret undermining of his Brother *Don Pedro*, he is extreamely in choller againſt him for the ſame; and ſo (with more paſſion than diſcretion) goes & chargeth him herewith: Whereupon theſe two Brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outragious ſpeeches here interchangeably paſſe betweene them, the repetition whereof I think good to bury in ſilence, becauſe it matters not much to give it a place in this Hiſtory; onely (to deale on generals) I muſt ſay that *Don Pedro* was high, and *Don Martino* hot, and that the firſt ſpake not ſo much as he dared, and the laſt dared not ſo much as he ſpake. But this tongue combate of theirs was ſo violent and bluſterous, as the iſſue thereof redounding to *Don Pedros* glory and generoſity, and to *Don Martino's* ſhame and baſeneſſe, and *Martino* finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his brother, he is inflamed with choller and revenge againſt him for the ſame, as conſulting with Satan, not with God, he is ſo revengefull and inhumane, as he wiſheth his ſaid Brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himſelfe how to finiſh it, reaſoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himſelfe; That he being dead, and his Siſter pent and mewed up in a Nunnery, he ſhall then be ſole Heire and Lord to all the Lands and Eſtate which his Father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choller, and the fumes of his revenge againſt his Brother *Don Pedro*, he repayres to his Mother, informes her how it is he and his policie which hath beaten off *Delrio* from ſeeking his Siſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, and that through his cloſe treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unaſſayed to incenſe his Mother againſt his Brother, nor meanes unattempted to inflame her againſt his Siſter, by ſtill putting her in minde of his raſhneſſe towards *Delrio*, and of her diſobedience towards her ſelfe; and here (he remembring his owne avaritious ends) doth again modeſtly perſwade, and then againe importunately pray his Mother to conſtitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly underſtood) he knowes ſhe is already reſolutely bent and reſolved: When ſhe (being vanquiſhed with her owne deſires, and his importunity) promiſeth him very ſhortly to effect it. But firſt ſhe ſends for her Sonne *Don Pedro*, and in a language of thunder rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in diſſwading *Delrio* from ſo ſuddenly forſaking his Siſter, and in perſwading ſo ſtrongly to affect *Monfredo*, adding withall, that notwithſtanding his treachery and policie, and her ingratefull diſobedience to her, ſhe is inviolably reſolved ſhortly to ſend *Monfredo* to ſeek another wife, and to give and betake her to no other Husband than a Nunnery. *Don Pedro*, holding it his duty to entertaine this choller and theſe ſpeeches of his Mother rather with modeſtie than paſſion, returns her this anſwer, that he hath not ſaid, nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what he can well juſtifie with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Siſters preſent content, and care of her future proſperity, makes him aſſume this beliefe and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as ſhe worthily beſtowed on *Don Monfredo*, and therefore

that

that it is both pitty and ſhame, that the wealth of the firſt ſhould be preferred to the nobility and generoſity of the ſecond; he prayes her to conſider, that as *Cecilliana* is her Daughter, ſo ſhe is his Siſter, and that he is ſo well acquainted with her diſpoſition and ſecrets, as not to diſſemble her the truth, he holds her farre more fit to make a Wife than a Nunne, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to be improper for her, and ſhe for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policy, or rather the malice of his Brother *Don Martino*, which hath wrought theſe falſe impreſſions in her beliefe againſt himſelfe, and this her uncharitable reſolution againſt his Siſter; for which baſe treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knowes he is of his ſcorne, he would not faile to call him to a ſtrict account for the ſame, but that Nature and Grace preſcribe him contrary rules. *Dona Catherina* being farre more capable to diſtaſte, than to reliſh this bold anſwer of her Sonne *Don Pedro*, and contenting her ſelfe to have now delivered him her minde and reſolution at full, ſhe leaves him, and findes out his Brother *Martino*, to whom ſhe punctually relates what had paſt betweene her and his Brother *Don Pedro*; whereat he is afreſh ſo netled with choller, and inflamed with revenge againſt him, as what before he hath deſperately plotted and reſolved againſt his life, he now vowes and ſweares ſhortly to execute, whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermiſſion) aime and tend, and next thereunto he deſires nothing ſo much, as to ſee his Siſter made a vowed and vayled Siſter.

Whiles thus his Mother and himſelfe are deepe in conference, and buſie in conſultation how to effect and compaſſe theſe their different deſignes, *Don Pedro* goes to his Siſter *Cecilliana*, findes out *Monfredo*, and to them both ſincerely delivers what hath paſt betweene his Mother, his Brother, and himſelfe, in their behalfes; yea, it is a jeſt (both worthy, and well beſeeming his laughter) to ſee how betweene earneſt and jeſt, he tels his Siſter (in preſence of her lover *Monfredo*) that ſhe muſt ſhortly prepare her ſelfe for a Nunnery, for that their Brother *Don Martino* hath decreed it, and their Mother *Dona Catherina* ſworne it: At this pleaſant paſſage and conceipt of *Don Pedro*, *Cecilliana* cannot refraine from bluſhing, nor *Monfredo* from ſmiling: for looking each on other with the eyes of one and the ſame tender affection and conſtancy, he ſmiles to ſee her bluſh, and ſhe againe bluſheth to ſee him ſmile hereat, here ſhe tels her brother *Don Pedro* plainly, and her lover *Monfredo* pleaſantly, that ſhe will deceive her Mothers hopes, and her Brother *Don Martino's* deſires, in thinking to make her a cloyſtered Siſter; when againe metamorphoſing the ſnow-white lillies of her cheeks into bluſhing damask Roſes, ſhe with a modeſt pleaſantneſſe, directing her ſpeech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arme) tels him, that his houſe ſhould be the Nunnery, his armes the Cloyſter, and himſelfe the Saint, to whom (till death) ſhe was ready to proffer up, and ſacrifice both her affection and her ſelfe; that as ſhe did not hate, but love the profeſſion of a Nunne in others, ſo for his ſake ſhe could not love, but hate it in her ſelfe, adding withall, that for proofe and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleaſure) ſhe was both ready and willing to put her ſelfe into his protection, and to repoſe her honour in the confidence of his faithfull affection and integrity towards her. *Monfredo* firſt kiſſing her, then infinitely thanks her for this true demonſtration of her deere and conſtant affection to him, when againe intermixing kiſſes with ſmiles, and ſmiles with kiſſes, he ſweares to her, in preſence of God, and her Brother *Don Pedro*, that if the Lady her Mother wholly abandon her, or reſolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poore houſe with delight and joy, and preſerve her honour equally with his owne life, and that in all things (as well for the time preſent, as the future) he will ſteere his actions by the ſtarre of her deſire, and the compaſſe of her preſent Brother *Don Pedros* commands: for which free and faithfull courteſie of his, *Cecilliana* thanks him, and no leſſe doth *Don Pedro*, who in requitall hereof makes him a generall and generous tender of his beſt power and ſervice to act and conſummate his deſires;

deſires; and ſo for that time, and with this reſolution, they part each from other, leaving the progreſſe of their affections, and the ſucceſſe thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiouſly invocate to bleſſe their deſignes in hand.

Leave we them for a while, and come we now againe (curſorily) to ſpeake of their Mother *Dona Catherina*, and of *Don Martino* their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom ſhe derives and directs all her reſolutions, ſhe is ſtill conſtant to her ſelfe, and therefore ſtill vehemently bent againſt her Sonne *Don Pedro*, her Daughter *Cecilliana* and *Monfredo*, ſwearing both ſolemnely and ſeriouſly, that ſhe will rather dye, than live to ſee him her Sonne in law: and yet whatſoever *Don Martino* do ſay, or can alleadge to her to the contrary, ſhe yet loves *Don Alonſo Delrio* ſo well, and her Daughter *Cecilliana* ſo deerely, that before ſhe will attempt to cloyſter her up in a Nunnery, ſhe hoping to reclaime him to affect her, and to revive his ſuit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her ſervant ſend him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

I Am wholly ignorant why thou thus forſakeſt thy affection and ſute to my Daughter Cecilliana, *whereof, before I am reſolved by thee, I have many reaſons to ſuſpect and thinke, that it was as feigned as thy promiſes and oathes pretended it to be fervent. Sure I am, that as envie cannot eclipſe the fame of her vertues towards the world, ſo Truth dares not contradict the ſincerity of my well wiſhes and affection towards thee, in deſiring to make thee her Huſband, and her thy Wife. Her poore beauty (which thou ſo often ſworeſt thy heart ſo deerely admired and adored) hath loſt no part of its luſtre, but is the ſame ſtill; and ſo am I, who have ever wiſhed, and ever will faithfully deſire, that of all men of the world, thy ſelfe only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou doeſt her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thy owne judgement, and to my knowledge: Or if thou imagine the Portion be too ſmall, which I promiſed to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou ſhalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thy ſelfe ſhall ever have cauſe to requeſt, or power to obtaine; yea, thou ſhalt finde, that for the finiſhing and conſummating of ſo good a work (which thou ſo much deſerveſt, and I ſo much deſire) I will willingly be contented to inrich her fortunes with the impoveriſhing of mine owne. If thou ſend me thine Anſwer hereunto, I ſhall take it for an argument of thy unkindneſſe: but if thou bring it thy ſelfe, I will eſteeme it as one of thy true reſpects and affection to me.*

CATHERINA.

Don Martino being ſolicited and charged by his Lady Mother likewiſe to write effectually to *Delrio* to returne to ſeek his Siſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet notwithſtanding drawne thereunto for his owne covetous ends, ſecretly to deſire and wiſh that he might never marry her, but ſhe a Nunnery, he therefore to that effect writes, and ſends him a moſt diſſembling and hypocriticall Letter by the ſame meſſenger, to accompany hers, but he is ſo reſerved and fine, as he purpoſely conceales the ſight and reading thereof from his Mother. This Letter of his, which was as falſe and double as himſelfe, reported this language:

MARTINO to DELRIO.

MY duty ever obliging me to eſteeme my Mothers requeſts as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as deſiring to know who or what hath ſo ſuddenly withdrawne thee, or thy affection from my Siſter Cecilliana. *Thou canſt not be ignorant of my hearty well wiſhes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not poſſible for thee to conceive, much leſſe believe, the hundreth part of the bitter ſpeeches, which I have beene inforced to receive and pack up, from her and my Brother* Don Pedro, *for deſiring and wiſhing it. I know*

know that inforced affections prove commonly more fatall than fortunate, and more ruinous than prosperous; therefore I am so farre from any more perswading thee to seek her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your selves, and both unto God. And to the end thou mayst see how much the Lady my Mother affects thy sute, and distastes that of Monfredo *to my Sister, she upon thy forbearance and absence hath vowed unto God, that if thou be not, he shall not, but a Nunnery must be her Husband. My Mother is desirous to see thee, and my selfe to speake with thee; but because marriages ought first to be made in Heaven, before consummated in Earth, therefore thou knowest far better than my selfe, that in all actions (especially in marriage) it is the duty of a Christian to wait on Gods secret providence, and to attend his sacred pleasure with patience.*

MARTINO.

Delrio receives and reades these two Letters, and (consulting them with his judgement) findes that they looke two different wayes; for *Dona Catherina* the Mother would marry her Daughter to himselfe, but not to *Monfredo*, and her sonne *Martino* aimes and desireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himselfe; wherein wealth and covetousnesse are the chiefest ends and ambition of them both, without having any respect to the young Ladies content, or regard to her satisfaction; and although the speech which *Don Pedro* delivered him in the *Cordeliers* (or Gray Friers) Church, have so much wrought with his affection, and so powerfully prevailed with his resolution, that he will no farther seek *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet in common courtesie and civility he holds himself bound to answer their two Letters, the which he doth, and returnes them by their owne messenger. That to the Lady *Catherina* had these words:

DELRIO to CATHERINA.

THough you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall finde, that the affection which I intended the Lady Cecilliana *your Daughter was fervent, not feigned; and because you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbare to seek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her husband: So though envie should dare to be so ignorant, yet it cannot possibly be so malicious, either to eclipse the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweet a grace to the other, and both so pretious ornaments to her selfe, that infinite others besides my selfe hold it as great a prophaneneſse not to adore the last, as a happineſse to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my selfe hers, and she mine in marriage, I can give you no other requitall but thanks for the present, and my prayers and service for the future. How your Daughter hath, or will dispose of her affection, God and her selfe best know; and therefore I shall doe her right, and your knowledge and my judgement no wrong, rather to proclaime my ignorance, than my curiosity herein: but this I assure you, that if hers to me had equallized mine to hers, I should then thankefully have taken, and joyfully received her with a farre lesse portion than you would have given me with her. To your selfe I wish much prosperity, and to the Lady your Daughter all happineſse. I must returne you this mine answer by mine own servant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindneſse, or affection, in pleasing your selfe you shall no way displease me.*

DELRIO.

His

His Letter to *Don Martino* ſpake thus.

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy Mother the reaſons why I deſiſt from any farther ſeeking thy Siſter Cecilliana *in marriage; and becauſe I know ſhe will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will ſuffice both for thee and her. I am as thankfull to thee for thy well wiſhes to have obtained her for my wife, as I grieve to underſtand that thou haſt received my bitter ſpeeches, either from her or thy Brother* Don Pedro, *for my ſake. It rejoyceth me to ſee thee of the opinion, that inforced marriages prove commonly fatall and ruinous, in which beliefe and truth, if thou and thy Mother perſevere, I hope you will eſpouſe your Siſter to* Don Monfredo, *and not to a Nunnery, becauſe (if I am not miſ-informed) her affections ſuggeſt and aſſure her, that ſhe ſhall receive as much content from the firſt, as miſery from the ſecond. As thy Mother is deſirous to ſee me, ſo am I to ſerve her, and likewiſe thy ſelfe; and as thou writeſt religiouſly and truly, that marriages ſhould firſt be made in Heaven, ere ſolemnized in Earth; ſo, doubtleſſe, God hath reſerved thy Siſter for a far better Husband than* Delrio, *and him for a far worſe wife then* Cecilliana: *And thus (as a Chriſtian) I recommend her with zeale to the providence, and my ſelfe with Patience to the Pleaſure of Almighty God.*

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future reſpect, devoted to the beauty and vertues of *Cecilliana*, and ſeeing her ſelfe her Mother and Brother *Don Martino* bent to diſpoſe otherwiſe of her in Marriage, hee will yet be ſo jealous of her good, and ſo carefull of his owne honour and reputation, as hee holds himſelfe obliged to take his leave of her by Letter, ſith not in perſon, and ſo to recommend her and her good fortunes to God; the which hee doth, and gives his Letter to the ſame Bearer, but with a particular charge & ſecret inſtructions to deliver it very privately into the Lady *Cecilliana's* hands, without the knowledge either of her Mother or Brother *Don Martino*, which he faithfully promiſed to performe: His ſaid Letter to her was charged with theſe lines.

DELRIO to CECILLIANA.

BEing heretofore informed by your Brother Don Pedro *of your deare affection to* Don Monfredo, *and your conſtant reſolution to make him your Husband, I held my ſelf bound, out of due regard to you, and firme promiſe to him, to ſurceaſe my ſute to you, and (becauſe the ſhorteſt errours are ever beſt) no more to ſtrive to make impoſſibilities poſſible, in perſevering to ſeek you in marriage, whom I ſee (Heaven and Earth have conſpired) another muſt obtaine and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that to* Monfredo's, *I am ſo far from condemning your choice, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as reſolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this reſolution, that my beſt prayers and wiſhes ſhall ever wiſh you the beſt proſperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection ſhall ſtill reſplend and ſhine to you in my future reſpect, I cannot, I will not conceale the knowledge of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your Mother and Brother* Don Martino, *they have ſome exorbitant and irregular deſigns in contemplation, ſhortly to reduce into action, againſt the excellency of your youth & beauty, and the ſweetneſſe of your content and tranquillity; which howſoever (to your ſelf and the world) they ſeem to ſhadow and overvail with falſe colours, yet although they make religion the pretext, you (if you ſpeedily prevent it not) will in the end finde that their malice to your lover* Monfredo *is the true and only cauſe therof. God hath indued you with a double happineſſe, in giving you an excellent wit to ſecond and imbelliſh your exquiſite beauty, whereunto if in this buſineſſe you*

take the advice of your beſt friend Monfredo, *and follow that of your noble Brother* Don Pedro, *you will then have no cauſe to doubt, but all the reaſons of the world to aſſure your ſelfe that your affections and fortunes will in the end ſucceed according to my prayers, and your merits and expectation.*

DELRIO.

The Meſſenger firſt publickly delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady *Dona Catherina*, and her Son *Don Martino*, and then privately the other to the young Lady *Cecilliana*, according to his promiſe and *Don Delrio's* requeſt: As for the Mother, ſhe grieves to ſee that *Delrio* will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forſaken her Daughter; But for her Son *Don Martino* he is exceeding joyfull hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his Mother upon *Delrio's* refuſall, will (in meere malice to *Monfredo*) aſſuredly commit his Siſter to a Nunnery: Thus if he obtaine his ends and deſires, he cares not who miſſe theirs. As for *Cecilliana*, ſhe doth not a little rejoyce at *Delrio's* Letter to her, and at his conſtant reſolution to leave, and commit her to *Monfredo*; yea ſhe reputes his advice to her concerning her Mother, and her Brother *Don Martino's* intended diſcourteſie towards her to much reſpect and honour. She acquaints her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her *Monfredo* with this Letter of *Delrio*, who now plainly ſee their Mother and Brothers former reſolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make *Cecilliana* a holy Siſter, whereat they againe laugh and jeſt at her, and ſhe to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and reſolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of *Delrio's* noble reſpect and true diſcretion, in being ſo conſtant to give over his ſute to her, and yet ſo courteous and honeſt towards them all in this his kind and reſpectfull Letter to *Cecilliana*; the which above the other two, ſhe cheerfully receives, and joyfully welcomes, that ſhe reſolves ſhe can (in honour) do no leſſe, than return his complement, and anſwer his Letter with one of her owne to him, the which ſhe doth in theſe tearmes.

CECILLIANA to DELRIO.

WHat my Brother Don Pedro *informed you concerning* Monfredo *and my ſelfe, was the very truth and ſincerity of thoſe affections wherewith God hath inſpired our hearts, and ſetled our reſolutions each to other. As I was never doubtfull of your well-wiſhes and love, ſo now I am not a little thankfull to you for your dear reſpect towards me, in approving my choyce, and in praying to God to make it proſperous, whereas the obſtinacy of my Lady Mother, and the malice of my Brother* Don Martino (*without ground or reaſon*) *affirme it muſt needs prove ruinous. I have heretofore been advertiſed, and now (by your care of me, and reſpect to me which clearly reſplends and ſhines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my ſaid Mother and Brother have ſome undeſerved deſigne againſt me, and my content; and although my poor beauty and ſilly wit no way deſerve thoſe excellent praiſes of your Pen, yet my heart ſhall conſult with* Don Pedro *how to bear my ſelf in this ſo weighty & important a buſineſſe, whereon (although the cauſe be malice, and the pretext religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happineſſe or my miſery, in the meane time I will pray for thoſe who vitiouſly hate me, and honour theſe who vertuouſly affect and honour me. Of which laſt number, I ingenuouſly and gratefully acknowledge, that your generoſity, not my merits, hath condignely made you one.*

CECILLIANA.

When ſhe had diſpatched this Letter to *Delrio*, then *Monfredo* by her conſent, & the advice of her Brother *Don Pedro*, holds it very requiſite now once again to ſound the affection, and to feele the pulſe of their Mother *Dona Catherina's* reſolution towards him, to ſee whether yea or no ſhe will pleaſe to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all ſides betweene them, that at the very time and houre which he

he goes there, that ſhe and her Brother *Don Pedro* will purpoſely abſent themſelves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the aire, which they doe: To this effect *Monfredo* takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady *Catharina's* houſe, and ſends up his name to her, as deſiring to have the honour to ſalute her, and kiſſe her hand; but ſhe is ſo enraged and tranſported with choller at his arrival and meſſage, as ſhe ſends him down a flat and peremptory deniall, That ſhe will not ſee him, and as formerly ſhee prayed, ſo now ſhe commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbeare her Houſe. An anſwer ſo unkinde and uncivill, that *Monfredo* well knowes not whether he have reaſon to digeſt it with more choller or laughter; ſo returning her anſwer by her Waiting-gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her Houſe or her patience, yet that he will ſtill remaine her moſt humble ſervant, and although ſhe refuſe to ſee him, that he will ever pray for her long life and proſperity: *Don Martino* is now at home, and laughs in his ſleeve as a Gipſie, to ſee what brave entertainment his Mother gives *Monfredo*, he expecteth alſo that he ſhould viſite him, but becauſe his Mothers ſtomack is ſo high, therefore he cannot deſcend ſo low, as owing him no ſuch duty and ſervice, and ſo takes Coach and away; and knowing where *Don Pedro* and his Miſtreſſe *Cecilliana* were, in the fields, he drives away preſently to them, and very pleaſantly relates them the whole long ſtory of their Mothers ſhort entertainment to him, which adminiſtreth matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected leſſe; ſo *Monfredo* ſtaying an houre or two with them in the fields, & then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner, in the Garden of the *Auguſtine Friers*, and there to provide & reſolve for their affaires, againſt the diſcontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother *Don Martino*.

The next morning, the Lady *Catherina* (ſtorming at *Monfredo's* yeſterdayes preſumption and boldneſſe) ſends for her Daughter *Cecilliana* into the Garden to her, as being fully reſolved to deal effectually with her for ever to forſake *Monfredo*, or if ſhe cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) ſhe layes before her the poverty of *Monfredo*, the which ſhe affirmes will bring her to more miſery than ſhe can expect or think of, or indeed which ſhe deſerves, at leaſt if ſhe be not ſo wilful to ruine her ſelf and her fortuns, as ſhe is to preſerve them. *Cecilliana* now ſeeing her Mother bent to play her prize againſt the merits and honour of her *Monfredo*, and therfore againſt the content and felicity which ſhe expects to enjoy by enjoying him, ſhe no longer able to brook or digeſt it, cuts her off with this reply, that (her duty excepted) it is in vain for her, either to ſeek to diſparage *Monfredo* or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him, and therfore with much obſervance and reſpect prayes her to affect and honour him, if not for his own ſake, yet for hers. Her Lady Mother weeps to ſee her Daughter thus obſtinate (ſhe might have ſaid thus conſtant) in her affection to *Monfredo*, and therefore (with frowns in her looks, and anger in her eyes) ſhe thunders out a whole Catalogue of diſpraiſes and recriminations againſt him; and becauſe yet ſhe deſpaireth to prevaile with her hereby, ſhe now (thinking it high time) reſolves to divert and change the ſtreame of her affection from him to God, and ſo at laſt to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her deſires and intentions have ſo long ruminated, and her wiſhes and vowes aimed at: to which end calming the ſtorms of her tongue, and compoſing her countenance to patience and piety, ſhe with her beſt art & eloquence ſpeaks to her thus; That in regard ſhe will not accept of *Don Delrio* for her Husband, with whom ſhe might have enjoyed proſperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom ſhe can, and muſt expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance, ſhe therfore (out of her naturall regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her ſelf of a *medium* betweene both, wch is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and ſanctified way to eſpouſe her ſelfe to God

and his holy Church; when (thinking to have taken time by the forelock) ſhe depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nuns profeſſion and life, ſo pleaſing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and Men: When her Daughter *Cecilliana* being tyred & diſcontented with this poor and ridiculous oration of hers, ſhe lifting up her eyes to Heaven, with a modeſt boldnes, yet with a bold truth, interrupts her Mother thus, that God hath inſpired her heart to affect *Monfredo* ſo deerely, and to love him ſo tenderly, as ſhe will rather content her ſelfe to beg with him, than to live with *Delrio* in the greateſt proſperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although ſhe had no bad opinion of Nuns, yet that neither the conſtitution of her body, much leſſe of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunnery for her; in which regard, ſhe had **rather** pray for them then with them, and honor than imitate them: when the Lady her Mother, not able to contain her helf in patience, much leſſe in ſilence, at this audacity (and as ſhe thought) impiety of her Daughter, ſhe with much choller and ſpleen demands her a reaſon of theſe her exorbitant ſpeeches. When her Daughter no way dejecting her looks to Earth, but rather advancing & raiſing them to Heaven, requites her with this anſwer; That it is not the body, but the minde, not the fleſh, but the ſoule, which is chiefly requiſite & required to give our ſelves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worſe) to permit our ſelves to be thrown on the Church through any cauſe of conſtraint, or motion of diſtaſte or diſcontent, is an act which ſavoureth more of profaneneſſe than piety, and more of Earth than Heaven; that as Gods power, ſo his preſence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Centre is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Ægypt*, as well as in *Paleſtine* or *Hieruſalem*, and that Heaven is as neere us, and we Heaven, in a Manſion houſe, as in a Monaſtery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which ſanctifieth the heart and ſoule, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloyſters have no priviledge or power to keep out ſin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-ſaving grace do not. Which ſpeech of hers as ſoon as ſhe had delivered, and ſeeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to anſwer her thereunto with ſilence than reaſon, ſhe making her a low reverence, and craving her excuſe, departs from her, and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her ſelfe and her Muſes.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choller, in ſeeing her Daughters firm reſolution not to become a Nun; ſhe leaves the Garden & retires to her Chamber, where ſending for her ſon *Martino*, ſhe relates him at full what conference had there paſt between his Siſter and her ſelfe, who likewiſe is ſo much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obſtinacy & wilfulneſſe. As for *Cecilliana*, ſhe likewiſe reports this verball conference, which had paſt between her Mother and her ſelf, to her Brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, when (according to promiſe) they met that afternoon in the *Auguſtines* Garden, who exceedingly laught thereat; and yet again fearing leſt the malice of their Brother *Don Martino* towards them, mought cauſe his Mother to uſe ſome violence or indurance to her, and ſo to make force extort that from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to aſſume a good courage, and be cheerful & generous, promiſing her that if her Mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* ſhould ſteal her away by night, and that he, as he is *Don Pedro* her Brother, will aſſiſt her in her eſcape & flight; wheron they all reſolve with hands, and conclude with kiſſes: neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear and ſuſpicion deceive them herein; for her incenſed Mother being reſolute in her will, and wilfull in her obſtinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, ſhe ſhuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no leſſe than her priſon, & her Brother *Don Martino* her Guardian, or rather her Goaler. Poore *Cecilliana* now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her Mother, and Brother *Don Martino*, which as yet her dear Brother *Don Pedro* cannot remedy, by perſwading or prevailing with them to releaſe her; he acquaints *Monfredo* with it, they both conſulting, find no better expedient to free her frō this domeſticall impriſonment, than counterfeitly to give her Mother

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to underſtand and believe, that her Daughter hath now changed her minde, and that (by Gods direction) ſhe is fully reſolved to abandon *Monfredo*, and ſo to ſpend and end her dayes in a Nunnery; but contrariwiſe, they reſolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Cecilliana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this ſpirituall will and reſolution of her mother, as before ſhe was diſobedient. Her Mother infinitely rejoyceth at this her converſion, & no leſſe (or rather more) doth her Brother *Don Martino*, who to fortifie and confirme her in this her religious reſolution, they ſend ſome Friers and Nuns to perſwade her to appoint the preciſe day for her entrance into this Holy Houſe and Orders; which with her tongue ſhe doth, but in her heart reſolves nothing leſſe, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaints both her ſons with this reſolution of their Siſter, which is the next Sunday to give her ſelfe to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when *Don Pedro* purpoſely very artificially ſeemes as ſtrongly to oppoſe, as his Brother *Don Martino* cheerfully approves therof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the ſky, if not many degrees beyond the Moone; ſo the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing neer, the Lady Abbeſſe is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her ſpirituall apparell made, all her kinsfolks and chief friends invited to a ſolemn Feaſt, to celebrate this our new holy Siſters mariage to God and the Church. But whiles thus *Dona Catherina* the Mother, & *Don Martino* her Son are exceedingly buſie about the preparation and ſolemnity of this ſpirituall buſineſſe, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* reſolve to run a contrary courſe, and ſo to ſteale away *Cecilliana* the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fitteſt time and moſt voide of all ſuſpition and feare, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which ſtriking infinite joy to her heart and thoughts, ſhe accordingly makes her ſelfe ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a ſmall Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brother *Don Pedro's* chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchfull as her ſelf, for *Monfredo's* comming about midnight, which was the appointed houre for his *Rendevouz*: when at laſt both their ſeverall Watches (in their ſeverall Chambers) aſſuring them that it was neer one of the clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the houſe ſtirring, but all huſhed up in ſilence, as if every thing ſeemed to conſpire to her eſcape and flight; then, I ſay, *Don Pedro* iſſues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the doore being a little open, and her Candle put out, he findes his Siſter ready, when conducting her by the arme, they ſoftly deſcend the ſtairs, and ſo to a Poſterne doore of the Garden; where they finde *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) aſſiſted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horſes with ſwords and Piſtols, and for himſelfe and her a Coach with ſix Horſes: When briefly paſſing over their Complements and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave *Don Pedro* behinde them, and ſo away as ſwift as the winde, who ſeeing them gone, ſecretly and ſoftly returnes to his Chamber and Bed, ſilently ſhutting all the doores after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other ſelfe and his two friends drive away to *Valdebelle*, a manner houſe of his ſome eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lies purpoſely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Siſters clandeſtine flight and eſcape: So his Mother about five, or neer ſix of the clock, ſends *Felicia* her Daughters Wayting-Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awake and apparell her, to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to viſit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into Gods Houſe: but *Felicia* ſpeedily returns to her with this unlookt-for anſwer; That her Ladies Chamber door is faſt locked, whereat ſhe hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no ſpeech. The Mother is amazed hereat, & no leſſe, (rather more) is her Son *Don Martino*; ſo they both run to her Chamber, and knock and call aloud, but hearing no anſwer, they force open the doore, where

they finde the Neſt, but the Bird flowne away; whereat the Mother infinitely weeps, and her Son *Don Martino* doth exceedingly rage and ſtorme, at this their affront and ſcand all, he tels his Mother he will ingage his life, that his brother *Don Pedro* is acceſſary to his Siſter *Cecilliana's* flight, & gone with her; ſo they both run to his Chamber, but finde him in his Bed faſt ſleeping and ſnoring, as he pretends and they believe: their out-cries awake him; but they ſhall find him as ſubtile and reſerved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Siſter; ſo he hears their news, puts on his apparell, ſeems to be all in fire and choller hereat, profereth his Mother his beſt endeavours and power to recover his Siſter, and to revenge himſelfe on the villaine who hath ſtolne her away. But his Brother *Don Martino* is ſo galled and netled at the eſcape of his Siſter, and theſe words of his Brother, as he tels him to his face, in preſence of their Mother, that his ſpeeches and profers are counterfeit, and himſelfe a diſſembler, and that it is impoſſible but he aſſiſted and favoured her eſcape and departure; for which uncivill and foule language of one Brother to another, *Don Pedro* gives him the lye, and ſeconds it with a box on the eare, and then very cunningly betakes himſelfe to conſolate and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her ſecond affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her preſence; ſo *Don Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their ſorrowfull kinsfolks and neighbours, he then cals for his Horſe, and under colour to finde out his Siſter, he rides to *Valdebelle* to her and *Monfredo*, ſtayes there ſome eight dayes, where being exceeding carefull of the preſervation of his Siſters honour & reputation, he before his departure ſees them ſolemnly but ſecretly married; where leaving them to their Nuptiall joyes, and pleaſures, he againe returns to *Burgos*, and tels his Mother it is impoſſible for him to heare any newes of his Siſter.

And now what doth the returne, ſight, and preſence of *Don Pedro* do here in his Mothers houſe at *Burgos*, but only revive his Brother *Don Martino's* old malice, and new choller and revenge againſt him, for the lye and box on the eare, which he ſo lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof ſo inflames his heart and thoughts againſt him, that he forgetting his conſcience and ſoule, yea Heaven and God, as he aſſumes and gives life to his former bloody reſolution to murther him, and thinks no ſafer, nor ſurer way for him to effect it, than by poyſon, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devill. But *Don Martino* is reſolute in his rage, and execrable in his bloody malice & revenge againſt this his generous and noble Brother *Don Pedro*; ſo (diſdaining all thoughts of religion, and conſiderations of piety) he procureth a paire of poyſoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherouſly inſinuating them into his Brothers hands and wearing, the fatall invenom'd ſent thereof in leſſe than two dayes poiſoneth him; ſo he is found dead in his Bed: when *Don Martino*, the more cloſely to overvaile this damnable fact of his, purpoſely gives it out, that it was an Impoſtum wch broke within him, and ſo he dyed ſuddainly thereof in his bed, there being no ſervant of his own, nor none elſe that night neer him, or by him to aſſiſt him, and this report of his paſſeth currant with the world; ſo the Lady his Mother and himſelfe cauſe him to be buried with more ſilence than ſolemnity, and every way inferiour to his honourable birth and generous vertues, becauſe ſhe ſtill affected and loved *Don Martino* farre better than him: ſo his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and farre leſſe his Brother *Don Martino*. But for his Siſter *Cecilliana*, aſſoone as ſhe underſtood and heard hereof, ſhe is ſo appalled with griefe, and daunted with ſorrow and diſpaire, that ſhe ſends a world of ſighes to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her beſt and deareſt Brother. Her Husband *Don Monfredo* (for henceforth ſo we muſt call him) likewiſe infinitely laments *Don Pedro's* death, as having loſt a conſtant friend and a deare and incomparable Brother in law in him; and yet all the meanes which he can uſe to comfort this his ſorrowfull wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for ſtill ſhe weepes and ſobs, and ſtill her heart and ſoule do

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prompt and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of his and her Brother *Don Pedro*; but ſhee hath onely preſumption, no proofes for this her ſuſpicion, and therefore ſhee leaves the detection and iſſue hereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we muſt underſtand that *Dona Catharina* hath perfect newes, that it is *Monfredo* who hath ſtolne away her Daughter *Cecilliana*, and keepes her at his houſe of *Valdebelle*, in the Countrey, but as yet ſhee knowes not that hee hath married her; wherefore being deſirous of her returne, not for any great affection which ſhe now bore her, but onely to accompliſh her former deſires, in fruſtrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, ſhe againe ſtill provoked and egged on by the advice of her ſon *Don Martino*, ſends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and ſo to perſwade and haſten her returne to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. *Don Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered *Don Monfredo* and his Siſter *Cecilliana* his mothers meſſage for her returne to *Burgos*, hee then vainely preſumes to ſpeak thus to them from himſelf. He firſt ſharpely rebukes her of folly and diſobedience, in flying away from his and her mother, and then (with more paſſion than judgement) checkes him of diſhonour to harbour and ſhelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his wife, but his ſtrumpet, or at leaſt to give the world juſt cauſe to think ſo; and if he intended to preſerve her proſperity and honor, and not to ruine it, that he ſhould reſtore his mother her daughter, and himſelfe his ſiſter, and no longer retain her; but ſpeakes not a word of his brother *Don Pedro's* death, much leſſe makes any ſhadow to mourne, or ſhew to grieve or ſorrow for it. His ſiſter *Cecilliana* (at his firſt ſight) is all in tears for the death of her brother *Don Pedro*, and yet extreamly incenſed with him for theſe his baſe ſpeeches towards her and her *Monfredo*, ſhe once thought to have given him a hot and chollericke reply, but at laſt conſidering better with her ſelfe (as alſo to prevent *Monfredo*, whom ſhee ſaw had an itching deſire to fit him with his anſwer) ſhe then in generall termes returnes him this ſhort reply; that ſhe is now accomptable to none but to God for her actions, who beſt knowes her heart and reſolutions, and therfore for her returne to her mother at *Burgos*, or her ſtay here at *Valdebelle*, ſhe wholly refers it to *Don Monfredo*, whoſe will and pleaſure therein ſhall aſſuredly be hers, becauſe ſhe hath, and ſtill finds him to be a worthy and honourable gentleman: when (before ſhe conclude her ſpeech to him) ſhe tels him, that ſhe thought his comming had bin to condole with her for the death of their brother *Don Pedro*, but that with griefe ſhee is now enforced to ſee the contrary, in regard his ſpeeches and actions tend to afflict, not to comfort her, and rather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cauſe of her conſolation. But *Monfredo* being touched to the quick, with theſe ignoble and baſe ſpeeches of *Don Martino*, both to himſelfe and *Cecilliana*, hee is too generous long to digeſt them with ſilence, and therfore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly reſpect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, he compoſing his countenance to diſcontent and anger, returnes him this anſwer: That if any other man but himſelfe, had given him the leaſt part of thoſe unworthy ſpeeches, both againſt his honour, as alſo againſt that of his ſiſter *Cecilliana*, his rapier, not his tongue, ſhould have anſwered him; that his affection and reſpects to her, are every way vertuous and honorable; and that ſhe is, and ſhall be ſafer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble brother *Don Pedro* was in his mothers houſe at *Burgos*; that as the yong Lady his ſiſter is pleaſed to refer her ſtay or return to him, ſo (reciprocally to requite her courteſie) doth he to her; and for his part, he is fully reſolved not to perſwade, much leſſe to adviſe her to put her ſelf into her mothers protection, or his courteſie; for that he is fearfull, if not confident in this beliefe, that the one may prove pernitious; and the other fatall and ruinous to her. And ſo with cold entertainment, and ſhort ceremonies, *Don Martino* is enforced to returne to *Burgos* to his mother without his ſiſter, where aſſoone as he is arrived, he tels his mother of his ſiſter *Cecilliana's* conſtant reſolution, from whence he thinks it impoſſible to draw or divert her, becauſe he

findes

ſindes *Monfredo* of the ſame opinion: but whether hee have married her or no, hee knowes not, neither could he informe himſelfe thereof. And here yet *Don Martino* is ſo cautious to his Mother, as he ſpeakes not a word or ſyllable of any ſpeech or mention they had of the death of his brother *Don Pedro*. But as ſoone as hee had left his Mother, and retyred himſelfe to his chamber, then he thinkes the more thereof; yea, then hee againe and againe remembers what dangerous ſpeeches he publikely received from his Siſter *Cecilliana*, and *Monfredo*, concerning that his ſudden death, whereby they ſilently meant, and tacitely implied no leſſe than Murther; Wherefore hee is ſo helliſh and bloody-minded, that hee reſolves ſhortly to provide a plaiſter for this ſore; and he knowes, that to make their tongues eternally ſilent, he cannot better or ſafer performe it, than by murthering them, whereof he ſayes the reaſon is apparantly and pregnantly true: for as long as that ſuſpition lives in them, hee therefore can never live in ſafety, but in extreame danger himſelfe. But becauſe of the two, *Monfredo* ſeemed to intend and portend him the greateſt choller, and the moſt inveterate rage, therefore (as a limbe of the Devill, or rather as a Devill incarnate himſelfe) hee reſolves to beginne with *Monfredo* firſt, and as occaſions and accidents ſhall preſent, then with his Siſter *Cecilliana* after, without ever having the grace to thinke of his Conſcience or Soule, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once conſidering, that our owne malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our enemies; That anger is a ſhort madneſſe, and that it is a moſt aſſured happineſſe for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poyſoning of his owne Brother, whoſe innocent blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but ſtill cries alowd for vengeance from Heaven on his head for that cruell and damnable fact.

But this ſhame, this monſter of Nature, *Don Martino*, who feares none leſſe than God, and loves none more than the Devill, will not thus forſake his cruell malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: but underſtanding that *Monfredo* ſometimes (though ſecretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to ſee *Burgos*, hee hearkens out therefore for his next comming thither: when being aſſured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as hee iſſued forth his houſe, which hee did betweene eleven and twelve at night, he with his ſmall Target, and darke Lanterne in his left hand, and his Rapier drawne in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith, of which two mortall wounds hee preſently fell dead in the ſtreet, his misfortune being then ſo great, as he had no Servant nor Friend preſent to aſſiſt him, and his feare and care of himſelfe ſo ſmall, as hee was kill'd before he could ſee his enemy, or have the leaſure to draw his ſword in his owne defence and aſſiſtance; ſo fierce and ſuddaine was *Martinoes* rage and malice, in murthering of this harmeleſſe and innocent Gentleman: the which aſſoone as he had performed, he ſecretly hies home to his Mothers houſe, and ſpeedily betakes himſelfe to his bed, where the Devill rocking him aſleepe in ſecuritie, hee as his infernall Agent, and bloody Factor, nothing cares what God or man can doe unto him. The next morning at breake of day, this breathleſſe body of *Don Monfredo* is found in the Street: ſo all *Burgos* reſounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortall eye hath ſeene, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer ſhould be. But God (in his Divine Juſtice, and for the exaltation of his ſacred Glory) will ſhortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no leſſe ſtrange than remarkeable.

Dona Catharina heares hereof, and is ſo farre from grieving, as ſhe rejoyceth thereat, no way doubting, but *Monfredo* being dead, ſhee with much facility (according to her deſires and wiſhes) ſhall now of two reſolutions, draw her Daughter *Cecilliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to marry *Delrio* in earneſt, or a Nunnery no more in jeaſt. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable Accident arrives at *Valdebelle*, and conſequently to the knowledge of our *Cecilliana*, who ſo pitifully weeps and mournes thereat, as for meere griefe and ſorrow ſhe teares her haire,

haire, bolts her ſelfe into her Chamber, and there throwes her ſelfe downe on the floore, and neither can, nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to adminiſter it to her, or which is leſſe, to ſee or ſpeake with her. So although *Monfredo's* Kinſfolkes and Friends doe infinitely lament this his unfortunate Death, yet all their ſighes and teares put together, are nothing in regard of thoſe of his young Wife, and now Widdow *Cecilliana*, who (out of the immoderate exceſſe of this her anxiety and affliction)is now become ſo reaſonleſſe and deſperate,that firſt the Murther of her deare Brother *Don Pedro*,and now this of her ſweet Huſband *Monfredo*, is both a griefe to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and minde, yea to her very Soule: For ſtill ſhe remaines confident in this opinion, that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this ſuſpicion of hers, ſhe cannot, ſhee will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead Memories, is ſo extreame and fervent, that to bee aſſiured whether it bee him, or who elſe that hath murthered them, it leades her minde to a reſolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane curioſity in ſome perſons ſometimes ſeeme to allow and practiſe as tolerable, yet ſacred Religion muſt and doth for ever both reject and contemne it as Diabolicall. She diſguiſeth herſelfe in her apparell, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alphonſo Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, ſome ſixe Leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two Pictures of her murthered Brother and Husband, as alſo a perfect note of their age, and horoſcope of their Nativities, ſhe prayes him to diſcover and ſhew her in a Looking-Glaſſe, the true pictures and repreſentations of their murtherers; When to have him diſpatch both it and her ſelfe the ſooner, ſhe gives him ten Duckets,upon the receipt whereof he promiſeth her his beſt Art and skill,makes her ſtay till almoſt dark night,and then fools her of with this flamme,that he hath effectually invocated and raiſed his Spirit, from whom he could get no other anſwer, but that God for that time would not permit him to ſhew her theſe Murtherers Pictures in a Glaſſe; whereby this Wizard proving himſelfe more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impoſtour, than a Chriſtian, hee heerein makes a foole of this ſorrowfull young Lady, in thinking to make her know that, which it is both a foule ſhame, and a ſhamefull ignorance for any Chriſtian to be ignorant of,(to wit) *That it is not the Devill, or his Agents, but onely God who (in his divine Pleaſure and Providence) hath power to reveale Murthers, and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it ſeemes moſt agreeable and pleaſing to his All-ſeeing, and ſacred Majeſty.*

Cecilliana returning home,more loaden with doubts than gold from this Monſter of Men, (becauſe in effect he makes it his profeſſion to be leſſe a man than a Devill) ſhe is aſhamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer griefe and ſorrow) weeps, to ſee that the foundation of her faith ſhould be ſo weak and reeling, as not conſtantly to relye upon the providence and juſtice of God, but to repoſe her fooliſh curioſity and beliefe upon this prophane and ſottiſh Sorcerer, for the detection of theſe Murthers. But leaving her for a while in her diſconſolation and ſorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched Villaine *Don Martino* her Brother in *Burgos*,who having thus committed theſe two cruell and lamentable Murthers, doth for the firſt two or three moneths after put a cheerfull and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more abſolutely to betray,and bleare the eyes of the World,that the leaſt ſparke or ſhadow thereof ſhould not diffuſe or reflect on him. But heere before I proceed further, the Reader is requeſted to obſerve this one remarkable Circumſtance of Gods Juſtice and Providence, in detecting of *Don Martino*, to bee the ſole Authour and Actor of theſe two unnaturall and deplorable Murthers. For as the Devill had made him ſo cautious in his malice, and ſubtill in his revenge, that hee imploy'd no other Miniſter, nor uſed no other Agent or Aſſiſtant herein but Himſelfe; ſo being deprived of any witneſſe, either to accuſe, or make him guilty hereof; God (I ſay) out of the immenſity of his Power, and profundity of his Providence, will make him-

himselfe to become a witnesse against himselfe, and wanting all other meanes, will make himselfe the onely meanes both to detect and destroy himselfe. The manner thus.

As there is no felicity to Peace, so there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conscience; It is a precious Jewell of an inestimable value, and unparalleld price, yea, a continuall Feast, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more rich or delitious: and the contrary it is, where the Heart and Conscience have made themselves guilty of some foule and enormous crimes, and especially of Murther, wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but wee assuredly wound God the Creator: for then, as those, so this, (with lesse doubt and more assurance) gives in an heavy and bloody evidence against us, and which commonly produceth us these three woefull and lamentable effects, *Despaire*, *Horrour*, *Terrour*; the which wee shall now see verified and instanced in this bloody and miserable Wretch, *Don Martino*, who (as I have formerly said) hath not fully past over the tearme of three moneths in externall mirth, jollity, and bravery, thereby to cast a chearfull countenance and varnish on those his bloody Villanies, but God so distracted his wits and senses, strucke such astonishment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conscience, as it seemed to him, that (both by night and day) the Ghosts of his harmelesse Brother *Don Pedro*, and of innocent *Don Monfredo* still pursue him for Revenge, and Justice of these their Murthers. And now his lookes are extravagant, fearefull, and ghastly, which are still the signes and symptomes either of a distempered Braine, a polluted Conscience and Soule, or of both. Hee knowes not to whom, or where, or where not to goe for remedy herein; but still his Heart is in a mutiny and Rebellion with his Conscience, and both of them against God. He is afraid of every Creature he sees, and likewise of those who see him not. If he looke backe, and perceive any one to runne behinde him, hee thinkes it is a Sergeant come to arrest him; and if hee chance to behold any Gentleman in a Scarlet cloake comming towards him, he verily beleeves and feares it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraigne and condemne him. Hee hath not the Grace to goe into a Church, nor the boldnesse to looke up to the Tower thereof, for feare least the one swallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and crush him to death: If he walke in any woods, fields, or gardens, and see but a leafe wagge, or a Bird stirre, hee is of opinion, there some furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth hee heare any Dogge howle, Cat cry, or Owle whoot, or screech, hee is thereat so suddenly appalled and amazed, as hee thinkes it to bee the voyce of the Devill, who is come to fetch him away. Hee will not passe over any bridge, brooke, or River, for feare of drowning, nor over any planke, gate, or style, least hee should breake his necke. The sight of his shadow is a corrosive to his Heart, and a Panique terrour to his thoughts, because he both thinkes and beleeves, that it is not his owne, but the Hang-mans; and when any one (out of charity or pity) come to see and visite him, hee flies from them, as if Hell were at his backe, and the Devill at his heeles. The very sight of a Rapier stabbes him at his Heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyson, seemes to infect and kill his Soule; and yet miserable Wretch and Miscreant that he is, all this while hee hath not the goodnesse to looke downe into his Heart and Conscience with contrition, nor the grace to looke up to Heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catharina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and so are all his kinsfolkes and friends in and about *Burgos*, who cause some excellent Physicians and Divines to deale with him, about administring him the meanes to cure him of this his Lunacy and Distraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilfull Art of those, or the powerfull perswasions of these do as yet prevail with him, or performe it. Two Moones have fully finished their Celestiall course, whiles thus his Phrensie and madnesse possesseth him; and in one of the greatest, and most outragious fits thereof, hee (without wit, or guide) runnes to Saint *Sebastiano's* Church, findes out

Father

Father *Thomas* his Confeſſour, and in private and ſerious Confeſſion, reveales him, how he hath poyſoned his Brother *Don Pedro*, and alſo murthered *Don Monfredo*; adding withall, that God (out of his indulgent Mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his Soule with the concealing thereof, and then begges his Abſolution, and Remiſſion for the ſame. His Confeſſour (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondering at the foulneſſe of theſe his (Penitents) two bloody facts, although hee finde more difficulty than reaſon to grant his deſire, yet enquiring of him, if there were any other acceſſary with him in theſe Murthers, and *Don Martino* freely and firmely acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devill and Himſelfe: hee (after a ſerious checke, and religious *reprimendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a ſharpe and ſevere Penance (though no way anſwerable to his crimes) and ſo abſolves him; and yet for the ſpace of at leaſt a whole moneth after, his Lunacy (by the Permiſſion of God) ſtill followes him, when (for a further triall of his comportment, and hope of his repentance) God is againe pleaſed to ſlacke the hand of his Judgement, and ſo frees him from his madneſſe and diſtraction, to ſee whether he will prove Gold or Droſſe, a Chriſtian or a Divell.

Not long after this, his Confeſſour Father *Thomas* (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Pariſhes) falles extreame ſicke of a Pluriſie, and ſo dangerouſly ſicke, that his Phyſician (deſpairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his Soule for Heaven, and God: Who then revoking to minde (what he hath heard and ſeene) how grievouſly and ſorrowfully the Lady *Cecilliana* takes the Death of her Brother and Huſband, and more, in that ſhe is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer reſolved to burthen his conſcience and Soule with concealing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter, the which hee chargeth and conjureth his owne Siſter *Cyrilla* to deliver into her owne hands, ſome three dayes after his burial; the which we ſhall ſee her ſhortly performe: for the Prieſt Father *Thomas*, her Brother lived not three weekes after.

In the meane time, come wee to the Lady *Dona Catherina*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the Death of her eldeſt Sonne *Don Pedro*, for the diſobedient flight and clandeſtine Marriage of her Daughter *Cecilliana* to *Monfredo*, who is now murthered, but by whom ſhee knowes not, and ſeeing her ſaid Daughter thereby made a ſorrowfull Widdow, ſhee (as an indulgent and kinde Mother) forgetting what ſhee had formerly done and beene, and now deſirous to comfort her, and to bee comforted of her, againe ſends her Sonne *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to ſollicite his Siſter to returne, and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (deteſting this project and reſolution of his mother) is very ſorrowfull thereat; but ſeeing that ſhee will bee obeyed, hee rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Siſter, and there delivereth his mothers will and meſſage to her; but in ſuch faint and cold tearmes, as ſhee thereby knowes, he is farre more deſirous of her abſence than her preſence, and of her ſtay, than her returne; yea, (and to write the truth of her minde) his very ſight ſtrikes ſuch flames of feare into her heart, and of ſuſpition into her thoughts, that ſhe ſtill aſſumes and retaines her old opinion and confidence, that hee is the abſolute murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Huſband *Don Monfredo*; but heerein ſhee now holds it diſcretion to conceale her ſelfe to her ſelfe, and ſo gives him kinde and reſpective entertainment; ſhee prayes him to report her humble duety to her mother, that ſhee will conſider of her requeſt, and either ſend or bring her her reſolution ſhortly: but inwardly in her Heart and Soule, ſhe intends nothing leſſe, than either to hazard her content upon the diſcontent of her mother, or (which is worſe) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother *Don Martino*.

And now we approach and draw neere, to ſee the Judgements and Juſtice of God overtake this our wretched *Don Martino*, for theſe his two moſt lamentable and bloody murthers. And now his Sacred Majeſty is fully reſolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent, and Sword whetted, to puniſh him for the ſame; for we muſt underſtand

derſtand that the very ſame day which her Brother *Don Martino* was laſt with her at *Valdebelle*, his Confeſſour Father *Thomas* dyed; and ſome three dayes after, his Siſter *Cyrilla* (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady *Cecilliana*, and delivereth her the Prieſt her Brothers Letter; at the receipt whereof, *Cecilliana* findes different emotions in her Heart, and paſſions in her minde: when going into the next roome, ſhe breakes up the ſeales, and findes therein theſe Lines.

FATHER THOMAS to CECILLIANA.

WEll knowing that the Lawes of Heaven are farre more powerfull and ſacred than thoſe of Earth, as I now lie on my Death-bed, ready to leave this life, and to flie into the Armes of my Saviour and Redeemer Chriſt Jeſus, I could not goe to my Grave in peace, before I had ſignified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother Don Martino *in Saint* Honoria's *Church, delivered unto mee in Confeſſion, That hee had firſt poyſoned thy Brother* Don Pedro *with a paire of perfumed Gloves, and then after murthered thy Husband* Don Monfredo *with his Rapier in* Burgos: *And although I muſt and doe acknowledge, that he was in his Fit of Lunacy and Madneſſe, when he thus made himſelfe a witneſſe againſt himſelfe hereof, yet no doubt the immediate finger and providence of God led him to this reſolution, as an act which infinitely tends to his Sacred Honour and Glory. I ſend thee this Letter by my Siſter* Cyrilla, *whom I have ſtrictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my buriall, becauſe I hold it moſt conſonant to my Profeſſion and Order, that not my Life, but my Death ſhould heerein violate the Seale of Confeſſion, and thou ſhalt ſhew thy ſelfe a moſt religious and Chriſtian Lady, if thou make this uſe hereof, that it is not my ſelfe, but God who ſends thee this newes by mee.*

FATHER THOMAS.

Cecilliana having over-read this Letter, and therein underſtood and found out that her Brother *Don Martino* is the cruell murtherer, both of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Huſband *Don Monfredo*, her griefe thereat doth ſo farre overſway her Reaſon, and her malice and revenge her Religion, as once ſhee is of the minde to murther him with her owne hand, in requitall hereof; but then againe ſtrangling that bloody thought in its conception, ſhee vowes, that if not by her owne hand, hee ſhall yet infallibly dye by the hand of the common Executioner: When Love, Pitty, Nature, Reaſon, Griefe, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, acting their ſeverall Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, ſhee findes a great combate in her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soule, what, or what not to doe herein; when with many teares and prayers (by the advice and counſell of God) ſhee enters into this conſultation hereon with her ſelfe. Ahlas, unfortunate and ſorrowfull *Cecilliana!* It is upon no light preſumption, or triviall circumſtances, that I beleeve my Brother *Martino* to bee the inhumane murtherer of my Brother *Don Pedro*, and Huſband *Monfredo*; for beſides that God ever prompted mine Heart, and whiſpered my Soule that this was true, yet now heere is his owne Confeſſion to his Ghoſtly Father, and his Ghoſtly Fathers owne Letter and Confeſſion to me, to the ſame effect, Evidences and Witneſſes, without exception, as cleare as noone day, and as bright as the Sunne in his hotteſt and brighteſt meridian, that hee, and onely hee, was the murtherer of them both: but oh poore *Cecilliana* (quoth ſhe) to what a miſerable eſtate and perplexity hath theſe his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murthered my brother and my Huſband, ſhall I then permit him to live? but withall, hee is likewiſe my brother, and ſhall I then cauſe him to dye? True it is, I cannot recall their Lives, but it is likewiſe as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the firſt lay not in my power to remedy; yet all the World knowes, that the ſecond merely depends of my pity, courteſie, and compaſſion to prevent: but Ahlas (ſaith ſhee) the tyes of Heaven are, and ought to bee infinitely more ſtrong than thoſe of Earth, and the glory of God to be farre preferred before

all

all our naturall affections and obligations to our beſt Friends, or neareſt or deareſt Kinsfolks whoſoever. Therefore, as to detect theſe Murthers of his, thou art no friend to Nature, ſo againe, to conceale them, thou thereby makeſt thy ſelfe an enemie to Grace; for aſſure thy ſelfe, unfortunate *Cecilliana*, that God will never be appeaſed, nor Juſtice ſatisfied, untill their innocent blood be expiated, and waſhed away in his, who is guiltie thereof; becauſe, as by detecting Murther, we bleſſe and glorifie God, ſo by concealing it, we heap a fatall *Anathema*, and curſe upon our own heads.

As Clouds are diſſipated, and blowne away, when the Sun ariſeth and mounteth in his verticall luſtre and glory, ſo *Cecilliana* having thus ended her conſultation with her ſelfe, and now began her reſolution with God, ſhe leaves *Valdebelle*, takes her Coach, and diſpeeds away to *Burgos*; where in ſteed of going to her Lady Mothers, ſhe goes directly to the *Corrigador's* (or Criminall Judges) of that Citie, and with much griefe and ſorrow (her tears interrupting her ſighes, and her ſighes her tears) before them accuſeth her Brother *Don Martino* to be the bloodie murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; and for proofe of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father *Thomas* his Confeſſor. The Judges reade it, and are aſtoniſhed with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here ſee a Siſter call the life of her own Brother in queſtion; but they ſee that ſhe hath as much right and reaſon for her Accuſation, as her inhumane Brother *Don Martino* wanted for his malice, in making himſelfe guiltie of theſe foule and bloodie Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the pleaſure and providence of God, they highly extoll her pietie and integritie towards his ſacred Majeſtie, in preferring his Glorie before the ſcandall and miſerie of her ſo wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeale and honour to Juſtice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable buſineſſe) ſend away for *Cyrilla*, and (as ſoone as ſhe came) upon her Oath propoſe her theſe three Queſtions; Firſt, whether ſhe had this very Letter from her deceaſed Brother Father *Thomas* his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Ladie *Cecilliana*, three daies after his deceaſe? Secondly, if it were of his owne writing and ſealing? And thirdly, if ſhe with her own hands, delivered this Letter to the Ladie *Cecilliana*? To all which three Queſtions, *Cyrilla* (with a ſtaid look and countenance) anſwereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with haſte and ſecrecy) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend *Don Martino*, when he was as it were drowned in voluptuouſneſſe, ſecurity, and impenitencie, as making it his vaine-glorie to build Caſtles of content in the aire, and to erect Mountains of wealth and preferment in the *Vtopia* of his ambitious deſires and wiſhes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future puniſhment for the ſame. He is amazed at his Apprehenſion by the Sergeants, but far more, at the ſight and preſence of the Criminall Judges, before whom he is now brought. They ſharply accuſe him of theſe two aforeſaid foule Murthers, and for evidence and witneſſes, produce him his Confeſſor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Siſter *Cyrilla*, and his own Siſter the Lady *Cecilliana*; at the ſight and knowledge whereof, he at firſt ſeemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at laſt recollecting his Spirits (taking counſell of the Devill, and not of God) aſſumes a bold countenance, puts himſelfe and his tongue on the points of deniall and juſtification, and ſo to his Judges tearms his Confeſſor a Devill, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Siſter *Cecilliana* Witches, and no Women, ſo unjuſtly and falſely to accuſe him of theſe foule Murthers, whereof he affirmes not onely the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apologie: So they adjudge him to the Rack; the firſt tortures whereof, he indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the ſecond he cannot; but then and there confeſſeth himſelfe to be guilty, and the ſole Authour and Actour of both theſe deplorable Murthers: but yet his heart and ſoule is ſtill ſo obdurated by the Devill, as he hath neither the will to be ſorrowfull, nor the grace to be repentant for the ſame.

For Expiation of which his inhumane and bloody Crimes, his Judges condemne him to be hanged, and his Right hand to be firſt cut off and burnt the next morning, at the Common place of Execution, notwithſtanding that his afflicted and ſorrowfull Mother (out of the naturall and tender affection which ſhe bore him) imployed all her friends and poſſible power, yea, and offered all her own Eſtate and Lands to ſave his life; but ſhe could not prevaile or obtain it. So the next morning, (in obedience to this his Sentence) this Monſter of Nature *Don Martino* is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his laſt farwell of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black Silke Grograine Sute, with a faire white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver Hat on his head, which he drew downe before his eyes, that he might neither ſee, nor be ſeen of that great concourſe of people there preſent, who came to ſee him conclude the laſt Scene and Cataſtrophe of his life; When after his Right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murthered *Don Monfredo*, he then aſcended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting ſome repentant and religious Speech from him before his Death, he reſembling himſelfe (I meane, rather an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and rather a Devill than a Man) as he lived, ſo he would dye, a prophane and graceleſſe Villaine; for ſome ſpeeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himſelfe, but ſpake not one word that could be heard or underſtood of any one: and ſo moſt reſolutely he himſelfe putting the Rope about his neck (although all the people, and eſpecially two Friers neer him, cryed to him to the contrary) he ſaved the Hangman his labour, and ſo (with more haſte and deſperation then repentance) he caſt himſelfe off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deſerved death of this Hell-hound and limbe of the Devill, *Don Martino*; and in this ſort and manner did the juſt revenge of God triumph ore his foule and bloody Crimes; which, may all true Chriſtians reade to Gods glory, and to the inſtruction of their own ſouls. And if the curioſity of the Reader make him farther deſirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of *Dona Cecilliana* the Daughter, after all theſe their diſmall and diſaſtrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Poſt-ſcript) briefly to adde this for his ſatisfaction, That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was firſt reconciled to her: and ſhe to her Daughter, to whom ſhe (having no other childe) left all her whole Eſtate: And for her, who was now become likewiſe very rich, as having a faire yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceaſed Husband *Don Monfredo's* Lands and Means, although ſhe were againe ſought in Marriage by ſome noble Gallants of *Caſtile* and *Burgos*, yet ſhe reſolved never to marry more; and as I have within theſe very few yeares underſtood, ſhe then lived ſometimes at *Burgos*, and ſometimes at *Valdebelle*, in great Pompe and Felicity.

GODS

GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kils* Caſſino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a ſhort Musket* (*or Carabine*) *from a Window. He is beheaded for theſe two murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the River.*

AS Faith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortreſſe of Chriſtian piety againſt the tentations of Sathan: ſo by the contrary we expoſe and lay open our ſelves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devill. For if by Faith we do not firſt beleeve, then pray unto God for our own preſervation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choller, to quarrell with our beſt friends, and in our malice and revenge to murther even our neareſt and deareſt Kindred. O *Faith*, the true foundation of our ſoveraigne felicitie! O *Prayer*, the ſweet preſervative and ſacred Manna of our ſoules, how bleſſed doe you make thoſe who embrace and retaine you! and contrariwiſe, how miſerable and wretched are they who contemne and reject you! Of which laſt number, this inſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt converſation) trampled thoſe two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding much leſſe fearing his judgements: But how God (in the end) requited him for the ſame, this Hiſtorie will likewiſe ſhew us. May we therefore reade it to Gods glory, and to our owne inſtruction.

IN the Citie of *Verceli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chiefeſt of *Piedmont*) bordering neer to the Eſtate and Dutchy of *Millan*, there lately dwelt a rich Cannon of that Cathedrall Church, named *Aloſius Caſſino*, who had a daintie ſweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named *Dona Eleanora*, whoſe Mother (being Siſter to *Caſſino*) named

Dona Iſabella Cælia, lately died, and left this her onely Daughter and childe her Heire, very rich both in demeans and monies, when her Vncle *Caſſino*, being neareſt her in blood, takes *Eleanora* and her eſtate into his protection and wardſhip, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and cariage, as if ſhe were his own Daughter; for there is no ſweet quality, nor exquiſite perfection requiſite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he cauſed her to become, not ſuperficiall, but artificiall therein, as in Dancing, Muſick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Verceli* take exact notice and knowledge; yea, her beauty grew up ſo deliciouſly with her years, that ſhe was (and was juſtly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phenix of the City. *Caſſino* conſidering that his Houſe was deſtitute of a Matron, to accompany and overſee this his Neece *Eleanora*, that his age was too Stoicall for her youth, and that his Eccleſiaſticall profeſſion and Function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unſeemly (in the *Interims* of his abſence) to leave her to her ſelfe, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleaſure, ſhe being now arrived to twelve years of age; He therefore provides her new apparell, and other pertinent neceſſaries, and giving her a Wayting-maid, and a Man of his own to attend her, he ſends her in his Coach to the Citie of *Caſſall*, in the Marquiſat of *Monferrat*, to the Lady *Marguerita Sophia*, a Widow Gentlewoman, left by her deceaſed Huſband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all thoſe ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous, not only in *Piedmont* and *Lombardie*, but alſo to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this inſuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeth his Man with the delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

TO ſatisfie your courteous requeſts, and my former promiſe, I now ſend you my Neece Eleanora *to* Caſſall, *whom I heartily pray thee to uſe as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Vncle but me, nor I any other acquaintance but thy ſelfe, with whom I would entruſt her for her Education, and recommend her for her Inſtruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of, except to thoſe imperfections wherein her youth excuſeth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that ſhe carefully and curiouſly adorne her ſelfe with vertues in thy example and imitation, without which the priviledges of Nature and Fortune (as Beautie and Wealth) are but only obſcure ſhadowes, and no true ſubſtances, becauſe there is as much difference betwixt thoſe and theſe, as between the purity of the ſoule and the corruption of the body, or between the dignitie and excellencie of Heaven, and the invaliditie and baſeneſſe of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few moneths, but do infinitely deſire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary tranſaction and donation, thou wilt confer much happineſſe to her, and honour to me, and conſequently for ever binde both her Youth, and my age to thee in a ſtrict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparell, or other neceſſaries thou deemeſt her to want, thy will ſhall be mine. God ever bleſſe her in his feare, and you both to his Glory.*

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this ſweet young Virgin with much content and joy, yea, ſhe ſees her tender yeares alreadie adorned with ſuch excellent beauty, and that beautie with ſuch exquiſite vertues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom ſhe entertaineth with much reſpect and care, as well for her own ſake, as alſo for her Uncle *Caſſino's*, whoſe Letter ſhe againe and againe reads over, highly applauding his vertues and honourable care of this his Neece, whom in few yeares ſhe hopes will prove a moſt accompliſhed and gracious Gentlewoman; when *Caſſino's* Coachman after a daies ſtay, deeming it high time for him to return to *Verceli* to his Maſter, he takes his leave of his young Miſtris *Eleanora*, who, out of her few

few yeares, and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prayes him to remember her best service to him at his comming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewise returns and sends him this Letter in answer of his.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

I Know not whether you have made me more proud, or joyfull, by sending me Eleanora, *wherein you have given me far more honour than I deserve, though far lesse than she meriteth, and who henceforth shall be as much my Daughter in affection, as she is your neece by Nature; and if I have any Art in Nature, or Iudgement in Inclinations, her vertues and beauty doe already anticipate her years; for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory: so (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable friends) they already seeme to strive and contend in her for supremasie; to the last of which (as being indeed the most precious and soveraigne) if my poore capacitie, or weak endeavours may adde any thing, I will esteeme it my ambition for your sake, and my felicitie for hers. But if you resolve not rather to give her to me for some yeares, then to lend her to me for a few moneths, you will then kill my hopes in their budi, and my joyes in their blossomes, and so make me as unfortunate in her absence, as I shall be happy in her sight and company. As for her Apparell, and other necessaries, she shall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever desire, and follow her welfare, and then rest confident, that her prayers and mine shall never faile to wish you long life, and to implore all prosperity for you.*

SOPHIA.

Cassino did well to place his young Neece *Eleanora* with the Lady *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that she had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Sonne, named *Seignior Alphonso*, of some two and twenty years of age, who (to her griefe and shame) haunts her and her house as a Ghost, makes himselfe the publick laughter and pitie of all the different humours of *Cassall*, yea the lewdnesse of his life, and the irregularity of his conversation, and actions, hath reduced him to this fatall point of misery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to precipitate himselfe and his reputation into base debts, vices, and company, making this his shame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the world will not care for him, nor he for himselfe, untill he have wholly lost himselfe in himselfe, without either desert, or hope ever to be found or recalled againe. But at last seeing so sweet a beauty, and so rich an Heire as *Eleanora* fallen into his Mothers hands, and therefore he vainely thinks into his; and hoping that her wealth shall redeeme his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Estate and Fortunes, he secretly courts her: but *Eleanora* (as young as she is) sees his vices with disdaine, himselfe with contempt, and his affection to her with scorne. He is importunate in his sute, and she perverse and obstinate in her deniall, but she resolves to conceale it from all the world. As for *Alphonso*, he (after some six moneths time) acquaints the Lady *Sophia* his Mother herewith, and with his fervent desire and affection to marry *Eleanora*; but she chargeth him on her blessing, never to proceed any further herein without her consent and order; and quoth she, if here (in the presence of God and my selfe) thou wilt now swear wholly to abandon all thy former vices, henceforth to be absolutely led by my advice and counsell, and to steere all thy actions by the starre of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promise thee to use all my best endeavours, and possible power, both with *Cassino*, and *Eleanora*, to effect thy desires. *Alphonso* hereat (with much courtesie and humility) thanks his Mother, and solemnly swears to God and her, to performe all these points carefully and punctually; and to adde the more Religion and reverence to this oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderfull joy to her, to see that the fruits and effects thereof doe accordingly fall out and follow: for this

her Sonne *Alphonſo* in a very few dayes, is become a new man, and ſhe from her heart and ſoule praiſeth and glorifieth God for this his happy converſion: and if his Mother *Sophia* be glad thereof, no leſſe is our ſweet young *Eleanora*, for now hereby ſhe ſees that ſhe is rid of her Sutor.

Caſſino comes over three ſeverall times to *Caſſall* to ſee his Neece. The Lady *Sophia* gives him her beſt entertainment. He is wonderfull glad to ſee that ſhe hath imprinted ſuch characters of vertue and honour in her; and during his ſtay there, *Sophia* chargeth her Sonne *Alphonſo* not to ſpeak or motion a word to *Caſſino*, of this his affection to his young Neece *Eleanora*: ſo he beares himſelfe exceeding modeſtly and reſpectively towards him, and for his Mother, ſhe holds it fit not as yet to break or ſpeak a word hereof to *Caſſino*. *Caſſino* (no way dreaming of their intents and deſires towards his Neece) tels the Lady *Sophia*, he is infinitely joyfull to ſee that her Sonne *Alphonſo* proves *Fame* to be no true, but a tatling goddeſſe in his condition, and converſation; whereat ſhe heartily thanks him: and thinking then (though reſervedly and ſecretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, ſhe leaves not a vertue of her Sonnes either undiſplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himſelfe beyond the Moone, and ſo leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the iſſue to God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her minde, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtaine this rich and beautifull young prize for her Sonne; and holding it diſcretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, ſhe ſecretly layes wait at *Vercell* to know when *Caſſino* will have home his Neece, and ſo ſome three weekes before that time ſhe holds it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which ſhe doth in theſe tearmes.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

THe fervent affection, and vertuous deſire of my Sonne Alphonſo, *to marry your Neece* Eleanora, *is now the ſole cauſe and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to write or ſend you, but that I know his love and zeale to her is as pure, as her beauty and vertues are excellent. Hee (without my privacy or knowledge) hath already motioned his ſuit to her, and as he telles me, ſhe hath returned him her denialll in ſtead of her conſent, whereof I held my ſelfe bound to advertiſe you, becauſe his ambition and mine herein is ſo honourable, as it ſhall goe hand in hand with your good will and approbation, but never without it, eſpecially in regard you have pleaſed to recommend her to my charge and cuſtody, wherein I faithfully promiſe you, nothing ſhall be deſigned or practiſed to the prejudice of her honour or your content. All the eſtate and meanes which I can give, or you require of mee, to make my Sonne a fit Husband for your Neece, I will freely and chearefully depart with; and yet were I not fully and firmely aſſured, that hee is now as deepely enamoured of vertue and goodneſſe, as heeretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or penne had dared thus to have preſented his ſuite to her acceptance, and your conſideration. The joy and bleſſing of which Marriage (if God in his ſecret and ſacred Providence reſolve to make it a Marriage) will I hope in the end bee theirs, the honour mine, and the content your owne; wherein I requeſt your Anſwere, and entreat you to remaine moſt confident, that both in this, and in all things elſe,* Alphonſo's *will and reſolution ſhall ever be* Sophia's, *and hers* Caſſino's.

SOPHIA.

Caſſino, upon the receit and perufall of this Letter of the Lady *Sophia*, is not a little diſpleaſed, to ſee her ambition in deſiring his Neece *Eleanora* for wife to her Sonne *Alphonſo*, and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakneſſe of the Mothers eſtate, as alſo perfectly advertiſed of her Sonnes debauched life, and corrupt and prodigall converſation, howſoever ſhe pretend to put a vertuous gloſſe and colour hereon to the contrary, yet he holds it diſcretion to ſeeme to be ignorant of the

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one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuse to them herein, that he hath already disposed of his Neece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart resolving to make her preferment and fortunes more assured, and not so doubtfull; and to match her in a higher blood, and nobler family than that of theirs; he yet in discretion and honour, knowing himselfe bound to answer the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, cals for Pen and Paper, and by her own Servant and Messenger returns his minde and resolution to her thus.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

Although the tender yeares of my Neece Eleanora *make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich deserts and resplendant merits, and your Sonne* Alphonso's *honourable affection and zeale to her (which every way exceeds her poore beauty and vertues) had infallibly made me to grant her for his wife, which I am now inforced to deny, in regard I have already (by my promise) disposed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and consequently before that motion of his arrived to my knowledge and understanding: For to me it would and should have been both a sweet joy and a singular honour, to have seene your Sonne matched to my Neece in the lincks of Wedlock. But God having otherwise decreed it; you have many reasons to rest confident, that your Sonne is reserved for her better, and she promised to his inferiour; and therefore the freenesse of this your profered courtesie to her, and of your honourable respect and affection towards me, shall for ever tye me to a thankfull acknowledgement and an immortall obligation; and I will make it my chiefest Felicity and Ambition, if (in requitall thereof) I may any way either serve you in your Sonne* Alphonso, *or him in his Mother* Sophia, *of whose conversion to vertue, and propension to goodnesse, your Letter hath so firmely and joyfully assured me, that the truth hereof will, I hope, hereafter prove his happinesse in your content and glory; the which my most Religious Prayers shall still desire of God, because he is your only Childe and Sonne by Nature, and your selfe my most honourable friend, both by desert and purchase.*

CASSINO.

Within three weeks after that *Cassino* had dispatched away this his Letter to the Lady *Sophia*, he then (in contemplation and consideration of the debaushed life and corrupt prancks and vices of her Sonne *Alphonso*) not thinking his Neece *Eleanora* to be safe with her in *Cassall*, for feare lest her old wit, or his smooth tongue might peradventure too far prevaile and work upon her young yeares and indiscreet affection: he therefore sends over his Coach, and one of his Servants to bring her home, and to the Lady *Sophia* writes this gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

According to my last Letter to you, having heretofore privately contracted my Neece Eleanora *to a Husband, reason and religion, his request and my promise now require, that I take her from you in* Cassall, *to give her to him here in* Vercely; *to which effect I here send my Coach and Servant to you for her, and desire you to returne her to me with your best prayers as I sent her to you with my best affection: and had not God now visited me with sicknesse, my resolution for her returne had not beene either so suddaine or so speedy. For your honourable care in adorning her few yeares with so many excellent vertues and sweet perfections, I know not how to deserve, much lesse how to requite, except in my Prayers and Orisons to God for his best favours and graces to you, and the best prosperities and honours to your Sonne: But if my age now cannot, I hope her youth hereafter will endeavour partly to free me of that debt and to acquit her selfe of that strong obligation, till when as I will not faile to give it a place in my heart,*

heart, so I am sure will not she likewise to allot it one in her remembrance: in which meane time, I forget not my chiefest respects first to your selfe, then to your Sonne. God give us all his Grace that we may live and die his Servants.

CASSINO.

Now as *Cassino's* first Letter to *Sophia* (wherein hee denied her Sonne to marry his Neece) exceedingly afflicted and discontented her, so this his second to her, wherein hee so suddenly sends for her away from her, doth extreamely afflict and torment her, and not onely her, but likewise her Sonne *Alphonso*, who is all in sorrow, all in griefe hereat: For now they feare that their hopes of this young Lady are frustrated, and shee according to her Uncles rep ort in his Letter is contracted to some Gallant of *Vercelly*. When *Alphonso* againe laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to *Eleanora*, and representing unto her the extremity of the griefe and misery which her refusall of him, and his losse of her, will occasion him, hee with sighes and teares againe and againe entreates his Mother to seeke out some cure for this his disconsolation, and that she will please once more to try her chiefest wits and invention to change *Eleanora's* refusall, and her Uncle *Cassino's* deniall of him to bee her Husband; when at last his Mother being much moved and induced with these his sorrowfull passions and importunities, she before her departure doth herselfe breake this motion for her Sonne to her, wherein her wit and age sets upon the innocency and simplicity of her youth, with the sweetest oratory and most delicious speeches and perswasions which possibly she could invent, but shee findes her Art to bee Ignorance, and her Eloquence Folly therein. For *Eleanora* is (as young as shee is) deafe to her requests, and dumbe to her entreaties and perswasions; returning contempt to the first, and little deafnesse to the second, and disdaine to both; so as in detestation of his sute, and envy of his affection, shee will no more heare the Mother for her Sonnes sake, nor see the Sonne for his Mothers sake. When yet againe, although *Sophia* despaire of the Neece, yet shee will once more make farther triall of her Uncle *Cassino*, flattering her selfe with this hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, mought be but only a policy of his, to try her Sonnes affection in his constancy towards his Neece, and her owne zeale in her perseverance thereof towards himselfe: When seeing Break-fast ended, the Coach prepared, and *Eleanora* ready to depart, shee betakes her to her Closet, where taking penne and paper, shee hastily scribles out a few lines, and sealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to *Eleanora*, whom she secretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Uncle *Cassino* at her comming to *Vercely*, which this young Lady confidently promiseth her; when likewise taking her owne Coach, she and her Sonne conduct her three or foure miles in her way, where the Mother with many sugred speeches and complements, and the Sonne with many amorous sighes, regards and kisses, take their leave of her, they returning to *Cassall*, and shee driving away to her Uncle *Cassino* at *Vercely*, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladnesse and humanity; to whom she delivering the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, he hastily breaking up the seales thereof, findes therein this Language.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

BEfore I was so happy to answer your first Letter, your second which now cals home your Neece from me, makes me againe double unfortunate: Neither doe I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policy, in thinking to make me beleeve you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not say but that she deserves my Sons betters in marriage; but thus much I will speake for him out of my knowledge of his affection, and confidence, of his zeale towards her, that in heart and soule hee is a perfect honourer of her vertues,

tues, and a true Admirer of her Beauty: Yea, and no way to exceed or stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this beliefe of mine, that he is a servant to the first, and a slave to the second, and that his flame is so fervent towards her, that he would think himselfe honoured to prostrate his life at her feet, and esteeme himselfe blessed to receive his Death at her commands. Think not then so slightly of him, who thinks so seriously and sincerely of her; and this assure your selfe, that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Neece, and I am sure that her proficiency as her stay, hath been so small with me in Cassall, *as it neither deserves her debt, or your obligation, your requitall or her remembrance. My Son was desirous to have visited you with his Letter, but that I commanded his Pen and resolution herein to silence: And notwithstanding all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your reall Servant, then you as yet are his intended friend. God blesse your selfe and my Sonne, your Neece and my selfe, and make us all the lovers of his Grace, and the heires of his glory.*

SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusall of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady *Sophia* and her Sonne *Alphonso*, were so farre from giving over their sute to his Neece *Eleanora*, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence than before, hee not onely cals her respect toward him, but her discretion in her selfe likewise in question, to see that shee is incredulous that hee hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalfe are not worthy of her beliefe and confidence: Whereupon being sensible of a kinde of disrespect and wrong, whereof she had voluntarily made herselfe guilty towards him, in the passage of this businesse, and absolutely refusing to hearken to, or entertaine any other parley, and so to cast away his Neece on the vices and prodigalities of her Sonne, Hee arming his penne with discontent and choller, returns her this peremptory answer, which he covenanteth and resolves with himselfe, shall be the very last that he will either write or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well hop'd and thought, that your affection and judgement would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to be currant, not counterfeit; yea, to be the pure truth, and therefore no way my policy to informe you of the contrary; for such proceedings to any one, especially to your selfe (whom I so much respect for your Birth, and honour for your Vertues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them: As for your Sonne, his zeale to my Neece, or his affection to her service in the way of Marriage, if it be as pure and fervent as you affirme it, shee is the more bound to him; but I notwithstanding, the lesse to your selfe, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my selfe, and to mine owne honour, which next to my Soule is the best part of my selfe, in perswading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promise) I have solemnely given her; and as this was my first, so it shall bee my last resolution and answer to you, which I assure you I write not slightly, but (to use your owne words) seriously and sincerely: Therefore I thanke you for imposing silence to your Sonnes penne; and if you will henceforth likewise prescribe the same Law to your owne herein, I will take it both for a courtesie and a respect from you; onely in any other matter whatsoever that you shall thinke me capable to stead him, or serve you, your will and pleasure shall bee my Law, and your Letters shall receive many respects and kisses from mee. I have received my Neece, and her tongue, and mine eye and eare informe me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiency in Cassall, *the which my Age and her Youth will expose to Usury before I have the honour to pay you the Principall, and shee the interest thereof. God ever blesse you, and your Sonne* Alphonso, *and give you no lesse joy and honour of him, then I hope and desire to finde in mine owne Neece Eleanora.*

CASSINO.

The

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Sonne *Alphonſo* ſtormes at the receipt of this unkinde Letter from *Caſſino*, whereby they ſee their hopes of his Neece *Eleanora* reverſed and fruſtrated; and although this his flat refuſall made her of opinion no more to ſtirre or entermeddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delayes) ſome three weekes after, he prayes his Mother to ride over to *Vercely*, againe to prove *Caſſino*, and likewiſe to (againe) motion and ſollicite it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her preſence may purchaſe that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very deſirous and willing to accompany her himſelfe. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requeſts; they arrive to *Vercely*, where the Mother courts the Uncle, and the Sonne the Neece; and although they finde exceeding great Cheere and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their buſineſſe, which is *Alphonſo's* Marriage to *Eleanora*, they finde themſelves loſt, and their ſute in vaine, and ſo they are enforced to returne to *Caſſall* with their definitive ſentence of deniall, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves and exaſperates her Sonne; ſo now hee againe caſts off the Cloake of Vertue, and farre worſe than ever, flies to his old vices and ſinnes, which his Mother with her ſweet perſwaſions and remonſtrances can no longer retaine or conceale, eſpecially from his Whoring and Drunkenneſſe: yea, and which is moſt lamentable and deplorable, hee will no longer ſerve God, either abroad or at home, for hee forſakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that ſweet and Heavenly Vertue of Prayer, which is the ſpirituall food and life of the Soule. His Mother *Sophia* exceedingly weepes and grieves heereat, but how to remedy it ſhee knowes not: For his diſcontent hath made him ſo vicious, his vices ſo obſtinate, and his obſtinacy ſo outragious and violent, as his Mother ſurfeits with his Love-ſute to *Eleanora*, and will no more entermeddle with it. Hee prayes and reprayes her to make one Journey more for him to *Vercely*, to ſee what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, but ſhee is as averſe and wilfull, as hee is obſtinate and peremptory: and therefore conſtantly vowes, neither to write, nor ever to conferre more with them herein. But this reſolute anſwer of the Mother breedes bad blood in the Sonne, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Givill Warre in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his reſolutions againſt her for the ſame, to which the Devill (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Soules) blowes the Coales. For hee who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at leaſt will not) ſee her now but with contempt and malice; yea, he is ſo devoid of Grace, and ſo exempt of Goodneſſe, that hee lookes from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell; and ſo reſolves to murther her, thinking with himſelfe, that if he had once diſpatcht her, he ſhould then be ſole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and abſolute Eſtate would ſoone induce *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection: But hee reckons without his Soule and without God, and therefore no marvell if theſe his bloudy hopes deceive and betray him: his Religion and Conſcience cannot prevaile with him, neither hath his Soule either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatall buſineſſe, and execrable reſolution: for he will be ſo infernall a Monſter of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He conſults with himſelfe, and the Devill with him, whether he ſhould ſtab or poyſon her, but he holds it farre more ſafe and leſſe dangerous, to uſe the Drug then the Dagger, and ſo concludes upon poyſon; to which end hee being reſolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villaine (or indeed rather as a Devill) provides himſelfe of poyſon, the which he ſtill carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable buſineſſe, the which the Devill very ſhortly adminiſtreth him: The manner thus.

This refuſall of *Caſſino* to her Sonne *Alphonſo*, and his miſerable relapſe to whoredome, drunkenneſſe, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly diſtemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mothers ſpirits, and they her body, ſo that ſhe is three dayes ſicke of a burning Feaver; when to allay the fervour of that unaccuſtomed heate, ſhee cauſeth

ſome

some Almond-milke to be made her, the which she compoundeth with many coole hearbs and other wholesome Ingredients of that nature and quality, which she takes three times each day, morning, after dinner, and before shee goes to bed: So the third day of her Sickneſſe, walking in the afternoone in one of the shaddowed Allies of her Garden with her Sonne, and there with her best advice rectifying and directing his Resolutions from Vice to Vertue, shee is unexpectedly surprised with the Symptome of her Feaver, when sitting downe, and causing her waiting Maid to hold her Head in one of the Arbours, she prayes her Sonne *Alphonso* to runne to her Chamber, and to bring her a small wicker Bottle of Almond-milke, the which hee doth; but bloudy Villaine that hee is, nothing can withhold him (but his Heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) hee first powres in his Poyson therein, and then gives it her, who, good Lady, drinkes two great draughts thereof; when a sweat presently over-spreading her face, and shee beginning to looke pale, hee (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud outcry from the Garden to the House, and calling there Servants to her assistance, he likewise cals for a Chaire, so she is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her bed, and within few howres after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) shee forsakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned teares, together with his excessive lamentations) doe coffin her dead body up somewhat privately and speedily, so that there is no thought nor suspition of Poyson; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wise and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her owne wretched and infernall Son. Now this Devill *Alphonso* (to set the better lustre on his sorrowes, and the better varnish and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a stately Funerall, the pompe and cost whereof, not onely equallized, but exceeded their ranke and quality: For he left no Gentleman or Lady in or about *Cassall* uninvited to be at her Buriall, and his Feast, and dighted himselfe and all his Kinsfolkes and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the least reflexion or shadow of suspicion from him of this his foule and inhumane Murther.

The newes of the Lady *Sophia's* death, runnes from *Cassall* to *Vercely*, where *Cassino* and his Neece *Eleanora* understanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and sorrow for it, in regard she was a very honourable, wise, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitely beholding and indebted for many of her sweet vertues and perfections; so that as her Uncle honoured her, so this his Neece held her selfe bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and singular vertues the mould and patterne whereon she framed all her terrestriall comportments and actions, which in few moneths after were so many, and so excellent, that as she was knowne to be one of the most beautifull, so she was likewise justly reported to be one of the wisest young Ladies of all that city and country, which together with her owne great Estate, as also that of her uncle *Cassino's*, to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and consanguinity) he had justly both designed and adopted her his sole Heire: the which made her to be sought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chiefe Houses, most whereof were superiot to *Alphonso*, both in bloud and wealth. When her uncle at last (with her owne free affection and consent) privately marries her to *Signior Hieronymo Brusciano*, a rich and brave yong gentleman of *Vercely*, who was nephew & heire to the Bishop of that city; but he being likewise very young, the tendernesse of both their ages dispensed them from as yet lying together, and both the Bishop and her uncle *Cassino* (for some important reasons best known to themselves) caused this their marriage as yet to be concealed from all the world with great privacy and secrecy, he for the most part living with the Bishop his uncle at the city of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and she in *Vercely* with her uncle *Cassino*, only they visit each other with their letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reape and receive each of other.

And

And here the true order of our Hiſtory cals us againe, to ſpeake of this degenerate and debauſhed Gentleman *Alphonſo*, who had no ſooner embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any farther ſhew of ſorrow, or ſight or ſenſe of repentance for the ſame, againe deſperately abandoneth himſelfe to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparell (for his mourning weeds hee ſpeedily caſt off) and ſwimming as it were in the vaſt Ocean of all his carnall Delights, and worldly Pleaſures and Senſualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but paſſeth away whole dayes and nights, yea conſumeth whole weekes and moneths in all licentious riots, and exceſſive prodigalities with his debauſhed Companions and Strumpets, which beganne to drowne his Eſtate, and to devoure his Lands apace: and in the heate and ruffle of theſe his joviall follies, and exorbitant intemperancies, he bethinks himſelfe againe of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and ſo (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecillity of his judgement) flattering himſelfe, that being now Lord of all his deceaſed Mothers Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle *Caſſino* could not refuſe to give her him in Marriage, not ſo much as once dreaming or remembring how plainly and peremptorily, both hee and ſhee had formerly given him the repulſe: To which effect hee dights himſelfe and his Followers in exceeding rich apparell, and (with a traine too worthy of himſelfe) he rides over to *Vercely*, and there becomes a moſt importunate Sutor, both to *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, firſt ſeeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: but all in vaine, for hee puts him off with diſreſpect, and ſhee rejects him with diſdain; and when yet they ſee that his importunacy herein paſſeth the bounds of reaſon, and exceedeth the limits of diſcretion and civility, then *Caſſino* tels him plainly that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that conſideration) he forbids him his houſe and her company; which point of diſcourteſie (and as *Alphonſo* termes it of diſhonor) to him, he takes in ſo ill part from *Caſſino*, that exchanging his reaſon into rage, and forgetting himſelf to be a man, or which is more a gentleman, or which is moſt of all a Chriſtian, he againe ſtrikes hands and agrees with the Devill, and for meer deſpight and rage vowes that he will murther *Caſſino*: The Devill making him ſtrong in the vanity of this beliefe and confidence, that this ſpeech and ſuggeſtion of his, that his Neece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and falſe, and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from enjoying the faire and rich *Eleanora* to his Wife; which is the ſame prodigious baite and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyſon his Mother: the Devill ſtill ſo cloſely over-vailing his Conſcience and Soule, and ſo eclipſing, and wincking his underſtanding and judgement, that as his hand, ſo his heart is inured and obdurated to the effuſion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finiſhing of this cruell Murther of *Caſſino*; and although he had an itching deſire, and an helliſh ambition likewiſe to effect it by Poyſon, yet in regard he was denied acceſſe to his houſe and company, as alſo for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Phyſician of *Vercely*, hee therefore reſolves with the Devill to doe it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing eaſier than to doe evill, and as it is the nature, ſo it is the policy of Sathan, as well to furniſh us with the meanes, as the matter thereof: For when we caſt our ſelves from Malice to Revenge, and from Revenge to Murther, he then makes us induſtrious, firſt in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof, but in the end God will ſo ordaine, that this helliſh policy ſhall turne to miſery.

Alphonſo's malice againſt *Caſſino* will give no peace to his thoughts, ſo hee informes himſelfe, that every morning and evening hee is accuſtomed to walke alone in his Garden, for an houre or two in his ſpirituall Meditations, and therefore hee thinkes this a fit place (from ſome adjacent houſe or window) to ſhoote at him; when being likewiſe aſſured, that there was a poore ſmall Taverne (not much frequented with company) that lay ſomewhat neere and commodious to *Caſſino's* Garden, hee reſolves

to

to make choiſe of that, and there to give end to this bloody buſineſſe, which his heart ſo much deſireth, ſo abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devill, he about ſix of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horſe to the doore, he in a diſguiſed ſuite of apparell, pretending there to ſtay for a friend of his, which promiſed to come thither to meet him (and having purpoſely ſent away his Servants before him to *Caſſall*) he goes up into the Chamber, cals for wine and ſomething to eate, the better to favour and colour out his ſtay there, when bolting the Chamber doore to him, he (putting aſide the paper Caſements, which they uſe in *Italy* to expell the fervency of the Sunne) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives *Caſſino* walking in his Garden, with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book) wherein he reads, in another, with which he was as buſie with God in his meditations and devotions, as he was with the Devill, in charging his Carabine with a brace of bullets, and dreſſing of his fire-lock, and priming of his powder touch-hole, when, without the leaſt ſpark of grace, or feare of God, or his puniſhments, he lets flye at him; and the Devill had made him ſo expert a Mark-man, that as *Caſſino* was ſoftly comming on, walking towards the window, wherein he ſecretly and ſcelerouſly ſtood, both the bullets hit him right in the breſt a little below the left pap, whereof this harmeleſſe and religious old Gentleman *Caſſino* fell preſently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my ſelf have ſince ſometimes been) I could not underſtand, that he had the power or happineſſe to ſpeak a word: But we ſhall ſee, that this inhumane and bloody murtherer, ſhall not go farre before the judgements of God will ſurpriſe and oretake him. The manner whereof is thus.

As ſoone as *Alphonſo* had given this bloody blow, and ſeen *Caſſino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber doore, preſently reſolves to take horſe and flye away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had againe put up his Carabine into his Belt, God preſently ſtruck him into a ſtupified ſwoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noiſe of his fall, the report of his Carabine, and the ratling of his ſword and it, preſently invited the people of the houſe below, to ſee what had befalne above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gaſping for life, they (by Gods immediate direction) do think that he hath there ſhot and murthered himſelfe; when deveſting him of his apparell, and laying him in bed to ſearch for his wounds, they finde none; but yet it is an houre before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him: And then opening his eyes, he with a diſtracted look and amazed countenance, deeming himſelfe upon the very point of death; and that for his murthering of *Caſſino*, the Lord in his judgement had infallibly ſtrucken him with ſudden death, he finding this foule and bloody act of his, to lie heavie upon his ſoule and conſcience, in this laſt Scene (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving then ſpeaking) in the heat of his madneſſe and diſtraction, cryes out againe and again, that he had murthered *Caſſino*: The which the people of the houſe are exceedingly aſtoniſhed to underſtand. And now by this time *Caſſino* is found dead in the Garden, and ſhot thorow with a brace of bullets. So his Neece *Eleanora* is all in tears hereat, and all *Vercelli* reſounds of this his lamentable murther. When *Caſſino's* friends and ſervants make ſpeedy ſearch for the Murtherer, and finding a Horſe tyed to this little Taverne doore, they finde the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in out-cryes and amazement: So they aſcend the ſtairs, finde *Alphonſo* in bed, with his Carabine by him on the bench, and his clothes on the Table, and examining the people of the Houſe, they report to them this ſudden accident of his ſwooning, and therein of his confeſſion of the murthering of *Caſſino*; ſo they all praiſe and glorifie God, in that they have ſo ſoone, and ſo readily found out the inhumane Authour, and Actor of this bloody Murther.

But here before I proceed farther, I (in the name and feare of God) do requeſt

and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may ſay miraculous) circumſtance of Gods mercy and glory, which likewiſe appears in this detection and confeſſion of *Alphonſo*, to be the cruell murtherer of this innocent, harmeleſſe Gentleman *Caſſino*; for he being no better than diſtracted of his wits, before God had cauſed and brought him to confeſſe it, which elſe he had never done, but that in the agony and anxiety of his ſtupified ſpirits he (as I have formerly ſaid) thought himſelfe on the point and brink of death, and no ſhaddow of hope left him, either of this life or this world: Then, I ſay, as ſoone as he had confeſſed it, God in his good pleaſure and providence preſently reſtored him again to his perfect health, ſtrength, and memory; ſo that being put in minde, and againe remembring his confeſſion, and ſeeing the eminency of his danger by the preſence of *Caſſino's* friends and ſervants, who were there preſent about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to priſon for the ſame; he now with teares, and bitter oathes, and curſes, declines and recants what he hath formerly ſpoken thereof, and, rather as a Devill than a Chriſtian, in lofty and proud ſpeeches ſtands upon the termes of his juſtification, alleadging and affirming to them farther that what he had formerly confeſſed, or ſaid to them, concerning the Murther of *Caſſino*, proceeded from the diſtemperature of his heart & brains, in that of his diſtraction, or elſe from the deluſions and temptations of the Devill, and no otherwiſe. But his own confeſſion, the teſtimony of thoſe of the houſe who heard it, and the reſt of the preſumptions and circumſtances are ſo pregnant and apparant, that he is the undoubted murtherer of *Caſſino*, as they beleeve not what he now ſayes in his own behalfe and Apologie, or that it is any way the deluſions of the Devill, but the good pleaſure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himſelfe for the ſame: So they being deafe to his requeſts and oathes, they enforce him to draw on his apparell, and then by order of the criminall Judges, they that night commit him to priſon, where the Devill having brought him, he now leaves him to himſelfe, and to his owne miſery and confuſion, which it is to be beleeved, that the Lord hath ordained ſhall ſpeedily befall him.

The next morning this Monſter of Nature *Alphonſo*, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foule Murther, the Devill hath as yet ſo obdurated his heart, as he not only denies it, but conteſts againſt it with vehemency and execrations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced againſt him as witneſſes, who acknowledge and confeſſe his own confeſſion thereof, as alſo the report of his Carabine, and the vicinity of their houſe, and proſpect from the Chamber wherein he was, to *Caſſino's* Garden, wherein as he was walking he was ſhot to death. When the mournfull and ſorrowfull young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewiſe brought forth as a witneſſe againſt him, who informes his Judges, that *Alphonſo* was a moſt importunate Suter to her, both in his Mothers houſe at *Caſſall*, as alſo at her deceaſed Uncles houſe, here in *Vercelie*; adding withall, that (in her heart and ſoule) ſhe verily beleeves him to be the Murtherer of her ſaid Uncle. But ſtill he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the preſumptions and circumſtances hereof, being more apparant to his Judges, than the knowledge of this truth, they adjudge him to the Rack, where at his very firſt torments thereof, he with teares confeſſeth it; and God is now ſo mercifull to his ſoule, as he ſeemes to be very ſorrowfull and repentant thereof: ſo they ſeeing him guilty, pronounce ſentence againſt him, the next day to have his head cut off for the ſame; and that night the Judges (out of their honourable zeale to charity and piety) ſend him ſome Friers to priſon to him, to direct his ſoule to Heaven; who willing him to diſburthen his conſcience and ſoule of any other capitall crime, which he mought have committed in all the courſe of his life, to the end that it mought not hinder her paſſage and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveales them, how he had alſo formerly poyſoned his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Caſſall*, for the which he likewiſe craved abſolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly amaz'd

amaz'd and aſtoniſhed, to ſee a Gentleman ſo degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his owne Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The day following (according to his ſentence) *Alphonſo* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black ſute of ſilk Grograine, and a falling Band, where aſcending the ſcaffold, and drawne to much humility and contrition, by his ſecular Prieſts and Friers, he in preſence of a great concourſe of people, there made this ſhort ſpeech. That theſe two murthers of his, and eſpecially that of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were ſo odious in the ſight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deſerved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not juſtly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and miſery of his, but to his continuall neglect and omiſſion of prayer, whereby he baniſhed himſelfe from God, and thereby gave the Devill too great an intereſt over his body and ſoule; that he deſired God to forgive him, theſe his two foule and bloody crimes of Murther, as alſo that of his neglect of Prayer; and ſo (with tears in his eyes) beſought all who were there preſent, likewiſe to pray unto God for him: When againe beſeeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murther of her good old Uncle *Caſſino*, he often making the ſigne of the Croſſe, and recommending himſelfe into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his office, who preſently with his Sword ſevered his head from his body, and both were immediately burnt, and the aſhes throwne into the River of *Ticino*, without the wals of *Vercelie*, although his Judges were once of opinion, to ſend his ſaid head and body to *Caſſall*, for the Judges of that place to do their pleaſure therewith, for there poyſoning of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miſerable (and yet deſerved) death and end, of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonſo*, and in this ſort did the judgements and puniſhments of God befall him, for theſe his two moſt inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, ſtill fortifie and confirme our faith by conſtant and continuall prayer (the want whereof was the fatall Rock whereon he periſhed) that ſo we may ſecure our ſelves in this world, and our ſoules in that to come.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kils* La Roche *in a Duell.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier *(an Apothecary to poyſon his own Brother* Valfontaine, Moncallier *after fals, and breaks his neck from a paire of ſtairs.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Fathers Miller* Pierot *to murther, and ſtrangle* Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheele,* and Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.*

WEe may truly affirme, that the world is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Chriſtians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devill; and how frequently thoſe wofull accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horrour, nor remember but with griefe of minde, and compaſſion of heart; For it is not to make our ſelves wilfull Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majeſtie, in ſpoiling his true Image and reſemblance; yea, is it not the highway of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth ſuch Monſters of Nature, reade we but this inſuing Hiſtory, and it will informe us of much innocent blood ſhed, we know not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

IT is not unknowne, that the Province of Little *Britaine*, was (long ſince) annexed and united to the flouriſhing Kingdome of *France*, by the marriage of *Charles* the Eighth, with *Anne* the young Dutcheſſe thereof, notwithſtanding that ſhe were

formerly contracted to *Maximilian* (Arch-Duke of *Auſtria*) where we ſhall underſtand, that in the City of *Vannes* (formerly the Court and Reſidence of thoſe Britiſh Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman (of rich Demaines and Revenues) termed *Monſieur de Caerſtaing*, who by his Wife *Madamoyſelle de la Ville Blanche*, had two Sonnes, the eldeſt named by his title *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon*, and the youngeſt *Monſieur de Valfontaine*: The firſt aged of twenty foure years, being ſhort and corpulent, the ſecond of twenty, being tall and ſlender; both of them brave and hopefull Gentlemen, as well in their outward perſonages, as in the inward perfections, and endowments of their mindes; For in all reſpects, the care and affection of their Parents, had made their education anſwerable to their births. *Valfontaine* (for the moſt part) lived in the Citie of *Nantes* (the ſecond of that Dutchie) with an Uncle of his named *Monſieur de Maſſie*, being Preſident of the Kings Chamber of Accounts which is kept there, who frequenting the Bals or publike Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongſt many other excellent beauties, wherewith that Citie is graced, and thoſe paſtimes and meetings honoured, he ſees a young Gentlewoman (being a ſtranger, and newly come to the Citie) ſo infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, and the treaſure of lovelineſſe and beauty, as (with a kinde of imperious commanding power) ſhe attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although *Valfontaines* youthfull heart and yeares, had never as yet ſtooped or ſacrificed to Love, yet at the very firſt ſight of this ſweet yong Gentlewoman, (whoſe name we ſhall not go far to know) he cannot retaine his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roſes, and ranging on the Lillies of her ſweet complexion, nor his reſolutions from enquiring, what her name and her ſelfe was; when being enformed, that ſhe was the only Daughter and Heire of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widdower termed *Monſieur de Penelle*, of the Pariſh of Saint *Aignaw*, foure leagues from the City, and her name *Madamoyſelle la Pratiere*, of the age of ſome ſeventeene, he at the very firſt ſight likes her ſo well, and loves her ſo deerely, that (if her interiour vertues come not too ſhort of her exteriour beauty and feature) he vowes he will be her Sutor and Servant; and ſo he attempts to court and ſeek her for his Wife.

To which end, he (more like a Tutor than a Pupill, in the Art and Schoole of Love) is ſo farre from neglecting any, as he curiouſly and carefully ſeeks all opportunities and occaſions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and ſo (for the moſt part) he conducts her to and from the dancings, ſits and talks with her in her lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at Veſpers as Maſſe, he accompanies and prayes with her, and (briefly) ſhe can difficultly be preſent any where, where he is long abſent from her; For by this time (which is ſcarce a moneth ſince he firſt ſaw her) her peereleſſe beauty, and unparallell'd vertues and diſcourſe, have acted ſuch amorous wonders in his heart, as he vowes he muſt either live her Husband, or dye her Martyr. But ſee the providence and pleaſure of God, for if *Valfontaine* tenderly love our ſweet and faire *La Pratiere*, no leſſe doth ſhe him; for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of noble extraction and worth; and ſeeing him to be wiſe, diſcreet, and proper, as alſo remembring and marking, that he fervently and infinitely affects her, ſhe is ſo delighted with his neat feature and perſonage, and raviſhed with the melodie of his diſcourſe, as albeit at firſt, her tongue be ſo civill and modeſt to conceale her affection from him, yet her eyes (the Ambaſſadours of her heart) cannot but in dumbe Eloquence, and ſilent Rhetorick bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, preſents, and eſpecially the Letters, which interchangeably paſt between them) and which indeed powerfully aſſiſted to the ſympathiſing and cimenting of their youthfull affections, it ſufficeth that we take notice and knowledge, that *Valfontaines* preſence was *La Pratiere s* delight, & the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, and that ſhe in life and death would remain his obedient and faithfull Wife, and he her faithfull and loving Huſband; only ſhe prayes him carefully

carefully and reſpectfully to conceale her affection to him, and ſo likewiſe to obſerve her Father in ſeeking his conſent to their marriage, the which he promiſeth her ſhortly to performe; For as ſoone as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purpoſely retired her ſelfe home to her Fathers Houſe, at Saint *Aignaw*, *Valfontaine* is not many dayes behinde her, where he acquaints her Father *Pennelle*, with his affection to his Daughter, ſeeks her in marriage, requeſteth his conſent, and with many reaſons, fairly and diſcreetly endeavoureth to induce him thereunto, where for three or foure dayes he takes up his lodging and reſidence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won, but his ſute is no way pleaſing, but diſtaſtfull to *Pennelle*, who although he know, that *Monſieur de Caerſtainge* his Father (as well for lands as blood) is every way rather his Superiour than his Equall, yet becauſe his Daughter *La Pratiere* is his only Childe and Heire, and *Valfontaine* but a Cadet (or younger Brother) therefore covetouſneſſe makes him aſſume this reſolution, that he will have none of him for his Son in Law: but this reaſon, and concluſion he conceals to himſelf, and ſo (in generall termes) gives *Valfontaine* a cold and averſe anſwer, little better in effect than a flat deniall; and thus for his firſt Journey, *Valfontaine* takes leave of his ſweet *La Pratiere*, no way doubting but that his ſecond to her, will prove leſſe diſtaſtfull and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes* and rides home to *Vannes*.

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother, with his affection and ſute to *Madamoyſelle La Pratiere*, the only Daughter and Heire (as we have heard of *Monſieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Aignaw*, whereunto (becauſe they know him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter faire and vertuous) they give good approbation and allowance, when *Valfontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monſieur de Pennelle*, to confer with him about this buſineſſe, whoſe preſence he hopeth will effect that with him, which he feares and knowes his poore power cannot: But his Father although he be very glad, to procure his Sonnes advancement and content by this match, yet being at that time much troubled with the Gout, he excuſeth himſelfe upon his indiſpoſition, and ſo defers off that journey to another time. *Valfontaine* miſſing of his Father, deems it rather expedient than impertinent, to entreat his Brother *Quatbriſſon* herein, to whom he fully relates what hath paſt between *Pennelle* and himſelfe, but withall conceales upon what termes he ſtands with *La Pratiere*, or that ſhe is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promiſe, to the end that he may have no juſt cauſe, either to tax her immodeſty, or condemne her indiſcretion, in ſo ſodainely giving her ſelfe to him. *Quatbriſſon* very willingly yeelds to his Brothers requeſt; when (followed with a train and equipage anſwerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Fathers Letter to *Monſieur de Pennelle*) they take horſe and ride to *Saint Aignaw*. Now as it is the errour (or nature) of Lovers to be ſtill unſecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk & prattle of their Miſtreſſes, whom they eſteeme their ſoveraigne good and [illegible]neſeſt felicity: So all the way between *Vannes* and *Saint Aignaw*, *Valfontaine* could neither refraine, nor reſtraine his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellency of her prayſes, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea, he ran ſo curious a diviſion, and ſo ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verball relation already prepared his Brothers eyes to behold a female Maſter-peece of Nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived to her Fathers Houſe (a little before dinner time) and ſeeing, and ſaluting, firſt him, then her, at the very firſt encounter and ſight, his ſenſes are ſo ſurpriſed with the ſweetneſſe of her countenance, and ſo taken with the exquiſiteneſſe of her feature, as he now findes that his Brothers report and prayſes of her come infinitely ſhort the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, and *Quatbriſſon* delivering his Fathers Letter to *Pennelle*, with whom making a ſlight and ſuperficiall conference, concerning his Brothers affection and ſute to his Daughter, he turnes from him to her, who dying her milk white cheeks with a roſeat bluſh to entertaine him, he raviſhed with the delicate of ſo amorous

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an encounter, and ſweet object, could not likewiſe refraine from bluſhing to ſee her bluſh, when enquiring of her, if ſhe pleaſed to take the aire of the Garden (where her Father and his Brother were already gone and attended them) and ſhe replying, that his pleaſure therein ſhould be hers, he taking her by her hand conducts her thither; where *Valfontaine* in civilitie purpoſely walking aloofe off, becauſe he hoped and aſſured himſelfe, that his Brother *Quatbriſſon* now meant effectually to ſpeak with his Miſtreſſe in his behalfe, there being then no witneſſes to their conference, but only the ſweet Quiriſters of the woods (the Thruſhes and Nightingales) who purpoſely and pleaſantly ſate on every buſh and tree, to delight them with their melliflu-ous melody; the very firſt words he adminiſtred and directed to her was; That if ſhe pleaſed to ſwear her tongue to ſecrecy, to what he ſhould now ſay & deliver to her, he would reveale her a ſecret which ſhould infinitely import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondring at the nature of *Quatbriſſons* firſt ſpeech and requeſt, and what it might meane and concerne) ſtood a little while mute and ſilent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much leſſe what to anſwer thereto: But at laſt conſidering that *Valfontaine* was her Lover, and *Quatbriſſon* his Brother, ſhe imagined there was ſome plot ſecretly compacted betweene them, that if her Father would not condeſcend to their deſires, that they had then reſolved to ſteale her away from him, and ſo to make it a Clandeſtine marriage: Whereupon (her affection being deſirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curioſity ambitious to ſee this abſtruſe myſterie unlocked) ſhe grants him his requeſt, vowing to impoſe ſecrecy to her tongue in what he ſhould deliver, or intruſt her with: When he kiſſing her, and evaporating many far fetch'd ſighes (as the Herauld to proclaime his affection) he tels her; that her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, and made his heart both her Tributary, and her Priſoner; that he envies his Brothers happineſſe, in having the honour to ſee her before himſelfe. That as he is his Superiour in years, ſo he is in affection to her, and that he knowes his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himſelfe worthily beſtowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whoſe affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Cariere, leſt dreaming of that which ſhe is now enforced to underſtand) is ſo afflicted, and withall ſo incenſed at theſe unexpected ſpeeches of *Quatbriſſons*, that (her paſſion giving a law to her civility) caſting a ſnow-white vaile over her crimſon cheeks, and bending her brow (in whoſe furrowes it ſeemed that diſcontent and choller ſate now triumphant) her affection is ſo ſincere and entire to *Valfontaine*, as ſhe returnes his diſcourteous Brother *Quatbriſſon*, this ſhort and ſharpe anſwer: *Quatbriſſon* (quoth ſhe) to have offered this unkindneſſe of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude, but to do it to your own Brother, can be no leſſe than treachery; and therefore this know from me, that I eſteeme your primogenitorſhip as inferiour to *Valfontaines* Vertues, as they are in all reſpects ſuperiour to yours, and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to ſilence, I would now preſently publiſh it to the world, to the admiration and deteſtation of all good men, and ſo (with a look ingendred of choller, and derived from diſdain) ſhe haſtily and ſuddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the Garden to his Muſes; *Quatbriſſon* biting his lip at this ſharpe repulſe of *La Pratiere*, is yet reſolute not thus to leave her, when hoping to finde her Father more tractable and propitious to his ſute than his Daughter, he ſeeks him out, and in fair tearms informes him of his affection & love to her, and that (notwithſtanding his Brothers reſearch of her) he himſelfe infinitely deſireth her to be his own wife. Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughters preferment, than any way carefull of her content) gives an attentive and pleaſing eare to this motion of *Quatbriſſon*, and is ſo delighted with the melody of his ſpeeches, as already in heart, he witheth her maried to him, but how to anſwer, or give content to *Valfontaine* he knowes not.

Now the better to effect, and to compaſſe this match, ſo much wiſhed of *Quatbriſſon*, and deſired of *Pennelle*; he (in the abſence of *Valfontaine*) ſends for his Daughter into his Cloſet, ſhewes her what preferment and happineſſe is now offe-

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red her, if ſhe will forſake *Valfontaine* and accept of his elder Brother *Quatbriſſon* for her Husband. *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with this her Fathers propoſition and ſpeeches) very humbly beſeecheth him; that if ever he will reſpect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontaine* may be her Husband and not *Quatbriſſon*, becauſe ſhe confeſſeth ſhe loves the younger Brother, but that ſhe neither can nor will affect the elder: Now although this her reſolute and obſtinate anſwer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time will prove capable to draw her to his deſires, he ſecretly bids *Quatbriſſon* to ride home to *Vannes*, to take his Brother with him, and ſhortly after to return againe to *Saint-Aignaw* without him, and and that he ſhall finde no cauſe to feare, or reaſon to doubt, but that he ſhall enjoy his Miſtris; the managing whereof, he prayes him to refer to his care in his abſence: Thus we ſee the Father and Daughter differently affected, he loves *Quatbriſſon* and not *Valfontaine*, and ſhe *Valfontaine*, but not *Quatbriſſon*, who grieving as much at the Daughters refuſall, as he rejoyceth at her Fathers conſent: He now venteth his malice on the Innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him, that he hath uſed his beſt power and art of ſolicitation towards *Pennelle*; and that he findes it impoſſible to draw him to reaſon; adding withall, that he is ſo farre from conſenting, that he ſhall obtaine his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear & apparant, he futurely denies him acceſſe to his houſe; Wherefore Brother (quoth he) becauſe I ſee with griefe, that you ſtrive againſt the ſtreame, and that in all actions and accidents whatſoever, the ſhorteſt errours are ſtill beſt, let us to morrow take horſe and away, and let this indifferency be your reſolution: That if God have decreed it ſhall be a match, it then will be, otherwiſe not. *Valfontains* heart bleeds at *Pennelles* averſeneſſe and cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, ſo ſoon to forſake the ſight and company of his Daughter, of his deare and faire Miſtris *La Pratiere*; but (being ignorant of all his Brothers paſſages, and treacheries intended, and meant towards him) he holds it folly to impugne, or contradict his pleaſure, and ſo reſolves to leave *Saint-Aignaw*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our faire *La Pratiere*, ſeeing all things bent to croſſe her deſires, and her *Valfontaines* wiſhes, ſhe (out of her tender affection to him) reſolves to give him a private meeting and conference, when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their Beds ſoundly ſleeping) ſhe ſends for him into her Chamber, where ſeeing him extreamely penſive and ſorrowfull; ſhe bids him be cheerefull and couragious, tels him that he hath no reaſon to deſpaire, but to hope, for that in life and death ſhe will be his, and onely his; and then informes him, that inſtantly upon his arrivall to *Vannes*, ſhe will write and ſend him a Letter, wherein ſhe will acquaint him with the paſſage of a buſineſſe, whereof he neither can conceive or dreame, conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoyned to ſecrecy, and ſworne to ſilence, and ſo (with much chat, and more kiſſes) he giving her a Diamond Ring from his fingers, and ſhe him a paire of Pearle Bracelets from her armes, in token of their mutuall conſtancy and affection each to other, they (infinitely againſt their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the ſucceeding morne being come, the two Brothers prepare, and diſpoſe themſelves for their Journey. When break-faſt ended, according as it was concluded betwixt *Pennelle* and *Quatbriſſon*, *Pennelle* takes *Valfontaine* aſide to a window, and in ſhort tearmes prayes him, henceforth to forbeare his houſe, and refraine his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; ſo having ſeverally and ſolemnly taken their Congees, firſt of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horſe and away. Now as they are riding home towards *Vannes*, as it is a ſenſible and heart-killing griefe to *La Pratiere*, ſo ſoone to be deprived of her *Valfontains* deare and ſweet company, ſo againe ſhe cannot refraine from ſmiling, to ſee how ingratefully and ſubtilly *Quatbriſſon* goes to work to betray his Brother, in ſeeking to obtaine her for himſelfe in marriage; but meaſuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of

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the other, and likewise remembring her promise to *Valfontaine*, to write to him at the end of two dayes after their departure, she (by a confident Messenger) accordingly sends him this Letter.

La Pratiere to Valfontaine.

My promise owes you this Letter, whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me or hate your Brother Quatbrisson, *in regard he vowes, he affects me dearer than your selfe, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and consequently me of my Husband; and as this is ingratitude in a friend, so it must needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his courting, and seen his complements tending that way, but for your sake I relish those with distaste, these with neglect, and himselfe with contempt and disdaine. He hath won my Father to his will, but rest you confident (my deare* Valfontaine) *that he neither can, nor shall draw me to his desire. And because true affection, especially in accidents of this nature, cannot still be exempt of fear, therefore if any arise, or engender in your thoughts, let this dissipate and dispell it, that although my Father have banished you his house, yet his Daughter is (till death) constantly resolved to retaine and cherish you in her heart, and none but you: Manage this your* Pratieres *advice with discretion towards my Father, and not with choller towards your Brother, and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and constancy to you, and you shall assuredly see him act his owne shame, and your glory; his affliction, and your content and desire.*

La Pratiere.

Valfontaine having received and read this Letter; the base ingratitude and foule treachery of his Brother *Quatbrisson*, doth extremely afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledge and remembrance thereof, throwes him into such passions of choller, and fumes of revenge, as once he resolved to right himselfe on him, by sending him a Challenge, and fighting with him; vowing that the bonds of nature were not by far so strong, as those of affection, and that his Brother having given the first cause of offence, and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvell that he took that course and preferred that forme of proceeding to any other. But then againe considering his deare *La Pratieres* injunction and prohibition from choller, this last reason ore-swaied and prevailed against his former resolution, when knowing himselfe infinitely obliged to her for her courtesie, and constancy, so sweetly expressed to him in this her Letter, he can do no lesse, than return her an answer thereof in requitall, the which he doth by her own Messenger in these termes.

Valfontaine to La Pratiere.

Of all men of the world, I least thought that my Brother Quatbrisson *would have proved my Rivall, in attempting to love you, because he perfectly knowes, I affect you farre dearer than the whole world; yea, this errour (or as you justly terme it, this treachery) of his, is so odious, so strange to me, as it had far exceeded my beliefe, if your affection and constancy had not so courteously revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both blushed and palled to peruse. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he missed of his desire in missing of you, rather to your vertuous selfe, which distasted his courting and complements for his own sake, and disdained him for mine. Deare and sweet* La Pratiere, *in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve, but in that I have not lost his Daughter, I farre more triumph and rejoyce: But why think I of losing you, sith to call your constancy in question, is no lesse than to prophane your affection and my judgement, and so to make my selfe both uncapable and unworthy of you, for how can my love to you, retain any spice or spark of feare, for that being banished your Fathers House, I am yet so happy, to recover so safe a Harbour and Sanctuary, yea so pre-*

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cions a Temple, as your heart; In which regard it is every way fit, that your requeſts ſhould be to me commands, for otherwiſe my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this time I had not called my Brother to a ſtrict and ſevere account for this his treachery. I will ſtill obſerve your Father with reſpect, though he refuſe to reſpect me with obſervance; and for my ingrateful and treacherous Brother, he may act his own ſhame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content, or deſire, becauſe that muſt ſoly proceed from your ſelfe, ſith in the ſweet enjoying of you to my Wife, conſiſts the only content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two dayes after that *La Pratiere* was made joyfull with this anſwer of her *Valfontaine*, ſhe hath againe ſorrowfull newes of *Quatbriſſons* arrivall to her Fathers houſe at *Saint Aignaw*, who had purpoſely given it out to his Brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Hennbon*. He here renewes his late ſute to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the ſame humours and reſolutions, he left them; he willing, and ſhe coy, he deſirous to have him his Son in Law, and ſhe reſolute never to make him, but his Brother *Valfontaine* her Huſband. He profereth her many rich gifts and preſents, and a blanck to write downe what Jointure ſhe pleaſeth to demand, but ſhe peremptorily refuſeth it all, and bids him beſtow it on ſome other, of whom it may finde better acceptance; yea, I may ſafely ſay, and truly affirme, that their affections are far more oppoſite, and contrary, then their ſexes, for the more he ſees her, he loves her, and the oftner ſhe beholds him, the more ſhe hates him; ſo that when he apparantly perceives, that ſhe deeply vowes to her Father, and himſelfe, only to marry his Brother *Valfontaine*, or her Grave, he ſeeing his labour for the time preſent loſt, and his affection to her in vaine; having nothing left to comfort him againſt the repulſe of this amorous ſute, but the conſtant friendſhip of her Father, he ſorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes*; but as cloſe as he bears this his Journey from his Brother *Valfontaine*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her ſelfe bound to ſignifie it to him, the which the very next day ſhe doth by her ſecond Letter, which ſpeaks thus.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection to advertiſe you, that theſe two dayes, I have beene againe importunately haunted and ſolicited by your unkinde Brother Quatbriſſon *for marriage, but he hath found my firſt anſwer, to be my ſecond and laſt; Yea I have ſo nipt his vaine hopes in their bloſſomes, by ſignifying to him and my Father, my infallible reſolution, either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their judgements) the one is aſſured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparant to the World, that my words will prove deeds, and that the laſt will make the firſt reall: But if your ſaid Brother will yet (notwithſtanding farther exerciſe his folly in my patience, and ſo make himſelfe as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous, I (out of the deare affection, and tender reſpect which I beare you) will then fall on my knees to my Father, to haſten his conſent to our marriage; that in ſeeking my content, you may therein finde your own; and this is my reſolution, wherewith if yours concur and ſympathize, Heaven may, but Earth ſhall not croſſe our deſires.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this ſecond Letter from his Miſtreſſe with ſmiles and frowns; with ſmiles to ſee her inviolable conſtancy and affection, with frowns to behold his Brother *Quatbriſſons* continuall malice and treachery towards him, the which conſidering (as alſo becauſe it ſo neerely concernes him) he reſolves to tax him thereof, and to ſee whether (by faire requeſts and perſwaſions) he may reclaime him from affecting

affecting his faire and deere *La Pratiere*, and ſo to give over his ſute to her, but firſt he knowes himſelfe indebted and obliged, to returne her an anſwer to this her laſt Letter, the which he doth in theſe termes.

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

IT is every way your affection, no way your duty (*ſweet* La Pratiere) *which againe adverti-ſeth me of my Brother* Quatbriſſons *perſeverance in his treachery towards me, by ſeeking to betray and bereave me of your ſelfe, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadiſe their moſt ſoveraigne earthly felicity; and your reſolution in nipping his hopes, and your Fathers will, by eluding me or your grave for your Husband, doth ſo raviſh my heart with joy, and ſo rap my conceits in an extaſie of ſweet content, as I am confident God hath reſerved* La Pratiere, *to be* Valfontaines *ſweet Wife, and he to be her deare Husband. But as I know not whether my unkinde and treacherous Brother, will yet farther bewray you his folly, in exerciſing your patience with his importunity; ſo to ſave you that labour and penance, which for my ſake and love you are ready to impoſe to your ſelfe, I am both ready and reſolved, not only to fall on my knees to your Father, but alſo to your ſweet ſelfe, that our marriage be haſtned; for as your reſolution herein, is, and ever ſhall be mine, ſo our hearts and thoughts ſympathiſing in theſe wiſhes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have reſolved, not to croſſe, but ſhortly to conſummate and finiſh our deſires.*

VALFONTAINE.

He having thus diſpatched and ſent away his Letter, to his ſweet and faire Miſtreſſe, he now reſolves to have ſome conference with his unkinde Brother, to ſee what a brazen face, he either will, or can put upon this his ingratitude and treachery: But *Quatbriſſons* policie will anticipate and prevent him; for he having his heart and contemplations deeply fixed on *La Pratieres* beauty, and having ranne over all the inventions of his art and affection, how to make her forſake her coyneſſe, and ſo how to obtaine her for his Wife, he at laſt reſolves to faine himſelfe ſick, and ſo then to reveale to his Brother *Valfontaine*, that it is his deare and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*, which is the cauſe thereof. To which purpoſe he keeps his Bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when ſending for his brother to his Chamber, and exempting all other company thence, he acquaints and informes him, That ſince he firſt ſaw *La Pratiere*, he ſtill moſt tenderly loved her, and that he muſt now die, becauſe ſhe will not affect and love him; He prayes and conjures him (by vertue of all the ſame blood which equally ſtreames in both their bodies) for the ſaving and preſerving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and ſo yeeld him up all the power and intereſt that he hath, or pretends to have in her, and that in requitall thereof (if occaſion require) he ſhall ſtill finde him ready, not only to expoſe all his means, but his deareſt blood and life at his command: A requeſt ſo unjuſt, and a propoſition ſo devoide of common ſenſe and reaſon, as *Valfontaine* obſerving it, and therein ſeeing his Brothers impudency, now growne to the height of baſeneſſe and folly, he exceedingly incenſed thereat (with a diſdainfull look) returns him this ſharpe and bitter, yet deſerved reply. Was it not enough that I underſtood your treachery, by my faire and deare *La Pratiere*, in ſeeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy ſelfe become ſo ſottiſh, to make thy tongue the Advocate, as well to pleade and apologiſe thy treachery to me, as to publiſh thy ſhame to thy ſelfe, and to the whole world, in ſeeking and deſiring me to forceaſe my affection to her, and to renounce my intereſt of her to thy ſelfe: No, no, baſe *Quatbriſſon* (for henceforth I highly diſdaine to terme or eſteeme you my Brother) I give thee to underſtand and know, that in heart, and in honour ſhe is mine, and I hers, and therefore you ſhall die and damne, before I will permit thee to inrich thy ſelfe with my

my loſſe of her, whom I affect and priſe a thouſand times dearer than my ſelfe, or than all the lands and treaſures of the World; when without any other farewell, he haſtily and cholerickly flings forth his Chamber from him.

Quatbriſſon ſeeing his Brothers furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivill anſwer to him, hee (in his heart and thoughts) vowes revenge, and in his reſolutions ſweares to make him repent it. To which effect, forſaking his bed, and abandoning his counterfeit ſickneſſe, his choller hardly affording his patience three dayes to recover his bloud and ſtrength, but knowing his Brother to be now at *Nantes* with their Uncle *De Maſſy*, he ſeekes out a deare and intimate friend of his named *Monſieur La Roche*, whom ingaging to be his Second in a Duell againſt his own Brother *Valfontaine*, they ride over to *Nantes*, when comming to a ſmall Pariſh, termed *S. Vallerge*, within a league of the City, hee writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and ſo diſpeeds him away with it to his Brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nantes*, findes out *Valfontaine* at the Preſident, his Uncles houſe, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey*, and delivereth him his Brothers Challenge faſte ſealed, the which hee haſtily breaking open, and peruſing, he findes that it ſpeakes this Language.

QUATBRISSON to VALFONTAINE.

IN regard it is impoſſible for both of us to enjoy the faire La Pratiere *to Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us die, that the other may ſurvive and live, to be enriched with ſo precious a treaſure, and crowned with ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing and felicity; which conſidering, as alſo becauſe my modeſt requeſts have (undeſervedly) met with thy incivill carriage and been requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore finde it not ſtrange, to ſee affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to contemne thy contempt and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your ſingle Rapiers, to morrow twixt two or three after dinner, in a faire medow at the Eaſt end of* Saint Vallery, *within a little flight ſhot thereof, where thou ſhalt finde this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will ſafely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee; I expect no other anſwer but thy ſelfe, neither doe I any way doubt (much leſſe deſpaire) of thy meeting mee, ſince by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendeſt to be Generous.*

QUATBRISSON.

Valfontaine ſmiles at the reading of this Challenge, and in conceit laughing at his Brother *Quatbriſſons* errours and folly, hee cheerfully turnes himſelfe to *La Roche*, to whom he ſpeakes thus. *Monſieur La Roche*, I make no doubt but you are *Quatbriſſons* Second; to whom he replies; My reſpect to your Brother hath engaged mee thereunto, in ſtead of a more worthy, and yet I ingeniouſly confeſſe and proteſt (Sir quoth he) that I have promiſed no more to him, than (if occaſion preſented) I am ready to performe for your ſelfe. *Valfontaine* thankes him, and prayes him to returne his Brother *Quatbriſſon* this anſwer, That to morrow at the appointed houre and place hee will not faile to meete him: When entreating *La Roche* to walke with him into the next Chamber, hee told him, hee preſumed hee ſhould ſhew him his Second; when *Valfontaine* taking *Pont Chauſey* to the window, he ſhewes him his Brothers Challenge, and prayes him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Chauſey* (not out of any feare in himſelfe, but in love to theſe two Brothers) as a Chriſtian Gentleman profereth to ride over to *Quatbriſſon* to *Saint Vallery*, and to uſe his beſt power and endeavours to take up and reconcile theſe differences betweene them; but *La Roche* telles him hee may ſave that journey and labour, For (that to his knowledge) *Quatbriſſon* is both reſolute and irreconcileable in that quarrell; whereupon *Pont Chauſey* freely engageth himſelfe to *Valfontaine*, and ſo theſe two Seconds (though not as lo-

ving friends, yet as friendly and honourable Enemies) very ſecretly that evening provide their Rapiers, which done, *La Roche* rides backe to *Saint Vallery*, acquainting *Quatbriſſon* with his Brother *Valfontaines* generous reſolution, to meete and fight wih him the next day, as alſo that *Pont Chauſey* is his Second: And although (by th einſtigation of Sathan) that Choller and Revenge make minutes ſeeme houres, and houres yeares, ere it hath wrought his wiſhed effects, and effected his bloody deſignes: So theſe our foure raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Vertue, and of Courage than Chriſtianity) the houre appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and *Quatbriſſon* with his Chirurgion, being firſt in the field, hath difficultly made two turnes, before *La Roche* uſhereth in his Brother *Valfontaine*, his Second *Pont Chauſey* and their Chirurgion; when they all tying up their Horſes to the hedge, they (according to the cuſtome of Duels) doe all throw off their dublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appeare in their ſilke ſtockings and white pumps, as if they were fitter to dance *Coranto's* or *Pavins*, than to fight Duels.

So the two Brothers firſt draw, and approach each other, and at their firſt comming up, *Valfontaine* (without being touched himſelfe) gives *Quatbriſſon* a deepe wound in his right thigh, and if his Rapier had not beaten downe the thruſt, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground; at their ſecond encounter they are both hurt, *Quatbriſſon* in the right arme, and *Valfontaine* of a ſcarre in the necke, and heere they make a ſtand to take breath, *Quatbriſſon* not as yet deſpairing, nor *Valfontaine* triumphing or aſſuring himſelfe of the Victory, and the fight and effuſion of their blood is ſo farre from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more ſpleene and animoſity, ſo they will againe try their fortunes; They now traverſe their ground, and approach each other, and although they are not leſſe valorous than before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgions) they are now more cautious in their plea, and more adviſed in chooſing and refuſing their ground, when *Valfontaine* breaking a thruſt (which his Brother preſented him) he then calling to mind the ſweeteneſſe of his *La Pratieres* beauty, and the foulneſſe of his Brothers malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thruſt at him, which entereth betwixt his ſhort ribbes, and making the blood to guſh and ſtreame forth, doth ſoone quaile his courage; ſo as he who right now thought himſelfe maſter of his Brothers life, now feares his owne, ſo that he thinkes he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to ſecure his reputation from the ſcandall of his friends, as to warrant his Generoſity from the detraction of his Enemies, and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wiſedome than honour) begges his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forſake and leave him *La Pratiere*, and to love him as dearely as formerly hee hated him deadly: Which cowardiſe of his, is ſo farre from being reliſhed, or approved of the Spectatours, as it proves the wonder of *Valfontaine*, the laughter of *Pont Chauſey*, the diſdaine of his owne Second *La Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgions; but *Valfontaine* was as benigne as *Quatbriſſon* was baſe and envious, and as noble as he was treacherous, and ſo upon his ſubmiſſion, he ſheathes up his ſword, gives him his life, and with his hat in his hand embraceth him, and thus with many fraternall words and complements, theſe two Brothers (in all outward ſhew) are againe reconciled, and become perfect friends: But the end proves all things.

Now to follow the ſtreame of our Hiſtory, and the ceremonies of Duels, we muſt paſſe from *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontaine* the Principals, to *La Roche* and *Pont Chauſey*, their Seconds, to ſee in what ſhape they will come forth, and how they reſolve to beare themſelves in the concluſion, and knitting up of this reconciliation; As for *Pont Chauſey*, hee thinkes it no diſparagement or ſhame to him now to refuſe to fight, ſith his Principall hath given his Enemy the foile, in giving him his life; but contrariwiſe, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, hee therefore holds it no lawfull plea or excuſe for him to exempt himſelfe from fighting, *Pont*

Chauſeys

Chauſeys modeſty ſeemes to over-vaile his valour with ſilence and indifferency, which the inſulting vanity of *La Roche* doth ſo far miſconſtrue, as he erroniouſly attributes it, rather to feare and cowardiſe, than to reaſon or judgement. The worſt of *Pont Chauſeyes* malice venteth no other ſpeeches and language, but that he will follow and abide the cenſure of their Principals, whether they being their Seconds ought to fight or no, and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance; but *La Roches* intemperate paſſions (flying a higher pitch) with much vehemency and choller proteſteth, that he came into the field purpoſely to fight, and not to keep ſheep, or to catch flies with his Rapier. The two Brothers interpoſe and conſult hereon, and do joyntly affirme, that becauſe they themſelves are reconciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reaſon and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds ſhould once draw their weapons, much leſſe fight; But this neither doth nor can as yet ſatisfie *La Roche*, whoſe choller is now become ſo boundleſſe, as he in lofty termes elevateth *Valfontaines* valour to the skies, and dejecteth *Quatbriſſons* cowardiſe as low as Hell, begging permiſſion of the one to fight with his Second, and peremtorily informing the other, that he will fight, but both *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontaine* condemn thoſe fumes, and this heat of *La Roche*, and are ſo far from applauding it in him, as they (in downright termes) repute it to temerity and raſhneſſe, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea, his impatiency hath ſo provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jeſt but in earneſt) they bandy theſe words to him, that he glorieth ſo much in his generoſity, as in now ambitiouſly ſeeking to adde to his valour, he ſubſtracteth from his judgement. When *Pont Chauſey* (to retort and wipe off the leaſt taint or blemiſh, which either *La Roche*, or the two Brothers might conceive, lay on his reputation) thinks it now high time to ſpeak, becauſe as yet he had ſpoken ſo little, and prayes *La Roche* to finde out ſome expedient, either that they might returne as loving Friends, or fight it out as Honourable enemies, and that for his part he is ſo far from the leaſt ſhaddow of feare, or conceit of cowardiſe, as he tels him plainly, he ſhall finde his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better: Whereupon vaine and miſerable *La Roche*, conſulting with nature, and not with grace; he to give end to this difference, reſolves on an expedient as wretched, as execrable, the which he propoſeth to *Pont Chauſey* and the two Brothers in theſe termes; That the only way, and his laſt reſolution is, that a faire paire of dice ſhall be the Judge and Umpier between them, and that who throwes moſt at one caſt, it ſhall be in his choice either to fight or not to fight, whereunto *Pont Chauſey* willingly conſenteth, although *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontaine* do in vaine contradict and oppoſe it. But the decree is paſt, and *La Roche* (very officious in his wickedneſſe, and forward in his impiety) ſpreads his Cloak on the ground, drawes a paire of Dice forth his Pocket, and becauſe he was of the challengers ſide, he will throw firſt, which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gives him ſeven; *Pont Chauſey* followes him and likewiſe taking the Dice throwes only five: Whereat *La Roche* graceleſſely inſulting and triumphing, with an open throat cryes out, fight, fight, fight; and ſo preſently drawes his Rapier. *Pont Chauſey* ſeeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer, either ſafe or honourable for him to be unarmed, when (yet with a kinde of religious reluctancy, and unwilling willingneſſe) he likewiſe unſheathes his Rapier, and ſo without any farther expoſtulation, they here approach each other: But becauſe (for brevities ſake) I reſolve to paſſe over the circumſtances, and only to mention the iſſue of their ſingle combate, let me (before I proceed farther) in the name and feare of God conjure the Chriſtian Reader; here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his ſacred Providence, and divine Juſtice which in the iſſue of this Duell is made conſpicuous and apparant to theſe two raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen, the Combatants, and in them to all others of the whole world; For loe, juſt as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice, ſo many wounds they ſeverally received each from other, as *Pont Chauſey* five, and *La Roche* ſeven, and he who ſo extremely deſired to fight, and ſo inſatiably thirſted after *Pont*

Chauſeyes blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathleſſe corps all gored and waſhed in his own blood. A fearfull example and remarkable preſident for all bloody minded Gentlemen of theſe our times, to contemplate and look on, becauſe wretched *La Roche* was ſo miſerable, as he had no point of time to ſee his errour, no ſpark of grace to repent it.

Quatbriſſon and his Chirurgion (as ſorrowfull for his death, as his Brother *Valfontaine* is glad thereof) take order for his decent tranſporting to the Citie; whiles *Valfontaine* congratulates with *Pont Chauſey* for his good fortune and victory; who for his ſafety flies to *Elavet*, untill the Duke of *Rayes* (to whom he was homager) had procured and ſent him his pardon from the King, the which in few weeks after he effected. *Monſieur de Caerſtainge*, and *Madamoyſelle Ville-blanche* his Wife are advertiſed of their two Sons quarrell at *Saint-Vallery*, and of the cauſe and iſſue thereof, who condemne *Quatbriſſon* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valfontaine* for ſo nobly giving of his brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have deprived him thereof, which newes is likewiſe ſpeedily conveyed firſt to *Nantes*, and then to *Saint-Aignaw*, where *Pennelle* as much grievs at *Quatbriſſons* foile and diſgrace, as his Daughter our faire *La Pratiere* triumphs at her *Valfontaines* victory, and becauſe ſhe will no longer be deprived of his preſence, whoſe abſence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity, ſhe makes her prayers and tears become ſuch inceſſant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as ſhe now drawes his free conſent to take *Valfontaine* for her Huſband, which at laſt to their own unſpeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents of either ſide, is at *Saint-Aignaw* performed and conſummated with much pompe and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbriſſon* (as we have formerly underſtood) have all the reaſons of the world, to be fully and fairly reconciled to his Brother *Valfontaine*, yea (and according to his promiſe and oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly, yet where the heart is not ſanctified and in peace, the tongue may pretend though not intend it; For the more he gazeth on his Siſter in law *La Pratieres* beauty, the more the freſhneſſe and delicacy thereof, revives and inflames his laſcivious luſt towards her, when knowing her to be as chaſte as faire, and being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodeſt courteſie, or familiarity from her, whiles her Husband his Brother *Valfontaine* lives, the Devill hath already taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of his heart, as (with a helliſh ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly reſolves to deprive him of his life, of whom as it were but right now he had the happineſſe to receive his own.

As ſoon as we think of revenge we meerly forget our ſelves, but when we conſent to murther we abſolutely forget God; for that helliſh contemplation, and this inhumane and bloody action, doe inſtantly work ſo wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monſters, and (which is worſe) of Chriſtians Devils; for thereby we make our ſelves his ſlaves and members. A miſery to which all others are not comparable, becauſe thoſe are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies, but this infinite in regard it occaſioneth the death of our ſoules: But all this notwithſtanding, it is not in jeſt but in earneſt, that *Quatbriſſon* aſſumes this bloody reſolution to murther his Brother *Valfontaine*; For ſeeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duell, he therefore holds it more ſafe, leſſe dangerous, to have him poyſoned, and ſo deals with his Brothers Apothecary, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and performe it, and in requitall thereof he aſſureth him of three hundred crownes, and gives him the one halfe in hand, whereupon this Factor of the Devill, this Emperick of Hell, confidently promiſeth him ſpeedily to effect and performe it, the which he doth, The manner thus.

Valfontaine within ſix weeks of his marriage, findes his body in an extreame heat, ſome reputing it to an exceſſe of wine, which he had the day before taken at *Pontivie* Fair, and others for having bin too amorous and uxorious to his ſweet young wife *La Pratiere*; but it matters not which exceſſe of theſe two gave him his ſickneſſe, only

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let it ſatisfie the Reader, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much inflamed and hot, the dangerous ſymptomes either of a burning Feaver, or a Plurifie, the which to allay and coole, he ſends for his Apothecary *Moncallier* from *Vannes* to *Saint-Aignaw*, and after their conſultation he openeth him a veine very timely in the morning, and drawes ten ounces of blood from him, and towards night gives him a Gliſter, wherein he infuſed ſtrong poyſon, which ſpreading ore the vitall parts of his body, doth ſo ſoone work its operation, and extinguiſh their radicall moiſture, that being the moſt part of the night tortured with many ſharpe throes, and heart-killing convulſions, he before the next morning dyes in his bed: His Wife *La Pratiere* being deſperately vanquiſhed with ſorrow, doth (as it were) diſſolve and melt her ſelfe into teares, at this ſudden and unexpected death of her Huſband *Valſontaine*, and indeed her griefs and ſorrowes are farre the more infinite and violent, in that ſhe ſees her ſelfe a Widow almoſt as ſoone as a Wife. Her Father is likewiſe penſive and ſorrowfull for the death of his Sonne in Law, and ſo alſo is his own Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhumane Brother *Quatbriſſon*, although he neither can, or ſhall bleare the eyes of God, yet he intends to do thoſe of men, from the knowledge and detection of this foule and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournfull and diſconſolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart, for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publiſh in his ſpeeches and apparell; ſo he rides over to *Saint Aignaw* to his Siſter in Law *La Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Huſband his Brothers death, and with his beſt oratory ſtrives to diſſipate and diſpell her ſorrowes; but ſtill her thoughts and conſcience do notwithſtanding prompt her, that conſidering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother her Huſband for her) ſure he had a hand in his death, but in what manner or how ſhe knowes not, and ſo as a moſt vertuous and ſorrowfull Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleaſure and providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nantes* and *Vannes* concur with her in the ſame conceit and beliefe.

But three moneths are ſcarce paſt over, ſince *Valſontaine* was laid in his grave, but *Quatbriſſon* is ſtill ſo deeply beſotted with his own luſt, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he ſels his wit for folly, and againe becomes a Sutor to marry her, having none but this poore Apologie to colour out his inceſtuous deſires; that he will procure a diſpenſation from *Rome* to approve it; and that he hath already ſpoken to *Yven* Biſhop of *Reimes* to that effect, who was many yeares Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indiſcretion of his work with *La Pratiere*, but only to increaſe her jealouſie, to confirme her ſuſpition, and to make her the more confident, that her Huſband had been ſtill in this World if he had not been the means ſo ſoon to ſend him into another: Wherefore ſhe rejecteth both his ſute and himſelfe, tels him, that if he can finde in his heart and conſcience to marry her, ſhe cannot diſpence with her ſoule to eſpouſe him, and therefore that hee ſhall do well to ſurceaſe his ſute, either to the Pope or Biſhop, ſith if it lay in their powers, yet it ſhould never in her pleaſure to grant, or reſolution to effect it; but this peremptory refuſall of hers cannot yet cauſe *Quatbriſſon* to forſake and leave her; For if his luſt and concupiſcence formerly made him previſh to ſeek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly ſottiſh and impudent to alter his ſute, and ſo to attempt and deſire to make her his Strumpet: But he hath no ſooner delivered her this baſe and obſcene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing in her face, ſhe highly diſdaineth both his ſpeeches and himſelfe, and vowing and ſcorning henceforth ever more to come into his company, ſo ſhe informes her Father of his diſhonourable intent, and unchaſte motion to her, who to rid himſelf of ſo uncivill and impudent a gueſt, thereupon (in ſharpe termes forbids him his Houſe and his Daughters company, as having hereby altogether made himſelfe unworthy to enjoy the priviledge of the one, or the honour of the other, when this ſweet and chaſte young Lady (to be no more haunted with ſo laſcivious a Ghoſt and Spirit) being ſought in marriage by divers no-

ble and gallant Gentlemen, ſhe among them all (after a whole years mourning for her firſt) makes choice of *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey* for her ſecond Huſband, and marries him; *Quatbriſſon* ſeeing himſelfe ſo diſdainfully ſleighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a baſe Gentleman, and diſhonourable Lover) metamorphoſeth his affection into hatred towards her, and vowes that his revenge ſhall ſhortly match her diſdaine, and meet with her ingratitude, and ſo flies her ſight and company as much as he formerly deſired it. But as the beſt revenge is to make our enemies ſee that we proſper and do well, ſo he quite contrary makes it his practiſe and ambition to do evill; for from henceforth among many other of his vices he defileth his body with whoredome, and gives himſelfe over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up ſo deepe a habit in him, as it is now growne to a ſecond nature; for he wholly abandoneth himſelfe to Queans and Strumpets, that be ſhe Maide, Wife, or Widow, his wanton eye ſcarce ſees any, but his luſtfull heart deſireth, and his laſcivious tongue ſeeks.

Now *Quatbriſſon* (among many other) hearing that a poore Peaſant, or Countreyman, termed *Renne Malliot*, of the pariſh of *Saint Andrewes*, three miles from *Vannes*, had a ſweet and faire young Daughter, he therefore very lewdly reſolves to ſee her, and to tempt her to his obſcene deſires, when provoked and halled on by his luſt, as that was likewiſe by the Devill, he rides over to her Fathers houſe, and alighting from his Horſe cals there for ſome wine, but with his Hauk on his fiſt, and his Laquay and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-vaile and colour out his laſcivious deſigne and intent: And that the Reader may the better and apparantly behold this countrey Virgin *Marieta*; ſhe was aged of ſome ſixteene yeares, and towards her ſeventeenth, tall and ſtraight, and rather a little enclining to fatneſſe than to leanneſſe; her haire was of a bright flaxen colour, and ſhe of ſo freſh a beauty, and ſweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame deſire, and her cheeks to engender and exact affection, ſo that as it was a wonder among many to finde ſo delicate a Countrey-laſſe, it was alſo many wonders in one, to ſee how ſweetly her rich beauty graced her poore clothes, whiles they (though in vaine) endeavour to diſgrace it. *Quatbriſſon* no ſooner ſees *Marieta*, but ſhe is ſo faire and amiable in his eyes, as they informe him, that report comes infinitely ſhort of her beauty, when burning in the flames of his beaſtly concupiſcence towards her, his luſt ſo exceedingly outbraves his reaſon, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is ſo farre caught and inſnared in the contemplation of her freſh youth and beauty, as he vowes to leave no art unattempted to obtain his luſtfull deſires in enjoying of her virginity: To which end he very often & ſecretly viſiteth her, diſcovereth her his lewd deſires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bonlace, Lawne, worſted Stockings, and the like trifles, thereby the ſooner to prevaile with her, when God knowes this faire poor Maiden was ſo chaſte, as yet ſhe knew not what belonged to unchaſtity, ſuch was her obſcure dwelling, and innocent education, and yet behold the Devill was ſo buſie with her, and *Quatbriſſon* with the Devill, to draw and proſtitute her to ſin, as ſhe was ſo far in love with his gay clothes, ſugred ſpeeches and faire promiſes, rich gifts, and eſpecially becauſe he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks ſhe had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her ſelfe.

But whiles thus *Quatbriſſon* layes cloſe ſiege to the chaſtity of the Daughter, her Mother *Jane Chaumett* (being of a quick wit and ſharpe apprehenſion, meaſuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to miſtruſt and feare that by his often viſits, he endeavoured to put a rape on her vertue, in ſeeking to inrich himſelfe with the loſſe of her maiden-head, the which to prevent, ſhe forbids him her houſe, ſhewing him that ſhe had rather dye, than live to ſee her Daughter made a Strumpet, adding farther, that if hereupon he did not forbeare her houſe and her Daughters company, ſhe would forthwith acquaint his Father *Monſieur de Caerſtainge* therewith, alleadging that how cloſe ſo ever he bore himſelfe, ſhe knew him to be his Sonne and Heire, and

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termed *Quatbriſſon*; which croſſe ſpeeches of hers do much afflict and perplex him, and the more becauſe he ſees he cannot now approach *Marieta*, and which is worſt of all, in regard he knowes not whom to employ towards her, to win her to his deſires: But at length remembring that he was well acquainted with an old Franciſcan Frier of *Auroy*, named Father *Symplician*, who many yeares begged the Countrey for the repayring of their Monaſtery, and with whom he had often carouſed and been merry: He therefore holds him a fit Inſtrument and Agent for his purpoſe, and ſo rides over to *Auroy*, and ſends for him to his lodging, where giving him good cheere, and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point diſcovereth this ſecret, and layes open himſelfe to him: So this old Frier loving his cups better than his Beads, and *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon* better than his Guardian (becauſe he had twice formerly expelled him the Monaſtery for ſome of his diſhoneſt and debauched prancks) hee freely engageth himſelfe to him, affirming that hee well knew both Father, Mother, and Daughter, having heretofore many times layen in their houſe, when he hath been overtaken, either by night or raine.

Hypocriſie is the Devils Maſk or Viſard, and there is no way ſo ſubtle or ſinfull to deceive as under the Cloak and Colour of Religion, and therefore it is a moſt pernitious and odious ſhame to Chriſtians, that thoſe who profeſſe piety ſhould prophane it. This good Fellow Frier *Symplician* (taking the tide of time, and the winde of opportunity) under the pretext of viſiting ſome of his Kinſfolks leaves *Auroy*, repaires to *Vannes*, and ſo to *Malliots* houſe in the Countrey, where purpoſely faining himſelfe ſick, thereby to procure himſelfe the better colour for his ſtay, and the better means for the diſpatch of this love buſineſſe for *Monſieur Quatbriſſon*, there *Malliot* and his Wife *Jane Chaumet* (out of their reſpect to Religion, and reverence to Churchmen) entertaine him lovingly, and attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no coſt too much, nor any meat, care or labour enough which they ſpent and beſtowed on him; But we ſhall ſee him requite this Hoſpitality, and repay this courteſie of theirs with a baſe ingratitude.

For in the abſence of the Father and Mother, this deboſhed Fryer teacheth their faire Daughter *Marieta* a new Catechiſme; he tels her that *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* is deeply in love with her; that if ſhe will hearken to his affection, and ſo become flexible to his deſires, he will ſhortly ſteale her away from her Parents, and either maintaine her Gentlewoman-like in brave apparell, or elſe marry her to ſome rich Serving-man, or Farmers Sonne, with whom ſhe might live merrily, and at her hearts content all the dayes of her life; adding withall, that it was pity her delicate freſh beauty ſhould be ſo ſtrictly and obſcurely mewed up in her Fathers poor Cottage, and that it was a ſhame to her to prove an enemy to Nature, who had been ſo bountifull and ſo true a friend to her, with many more obſcene reaſons, and deboſhed ſpeeches looking that way, the which (in modeſty) I cannot remember without ſhame, nor relate without deteſtation. So this pandariſing old Fryer (degenerating from his habit, profeſſion, and name,) what with the honey, (or rather indeed the poyſon) of his ſpeeches and promiſes, and the ſugar of ſome gifts and tokens which he delivered her from *Quatbriſſon*, he drawes this harmeleſſe and innocent poore countrey Maide, ſo far to forget her ſelfe, her Parents, and God, that in hope of rich apparell, and a good Huſband, ſhe tels her Father *Symplician*, that ſhe is wholly *Quatbriſſons* at command, and that for his ſake and love ſhe is abſolutely reſolved to forſake her Father and Mother, and to go away with him any night or day, when he pleaſeth to fetch her; the which he ſhortly doth, and ſhe accompliſheth: And thus was the odious ingratitude of this Fryer *Symplician*, towards honeſt *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good cheere, lodging, and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only childe and Daughter, whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the ſtaffe and comfort of their Age.

Quatbriſſon

Quatbriſſon (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts) having thus (by himſelfe and the Fryer) played his prize in ſtealing away faire *Marieta*, he by night brings her to his own old Nurſe her houſe, which is a little mile diſtant from that of his Father, where he ſecretly keeps her, takes his pleaſure of her, and as often as he pleaſeth, lies with her whole nights together; but *Marieta's* ſorrowfull Father and Mother ſeeing themſelves thus robbed of their only Jewell their Daughter, they bitterly lament her loſſe, and their own misfortunes therein. They complaine to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Pariſhes or Houſes unſought for her; yea her Mother *Jane Chaumets* griefe and jealouſie tranſport her ſo far, as vehemently ſuſpecting that *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon* had ſtolne her away, ſhe trips over to his Fathers Houſe, and there (with ſorrow in her looks, and teares in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof; who preſently ſend for their Son *Quatbriſſon* before them. They ſhew him what an infinite ſcandall this foule fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewiſe reflect upon themſelves, and all their Kinsfolks and Family. How the juſtice of God infallibly attends on whoredome and fornication, and that he hath no other true courſe or means left him to expiate and deface it, but Confeſſion, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poore Countrey Girle againe to her aged and ſorrowfull Parents: But *Quatbriſſon* their Son (as a baſe deboſhed Gentleman) denies all, termes old *Malliots* Wife an old Hag and Devill, to charge him thus falſly with the ſtealing away of her Daughter; and ſo without any other redreſſe or comfort, this poore Mother returnes againe home to her ſorrowfull Huſband, and *Quatbriſſon* ſecretly to his Nurſes, to frollick and ſport it out with his ſweet and faire Countrey Miſtris *Marieta*.

But to obſerve the better Order and *Decorum* in the dilation and unfolding of this Hiſtory, leave we (for a ſmall time) this laſcivious young couple, wallowing in the beaſtly pleaſures of their ſenſuality and fornication, and come we a little to ſpeak how ſuddenly and ſharply (at unawares) the vengeance and juſtice of God ſurpriſeth our execrable Apothecary *Moncallier*, who ſo wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly underſtood) had ſent innocent *Valfontaine* from Earth to Heaven, by that damnable drug and ingredient of poyſon. The manner whereof briefly is thus:

Quatbriſſon (as we have already ſeen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envie towards his Siſter in Law *La Pratiere*, doth ſtill retaine ſuch bloody thoughts againſt her, as (ſtriking hands with the Devill) he (in favour of three hundred Crownes more) hath againe ingaged his helliſh Apothecary *Moncallier* likewiſe to poyſon her, at his firſt adminiſtring of Phyſick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs is no ſooner projected and plotted of the one, then promiſed ſpeedily to be acted and performed by the other, to the end (quoth theſe two miſerable wretches) to make her equall, as in marriage, ſo in death with her firſt Huſband *Valfontaine*. Thus *Quatbriſſon* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkning out for *La Pratieres* firſt ſickneſſe, two moneths are ſcarce blowne over, ſince her marriage with *Pont Chauſey*, but ſhe is ſurpriſed with a peſtilent Fever; when he as a loving and kinde Husband (at the requeſt of his ſick Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this Monſter of his profeſſion and time *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her phyſick, the which preſently (with as much treacherous care, as feigned ſorrow) he promiſeth to effect; and ſo inwardly reſolves with the Devill, and himſelfe to poyſon her: but we ſhall ſee here that Gods providence will favourably permit the firſt, and his goodneſſe and mercy miraculouſly prevent the ſecond.

Moncallier ſees this his faire and ſweet Patient *La Pratiere*, but he is yet ſo far from ſhame or repentance that he had poyſoned her firſt Huſband, as (with a graceleſſe ratiocination) he confirmes his former impious reſolution likewiſe to diſpatch her ſelf: but for that time he contenteth himſelfe only to draw ſix ounces of blood from her, and promiſeth to returne to her the next morning with Phyſick, and therein to inſinuate and infuſe the poyſon. But here (in the feare, and to the glory of God) let

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me requeſt the Chriſtian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the ſtrangeneſſe of this ſudden and divine puniſhment of God, then and there ſhowne on this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*: For as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the Stayres (next to the Chamber doore where *La Pratiere* lay ſick) complementing with her Huſband *Pont Chauſey* at his farewell, he trips in his Spurs, and ſo fals down headlong at the foot thereof, there breaks his neck, and which is lamentable and fearfull, he hath neither the power or grace left him to ſpeak a word, much leſſe to repent his cruell poyſoning of *Valfontaine*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miſerable end of this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*, who, when he abſolutely thought that that bloudy fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we ſee) in his due time remembred to puniſh him for the ſame, to his utter confuſion and deſtruction, that as his crime was bloody, ſo his puniſhment ſhould be ſudden and ſharpe.

Returne we now againe to *Quatbriſſon* (who amidſt his carnall pleaſures with his young and faire *Marieta*) is advertiſed of *Moncalliers* ſudden and unnaturall death at *S. Aignaw*, whereat (reſembling himſelfe) he is ſo far from any apprehenſion or grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus broke his neck, becauſe he can now tell no tales, as ſorrowfull if now before his death he have not poyſoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her Husband *Valfontaine* his Brother. Whiles thus *Quatbriſſons* joy in enjoying *Marieta*, proves the griefe and diſconſolation of her Parents, for it is now generally bruted in *Vannes*, that *Quatbriſſon* hath ſtolne away *Malliots* Daughter *Marieta*, whereof her Father and Mother being ſorrowfully acquainted (he being weak and ſickly) ſhe again repaires to *Monſieur de Caerſtainge* and his Lady, and with teares in her eyes throwing her ſelfe at their feet, acquaints them with this publick report, humbly beſeeching them to be a means to the Gentleman their Son, that he reſtore them their Daughter; but they are (in a manner) deafe to her requeſts, and ſo only returne her this generall anſwer, that they will againe examine their Son, and cauſe all their Tenants houſes neere about to be narrowly ſearched for her, and this is all the redreſſe and conſolation which this ſorrowfull Mother could get from them; Whereof *Quatbriſſon* being advertiſed, he (with much ſecrecy and haſte) about midnight, cauſeth *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, to fetch *Marieta* away from his Nurſes houſe to his Mill, which is ſome quarter of a League from his Fathers Houſe, the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbriſſon* goes ſecretly to the Mill and viſits her; he informes her how her Parents have incenſed his againſt him, and againſt her ſelfe likewiſe; he bids her be of good comfort, that ſhe ſhall want nothing, that he will very ſhortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her ſafety and reputation, and ſo continually frollicks it out, and there takes his pleaſure of her; yea, he lies ſo often with her many whole nights and ſome dayes at this Mill, that at laſt her belly ſwels, and both of them apparantly perceive that ſhe is with childe by him: when poore ſoule, ſeeing her ſelfe as it were pent up in a priſon, that ſhe had no new apparell, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back into the fouleneſſe of her fault, and ſeeing that ſhe had made her ſelfe the griefe of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almoſt the diſdaine of *Quatbriſſon*, who (ſurfetting in his pleaſures with her) began now to look leſſe familiar, and more ſtrange to her than accuſtomed, ſhe with many ſighes and teares repents her ſelf of her errour; but how to remedy it, ſhe knowes not.

As for *Quatbriſſon*, he ſuppoſing he had his Fathers Miller *Pierot* at his command, profereth him two hundred French Crownes to marry her; whereat this Meale-cap Miller (being a luſty young fellow of ſome five and twenty years old) could not at firſt refraine from bluſhing and laughing; when ſeeing *Marieta* to be young and faire, he is ſo farre in love with her, as at firſt he wiſheth her to his wife; but then againe conſidering that ſhe hath a great belly by his young Maſter, that he ſtill lyes with her, and that if he ſhould marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Maſter and

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owner of her than himſelfe, he prayes him therefore to excuſe him, for that he is fully reſolved not to marry her. When *Quatbriſſon* yet farther deſirous to draw him to take her to his Wife, profereth *Pierot* a new Leaſe and Eſtate of his Mill from his Father for ſeven years, at his own coſt and charges. But this Miller (being a pleaſant joviall wag) tels his young Maſter that he had rather never heare the clacking of his Mill, than to live to ſee himſelfe cornuted; and ſo upon no termes will marry *Marieta*, but for any other ſervice, he ſweares to him, that he is, and ever will be wholly at his command. Poore *Marieta* now ſeeing her hopes grow ſmall, and her belly great, and conſequently her joyes decline, and her ſorrowes increaſe, finding that ſhe is now rather *Quatbriſſons* priſoner than his prize, and the Miller rather her Goaler than her Landlord, (ſhe with many far fetcht ſighes and briniſh tears) very paſſionately beſeecheth *Quatbriſſon* on her knees, that he will ſpeedily either provide her a Husband, or permit her with her ſhamefull and ſorrowfull burthen to returne home to her afflicted and angry parents. Two requeſts, and both ſo reaſonable (quoth ſhe to him) as if it be not in your power to grant me the firſt, yet I hope it will be your pleaſure not to deny me the ſecond. But *Quatbriſſon*, notwithſtanding all theſe teares and prayers of *Marieta*, he is ſtill ſo vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the ſharp complaints of his own Parents, and the bitter lamentations and outcries of hers, that (in the heat of ſottiſh choller and ingratefull diſdaine) he flies from her, abſents himſelfe longer then accuſtomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to loathe her, as he formerly loved her. *Marieta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingratefull unkindneſſe towards her, it pierceth her very heart with griefe, and her ſoule with deſpaire; She requeſts the Miller to tell *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon* that ſhe prayes him to ſee her, or to permit her to ſee him; but he perceiving that his young Maſter ſlighted her, and that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuſeth to go himſelfe, and ſo ſends his Boy; But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbriſſon*, but only the more inflame his choller, and therein the more increaſe her own ſorrowes, and accelerate and haſten on her miſeries? For he bids the Boy tell her, that he is gone to *Rennes*, and will not returne in a moneth; and withall, he wils him to bid his Maſter to come ſecretly to him in the morning, at his Fathers Orchard. So if *Quatbriſſons* unkindneſſe to *Marieta* formerly made her ſeem to be the picture of ſorrow, Alas, now this his diſcourteous departure, and diſdaining either to ſee her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to be ſorrow her ſelfe; for ſhe tears her haire, and (with a mournfull and ſorrowfull Ambition) endeavoureth to drown her ſelfe in the Ocean of her teares; yea, her griefes are ſo infinite, and her diſcontents ſo inſupportable (in that ſhe hath ſo deeply diſobeyed her Parents, and offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of theſe ſins and crimes of hers make her not dare to look up to Heaven for aſſiſtance; a thouſand times ſhe repents her ſelfe of her folly, and as often ſaith and dictateth to her, that ſhe ſhould be as happy as now ſhe is miſerable, if ſhe againe were a childe, and not with childe, and that ſhe were againe as living in her Mothers belly, as now by this time ſhe findes her own poore unfortunate innocent babe is in hers. She as high as Heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbriſſons* ingratitude, and curſeth the name and memory of Fryer *Symplician* as low as Hell, for thus betraying and ſeducing her to ſin, which hath now brought her to miſery and diſconſolation; yea, her unfortunacy is ſo great, as ſhe cannot write for aſſiſtance from any where, or if ſhee could, ſhee knowes not from whom once to expect, much leſſe to receive it: but rather ſees her ſelfe reduced to ſuch extreme affliction and miſery, that ſhe is every way far more capable to weepe or ſigh forth her ſorrowes to her ſelfe, then to ſpeak, or make them knowne to the world.

Whiles thus *Marieta* is penſively and pittifully ecchoing forth her complaints to the bare wals of her poore Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller findes out his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon*, in the Orchard behind his Fathers houſe, according to his appointment, where

where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple the Reader muſt prepare to ſee them conſult and conclude a moſt bloody and mournfull buſineſſe, which will both exact pitty, and command lamentation from the moſt flinty and barbarous heart, yea in a word, from any living mortall man, whoſe prophane life and impiety hath not abſolutely made him a meere Devill. For *Quatbriſſon* having thus ſatiated and ſurfetted himſelfe in reaping his beaſtly pleaſures of poore *Marieta*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envie towards her, knowing that ſhe will be a perpetuall eye-ſore to his Parents, and a continuall ſhame and ſcandall to himſelfe, as long as ſhe lives in this world, he therefore moſt ingratefully and cruelly reſolves ſpeedily to ſend her into another; and no conſideration whatſoever either of her youth or beauty, of her great belly, or of his quick childe within her, or of his own ſoule, can prevaile with him to the contrary: But the Devill is ſo ſtrong with him, that he is miſerably reſolute not to retire, but to advance in this bloody buſineſſe. To which effect, he breaks with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finiſh it, and againe promiſeth him the Fee-ſimple (or at leaſt a Leaſe of ſeven yeares) of his Mill, to finiſh it; which this bloody miſcreant (out of his helliſh covetouſneſſe, and itching deſire to pleaſe his young Maſter) promiſeth to accompliſh. They now conſult of the manner how to murther *Marieta*: The Miller affirmes it to be the ſureſt way (under ſome pretext) to take her into the next Wood by night, and there to murther her, which *Quatbriſſon* contradicteth, becauſe (ſaith he) her dead body being found ſo neere his Fathers houſe, this her murther will reflect on him; and therefore to make ſure work, he bids the Miller to ſtrangle her by night in her bed, and ſo to bury her in his outer yard, and there to clap a Wood-vine over her, whereon they both agree. When ſwearing perpetuall ſecrecy each to other, this execrable Miller here promiſeth *Quatbriſſon* to diſpatch her within three dayes at fartheſt.

This bloody bargaine and compact being thus concluded betweene them, *Pierot* the Miller returnes to his Mill, where poore *Marieta* (little ſuſpecting or dreaming, what a diſmall ſtratagem was plotted and reſolved againſt her life) ſhe (finding comfort from no where, and therfore ſeeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from *Monſieur de Caerſtainges* houſe, and if his Sonne *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* were departed from *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull her aſleep, thereby with more facility to finiſh his bloody deſigne on her) tels her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure he had left ſecret word for him to uſe her courteouſly in his abſence, the which he ſwore to her he would carefully performe; whereat *Marieta* thanks him, but yet againe prying more narrowly into this Millers looks than his ſpeeches, ſhe found that he now looked more ſullen and haggardly to her than accuſtomed, or elſe that either her conceit or his countenance and Phyſiognomy deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us remarke the ſtrange effects, and events hereof; For as dreames prove ſeldome true, becauſe they are as incertaine as their cauſes, which for the moſt part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or elſe flow from the operations of the brain in their different paſſions of affection, Envie, Hope, Feare, Joy, Sorrow, or the like; So it pleaſed God that the very ſame night *Marieta* dreamt, that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembring the next morning, ſhe likewiſe remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vile wretch and diſſembling Hypocrite) ſeemed to be in choller thereat, vowing and ſwearing to her with many oathes and deprecations, that ſhe was and ſhould be as ſafe in his Mill, as if ſhe were either in the Tower of *Blyn*, or the Caſtle of *Blavet*, which indeed are reputed to be two of the ſtrongeſt and moſt important peeces of little *Britany*; whereat poore *Marieta* again and again thanks him. But this notwithſtanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next inſuing night (*Marieta* proving too true a Herauld and Propheteſſe, to her owne immediate mournfull Tragedy) as the night had given truce to her teares, and ſleepe adminiſtred reſt to her eyes, as ſhe lay in her poore pallet bed,

bed, then this bloody villaine *Pierot* the Miller very ſecretly enters her Chamber, and ſoftly conveies a ſmall cord under her head, and faſtning it to her further bed poaſt (his ſtrength conſpiring with his malice) he then and there ſtrangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much leſſe to ſpeak one word, and as ſoone as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and conſequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within leſſe than an houre after (not to give the lye to her own dreame) changeth his purpoſe in the manner of her buriall, and ſo (in her clothes as ſhe was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where faſtning a great piece of an old broken Mill-ſtone to her middle (or waſte) by a ſtrong new rope which he had purpoſely provided, he there throwes her into the deepeſt place of his Pond, hoping, yea aſſuring himſelfe, that he ſhould never ſee nor heare more of her.

The very next morning after the finiſhing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* (the Miller (not able to ſleep for joy) at the very break of day, diſpeeds himſelfe away with the newes hereof to his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon*, who heares and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promiſe and oath againe aſſuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to beare, and wipe off the ſuſpicion which this Murther might reflect or caſt on him (if it ſhould ever hereafter come to be detected or diſcovered) rides away to the Citie of *Rennes*, where the States Generall of that Province (which we in *England* terme our Parliament) was then to aſſemble, where rejoycing that he had ſo happily diſpatched his clowniſh Strumpet *Marieta*, & *Pierot* the Miller at home likewiſe ſinging and triumphing at this his eaſie purchaſe of his Mill, they not ſo much as once look up to Heaven and God, or downe to their own conſciences and ſoules, what this foule and deteſtable Murther of theirs deſerves. And not to go far, by this time the Lord thinks it high time, to bring this their cruell Murther to light, by a ſtrange (I may juſtly ſay by a miraculous accident, which at unawares and when they leaſt think thereof, will (amidſt their mirth and ſecurity) befall them.

A moneth is not full paſt over ſince this Murther of *Marieta*, but God (in his ſacred mercy and juſtice) is now reſolved to make *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey* (*La Pratieres* ſecond Husband) to be the firſt meanes for the detection hereof (and in that likewiſe afterwards of the poyſoning of *Valfontaine*) who being one day at *Vannes* with three other Gentlemen, his friends, he is deſirous to hunt a Duck with two of his owne Spaniels; And no Pond being ſo fit or neere as that of *Monſieur de Caerſtaignes*, he makes choice thereof, but the Duck is no ſooner in the Pond and the Dogs after her, but theſe two poore harmeleſſe Curs ſwimming eagerly for their prey, as they come to the place where *Marieta's* dead body was ſunck and tyed, they inſtantly forſake and abandon the Duck, and there pudling with their feet, and ſnuffling with their noſes in the water, they moſt lamentably ſet up their tunes, and aloud houle and bark each at other, without departing or ſtirring thence, the which *Pont Chauſey* and the other Gentlemen well obſerving, God inſtantly inſpires their conceipts with this apprehenſion, and their hearts with this jealouſie; that (peradventure) there was ſome body, either accidentally or purpoſely drowned there, and that it now pleaſed his divine Majeſtie to make theſe two poore Dogs his Agents and Officers to diſcover it, whereupon they once reſolve to draw up the ſluce, and to let out all the water of the Pond, but firſt they reſolve to make another triall and experiment hereof, ſo for that time they take up their Duck, depart, and call away their Spaniels, but after dinner they returne, and the Duck being againe put in, the Spaniels in the very ſame place do the like as in the morning, ſtill howling and barking moſt lamentably, the which indeed yeelds harſh & diſpleaſing muſick to the trembling heart and guilty conſcience of this murderous Miller, but ſtill the Devill his Schoole-maſter makes him put a brazen face on his feare. Now this ſecond action and demeanour of the Spaniels, confirmes the firſt jealouſie and apprehenſion of *Pont Chauſey* and his aſſociats, who (to vindicate this truth) are now reſolute in their former propoſition, and deſire of letting out the water of the Pond, the which they attempt to effect: But

then

then this wretched Miller ſeeing himſelfe now ſo narrowly put to his trumps at laſt ſhifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at leaſt if he meant to provide for his owne ſafety and life; hee with many humble and ſugred ſpeeches (not ſeeming any way to take notice of their apprehenſion) tells them, that he is a poore young man, that this is his firſt yeare of ſetting up his Trade of a Miller for himſelfe, that it being now in the midſt of a hot and dry Summer, his Pond will not receive in water againe for his Mill to goe in a weeke or two after, which will infallibly begger him, and therefore (almoſt with teares) he beſeecheth them to deſiſt from their purpoſe, and not to turne out the water of his Pond, yea hee ſpeakes ſo paſſionatly and pittifully to them, as his reaſons prevaile with the three other Gentlemen, but with *Pont Chauſey* they cannot, but rather the more confirme his former apprehenſion and beleefe, that ſure there was ſome one or other drowned, and withall God doth afreſh diſtill and infuſe into his imaginations, that this very Miller himſelfe might have ſome hand therein, notwithſtanding all his humble prayers and ſmooth ſpeeches to the contrary: To which end *Pont Chauſey* the better to effect his deſire and reſolution, hee (as a wiſe and diſcreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his requeſt, when purpoſely ſending away his Servants, Duck and Dogs, he enquires of the Miller if hee have any dice or cards in his Mill, who anſwereth him that he hath cards, but no dice: So into the Mill they all fower goe, and play at Lansknight for Cartdeſcus, and the Miller (now raviſhed with Joy to ſee how his faire tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderfull diligent to waite, and officious to attend them and their commands.

But they having played an houre, *Pont Chauſey* now thinks it high time for him to effect his deſigne and reſolution, and then tells *Pierot* the Miller, that he is very dry and thirſty, demanding of him if there be any wine to ſell neere his Mill, who tells them there is none neerer then the Towne, where hee willingly profereth to goe and fetch ſome ſpeedily, which indeed is that very part and point whereat *Pont Chauſey* only aimed: So he gives him money to fetch two grand pots of wine; when this inconſiderate and ſecure Miller (without either feare or wit) ſeemes rather to flye then to run to the Towne with Joy for it, thinking and aſſuring that the ſtorme of his danger was now already quite paſt and blowne over; but he is no ſooner out of ſight, but *Pont Chauſey* preſently throwes up the Cards, and prayes the reſt of the Gentlemen to aſſiſt him in drawing up the ſluce and emptying the Pond, for that his heart ſtill prompts him there is ſome one drowned therein, whereunto they all give free conſent; ſo by that time the water is halfe out, Loe (with much admiration and pittie) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet faſtned with a rope to the bottome of the pond. And prying more narrowly to diſcerne it, they (by the coats it wore) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cauſe to be taken up in the Mill-boat, but her fleſh is ſo riveld and withered with the water, and eaten and disfigured by the fiſh, as it was impoſſible to know what ſhe was, and ſhe ſtunk ſo odiouſly, as almoſt none durſt approach her. *Pont Chauſey* (and his aſſociats) ſeeing this wofull and lamentable ſpectacle, and comparing therewith the Millers earneſt refuſall, not to permit them to empty his pond, he here confirmes his former jealouſie, and now confidently ſuſpects him, either to be the Author or Actor of this cruell murther; To which end hee and his aſſociats lay exact and curious waite for his returne with the wine; who comming therewith from the Towne merrily ſinging, and not ſo much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond, hee aſcending the top of the Hill by the Woods ſide, and eſpying his Pond emptied, then the foulneſſe of his fact and conſcience, and the eminencie of his danger doth ſo terrifie and amaze him, that he ſets downe his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his ſafety to the celerity and ſwiftneſſe of his heeles) he with all poſſible ſpeed runs away towards the centre of the Wood; the which *Pont Chauſey* and the reſt of the Gentlemen eſpying, they need no other evidence but this his flight, to proclaime himſelfe guilty of this murther, and ſo they ſpeedily ſend after him, and within one houre after he is found out, apprehended and

brough. Jack; they vehemently accuſing, and he as reſolutely excuſing himſelfe of this murther; but notwithſtanding they ſhut him up cloſe in his owne Mill, till it be found out what this drowned murdered woman is.

The report of this mournfull accident being ſpeedily divulged in *Vannes*, and bruted in the neighbour pariſhes, there are a world of people, who from all parts flock to the pond, to be ſpectators of this dead woman; and among the reſt, *Yvon Malliot* and his wife *Iane Chaumet*, no ſooner underſtand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, and drowned in *Monſieur de Caerſtaings* pond, they exceedingly feare it is their Daughter *Marieta*, and to ſee the iſſue and truth hereof ſhe runs before, and he limps after as faſt as he can, as if they ſhould not come time enough to make themſelves miſerable, with the ſight and object of their miſery. Now they are no ſooner arrived to the pond, but they ſee all the people ſtand aloofe from this murthered corps, becauſe of the ſtinch thereof; but they (hardned by their feare, and encouraged by their affection) doe willingly ruſh towards it, but cannot as yet diſcerne what ſhe was, by reaſon the fiſhes had almoſt eaten away all the fleſh from her bones, which therefore no way ſatisfying their curioſity and enquirie, they then fall to waſh away the mud and oze from her clothes, hoping to draw ſome information and light from them, as alas they now inſtantly doe, for they find the Waſtcoat and two Petty-coats; that of aſh colour ſerge, and theſe of greene and red bayes to be the very ſame which their Daughter *Marieta* wore, when ſhe either fled, or was ſtolen from them; whereat croſſing their armes, and ſending their ſighes to heaven, and their teares to earth, this poor afflicted Father and Mother cry out that it was the dead body of their faire and unfortunate Daughter *Marieta*, and doubtleſſe, that either *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* or *Pierot* the Miller, or both of them were her Murtherers; whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one ſpeaking thereof as their ſeverall fancies led them, and as they ſtood affected, or diſaffected to *Quatbriſſon*, and the Miller.

But *Pont Chauſey* rides preſently to *Vannes* (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to guard the Miller in his mill) and advertiſeth the Seneſhall, and the other two Judges of this deplorable fact; ſo they ſend for this Miller to *Vannes*, and the next day being brought before them, they examine and accuſe him for thus murthering of *Marieta*, but (having learnt his anſwer and reſolution of the Devill) hee with many bitter oathes and curſes denies it, depoſing and ſwearing that he never knew her nor ſaw her; but this falſe anſwer and counterfeit coyne of his will no way paſſe current with his Judges, but they forthwith ordaine him to the Rack. Our wretched Miller *Pierot* is amazed and terrified at the ſight hereof, yea now his courage begins to faile him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and fatall Harbinger to his death; ſo he endures the ſingle torment reaſonable well, but feeling the pinches and tortures of the ſecond, and well knowing that his heart, Joynts, and patience can never endure it, he then and there confeſſeth to his Judges, that he was the only Author and actor of this murther, & that he ſtrangled her in his Mill, and then ſunk her in his pond, becauſe ſhe would never conſent or yeeld to be his wife, but ſpeakes not a word of *Quatbriſſon*, or that he had any way ſeduced or hired him to commit it; but fed his exorbitant thoughts and erroneous hopes with the ayre of this vaine beleefe, That when he was condemned to die here in *Vannes*, that hee would then appeale thence to the Court of Parliament of *Rennes*, where hee knew his young maſter *Quatbriſſon* then was, & where he preſumed he had ſo many great and noble friends, as he ſhould not need to feare his life: But (contrary to theſe his weake and poore hopes) the very next morning when hee expected to heare the ſentence of death pronounced againſt him, his Judges againe adjudge him to the torments of the Scarpines, to know if *Monſieur Quatbriſſon*, or any other were acceſſary with him in this murther, when they cauſe his left foot to be burnt ſo foundly, as hee will not endure to have his right touched, and ſo confeſſeth that his young maſter *Quatbriſſon* ſeduced and hired him to ſtrangle *Marieta* in her bed in his Mill, and promiſed him the

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Fee Simple or Leaſe thereof to performe it, that hee it was who likewiſe threw her into the Pond, and that he alſo beleeves ſhe was quick with child by his ſaid maſter.

All *Vannes* wonder and talke of *Quatbriſſons* baſe ingratitude and cruelty, towards this ſilly and harmeleſſe young countrey maiden *Marieta*, yea this foule and lamentable murther, adminiſtreth likewiſe talke in all the adjoyning Townes and Pariſhes; So this execrable miller *Pierot* is by the Seneſhall condemned to be broken alive on the Wheele, but yet (in regard of the neceſſitie of his confrontation) they deferre his execution till *Quatbriſſon* be apprehended in *Rennes*, where the Seneſhall, and Kings Atturney Generall of *Vannes*, doe by poſt ſend away his accuſation to that famous Court of Parliament; where whiles hee is prauncing in the ſtreets of that Citie on his great Horſe, and ruffling in his ſcarlets and ſattins, with three Lackies (richly clad) at his heeles, the height of this his pompe and bravery makes his ſhame the more apparant, and his crime the more foule and notorious; For then when he thought himſelfe to be fartheſt from danger, loe the Juſtice and Providence of God brings him neereſt to it; for he is now here by a band of Huyſiers (or Purſevants) taken off from his horſe, apprehended and impriſoned by the command of the Lievtenant Criminall of that great Court, who yet vainely repoſing on the fidelity and ſecrecie of *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, hee ſeemes to bee no way diſmaid or daunted thereat; But when he heares his accuſation and inditement read, that *Marieta's* murthered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame, and that hee had confeſſed him to bee the Author, and himſelfe the Actor of this her cruell murther, then I ſay hee is ſo appalled and daunted, and ſo farre from any hope of life, as he utterly deſpaires thereof, and palpably ſees the Image of death before his eyes: When (with a few teares, and many ſighes) hee here to his Judges confeſſeth himſelfe to be the Author of this foule fact, and ſo begs pardon thereof of God; for from theſe his grave and incorruptible Magiſtrates he is aſſured and confident to find none; Whereupon although foure of the Counſellors, and one of the Preſidents, were reſolved in regard of this his inhumane and baſe crime, to have him hanged, yet the reſt of that wiſe and honourable Senate, knowing him to be Sonne and Heire to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly deſcended, they ore-ſway and prevaile with the others, and ſo they adjudge him the very next day to have his head cut off, although this his ſorrowfull aged Father *Monſieur de Caerſtainge*, offered the one halfe of his lands to ſave his life, and likewiſe was a moſt importunate Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremoville* (who then and there preceded at the Eſtates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprivall, and with the King for his pardon, but in vaine; For that noble duke (conſidering the baſeneſſe and enormity of this his inhuman fact) was too wiſe to attempt the one, and too honourable and generous to ſeeke the other. So the very next morning *Quatbriſſon* (apparelled in a ſute of blacke Sattin, trimmed with Gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of execution, which is in the midſt of the Citie) where a very great concourſe of people of all ſorts, reſort and flock to ſee him take his laſt farewell of this world, of whom the greateſt part and number, lamented and pittied, that ſo proper and noble a Gentleman, ſhould firſt deſerve, and then receive ſo untimely a death: When after the Prieſts and Friers have here prepared and directed his ſoule, hee aſcending the Scaffold, with ſomewhat a low voice, and dejected and ſorrowfull countenance, he delivered this ſhort ſpeech.

That in regard he knowes, that (now when he is to take his laſt leave of this life) to charge his conſcience with the concealing of any capitall crime, is the direct and true way to ſend his ſoule to hell in ſtead of heaven, hee will now therefore reveale, that hee is yet more execrable and bloudy, then his Judges thinke or know, or his ſpectatours imagine, for that he not only hired *Pierot* his Fathers Miller to murther *Marieta*, but alſo the Apothecary *Moncallier* to poyſon his owne brother *Valſontaine*; of both which foule and bloudy crimes of his, hee now freely confeſſeth himſelfe guilty, and now from his heart and ſoule ſorrowfully lamenteth and repenteth them; that his filthy luſt

and inordinate affection to women was the first cause, & his neglect of prayer to God the second, which hath justly brought him to this shamefull end and confusion; & therefore he beseecheth all who are present to be seriously forewarned of the like by his wofull Example and that (in christian charity) they will now joyne their devout prayers with his to God for his soule: When on the Scaffold praying a little whiles silently to himself kneeling, and then putting off his doublet, he commits himselfe to the Executioner; who at one blow severed his head from his shoulders. But this punishment and death of *Quatbrisson* sufficeth not now to give full content and satisfaction to his Judges, who (by his owne confession) considering his inhumane and deplorable poysoning of his own brother *Valfontaine*, they as soone as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudge his body to be taken downe, and there burnt to ashes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curiosity must now returne poast from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbrisson* to the base and bloudy Miller *Pierot*, whom God and his Judges have now ordained shall likewise smart for this his lamentable murther on poore and harmelesse *Marieta*. Hee is brought to the Gallowes in his old dusty mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Priest preparing him to dye, hee (either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle speech to the people, That because *Marieta* was young and faire, hee is now heartily sorry that hee had not married her, and that if hee had beene as wise as covetous, the two hundred Crownes, or the Lease of his Mill, which his young master *Mounsieur Quatbrisson* proferred him, might have made him winke at her dishonesty, and that although she were not a true Maid to her selfe, yet that shee might have proved a true and honest wife to him, with many other frivolous words and lewd speeches tending that way; which I purposely omit, and resolve to passe over in silence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation, or the Readers knowledge: when not having the grace once to name God, to speake of his soule, to desire heaven, or to seeme to be any way repentant and sorrowfull for this his bloudy offence, hee is stripped naked, having onely his shirt fastned about his waste, and with an Iron bar hath his legs, thighes, armes, and brest, broken alive, and there his miserable body is left naked and bloudy on the Wheele, for the space of two dayes, thereby to terrifie and deterre the beholders from attempting the like wretched crime. And the Judges of *Vannes* being certifyed from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbrisson* at his death charged the Apothecary *Moncellier* to have (at his hiring and instigation) poysoned his brother *Valfontaine*, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and buriall of so prophane and bloudy a Villaine: When after well neere a whole yeares time that hee was buried in Saint *Francis* Church in that Towne, they cause his Coffin to be taken up, and both his body and it to be burnt by the common Hang-man, and his Ashes to be throwne into the aire; Which to the Joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXV.

Vasti first murthereth his Sonne George, *and next poysoneth his own wife* Hester, *and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, hee revealeth these his two murthers, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.*

TO religious hearts, there can nothing be so distastefull as Sinne, nor any Sinne so odious and execrable as Murther; for it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, strikes horrour to their hearts and consciences. Wherefore, if this foule and bloudy Sinne bee so displeasing to godly men, how infinitely more detestable is it then to God himselfe, who made all living creatures to serve Man, and onely created Man purposely to serve Himselfe? But as Choller and Malice proceed from the passions of men, so doth Murther from the Devill; for else wee should not so often and frequently see it perpetrated in most Countryes and Cities of the World as we doe; A mournfull Example whereof I here produce to your view and serious consideration.

THe place of this History, is *Fribourg* (an antient city of *Switzerland*) which gives name to one of the Divisions (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike country; Wherein

(of freſh memory) dwelt a rich burger named *Peter Vaſty*, who had to his wife a modeſt, diſcreet, and vertuous woman named *Heſter*, by whom he had one only child, a Son called *George Vaſti*, whom God ſent them the latter end of the firſt yeare of their marriage; and for the ſpace of ſome ten yeares following, this married couple lived in moſt kinde and loving ſort each with other, yea their hearts and inclinations ſo ſympathized in mutuall and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their Neighbours ſo rich in content as themſelves; for ſhe was carefull of her Family, and hee very diligent and induſtrious to maintaine it; both of them being chaſte and continent in themſelves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance, onely they are ſo temperate in their drinking, as hee would not, and ſhee could not be tainted with that beaſtly Vice of drunkenneſſe, whereunto that Country, and the greateſt part of that people, are but too exceſſively addicted and ſubject: So that had *Vaſti* ſtill imbraced and followed thoſe Uertues in the courſe and conduction of his life, hee had not then defiled this Hiſtory with the profuſion of ſo many ſinnes, nor beſprinckled it with the effuſion of ſo much innocent bloud, nor conſequently have adminiſtred ſo much ſorrow to the Reader, in peruſing and knowing it: but as contrary Cauſes produce contrary Effects, ſo hee (by this time) polluting himſelfe with filthy and pernicious Company, it is no marvell if he leave his temperancie to follow drunkenneſſe, his chaſtity to commit fornication and adultery; yea, it is no marvell I ſay, if theſe foule ſinnes (as Bawds to rage and revenge) exact ſuch power in his heart, and predominancie in his ſoule, as in the end to draw him to murther: for good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the devill afford or give them a worſe peſtilence, then bad company. It is the fatall Shelves, and diſmall rocks, whereon a world of people have, and doe daily ſuffer ſhipwrack; yea, it is the griefe of a Kingdome and Countrey, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyſon of our Times: for it turnes thoſe who profeſſe and purſue it, out of their eſtates and homes, which they are then inforced either to ſell, or rather to give away to uſurers and Cormorants, and conſequently which makes themſelves, and their poore wives and children ready to ſtarve and dye in our ſtreets. So this is now the cauſe of our *Vaſti*, and therefore it will be his happineſſe, if it prove not his miſery hereafter; for after twelve yeares time of a moſt peaceable cohabitation, and Godly converſation betweene him and his vertuous wife *Heſter*, it is a thouſand griefes and pitties that ſhe muſt now be inforced to ſee ſo brutiſh and beaſtly a Metamorphoſis in her husband; for he is no more the man which hee was, nor the husband which ſhee formerly found him to be. Hee loves neither his houſe nor his wife, but ſtrayes abroad every day with his whores, and then at night returnes home to her ſtark drunk, and in lamentable ſort reviles and beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have loſt his life then have ſtrucken her, and whereas heretofore he affected and loved her ſo dearely, as he thought he could not be kinde enough to her, now (in the extravagancie of theſe his deboſhed humours) he hates her ſo deadly as he deemes and ſuppoſeth he cannot be ſufficiently cruell to her, although her affection be ſtill ſo fervent to him, and her care ſo vigilant and reſpectfull of him, as ſhee gives him nothing but either ſweet words, teares, ſighes, ſilence, or prayers; yea, ſhe proves her ſelfe ſo good a woman to ſo bad a man, and ſo courteous and vertuous a wife to ſo unkinde and vitious a husband, as to the eyes and judgements of all their kinſfolkes and neighbours, they know it is now her praiſe and glory, and feare it will hereafter prove his ſhame and miſery. She leaves no meanes unaſſayed, or invention unſought and unattempted, to divert and turne this foule inundation of his vice into the ſweet ſtreames of Vertue, and the pure rivers of Godlineſſe: But Ahlas good woman, her care proves vaine, and her affection and zeale impoſſible herein, although her pale cheekes, mournfull eyes, briniſh teares, far fetcht ſighes, religious prayers, and ſweet perſwaſions, doe ſtill ſecond and accompany her indeavours in this her deſired hope of his reformation; for ſhe is inforced to know that he keepes a young ſtrumpet, named *Salyns*, at the towne of *Cheraux*, ſome ſix Leagues from *Fribourg*, whither moſt mornings

mornings hee goes to her, and to make himselfe the more treacherous a dissembler to his wife, and the more execrable a traytor to his soule, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accustomed journey to his strumpet with this false Apologie, that he goes to *Cleraux* to heare the Sermons of Mr. *Abraham Tiffin*, a very famous and religious Preacher there, when God and his ulcerated soule and conscience know the contrary, and that this pretended excuse of his is but only a false cloak to overvaile his true Adultery, and prophane impiety: for he needed not to have formerly added whordom to his drunkennesse, and now ingratitude, cruelty, and impiety to his Whordome, in regard the least of these enormous crimes and sinnes assuredly have the power, and will infallibly find the meanes to make him futurely as miserable, as now he foolishly thinkes himselfe happy; for these his journeyes to *Cleraux* are onely the Pilgrimage of his wanton Lust. *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her house the Temple of his obscene wishes, and Adultery the oblation and Sacrifice of his lascivious desires.

Wee can difficultly make our selves guilty of a fouler sinne on earth, then to seeme sanctified in our devotions towards God, when we are prophane, or to indeavour to appeare sound without, when we are rotten within in our faith & religion; for as man is the best and noblest of all Gods creatures, so an hypocrite towards God is the worst of men, yea or rather a devill and no man; for our hearts and actions, and our most retyred thoughts, and secret darling sinnes, are as conspicuous and transparant to Gods eyes, as his decrees and resolutions are invisible to ours, sith he sees all things, and wee see nothing when we doe not see him. A miserable hight of impiety, in making of our selves foolishly sinners, and wilfully Hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatall and fearefull degree thereof, when we so delight in sinne and glory in hypocrisie, as to make Apologies for the same.

But *Vasti* not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his strumpet in *Cleraux*, whiles his owne vertuous wife *Hester* weepes at home at *Fribourg*, and when he returnes thence, hee is still so hard hearted and cruell to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time *George* their Sonne is sixteene yeares of age, of a mans courage and stature, and of a very pregnant wit; so that as young as he is, hee hath beene long enough a sorrowfull eye-witnesse of his Fathers cruelty, in beating of his Mother; Hee hath formerly seene the lamentable effects, and now hee falls on his knees to her, and (with teares and prayers) beseecheth her to acquaint him with the true cause thereof, and from whence it proceeds; when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wisedome then to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as wee have formerly understood; *George* burst forth into sorrowfull passions at her repetition, and his knowledge hereof, as not able to refraine from sighing to see her sigh, nor from weeping to see her weepe; Hee as much grieves to be the Sonne of so vicious a Father, as he rejoyceth and glorieth to be that of so vertuous a Mother, so he makes her sorrowes his, and here weds himselfe to her quarrell (with promise and oath) either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knowes to be the originall cause of all these stormes and tempests, of all these afflictions and miseries which befall his mother, and in her himselfe: He will no longer be a child, because God and nature hath now made him a man, so the very next time he sees his Father beat his Mother he steps to her assistance, and defends her from the tyrannie of his blowes, and then advanceth so farre, as hee performes it with an unwilling willing resistance of him, the which his Father takes extreamly ill and cholerickly from him, gives him sharp words, & menaceth him with bitter blowes. *George* his Son, first returnes him a briefe rehearsall of the wrongs and indignities he still offereth to his Mother, when protesting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertaine his words, but no longer capable to digest and receive his blowes, adding withall (as a passionate Corollary) that ere long hee will visit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feele a part of her base carriage, and ill deservings, both towards his Mother and himselfe: *Vasti* is much astonished at this audacity and

boldnesse

boldneſſe of his Sonne, but farre more to heare him name and threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his ſpeeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his ſoule, ſo hee puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a vertue, to be no longer ſtormy but calme, and then (chollerickly threatning him with his finger) he departs to his chamber, leaving his wife and his Sonne conſulting in the Parlour, how (with moſt aſſurance, and leaſt ſcandall) they may provide for their affaires.

The next morning, *Vaſti* his Father keepes his bed, and gives order, that neither his Wife or Sonne have admittance to him, the which diſcourteſie of his, gives his Sonne a freſh and ſtrong motive, to revive his laſt nights diſcontent againſt his Father, and his choller againſt *Salyna*, when bidding his Mother the good morrow, and craving her bleſſing, he (purpoſely) frames an excuſe to leave her till ſhee be ready, and ſo very privately takes horſe, and that morning acts a buſineſſe, every way worthy of himſelfe, and indeed farre more worthy of laughter, then of our pitty. For it is not ſo much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Heſter*, which carries him and his reſolution to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna's* houſe, he (with fire in his lookes and thunder in his ſpeeches) calls her whore and ſtrumpet, chargeth her for abuſing his Father, and in him his Mother and himſelfe. His choller cannot retaine his patience, to heare her falſe anſwers & apologies to the contrary, but diſdaining as much to uſe his ſword on a woman, as to foule it on a ſtrumpet, hee takes his mans ſhort cudgell, and gives her at leaſt a dozen blowes on her back, armes and ſhoulders therewith, ſeriouſly vowing and ſwearing to her; That if ſhe forſake not his fathers company, and uſe the meanes that henceforth he do utterly abandon hers; he will ſhortly give her ſo bitter a payment and requitall, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thanke him for his courteſie, & ſo remounts his horſe, and preſently gallops home to his Mother, whom hee acquaints therewith, but yet conceales it from hi Father, whereat ſhee ſeemes not to be a little joyfull, and yet heartily praveth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her husband, or prove either an incitation to his choller againſt her ſelfe, or a propenſion of revenge againſt their Son.

But this joy of *Heſter* and her Sonne *George*, proves the ſighes and teares of *Salyna*, who not accuſtomed to receive ſuch ſharp payment, and uſage from any mans hands whoſoever, it makes her extreame chollerick and vindictive, ſo that her ſtomack is ſo great, and her heart ſo highly and imperiouſly lodged, that ſhe will not ſuffer this cruell affront offered her by *George Vaſti*, to goe unrequited; but yet ſhe will bee as adviſed and ſecret in her revenge towards him, as hee was raſh and publick in his towards her. To which end and purpoſe, ſeeing that *Vaſti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby ſhe judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son) ſhee that night writes him a ſhort Letter, and the next morning ſends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident meſſenger of hers, who arriving there and finding him penſively walking in his Garden, hee reſpectfully delivered it to him, who breaking up the ſeales thereof, found it ſpake thus.

SALYNA to VASTI.

BY all the inviolable love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, *and come over to me with haſte and expedition to* Cleraux, *becauſe I have a great and important ſecret to reveale you, which equally concernes us, and which I dare not to commit to pen and paper; for that the relation and knowledge thereof needs no other witneſſes but our ſelves. If you any way neglect this my adviſe, or deny, or deferre this my requeſt, the griefe will be mine now, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you theſe few lines with infinite affliction and ſorrow, which nothing can deface but your ſight, nor remedy but your preſence, and when you come to mee, prepare your heart and reſolution, to receive it from me, with farre more teares then kiſſes.*

SALYNA.

This letter of hers doth ſo nettle *Vaſti* with apprehenſion and feare, that his Son *George* hath offered her ſome violence and out-rage, as hee is almoſt as ſoone in *Cleraux* as he is our

out of *Fribourg*, where his Miſtreſſe *Salyna* very paſſionatly and chollerickly informes him of his Sonnes cruelty towards her, and (to adde the more efficacie to her ſpeeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more oyle to the fire of his anger and revenge) ſhe forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Sonnes blowes, and the nature and quality of his threats given her; when watering her words with her teares, ſhe ſweares, that if he ſpeedily doe not right and revenge theſe her wrongs upon his ſaid Sonne, ſhe will never kiſſe, or ſee him more. *Vaſti* takes theſe ſpeeches from *Salynas* tongue, and placeth them in his owne heart; yea he hereat is ſo chollerickly intended towards his Sonne, and ſo ſottiſhly affected to her, as conſulting with rage, but not with reaſon, and with Satan, not with God, hee (to exhale her teares, and ſo to give conſolation to her ſorrowes) tels her; That he loves her ſo tenderly and conſtantly, as hee will not faile to kill his Sonne for this incivill and inhumane fact of his towards her. *Salyna* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this his unnaturall reſolution to his Sonne, the which (as vicious as ſhe is) ſhe abhors and condemnes in him as ſoone as underſtands. So ſhe tells him plainly, that albeit ſhe have given him her heart and body, yet that ſhee is not ſo exempt of grace, or ſo wretchedly inſtructed in Piety, as to take away her ſoule from God, and therefore that although ſhee be guilty of Adultery, yet ſhee will never be of Murther; ſo in religious termes (worthy of an honeſter woman then her ſelfe) ſhee powerfully ſeekes to diſſwade him from this bloody and unnaturall attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and feares, as to ſecure their dangers and reputations, and ſo prayes him to ſeeke out ſome other remedy and requitall towards his Sonne, the which he promiſeth her, and ſeales it with ſome oathes and many kiſſes, ſtayes and dines with her, and immediatly takes horſe and rides homewards. His Son *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being aſcertained that he was gone to *Cleraux*, to his ſtrumpet *Salyna*, where ſhee ſhould acquaint him at full with his beating of her, hee fearing his choller, holds it more diſcretion then diſobedience in him, to take his ſword with him for his defence; when chooſing a good horſe out of the ſtable, he deemes it more ſecure and leſſe dangerous to meet his Father halfe way, betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open Field to expect and attend what he had to ſay to him. *Vaſti* ſeeing his Sonne *George* a far off come riding towards him, with his ſword by his ſide, hee much marvelleth thereat, when well knowing his courage and valour, and that (as young as he was) hee had lately at *Shafouſe* acquitted himſelfe of a duell to his honour and reputation, hee therefore reſolves to make it a tongue and not a ſword quarrell with him, and ſo they meet; *George* doing his duty to his Father with his hat off, and his Father ſpeaking not angerly but mildly to him; Their meddow conference which they then and there had betwixt them was thus.

Fa. What reaſon hadſt thou ſo cruelly to beat poore *Salyna*?

So. A thouſand times more then you have to beat my Mother *Heſter*.

Fa. Tell me why.

So. The reaſon is juſt and pertinent, becauſe that is your laſcivious whore, and this your chaſte and vertuous wife.

Fa. What haſt thou gotten by this thy raſh choller in beating her?

So. Not by farre ſo much as you have loſt by your ſottiſh luſt in kiſſing her.

Fa. It is thy Mothers jealouſie which hath ſowne and ſcattered theſe untruths in thy beliefe.

So. I pray excuſe me, for they are palpable and apparant truhs, and ſuch as it is wholly impoſſible either for your hypocriſie or policie to root thence.

Fa. Since when becameſt thou ſo ſawcie and peremptory?

So. From that very time I firſt underſtood you were become ſo vicious.

Fa. I have a mad Sonne in thee.

So. It were a great happineſſe both for my Mother and my ſelfe, if you proved a tamer Husband to her, and an honeſter Father to me.

Fa. If thou follow thoſe courſes, to love thy Mother better then my ſelfe, I vow I will wholly diſinherit thee.

So.

So. If you follow theſe courſes, to love Strumpets better then my Mother, I ſweare you will ſhortly conſume all your eſtate, and diſinherit your ſelfe firſt.

Fa. This word Strumpet is very rife in thy mouth.

So. I wiſh to God that the thing were not ſo frequent in your heart.

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with *Salyna*, and reconcile thy ſelfe to her?

So. Yes, when I ſee you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother, and your ſelfe, but not before.

Fa. Why, Charity is the true marke of a Chriſtian.

So. But I aſſure you, ſo is not Adultery and Cruelty.

Fa. Shall I make peace betwixt thee and *Salyna?*

So. No, but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be ſo happy to knit and confirme a good peace betwixt your ſelfe and my Mother.

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I requeſt thee?

So. I will, if you pleaſe to command me.

Fa. I pray thee *George* doe.

So My beſt indeavours ſhall herein wait on your deſires, and dutifully follow your commands.

Fa. But be carefull to make my reconciliation with thy Mother eternall.

So. It can never ſubſiſt, nor proſper, if you henceforth reſolve to make it temporary, becauſe affection and amity which once receives end, had never beginning.

Fa. Here I vow conſtantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetuall renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. God and his Angels bleſſe this your converſion, and confirme this reſolution in you.

Fa. And God bleſſe thee my Sonne, for wiſhing and deſiring it.

So. I thanke you Sir, but I humbly pray you likewiſe to forgive and forget this my boldneſſe to you in my Mothers behalfe.

Fa. George, here in preſence of God I cheerefully and freely doe it from my heart.

So. Amen, Amen, Sir.

This meddow conference thus ended betweene them, they ride home towards *Fribourg*, and by the way *Vaſti* willeth and prayeth his Sonne, to finiſh this peace betweene him and his mother that very night, and to diſpoſe her ſo effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry ſupper of it, and all former differences betweene them, to bee then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot, the which *George* his Sonne to the beſt of his poſſible power cheerefully and joyfully promiſeth him; So home they come; *Vaſti* walkes in his Garden, and *George* finds out his Mother in her owne Chamber, being newly riſen from her prayers, wherein ſhe was ſo zealous and religious as ſhe ſpent the greateſt part of her time. Here *George* informes his Mother *Heſter* at full, what conference had now paſt in the open fields betwixt him and his Father: And (in a word) hee here acts his part and duty ſo well and diſcreetly, as he leaves no art nor perſwaſions unattempted to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When ſhe at firſt conſidering the nature and quality of her husbands unkind and cruell uſage to her, ſhe found an oppoſition hereof in her mind, & a reſiſtance in her will, & a reluctancy in her nature and judgement; But at laſt giving now her former diſcontent to charity, her paſſions to peace, her ſorrowes to ſilence, her reſolutions to religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her griefe unto God, ſhe (after a briefe conſultation, and a ſhort expoſtulation hereof betweene them) with a cheerefull countenance thankes her Sonne for his care of her, and his affection to her herein; and ſo informes him, That ſhee (having never juſtly offended her husband in thought word or deed) is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can poſſibly deſire or wiſh, and here to teſtifie it to her Sonne as well in action as words, ſhe would then have gone downe with him to her husband there privately to have concluded this Chriſtian buſineſſe betwixt them, had her Sonne not diverted

diverted her from it; For being exceeding carefull to preſerve his Mothers right and reputation, he prayes her to ſtay, alleadging that he would preſently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requiſite and juſt, that the delinquent, ſhould firſt ſee and ſeeke the party wronged, before the party ſeeke the delinquent whereat ſhe cannot refraine from ſmiling, and then bids him goe: So *George* deſcends to the Garden, and acquaints his Father with his Mothers free diſpoſition, and cheerefull reſolution to a perpetuall peace with him, whereat he ſeemes infinitly glad and joyfull, and ſo aſcends her Chamber, and having ſaluted her, tells her, that he is very ſorrowfull and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindneſſe towards her, whereof he prayes her pardon, and conſtantly vowes reformation; ſo this his vertuous and kind wife *Heſter* freely forgets and forgives *Vaſti* her husband; and then hee gives her many kiſſes in requitall, and bids his ſonne *George* to provide good cheere for Supper; and the better to ſeale and ſolemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, hee bids him to invite ſome of their Kinsfolkes and Neighbours to bee preſent thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheere and choyce wine is wanting; So they are wonderfull frolick, pleaſant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good newes, and highly applaud their Sonne *George*, for his diſcreet carriage and care in the managing of this buſineſſe. Thus all things ſeeme to be fully reconciled, and here *Vaſti* drinkes many times to his wife *Heſter*, and ſhee againe to her husband with much affection and joy: When ſupper being ended, their gueſts departed, and their Sonne *George* having received both of their bleſſings, they betake themſelves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all humane ſenſe and reaſon) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow conference of *Vaſti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now Table reconciliation with his wife *Heſter* were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himſelfe, with deepe affection to her, and infinite zeale and devotion to God; but Ahlas nothing leſſe, for here I am inforced to relate, that *Vaſti* the ſame night had not layen in bed by his wife five or ſix houres, but ſhe (good woman) ſleeping in her innocency, he (as a devill incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his ſleeve to ſee how cunningly and ſubtilly hee hath lulled a ſleep the courage of his Sonne, with a Meadow conference, and the jealouſie of his Wife with a Supper, and a few ſweet words and kiſſes: When here againe the Devill blowing the coles to his luſt, and marſhalling up his former obſcene deſires and reſolutions, onely his body is in bed with his wife *Heſter*, here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is ſtill in the boſome of his ſtrumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*; yea the devill I ſay, is now both ſo buſie and ſo ſtrong with him, that (as a helliſh counſellour, and prodigious pen-man) hee writes downe this definitive ſentence in his thoughts, and fatall reſolution in his heart, That *Salyna* he will love, and his wife *Heſter* he cannot, and that ſhortly hee will give ſo ſharp a revenge to his Son *George*, for his diſobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as ſhe ſhall have no further cauſe to feare his cruelty, nor himſelfe his courage; and becauſe he prefers her love to his own life (as being dangerouſly intangled and captivated in the ſnares of her youth and beauty) hee likewiſe reſolves to write and ſend her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge Chriſtian Reader, is not this like to prove a ſweet reformation and reconciliation of *Veſti* to his wife and Sonne, ſith theſe are the ſparkes which diffuſe and flie out from the fire of his luſt, and the fatall lines which iſſue forth from the Centre of his bloudy heart, and ſinfull ſoule; for in the morning before his wife is out of her bed, he is ſtirring, and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which hee ſends her by a truſty meſſenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a buſineſſe, which will infinitely import both our contents; ſo if thou wilt reſolve to brooke my abſence, with as much patience, as I doe thine with ſorrow, I ſhall finiſh it the ſooner, and conſequently the ſooner ſee thee. I have met with an Accident, which I thought was wholly impoſſible for me to meet with; and though at firſt it brought me feare and affliction, yet at length I was inforced to interpoſe diſcretion, inſtead of courage, thereby to draw ſecurity out of policie, which I

could

could not hope for out of resistance; for I must informe thee of this truth, that if my Zeale and Affection to thee had not beene of greater power and consideration then that of mine owne life, I should then with more facility and willingnes rather have hazarded it for thy sake then have reserved it for mine owne. But the mists of those doubts are now dissipated, and the clowds of these feares blowne away; or if not, I will shortly take that order, that thou shalt have no cause to feare the one, or I to doubt the other. When I shall be so happy to see thee I know not but if Fortune prove propitious to my desires and wishes, my returne shall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with Affection and Passion.

VASTI.

Salyna receives this letter of *Vasti* with equall feare and joy; for as she was glad to heare of him and his newes, so she was sorrowfull, as fearing that for her sake he should imbark himselfe in some bloudy businesse, which might proove ruinous to them both: And although her apprehension doe farre exceed her knowledge herein, yet her suspicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealousie administer any peace either to her heart or mind, before she be resolved by *Vasti* of the doubtfull and different truth hereof. She is so prophane and lascivious, as she can content her selfe to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left some sparkes and impressions of Piety in her, that she would still have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own messenger she returnes him this answer.

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcause you deeme mee unworthy to know your Designes, therefore I have assumed the boldnesse to feare them, in which regard and consideration find it not strange that I now intreat you to ingrave in your heart and imprint in your memory, that Malice is most commonly squint-ey'd, and Revenge still blind: therefore if you will not ruine our affections and fortunes, take heed that you imbrue not your heart or hand in innocent bloud; for Murther is a crying and a Scarlet sin which God may forgive and make white by his Mercie, but will not by his Iustice; whereof this my Letter of Advice to you shall be a witnesse betwixt God, your selfe, and me: and therefore, as you love mee, hazard not your life for my sake, but preserve it for your owne. As it is in your will to make your stay from mee as long or short as you please so it shall be in my pleasure to judge thereof, and thereby likewise of your affection to me. I wish I could be more yours then I am, and your selfe as often in my sight and company, as I desire God prosper you in your stay, and me in your absence.

SALYNA.

Vasti having thus settled his affection and affaires with *Salyna*, he sees with griefe that it is now almost impossible for him to see her in *Cleraux*, because of the vigilant and watchfull eye of his Son *George*, over himselfe and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore notwithstanding her wholesome and religious advice to him to beware of bloud, yet his lustfull affection to her doth so outbrave and conquer his naturall love to him, that to satisfie his inordinat concupiscence, and to give content to his obscene and beastly desires, hee vowes he will shortly send him to heaven in a bloudy Coffin. Now the sooner and better for him to compasse and finish this his deplorable stratagem, and unnaturall resolution against his sonne, his counsellour the devill adviseth him that he must for a short time make wonderfull faire weather with him, and gild over all his speeches and actions to his wife *Hester*, with much respect and courtesie; the which *Vasti* doth speedily put in practice: So for a moneth or six weekes time, hee sees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the world) goe in great peace, affection, and tranquillity betwixt Father, Mother, and Sonne. But this false Sunshine will be too soone o'reraken with a dismall storme and tempest; for what religious or Christian shew soever *Vasti* externally makes unto them, yet although hee have God in his tongue, he nevertheless internally carries the Devill about him in his heart; so againe and againe he definitively

vowes

vowes and ſwears to himſelfe, that his Son *George* ſhall not live but die. Thus being reſolute in his bloody purpoſe, he likewiſe reſolves to adde policy to his malice againſt him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility to draw him to the lure and ſnare which (in his diabolicall invention) he hath ordained for his deſtruction, he fils his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generoſity and dignity of a Souldier, whereunto as alſo to travell into other Countries, he knew that this his Son of himſelfe was already ambitiouſly inclined and affected. At other times he repreſenteth to him, to how many dammages & dangers Idleneſſe is expoſed and ſubject, and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learne Vertues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practiſe them at home, and with what renowne and glory their Anceſtours have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundie*, their profeſſed enemies, and now made themſelves and their Countrey famous to the greateſt Princes and Potentates of *Europe*, eſpecially to the Kings of *France* and *Spaine*, who theſe many years, and now likewiſe at preſent (qd. he) do equally court our affections and ſervice, though not with the ſame or like integrity. And theſe, and ſuch treacherous Lectures, doth *Vaſti* ſtill reade unto his Son *George*, as often as he cals him into his company and preſence, untill at the laſt the fame and name of a ſouldier, and the honour of travell, have ſo ſurpriſed his youthfull affection, and ſeizd on his ambitious reſolutions, that at laſt he beſeecheth his Father to ſend him abroad, in ſome martiall ſervice, or generous imployment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is raſh and inconſiderate, ſuffereth himſelfe of purpoſe to be earneſtly and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at laſt his Father promiſeth to ſend him to *Rome*, to his Uncle *Andrew Vaſti*, who (he ſaith) is a chiefe Captaine of one of the Companies of this preſent Pope *Urban* VIII. his Guard; who was an old man, very rich, and without wife, childe, or kinſman with him. *George* thanks his Father for this his courteſie and honour, and importuneth him againe and againe to haſten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Uncle, the which he then firmely promiſeth him: but yet the greateſt difficulty hereof is, how he may obtaine his Wifes conſent to this journey of her Son; who at firſt oppoſeth it very ſtrongly and paſſionately, as knowing her Son to be her only childe, her right arme, a great part of her ſelfe, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and ſtay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw and obtain his Mothers conſent, as politickly knowing and foreſeeing, that the leſſe himſelfe, and the more his Sonne importun'd her, the ſooner ſhe would grant it; the which indeed fell out as he expected. Only whereas the Son requeſted to ſtay foure years abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would grant him but two, whereunto at laſt both Father and Son were inforced to condeſcend; and now this cruell-hearted Father provides his courteous natur'd Sonne *George* a new Sute of apparell, a Horſe, and Money, and reſolves to accompany and bring him as far as *Turin* in his journey; which courteſie of his, his Wife and Son take moſt lovingly and thankfully. The morne of *George* his departure comes, and becauſe his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son ſhould die in this journey, ſhe was now exceeding ſorrowfull to let him go and depart from her; but being againe fortified and rectified by the advice of her Huſband, and likewiſe vanquiſhed by the importunate requeſts and prayers of her Son, ſhe bedewes his cheeks with her teares, gives him much good counſell, ſome gold, and her bleſſing; and ſo they take leave each of other, God putting apprehenſion into her heart, and the Devill aſſurance into her Huſbands reſolutions that ſhe ſhould never ſee her Son againe: And indeed I write with griefe, that we ſhall progreſſe very little farther in this Hiſtory, before we ſee her dreame verified, and her apprehenſion confirmed. The manner thus:

For *Vaſti* (being privately as reſolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deſerving it of his Father) is ſo far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Loſanna* (where he tels his Son he would lye that night) the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he ſaw that no earthly eye could ſee him (being wholly deprived of the grace

and feare of God,and abſolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his ſonne rides cloſe before him,he ſhoots him thorow the backe with his Piſtoll, charged with a brace of bullets, who immediately falling dead to the ground, he there deſcends his horſe, and (without any remorſe or pitty,as no father,but rather as a Devill incarnate) cuts off his noſe, moſt lamentably ſcarres and mangles his face,that he might not bee knowne, and ſo takes him on his ſhoulders, and there throwes him into a deepe ditch or precipice, as alſo the ſaddle and bridle of his horſe, and turning the horſe to ſeeke his fortune in the wide fields,he (to provide for his ſafety)rides ſwiftly to *Morges*, and there very ſecretly huſheth himſelfe up,pretending to bee ſicke,and eight dayes being expired(which was the prefixed time and day,he gave his wife for his returne) hee by a contrary Rode way of *Rolle* and *Saint Claude*,arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her ſonne,and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin* expecting the benefit of good company to travell up to *Rome*; whereat, harmleſſe loving Mother, ſhe weepes for joy,and yet rejoyceth in weeping.

And now for ſome ten dayes after his returne from acting this wofull and deplorable tragedy on his ſonne, hee keepes a good correſpondencie and decorum with his wife *Heſter*; but at the end thereof (ſolely forgetting his heart and ſoule, his God and his conſcience,his promiſes and oathes, and his attonement and reconciliation)hee againe falls into the dangerous relapſe of his former old Vice;Whoredome and Drunkenneſſe; and yet counſelled by a better Angell then his owne, hee forbeares to beate her, as well ſeeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but ſcandall and ſcorne from all his neighbours, Friends, and Kinsfolkes. But now his luſt is againe ſo great, and his deſires ſo fervently laſcivious towards *Salyna*, that in ſtaying leſſe then eight weekes,he thinkes hee hath ſtayed more then ſeaven yeares from her; when pretending another journey to his Wife, hee rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kiſſes for his welcome, and a many more for relating to her, that hee hath ſent away his ſonne *George* to *Rome*, and to reſide and live there: for ſhee being his Fathers ſtrumpet, her guilty and ſinnefull conſcience made her ſtand in extreame feare of him; but yet amidſt her kiſſes and pleaſures with him, (remembring the tenour and contents of his laſt Letter to her, and her anſwer thereof to him) her thoughts are ſomething touched with doubt, and her minde aſſaulted and perplexed with feare, that the Father had played no faire play with his Sonne, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, he might have ſent him to heaven, and not to *Rome*. To which purpoſe,ſhe feeles and ſounds him every way, but he is as conſtant to deny it, as ſhe curious to inquire after it. So ſhee believing that hee had aſſumed no bloudy thoughts againſt his Sonne, ſhe is not yet ſo devoyd of grace, or exempt of goodneſſe, but ſhe gives him this religious caveat for a Memento, which ſhe delivers to him accentively and paſſionately, That if ſhe knew he had made away his Sonne by any untimely end, or unnaturall accident, or that he were any way acceſſary to any prodigious diſaſter which had befalne him, ſhe vowd to God, and ſwore to him, that ſhe would ſpit in his face,diſdaine his company, and reject his affection and himſelfe for ever;for that ſhe was moſt aſſured and confident that God(in his due time)would poure downe vengeance and confuſion on thoſe whom the Devill had ſeduced and drawne to imbrue their hearts and hands in innocent bloud.But *Vaſti* is paſt grace,and therefore ſlightly paſſeth over theſe vertuous ſpeeches of his vitious *Salyna*, with a denyall and a kiſſe; and then they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and hee ſtayes there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following; but ſtill *Salyna* (reſembling her ſelfe and her profeſſion)is very fingrative of his gold,and he as ſottiſhly prodigall in giving it to her,as ſhe is covetous to crave and deſire it of him: ſo (after he had glutted himſelfe with his beaſtly pleaſures of *Salyna*) hee the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where, and with whom hee had beene, and conſidering it to bee the firſt time of his new errour, and his firſt relapſe into his old one, ſince their reconciliation,ſhe ſayes nothing to him to diſcontent him;but yet thinks and feares the more: When retyring

retiring herſelfe into her Garden (after many bitter ſighes and teares for theſe her immerited croſſes and calamities) ſhe there grieves and repents herſelfe for permitting her ſonne *George* to goe to *Rome*, and a thouſand thouſand times wiſheth his returne to aſſiſt and comfort her: but her teares herein prove as vaine, as her wiſhes are impoſſible to be effected, although at preſent very needfull and neceſſary for her.

For now *Vaſti* her husband (to make her ſorrowes the more infinite, her hopes the more deſperate, and her afflictions the more remedileſſe) fals againe to his old practice of beating her, notwithſtanding all his late oathes and new promiſes to the contrary; but hee the more eſpecially playes the Tyrant with her in this kinde, when he comes home to her from his cups and whores, for ſhe knowes with griefe, that he retaines and entertaines more then *Salina*, onely ſhe is too ſure that *Salyna* hath his purſe, his company, his affection, and his heart at her command, farre more then her ſelfe; ſhe ſendes her ſighes to heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodneſſe) he would be pleaſed, either to amend her husband or to end her ſelfe; for griefes, ſorrowes, and afflictions are ſo heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall ſo faſt one upon the necke of the other to her, that ſhe is weary of her life, and of herſelfe. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torne off her head attire, given her a blacke eye and ſwolne face, and diſheveled and diſparpled her haire about her eares and ſhoulders (making God her Protector, and her Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her ſervants who came to aſſiſt and comfort her, and faſt bolting her doore) ſhe to herſelfe very penſively and mournefully breathes forth theſe ſpeeches.

O poore *Heſter*, what ſenſible griefe is it to thy heart, to thinke, and matchleſſe torments to thy minde, to ſee and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy husband *Vaſti*, he proves both ingratefull and falſe to thee, and that hee continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee who art his deare wife, purpoſely to beſtow his time and his affection, yea to caſt away his eſtate and himſelfe, on his lewd young ſtrumpet *Salyna*: O were hee more happy and leſſe guilty in that laſcivious and beaſtly crime, I ſhould then be leſſe miſerable, and more patient and ioyfull in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his eſtate and condition! and therefore how miſerable is thine, in that hee wilfully forſakes God and his Church to follow adultery and drunkenneſſe, and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to ſhipwracke himſelfe, and (which is worſe) his ſoule, upon all carnall pleaſures & voluptuous ſenſualities; The w^ch^ grieving to ſee, and almoſt drowning my ſelfe night and day in my teares to underſtand, I have none but God to aſſiſt me in theſe my bitter afflictions and miſeries, and under God, none, but my hopefull Sonne *George*, left to comfort mee in theſe my unparalleld calamities and diſconſolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardeſt the prayers, or beheldeſt the teares of a poore miſerable diſtreſſed woman, becauſe I can neither now ſee, nor futurely hope for any reformation, in the life and actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, bee (I beſeech thee) ſo indulgent and gracious to me, thy moſt unworthy Hand-maid, that either ſhortly thou returne me my ſaid Sonne from *Rome*, or ſpeedily take me to thy ſelfe in heaven; But yet O my bleſſed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privately to herſelfe) vented her ſorrowes, but not as yet found the meanes, either how to remedy or appeaſe them, becauſe her husband is no Changeling, but is ſtill reſolute in this ingratefull unkindeneſſe and cruelty towards her, ſhe is now reſolved (though with infinite griefe and reluctation) to acquaint the Preacher of the pariſh, and ſome two of her husbands deereſt & neereſt kinsfolks to ſpeak with him againe and to acquaint them with his pernitious relapſe into all his old vices of drunkenneſſe, whoredome, & fighting, and to deſire them to uſe all their poſſible power to divert him from it, wherin her reſolution hath this iuſt excuſe, that if they cannot work it, none but God can; But all their care, affection & zeale cannot prevaile with him; For he with the filthy dog returnes to his vomit, and with the brutiſh ſwine againe to wallow in the durt and welter in the mire of his former vices and voluptuouſneſſe. For now her husband

Vaſti is oftner at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, then at home at *Fribourg* with his wife, who (as formerly we have underſtood) ſtill makes him pay deare for his pleaſures, and as a ſubtle rooking ſtrumpet, emptieth his purſe of his gold, as faſt as hee fooliſhly filleth it, he being not contented to waſte his body, to ſhipwracke his reputation, to caſt away his time, but alſo to caſt away his eſtate, and himſelfe on her; the which his vertuous wife cannot but obſerve with ſorrow, and remember with griefe and vexation, but ſhee ſees it impoſſible for her how to redreſſe it: For ſhee is not capable to diſſemble her diſcontent to him ſo privately, as hee publikely makes knowne his cruelty to her, wherefore her thoughts ſuggeſt her, and her iudgement prompts her, to prove another experiment and tryall on him. To which end ſhe tels him, that if hee will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forſake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed husband, that then all delayes ſet apart, ſhee will ſpeedily (by ſome one of her neareſt kinsfolkes) ſend poaſt to *Rome* to his brother Captaine *Andrew Vaſti*, that her Sonne *George* returne home to her to *Fribourg*, the which ſhe is more then confident, upon the receipt of her firſt Letter, he will ſpeedily and ioyfully performe.

Her husband *Vaſti* is extremely galled with this ſpeech, and netled with this reſolution of his wife *Heſter*, becauſe (wretched villaine as he is) hee (but too well) knowes hee hath already ſent his Sonne to heaven in a bloudy winding ſheet, and therefore both feares and knowes, that by this his wifes ſending poaſt to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burſt forth and come to light, the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruell hearted as the Devill himſelfe) is execrably reſolved to heape *Oſſa* upon *Pelion*, to adde bloud to bloud, and murther to murther; and ſo now to poyſon the Mother his wife, as he had lately piſtolled his and her only Sonne to death. O *Heſter*, it had beene a ſingular happineſſe for thee, that thou hadſt not thus threatned thy husband *Vaſti*, to ſend to *Rome* for thy ſonne *George*, but that thou hadſt either bin dumbe when thou ſpeakeſt it, or he deafe when hee heard it; for hereby thinking to preſerve, thou haſt extreamely indangered thy ſelfe, and hoping to make thy Sonne thy refuge and champion, I feare with griefe, and grieve with feare, that thou haſt made thy ſelfe the ruine of thy ſelfe.

For *Vaſti* is ſo ſtrong with the Devill, and ſo weake with God, in this his bloody deſigne, to murther his wife *Heſter*, as neither grace or Nature, Religion or God, the feare of his bodies tortures in this life, or of his ſoules torments in that to come are able to divert him from it, he having no other reaſon for this his damnable rage, nor no other cauſe for this his infernall and helliſh cruelty, but this triviall and yet pittifull poore one, that his wife *Heſter* is an eye-ſore to him, becauſe his *Salyna* is ſo to her. A wretched excuſe, and execrable Apologie, and no leſſe execrable and wretched is hee that makes it. So he (turning his backe to God, and his face and heart to the Devill) provides himſelfe of ſtrong poyſon, and cunningly infuſing it into a muske Mellon, which he knew ſhe loved well, and reſolved to eate that day at dinner, ſhe greedily eating a great part of it, before night dies thereof. When very ſubtlely he gives out to his ſervants and neighbours, that ſhe dyed of a ſurfet, in then and there eating too much of the muske Mellon; and ſo all of them confidently beleeve and report.

Thus we have ſeene with ſorrow, and underſtood with griefe, that this execrable wretch *Vaſti* hath played the part of a Devill, in poyſoning his vertuous and harmeleſſe wife *Heſter*, and now we ſhall likewiſe ſee him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceale it, as if it lay in his power to blind-fold the eyes of God, as well, or as eaſily, as to hoodwinck thoſe of men from the ſight and knowledg therof. He ſeemes wonderfull ſorrowfull for his wifes death, dights himſelfe and his ſervants all in blacke, provides a great dinner, and performes her funerall with extraordinary ſolemnity. But notwithſtanding God lookes on him with his eye of Juſtice, for both theſe his cruell and inhumane barbarous murthers of his ſonne and wife, and therefore now (in his Providence) reſolves to puniſh him ſharpely and ſeverely for the ſame; As marke the ſequell, and it will inſtantly informe us how.

Our

Our debauched and bloudy *Vaſti*, immediately upon his wifes death and buriall, doth without intermiſſion haunt the houſe and company of his laſcivious ſtrumpet *Salyna* at *Cleraux*, as if the injoying of her ſight, preſence, and ſelfe, were his chiefeſt delight, and moſt ſoveraigne earthly felicity. He ſpends a great part of his eſtate on her, and to ſatisfie her covetous and his luſtfull deſires, he is at laſt enforced to morgage and ſell away all his Lands. For as long as he had mony, ſhe was his, but when that failed him, then ſhe (as a right ſtrumpet, acted a true part of her ſelfe) failed in her accuſtomed kindneſſe and familiarity towards him, and caſts him off.

The judgements of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as ſecret as ſacred, and as miraculous as juſt, which wee ſhall ſee will now by degrees be apparently made good and verified in this monſter of men, and Devill of Fathers and Husbands, *Vaſti*. For his manſion houſe, and all his utenſills and moveables in *Fribourg*, are conſumed with a ſudden fire, proceeding from a flaſh of lightning from heaven; as alſo all his granges of corne, and ſtackes of hay, and yet thoſe of all his neighbours round about him are untouched and ſafe. His corne alſo which growes in the field brings forth little or no increaſe, his vines wither and die away, all his horſes are ſtolne from him, and moſt of his cattell, ſheepe and goats, die of a new and ſtrange diſeaſe; For being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outragiouſly run themſelves to death one againſt the other; hee is amazed at all theſe his (unexpected) wonderful loſſes and croſſes, and yet this vile miſcreant and inhumane murtherer, hath his conſcience ſtill ſo ſeared up, & his heart and ſoule ſo ſtupified and obdurated by the Devill, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace to looke up to heaven or God, and ſo to ſee and acknowledge, from whom and for what all theſe afflictions and calamities be fall him: He growes into great poverty, and againe to raiſe him and his fortunes, hee now knowes no other art or meanes left him then to marry his ſtrumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great ſtore of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath ſpent the greateſt part of his lands and eſtate. Hee ſeekes her in marriage, but (hearing of his great loſſes, and ſeeing of his extreme poverty) ſhee will not derogate from herſelfe, but very ingratefully denies and diſdaines him, and will not henceforth permit, him to enter into her houſe, much leſſe to ſee or ſpeake with him: hee is wonderfull bitten and galled with this her unkind repulſe, and then is driven to ſuch extreame wants and neceſſity, as he is inforced to ſell and pawne away, all thoſe ſmall trifles and things which are left him, thereby to give himſelfe a very poore maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had juſtly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes) he now roames and ſtragleth up and downe the ſtreets of *Fribourg*, and the country pariſhes and houſes thereabouts, without meat, mony, or friends, and which is infinitely worſe then all, without God. But all theſe his calamities and diſaſters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miſeries and puniſhments, which are now ſuddenly and condignely prepared to ſurprize and befall him; whereof the Chriſtian Reader is religiouſly prayed to take deepe notice, and full obſervation; becauſe the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in theſe his Judgements, doe moſt divinely appeare, and ſhine forth to the whole world therein.

Vaſti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had beene to beg ſome mony or meate of *Salyna*, either whereof ſhe was ſo hard hearted to deny him) the Providence and pleaſure of God ſo ordained it, That in the very ſame Meadow and place, and neere the ſame time and houre, which formerly he, and his Sonne *George* had their conference there (being very faint and weary) he lay himſelfe downe to ſleep there at the foot of a wilde Cheſnut-tree; yea, he there ſlept ſo ſoundly, the Sunne being very hot, that hee could not heare the great noyſe, and out-cry which many people there a farre off made in the meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; This Bull I ſay, no doubt but being ſent from God, ran directly to our ſleeping and ſnoring *Vaſti*, toſt him twice up in the ayre on his hornes, tore his noſe, and ſo wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his aſſiſtance held him dead; but at laſt they knowing him to be *Vaſti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life againſt death, they take

off his clothes and apparell, and then apparantly discover and see, that this mad Bul with his hornes hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a small piece of his gut hangs out, they carry him to the next cottage, and laying him downe speechlesse, they and himselfe beleeve, he cannot live halfe an houre to an end, and as yet hee still remaines speechlesse; but at last breathing a little more, and well remembring himselfe, and seeing this his disasterous accident, it pleased the Lord (in the infiniteneſſe of his goodneſſe) to open the eyes of his faith, to mollifie the flintineſſe of his heart, to reforme the deformity of his conscience, and to purge and cleanse the pollution of his soule, for now he layes hold of Christ Iesus and his promises, forsakes the Devill and his treacheries, and God now so ordaineth and disposeth of him, that for want of other witnesses (seeing himselfe on the brinke and in the iawes of death) he now becommeth a witnesse against himselfe, and confesseth before all the whole company, That he it was neere *Losanna*, who murthered his owne Sonne *George* with a Pistoll, and who since poysoned his owne wife *Hester* with a muske Mellon, for which two foule and inhumane facts of his, he said, he from his heart and soule begged pardon and remission of God.

Here upon this his confession, some of the company ride away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the Criminall Officers of iustice thereof; who speedily send two Chirurgions to dresse his wounds, and foure Sergeants to bring *Vasti* thither alive, if possibly they can. They search his wounds, and although they finde them mortall, yet they believe he may live three or foure dayes longer. So they bring him to *Frybourg* in a Cart, and there hee likewise confesseth to the Magistrates his two aforesaid bloudy and cruell Murthers, drawne thereunto as he saith, by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devill: So the same day, they for satisfaction of these his unnaturall crimes, doe condemne him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to ashes; which is accordingly executed in *Fribourg*, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who came to see him take his last farwell of the world, but they thinking and expecting that hee would have made some religious speech at his death, hee therein deceived their hopes and desires: for he onely prayed to himselfe privately, and then repeating the Lords prayer, and the Creed, and recommending his soule to God, and his body to Christian buriall, without once mentioning or naming his sonne *George*, his wife *Hester*, or his strumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the rope and fell, yet he was found starke dead on the ground.

And thus was the wretched life, and deserved death of this bloudy Monster of Nature *Vasti*. May we therefore reade this his History to Gods glory, and to our owne reformation.

The End of the Fifth Booke.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expreſſed
In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great variety of memorable Accidents, Hiſtoricall, Morall, and Divine.

Booke VI.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1639.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE SIR *IAMES STANLEY* KNIGHT OF the Bath, Lord *Strange*, Sonne and Heire apparant to *William* Earle of *Derby*, one of the moſt ancient Knights of the illuſtrious Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

THe firſt time that I had the honour to ſee and know your Lordſhip was in France, *when you then began your travels, accompanied with your* Noble *and* Generous *younger brother* Sir Robert Stanley, *(likewiſe Knight of the Bath) who now lives with God: And (if my fancy deceive not my Judgement) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts, and of your Lordſhips memory, to ſee how propitious God hath ſince proved to your content, and remaines to your felicity, in ſo highly recompenſing this your loſſe of a* Noble Brother, *with the rich gift of a* Vertuous Wife, *your Right Illuſtrious* Lady, *who is deſcended from no meaner houſe than the famous Dukes of* Tremoville *by her Father, and the Victorious* Princes *of* Orenge *by her Mother, and who being tranſplanted from* France, *and (in the Sacred Bonds of Marriage) here matched and incorporated to your* Lord-

ſhip

ship, hath (by the Mercy *and* Providence *of God) in a few yeares brought you many sweet* Olive Plants *and* Branches *to perpetuate your ancient* Name, *and most Honourable* Family *of the* Stanleyes.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, *and blessings of* Grace, *which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofes of his* Mercy *and* Goodnesse *towards you, and I doubt not but (in a pious resolution) your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternall gratitude and thankfulnesse to his sacred* Maiesty *for the same.*

And indeed who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, *and not by* Passion: *That as you esteeme* Vertue, *to be the chiefest earthly* Honour, *so you likewise value* Piety *and* Godlinesse *to be the best and most Soveraigne* Vertues. *That you are confident, that in* Hearts *and* Soules *which are well and fairely endowed,* Honour *and* Honesty *should still bee Twins, or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as fire of straw to the Sunne-shine; and to shut up this point, that your Honour gives the chiefest functions and faculties of your* Soule *to* God, *and the second to the prosperity aad service of your* Prince *and* Countrey, *that being the true marke of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent Subiect, and Honourable* Patriot.

And this (my good Lord) was the Originall cause, and these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so farre upon your Lordships Greatnesse *and* Goodnesse, *in proffering up this my Sixth and last Booke of* Gods Revenge *against* Murther, *to your Noble* Protection *and* Patronage; *not that your Lordship is the last in my* Affection *and* Zeale, *much lesse in my* Respects *and* Observance: *But that I could give no satisfaction to my selfe, before I had prefixed your* Illustrious Name, *to this my unpolished Worke, and before I had given a publike testimony to the whole world in generall, and more especially to our little world* England

gland *in particular, what place and power your Honourable* Birth *and* Vertues *have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most reserved and intire affection.*

The Histories *which this Booke relates, are memorable and mournefull, and to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for th· bloudy facts, as memorable for the sharpe, yet just punishments inflicted for the same; wherein Gods sacred* Iustice *and* Revenge (*with equall* Truth *and* Glory) *triumphed ore their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of language, and therefore if they come short of your Lordships accurate Iudgement, my* Presumption *in this my* Dedication *to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, then to flie to your Lordships innate* Goodnesse, *and to appeale to your known and approved* Generositie *and* Candor, *as making it your Honourable* Ambition *to cherish* Vertue *in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandall, and malitious detraction.*

Proceed my Lord, as you have fairely and fortunately beganne, in the happy exercise and progresse of Piety, Vertue *and* Honour; *and as the hopes are now ours, so may the happy fruits and effects ther-of, infallibly still prove your* Lordships *hereafter, untill it have perfected and compleated you to bee a most* Illustrious Patterne *of* Goodnesse *in this world, and a glorious Saint in that to come, the which none shall pray to God for with more true* Zeale, *nor desire with more unfaigned* Affection, *then*

Your Honours humblest

devoted Servant,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE GROVNDS AND CONTENTS OF THESE HISTORIES

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia *for the love ſhee beares to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato) *to ſtifle to death her old husband* Palmerius *in his bed;* Moroſini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber that night which he did it; They are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knowes them to bee* Moroſinies, *and doth thereupon accuſe him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the Murther of his Vnkle, So they together with their acceſſaries* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.*

HIST. XXVII.

Father Juſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inne keeper, poyſon* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up, and devoures a great part of his body; which Father* Juſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they flye upon the ſame, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

HIST. XXVIII:

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the ſtreet by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maide* Deniſa *poyſoneth her Husband* Roderigo; Deniſa *afterwards ſtrangleth her own new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged; on the Ladder ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was acceſſary, with her Lady* Dominica *in the poyſoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.*

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore (*upon promiſe of marriage*) *gets* Urſina *with childe, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marries* Bertranna: Urſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace diſguiſeth her ſelfe in a Friers habit, and with a caſe of Piſtols kils* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which ſhe is hanged.*

HIST. XXX.

De Mora *treacherouſly kils* Palura *in a Duell with two Piſtols: His Lady* Bellinda *with the aide of her Gentleman vſher* Ferallo, *poyſoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterwards ſhee marrieth and murthereth her ſaid Husband* Ferallo *in his bed; ſo ſhe is burnt alive for this her laſt murther, and her aſhes throwne into the aire for the firſt.*

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVI.

Imperia *for the love ſhee beares to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato*) to ſtifle to death her old husband* Palmerius *in his bed;* Moroſini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber that night which he did it; They are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knowes them to bee* Moroſinies, *and doth thereupon accuſe him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the Murther of his Vnkle, So they together with their acceſſaries* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.*

THoſe Intemperate and laſcivious affections which ſavour more of Earth than Heaven, are ſtill attended on with ſhame and repentance, and many times followed by miſerie and confuſion: For God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, conſequently ſhould bee of our loves and affections, and the true and ſole object, in whom onely they ſhould begin and terminate: For Nature muſt bee a handmaide, not a Miſtreſſe to Grace, becauſe God (in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortall, but our ſoules immortall. And the like Antitheſis which there is betweene Luſt and Charity, the ſame there is between ſinnefull adultery and ſanctified marriage. But where our youthfull affections beginne in whoredome, and end in murther, what can bee there expected for an iſſue, but

but ruine and desolation. Crimes no lesse than these doth this insuing History report and relate: A History I confesse, so deplorable for the persons, their facts and punishment, that I had little pleasure to penne it, and lesse joy to publish it; but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my resolutions, in giving it a place among the rest of my Histories; That the sight and knowledge of others harmes, may the more carefully and conscionably teach us to avoid and prevent our owne.

THe free Estates and Common-weales of *Italy*, more especially the famous Seigniory of *Venice* (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendome) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an happy and honourable vertue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the faculties and profession of Merchants, the which they Generally performe in Turkie, and all other parts of the levant Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envy of their private and publike enemies: of which number of Venetian Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Morosini* is one, a young man, of some twenty and foure yeares of age, descended of a Noble name and family, and (if reports bee true) from whence ours here in *England* derives their Originall: Hee is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely sanguine complexion, a bright Chestnut-coloured haire, but as yet adorned with a small apparition of a beard: He is active of body, of a sweete carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and gracefull speech; and hee is not so young, but he hath already made two severall voyages to *Constantinople* and *Alexandria* in both which hee resided some five or six yeares, and through his wisdome and industry wonne some wealth, but more reputation and fame, in so much as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promiseth him a fortune equall, if not exceeding his bloud and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marry, or which is a thousand times worse, to passe his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladyes and courtisans of *Venice*, upon whome (by the way of a premonition and precaution) hee saw so many deboshed young Gallants to cast away their estates and themselves, hee assumes his former ambition to travell, and so undertakes a third voyage to *Constantinople*: He embarkes himselfe upon a good ship named the Little Saint *Marke* of *Venice*, and in company of *Seignior Astonichus*, and *Seignior Philippo Donato*, likewise two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his deare and intimate acquaintance (with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they set saile from *Malanoca*, the Port of that City; and so direct and shape away their course for the ilands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to stop, and take in some commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the port of the Great *Seignior*. But as men propose, and God disposeth of all terrestriall actions and accidents; so they are overtaken by a storme, and with contrary windes put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous and strong City which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capitall of that Province of the *Marca Anconitona*, from whence it assumes and takes its denomination; and wherein there are well neare three thousand Iewes still resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holinesse. The wind being as yet contrary for our three Venetian Gallants, and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the christian world) was but fifteene small miles off in the Countrey, whereas yet they had never either of them beene, they in meere devotion ride thither, their ship now being fast anchored and mored in the Peere of *Ancona*, which stands on the Christian side, upon the *Adriatique* Sea, Vulgarly tearmed the gulfe of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpoſe or deſire to write much, either of the (pretended) pietie of this holy chappell of *Loretto*, which the Romaniſts ſay was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Sonne, our Saviour Ieſus Chriſt; or of her Picture which they likewiſe alleadge was drawne by the hand and pencill of the Apoſtle Saint *Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirme miraculouſly brought over the Seas from *Paleſtine* by Angells, and firſt placed by them on the hils of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long ſince by the ſaid Angels tranſlated and placed here in this ſmall towne of *Loretto*. But as for my ſelfe, this legend is too weak to paſſe current with my faith, much leſſe to eſteeme it as an article of my Creed. Onely this I will confeſſe and ſay. That as it was devotion, not Curioſitie which carried our *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* thither: ſo it was my curioſitie, not my Devotion which made mee to take the ſight thereof in my Travells. Where in the rich and ſumptuous Quire of a ſtately Cathedrall Church, I ſaw this little old Brick Chamber (now tearmed the Holy Chappel) verie richly adorned with great varietie of maſſie Gold and Silver Lampes, and this Picture of the bleſſed Virgin in a ſhrine of Silver, moſt richly decked with Chaines and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and ſilver, and ſet with pretious Stones of ineſtima le valew, which (to expreſſe the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and returne againe to our Hiſtory, which was the onely Relique that I brought thence.

The two firſt dayes, our three *Venetian* Gallants viſit this holy Chappell with much ſolemnity and devotion, where not to Jeſus the Sonne, but to *Mary* the Mother they offer up their prayers, and pay their vowes of thankfulneſſe for their deliverance from the late ſtorme which put them and their ſhip in ſafety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident to *Moroſini*, which will adminiſter matter and life to this Hiſtory. He leaves his two friends and companions in bed, and ſteales away to the holy Chappel, where being on his knees at his devotion, hee neere to him, ſees a ſweet young gentlewoman likewiſe on her knees at her devotion and oriſons very rich in apparell, but incomparably faire and beautifull. Hee curiouſly markes her Roſeat Lilly Cheekes, her piercing Eye, the Amber Treſſes of her Haire, her Alablaſter Necke and Paps, and her ſtreight and ſlender waſt, all which made her to bee the Pride and Glory of nature; At whoſe ſight and contemplation, his minde is ſo ſodainely inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not poſſibly be drawne to love any Gentlewoman, or Mayden, now deſpight of himſelfe (and of his contrary inclination and reſolution) hee at firſt ſight is inforced to love her, and only her. For the more hee ſees her, the more hee affects her; which engendereth ſuch ſtrange motions, and ſodaine paſſions in his heart, that the ſweetneſſe of this ſweet object, enforced his eyes inceſſantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Moroſini* would faine haue boorded and ſaluted her there, but that hee would not make Heaven ſo much ſtoope to Earth, nor prophane the holineſſe of his affection and of this place with ſuch impietie. But at laſt ſeeing her to riſe from her prayers, and ſo to depart the chappell, hee could not, hee would not ſo leave her, nor forſake the benefit of this ſweet opportunity to make himſelfe knowne to her; When withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto* to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Miſtris) in *Loretto*, hee trippes away after her, into the body of the Church, where ſeeing her onely attended, by a well-clad Boy and her young waiting Gentlewoman, (after ſalutes on both ſides performed,) hee there profereth her his ſervice in theſe generall Tearmes.

Moroſ. I know not ſweet young Lady, whether I may tearme my ſelfe happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the ſight of ſo beautifull a Nymph, and Virgin as your ſelfe, becauſe in thinking to gain my ſoule, I feare I have loſt my heart in the amorous extaſies of that delicious Object and contemplation; therefore I beſeech you thinke it not ſtrange, that having received my wound from your beauty, I flie to

your Courteſie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that ſeeing you ſo weakely guarded, I preſume to requeſt the favour of you, that you will pleaſe to accept of my Company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady, ſeeing her ſelfe ſo much gazed on by this unknowne Gentleman in the holy chappell, and now ſo courteouſly ſaluted by him in the Church, ſhee could not refraine from dying her Lilly Cheekes with a Vermillian bluſh, when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much Coyneſſe and modeſty at firſt to prove too courteous to him, ſhee (brooking her name well) returnes him this anſwer.

Imp. Sir you being ſo happie to have given up your Soule this morning in your devotion to the bleſſed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder, that you ſo ſoone prophane it, by endevoring to make mee believe, that you have loſt your heart in the contemplation of ſo poore, and ſo unworthy a beautie as mine; For herein as you prophane your zeale to her, ſo your affection to me, ſith that ſhould be more ſacred, and this not ſo much faigned or hypocriticall. But ſuch wounds ſtill cary their cures with them, and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occaſion the one, ſo ſhall not my courteſie be guilty in granting the other: if my weake guard bee not ſtrong enough to conduct mee to my home, my *innocency* and *chaſtity* are, as alſo to defend mee from the ſnares and lures of thoſe Gentlemen, whoſe beſt vertue conſiſts more in their tongues then their ſoules, and more in their complements then their actions; Of which number fearing and taking you to be one, and my fathers houſe being ſo nigh, I ſhall not want your company, becauſe as I deſerve ſo I deſire it not, and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thankes with you, for this your proffered favour, and unexpected courteſie.

Although *Moroſini* could not refraine from ſmiling at this her ſharpe and witty anſwer, yet hee ſeeing his complement retorted, and his courteſie returned with a refuſall, hee could not yet refraine from biting his lip thereat. But againe conſidering her to bee exceeding faire and vertuous, and hoping withall that her father might likewiſe prove rich, hee would not diſgrace his breeding nor make himſelfe a Novice in Love to bee put off with this her firſt repulſe, but againe ſounds her in theſe tearmes.

Moroſ. My devotion to the mother of our Saviour doth not prophane, but I hope bleſſe and ſanctifie my affection to you, and therefore if it bee not the cuſtome of the young Ladyes and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to uſe ſtrangers with this diſcourteſie, I cannot believe that you would purpoſly thus exerciſe your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjuſt refuſall. As for your feigned ſhewes of Hypocriſie: I am as innocent of them as you ſuſpect and tearme mee guilty, and have no more ſnares or lures in proferring you my affection and ſervice, than that which your pure beautie and chaſt vertues give mee. Neither am I of the number of thoſe Gentlemen, whome you pleaſe to traduce and diſparage becauſe their hearts and tongues agree not, or for that their actions prove not their ſpeeches, and complements reall; becauſe I as much diſdaine as you condemne them; Therefore if you cannot give mee the courteſie, I pray at leaſt lend mee the favour, that I may waite on you to your fathers houſe; whome I ſhall ever bee readie to ſerve with as much humilitie for your ſake, as to cheriſh and obey your ſelfe with affection for mine owne.

This anſwer of *Moroſini* makes this young Gentlewoman (whoſe name he and we ſhall anon know) as ſweetly calme, as right now ſhe was unkindly paſſionate, ſo that looking ſtedfaſtly on him, & compoſing her countenance rather to ſmiles than frownes, ſhe rejoynes with him thus.

Imp. It is the cuſtome of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to uſe Strangers rather with too much reſpect than too little favour, eſpecially thoſe Gentlemen who favour more of honour than vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged mine owne judgement, in ſuſpecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuſe as of your reprehenſion. And becauſe I underſtand by you, that you are

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a ſtranger to this place though not to this Country, as alſo that you ſeeme to be ſo importunately deſirous and willing to conduct me to my fathers houſe; I will therefore give a contrary Law to my owne will, and now make civility diſpence with my diſcretion by accepting of this your kind proffer, and you ſhall not accompany mee thither to him, with ſo much reſpect and zeale, as I will you with obſervance and thankes.

Which kinde ſpeech ſhe had no ſooner delivered and *Moroſini* received, but hee againe cloſed with her thus:

Moroſ. Sweet Lady, this courteſie of yours ſeconding your beauty, ſhall eternally oblige me to your ſervice; and in requitall thereof, I will ever eſteeme it my beſt happineſſe to receive your Fathers commands, and my chiefeſt felicity and glory to execute yours: When reciprocally exchanging ſalutes, he takes her by the hand and arme, and very gracefully conducts her to her Fathers houſe, not farre off from this ſumptuous Church, and by the way thither (among other ſpeeches and complements hee gathers from her that her Fathers name is *Signior Hierome Bondino*, and hers *Donna Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he for the former fame of his wealth and the preſent ſight of her Beauty doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which he ſhall enioy in her ſight and company; whereof for the time preſent he hath farre more reaſon to flatter than to aſſure himſelfe.

Now we muſt here underſtand that this *Signior Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an ancient houſe and noble deſcent; and of a very great eſtate both in lands and meanes, and withall he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his wealth than in his generoſity, and more in his faire and beautifull Daughter *Imperia*, then in any other of his Children. Here *Moroſini* brings *Imperia* home, and ſhe preſents him and his courteſie to her Father, who receives him reſpectfully and kindely thankes him for this his obſervance and honour to his daughter: who led by the luſtre of her eyes, and the delicacy of her beauty, was ſo extreamely inflamed with affection towards her, as at that very inſtant he proclamed himſelfe her Servant, and ſhe the Lady Regent of his heart and deſires, and then it was that he firſt acquainted her with his name and quality, with his intended voyage to *Conſtantinople*, but chiefely with his conſtant deſire and reſolution to ſeeke her in marriage both of herſelfe and her father. Wherefore to contract this Hiſtory into a narrow Volumne, I will paſſe over his often courtings and viſits of her, as alſo thoſe ſweet ſpeeches, and amorous diſcourſes and conferences which paſt between them during the ſpace of three weeks; wherein the wind proving contrary to his voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his ſute and affection. In which time he proved himſelfe ſo expert a Scholler (or rather a Maſter) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and conſent to be his Wife upon his firſt returne from *Conſtantinople*, but yet it was wholly impoſſible either for him or her to draw her fathers conſent hereunto, although many times he ſought it of him with prayers, & ſhe with teares. For he making wealth to be the very image and idol of his devotion, and gathering that *Moroſini's* birth farre exceeded his ſtate and meanes, as alſo that in his opinion, that his eſtate was yet farre greater than his capacity or judgement, hee would never hearken to him, much leſſe give way that hee ſhould be his Sonne in Law: but with much obſtinacy and reſolution, vowed that hee would firſt rather ſee his Daughter married to her grave than to him, the which froward and harſh reſolution of his, makes our two lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedy it they know not. *Moroſini* now acquaints his two conſorts *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* with his affection to *Imperia*, and brings them the next morning to ſee her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beauty and vertues to the skies; They in *Moroſini's* behalfe deale effectually with *Bondino* to draw his conſent to this match, mount his praiſes and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly office, or reaſons unattempted to perſwade and induce him hereunto, but they ſpeake either to the winde, or

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to a deafe man; for his will is his law, and therefore they finde it a worke, not only of extreame difficultie, but of meere impossibilitie to effect it; for neither they nor *Morosini*, can so much pray and exhort *Bondini* to this match, as hee with sharp words and bitter threates seekes to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth these two Lovers to their very soules. For by this time their affections and hearts are so strongly and firmelie united, that *Imperia* loves *Morosini* a thousand times dearer than her owne life, and hee her no lesse. So when they thinke of their separation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof drawes even drops of blood from their hearts and an Ocean of teares from their eyes. But because they are more amorous then superstitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and desires) they sacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus* then to that of the Virgin *Mary*; Therefore fortune more envying then pittying them, and therefore resolving to separate their bodies as farre asunder, as their hearts are nearely linked and combined together: the winde comes faire, and the Master of their ship sends speedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loretto* to come away, for that hee is resolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and set saile for *Corfu*.

Morosini receives this newes with infinite sorow, and *Imperia* with extreame griefe and amazement, so as if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquished and given a law to her affection towards *Morosini* she could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and accompanied him in his voyage to *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, so sweet was his sight and presence, and so bitter was the verie thought of his absence to her heart and minde; Here *Morosini* comes againe with his hat in his hand, and *Imperia* on her knees with teares to her father, that hee will grant they may contract themselves each to other before his departure, but he is deafe to his requests, and inexorable to her teares and prayers. For he vowes he cannot, and sweares hee will not consent thereunto; And therefore here the Reader must conceive, for it is impossible for mee to expresse the thousand part of the sighes which he, and the teares which she expends, at this their sorowfull departure, in so much as I cannot truly define whether he then gave her more kisses, or shee him teares. So here she vowes to remaine unmarried till his returne, and hee both promiseth and sweares, that hee will returne within one yeare to her and marry her, the which the more authentically to seale and confirme, he gives her a rich Emerauld ring from his finger, and she him a faire carkamet of Orient pearles from her necke, with which the great drops of her teares trickling downe her vermillion cheekes seemed to have some perfect sympathy and resemblance; Of which interchangeable and mutuall contract *Astonicus* and *Donato* are joyfull witnesses, who seeke to adde comfort and consolation to these her unspeakeable sorowes, and unparalleld afflictions, for this their separation; whiles *Imperia* in the meane time at the very thought and consideraton hereof, (she gazing on her *Morosini*) seemes to burst her heart with sighing, and to drowne the Roses and Lillyes of her beautie with the showres and rivulets of her teares. So *Morosini* being againe and againe called away by *Astonicus* and *Donato*, hee then takes leave of *Bondino*, and then of his deere and sweet Daughter *Imperia*, in whose heart and brest hee imparadiseth all his most religious prayers, and treasureth up all his amorous desires and wishes, and from thence (with his two faithfull friends and companions takes horse for *Ancona*, where as soon as they come, their long boat is a shoare and takes them in, when the wind continuing still exceeding faire, they are presently for *Corfu* & *Constantinople*, where we will leave them floting upon the Seas, exposed to the favour and mercy of the windes, and according to the order of our history come wee againe to speak of *Bondino* and of his sweet and faire daughter *Imperia*, to see what matter they will administer us, and what Actions and Accidents they will produce.

Whiles our faire *Imperia* day and night weeps and sighes for the absence of her dearest and second selfe *Morosini*, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven continu-

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ally prayes for his proſperitie and returne, her old Father *Bondino* aſſumes a direct contrarie courſe and reſolution; for within two or three moneths of *Moroſini's* departure, hee makes it his greateſt care and ambition to provide another huſband for his daughter. He is not ignorant of her teares and penſiveneſſe for his abſence, and knowes full well, that her ſolitarie walkes and pale thinne cheekes, looke ſtill conſtantly to him and never from him. But he is reſolute that his old covetouſneſſe ſhall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to worke on the advantage of *Moroſinis* abſence, his beſt and ſhorteſt courſe is to heave him out of her heart and minde, and contrariwiſe to propound and place another Huſband in his ſtead. To which end his ſaid daughters beauty & his own wealth having already procured her two or three other Sutors, who earneſtlie ſeeke her in marriage, hee likes none of them ſo well as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, aged of at leaſt ſixty yeares; whereas his faire Daughter *Imperia* was not above twentie foure, who was of ſo deformed and decrepit a perſonage and conſtitution, that he ſeemed but as a withred Ianuarie to this freſh Lady May; and his age but a frozen winter to the fragrant flouriſhing Sommer of her youth and beautie. But this old dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his owne grave than for *Imperia's* bed) is ſo taken with the daintineſſe of her perſonage, as hee hopes that her youth and her fathers age will ſtoope and ſtrike ſaile to his wealth; and therefore he trickes and prides himſelfe up both in his apparell and beard, as if Love had taken away much of his age, now purpoſelie to adde it to his vanity and indiſcretion, ſo he comes to *Bondino's* houſe at *Loretto*, and ſeekes this his faire daughter in marriage; where the conſideration of his great eſtate and wealth act ſuch wonders with her fathers heart and reſolution, that her father and he have already ſwapt a bargaine that he, and none but he ſhall marry his daughter, before as yet hee have the happineſſe to ſee her. But at laſt her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands to diſpoſe her ſelfe to affect & marry him, & ſpeaks to her not only in the language of a father, but of a king; for ſuch is his pleaſure. Theſe ſpeeches of her father, and the ſight of her old lover yet new ſutor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young daughter *Imperia*: ſo ſhe receives & heares thoſe with infinite affliction and ſorrow, and him with much contempt and diſdaine; for ſhe rejects his ſute and himſelfe, and boldly tells both her father and him, that *Moroſini* is too deeply lodged in her heart; for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with ſighes and teares) caſts her ſelfe at her fathers feet, and prayes him that hee will not force her to marry Signior *Palmerius* whom ſhee affirmes ſhee cannot poſſibly affect much leſſe obey. But her father is reſolute to have it ſo, and therefore (paſſing over all other reſpects and conſiderations) hee addes threats to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her againe and againe to conſent thereto. But her abſent *Moroſini* is ſtill ſo preſent in her heart and minde, and ſo freſh and pleaſing to her eye and memorie that ſhee cannot, ſhee will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to ſpeake with *Palmerius*, or draw her to ſee him, and thus ſhe puts him off for his firſt comming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitely glad to have thus given her father the foile, and old *Palmerius* the repulſe, ſhee raiſeth a thouſand new Trophees of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the ſame, as if that outragious ſtorme and tempeſt (ſo contrary and diſpleaſing to her heart) had received end almoſt as ſoone as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing leſſe then on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more than on her ſweet and deere *Moroſini*, (to whom in his abſence ſhe ſacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vowes, deſires and wiſhes of her ſoule) ſhee paſſeth away her time in perpetuall praying for his returne, for the which ſhee leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of *Loretto* unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and deſires herein, this her old ſutor *Palmerius*, (having wholly loſt the ſolidity of his judgement in the excellency of her beautie) he ſtill keepes good correſpondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runnes as much on her youth, as her fathers covetouſneſſe doth on his wealth and gold; ſo within

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two moneths hee returnes againe to *Loretto*, where hee is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extreame diſcontent and ſorrow of his Daughter *Imperia*, who now poore ſoule can receive no peace nor truce from either of them, but they inceſſantlie haunt her as her ghoſts, and faile not day and night to importune her for the conſummation of this contract and marriage, but her heart is ſo cloſe united & wedded to *Moroſini* that it is as yet impoſſible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him *Palmerius* thinkes to gaine her by rich gifts and preſents, but ſhee refuſeth them all for the ſake of the giver, and her father now tempts her with ſweet ſpeeches and perſwaſions, and then again, terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping therby in the end to make her flexible to his deſires and wiſhes; But his daughter *Imperia* notwithſtanding all this (with a conſtancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equall to her ſelfe) reſolves to fruſtrate the hopes of the firſt, to annihilate and make vaine the expectation of the ſecond, and ſo to deceive the deſires and wiſhes of them both, and to keepe her heart wholly for *Moroſini*, as ſhee hath formerly promiſed and obliged her ſelfe to doe.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the firſt time ſo eaſily beaten off with *Imperias* refuſall, hee will not bee ſo the ſecond, and therefore his heart and minde telling him that the ſweetneſſe of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty deſerve a ſtronger, and longer ſiege of his affection. Hee (by the free adviſe and conſent of her father) reſolves to ſtay and burne all that ſommer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her reſolutions and make that feaſable in his Daughters affection, which now in a manner ſeemed to bee impoſſible. Thus if *Palmerius* uſe his beſt endevours to beare and conquer *Imperia* one way, no leſſe doth her father another way, for the firſt gives her a world of ſugred words and promiſes, and the ſecond of ſharp and bitter threates to effect it; Poore *Imperia* ſeeing her ſelfe thus ſtreightly and narrowly begirt on both ſides, ſhee hath againe recourſe to her ſighes and teares, the only weapons left her in the abſence of her *Moroſini* to defend her affection and conſtancie againſt the luſt of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyrrany of her father *Bondino*. A thouſand times a day ſhee wiſheth that *Conſtantinople* were *Loretto* or *Loretto*, *Conſtantinople*, and as often prayes that either ſhee were in *Moroſini's* armes, or hee here in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obſtinate as her father was reſolute and furious in this ſute and motion towards her, ſhee ſhuts her ſelfe up in her chamber, where ſeeming to drowne her ſelfe in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention ſhee ſhould find out and practiſe, to abandon *Palmerius* and to call home her *Moroſini* to marry her, then which under Heaven ſhe deſired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing elſe. So at laſt ſhee reſolves to ſend one purpoſely to *Conſtantinople* to haſten his returne (which now wanted but a little of his prefixed time of a yeare) when making choice of a deere friend of his of *Ancona* named Seignior *Mercario*, and furniſhing him with gold for ſo long a journey as to ſaile from *Brundiſium*, to *Raguſa*, and ſo from thence by poaſt to *Conſtantinople*, ſhee takes pen and paper, and thereon (as much with teares as inke) traceth her *Moroſini* theſe lines wherewith ſhee diſpatcheth him away.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and conſequently make my ſelfe unworthy of thine, if by this my letter (which I purpoſely ſend thee by thy friend Seignior Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatiency and ſorrow my ſelfe, and with how much ioy my Father brookes thy long abſcence. Thou knoweſt in what a ſweet, & ſtrict ſympathy of Love, our hearts are united. So as meaſuring* Moroſini *by* Imperia, *I am confident that all thoſe Seas betweene* Ancona *and* Conſtantinople *are not capable to waſh away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my ſoule. And yet holding it a part both of my duty and of my ſelfe, I am enforced to command*

it

my pen to relate thee, that my Father Bondino *begins to exerciſe a point not onely of his will, but of his power, yea I may juſtly ſay of his tyranny over me, to perſwade mee to leave my young* Moroſini *to make me marry his old* Palmerius. *In which regard and conſideration, if my poore beauty or merit have left any impreſſion in thy breſt or memory, I now moſt heartily pray thee to leave* Turky *for* Italy, *and* Conſtantinople *for* Loretto, *and to make me as happy in injoying thy ſight and preſence, as I am miſerable without it. And when our God and my good fortune, ſhall permit this my innocent and ſorrowfull letter to fall into thy hands, thinke, yea judge with thy ſelfe, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be for thee not to bring me thy ſelfe, but to ſend me any excuſe whatſoever to the contrary. Farewell my other ſelfe, my ſweet ſelfe, and may God and his Angells ever prove propitious to thy Deſires and my Wiſhes.*

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weekes time) arrives at *Conſtantinople*, and findes out his friend *Moroſini*, to whom he delivereth his Miſtris *Imperias* letter; the which he firſt kiſſing, preſently peruſeth it, and very paſſionately both rejoyceth and grieves thereat: So *Moroſini* very kindely feaſts his friend *Mercario* there ſome eight daies, and then returneth him home with an anſwer, which in leſſe than a moneths time he delivereth into *Imperias* owne hands in *Loretto*, who is extreamely glad thereof, and then beautifying her ſnow white cheekes, with ſome crimſon bluſhes, ſhe hies her to her cloſet and breaking up haſtily the ſeales thereof, findes it traced and charged with this meſſage.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THy health and conſtancy makes me as joyfull in the receit of thy Letters, as thy Father Bondino *his diſreſpect to me, and love to* Palmerius *makes me ſorrowfull, for ſo deare and tender is the true affection of my* Imperia *to her* Moroſini, *and the ſimpathy of our hearts ſo ſweetly and ſacredly united, that for my part not onely thoſe ſmall rivers of the* Mediterraneum *and* Adriatique *Sea betweene* Conſtantinople *and* Ancona, *but that of the vaſt Ocean is incapable to waſh off the leaſt ſenſe or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of humane life, reputation and profit, deſerves ſometimes to be intermixed with pleaſure, becauſe the ſweetneſſe thereof is ſtill made ſweeter by its ſubſtance and permanency. So by the Seigniory of* Venice, *and by* Landy *their Embaſſadour reſident here in* Conſtantinople, (*contrary to my expectation or merits*) *I am now made conſull of* Aleppo. *I cannot therefore ſo ſoone leave* Turkie *for* Italy, *which I infinitely deſire, nor in that conſideration ſo ſoone imbrace and kiſſe my faire and deare* Imperia, *which above all the Crownes and Scepters of the world I chiefely love and long for; but what this yeare cannot performe the next ſhall, and then (all delayes and excuſes ſet apart) I will bring thee thy* Moroſini *with as much true joy, as hee tranſported himſelfe from thee with bitter teares and unfained ſorrowes, in the meane time my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me ſhall ſurmount thy Fathers tyranny to thy ſelfe, and that thy beauty and merits are ſo incomparably reſplendent, that though* Palmerius *be the fayle, yet* Moroſini *ſhall live and dye the Diamond of thy love and the Love of thy Heart, as God is of thy Soule. O then my deere and ſweet* Imperia, *repute it no ingratitude, much leſſe a crime in me to ſend thee this letter of excuſe inſteed of bringing thee my ſelfe, for I ſpeake it in preſence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other halfe ſo I am wholly thine, and that thou canſt not be the thouſand part ſo ſorrowfull as I am miſerable in this our ſhort yet too long ſequeſtration. Farwell, Farwell the only Saint of my heart, and Goddeſſe of my affections, and aſſure thy ſelfe that no mortall man whatſoever is or can be ſo much thy faithfull Servant and Slave, as*

MOROSINI.

Our

Our *Imperia* kiſſeth this Letter a thouſand times for her *Moroſini's* ſake who wrote and ſent it her, and againe as often weepes to ſee, that he loved Honour and profit better then herſelfe, and *Turkie* better then *Italy*; ſo whereas ſhee formerly hoped, now ſhe begins to deſpaire of his ſpeedy returne, and deſcernes herſelfe as miſerable without him, as ſhe thought to have been happy with him. She reads over his Letter againe and againe, and then weepes as faſt as ſhee readeth, at the very peruſall and conſideration thereof; ſhee would faine draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended ſtay affords her nothing but diſconſolation and ſorrow inſtead thereof. Shee blames her owne misfortune, as much as his unkindneſſe, and then againe imputes this impatiency of hers, more to her fathers cruelty, than to *Moroſini's* diſcourteſie; ſhe loves him as much as ſhee hates *Palmerius*, and hates herſelfe becauſe *Moroſini* will not love her more, and *Palmerius* leſſe. But *Moroſini* is ſo firmely ſeated and enthronized in her heart, that ſhee is conſtantly reſolved to ſtay his returne, and rather to dye his victim and martyr, than to live *Palmerius* his wife. And here her affection acts a great part in paſſion, as this paſſion doth in Love, ſhee cannot refraine from enquiring of *Mercario* how *Moroſini* lives, and how hee lookes, who performes the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her that hee lives in great pompe and reputation, and is the propereſt and braveſt young Gallant either of *Venice* or *Italy* which hee ſaw in *Conſtantinople*, at the report whereof, ſhee could not refraine from bluſhing and ſmiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were ſuch, as ſhe could not receive or heare it, without theſe publike expreſſions and teſtimonies of her private zeale and interiour affection to him; But all this notwithſtanding, whereſoever ſhee goes or turnes herſelfe, her Father as her ſhadow, and *Palmerius* as her ſpirit, are never from her, but ſtill follow her in all times and places without intermiſſion. It is a wonder to ſee and conſider their obſtinacy to make it a match, and her reſolution and refuſall againſt it, as if they were wholly compoſed and made of commands, and ſhee of denials. In which interchangeable comportment, and different carriage of theirs, Wee muſt allow ſixe moneths time more paſt and ſlidden away, where in deſpight of *Palmerius* his importunities and her fathers power, ſhe ſtill remaines inflexible to them, conſtant to her *Moroſini*, and true to her promiſe. But at laſt this old luſtfull Lover *Palmerius* (who was fitter to kiſſe an image in the Church, then ſo ſweet and faire a young Lady as *Imperia* in her bed) ſeeing that he had conſumed and ſpent ſo long time in vaine by courting her, and that ſhe ſleighted him and his ſuite as much if not more now, than when he firſt meant and intended it to her, hee bethinkes himſelfe of a new policy and propoſition to gaine her, which love cannot ſo much excuſe, as diſcretion juſtly condemne in him; Hee goes to her father *Bondino*, and proffers him that if his daughter will become his wife, that hee will infeoffe, and endow her with the one halfe of his lands, and give all the reſt of his eſtate and wealth into his hands and cuſtody, for him to purchaſe her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his doth ſolely and fully weigh downe her covetous father to *Palmerius* his will and deſire, as he conſtantly tels him; that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his daughter: he will ſpeedily uſe all his power and authority with her fully to diſpoſe her to affect and content him; To which end *Bondino* goes to his daughter *Imperia*, acquaints her with this great gift, and voluntary proffer of *Palmerius* to her if ſhe will marry him; he ſayes before her how infinitly it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, or Ladies of the whole *Marca* of *Anconitana*, do injoy ſuch rich Fortunes, that his wiſdom and wealth is farre to bee preferred to the vanity and prodigality of *Moroſini*, and that the firſt will aſſuredly bring her much content and proſperity, but the ſecond nothing elſe but poverty, ruine, and miſery, and therefore he moſt importunately conjures and commands her to cut and caſt off all delayes and ſo forthwith to diſpoſe her ſelfe to love and marry *Palmerius*, or elſe he vowes for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledge himſelfe for her Father.

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A crueltie which (in my opinion and judgement) ought to be admired with pittie, and pittied with admiration, and not to ſerve for a precedent and example to other Parents, becauſe this of *Bondino's* was grounded on farre more paſſion than reaſon, and covetouſneſſe than vertue; and which Nature hath all the reaſons of the world, rather to tearme tyrannie than providence or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, ſtruck dead with griefe and ſorrow, at the thunderbolt of theſe her Fathers cruell ſpeeches towards her, ſo that ſhee cannot ſpeake, nor yet weepe, for ſighing and ſobbing; but at laſt encouraged by her owne vertue, as much as ſhee was daunted and diſmayed by her fathers ſeveritie and crueltie towards her, ſhee (caſting her ſelfe at his feet) with a trembling heart and faltering voice, returnes her heart and minde to him in theſe tearmes.

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and ſorrowes are ſuch, and ſo infinite, that I am farre more capable to weepe and ſigh, than to breathe or ſpeake them forth to you, yet I hold it my dutie, not my diſobedience, to acquaint you, that becauſe Marriages are firſt made in Heaven, before contracted or conſummated in Earth; therefore being ſo happie firſt to love *Moroſini*, before I was ſo unfortunate as to ſee Seignior *Palmerius*, I hope it is the pleaſure of God, that he hath ordained the firſt to be my Husband, and conſequently my ſelfe never to be Wife to the ſecond: I am proud in nothing but in my humilitie and obedience, and therein I hope I ſhall ſtill both triumph and glory, and yet I farre more under-value *Palmerius* wealth than you doe *Moroſini's* vertues. If then you will not for my ſake, I humbly beſeech you for my Mothers ſake, or which is more, for Gods ſake, to make me Wife to *Moroſini*, and not to *Palmerius*, becauſe my heart and minde tells me, that I ſhall be as happie in the companie of the one, as miſerable in that of the other. In granting me which juſt deſired favour and courteſie, my ſoule ſhall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you ſhal have no true cauſe either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to denie your ſelfe for my Father. And to conclude this my ſorrowfull and humble ſpeech, it is impoſſible for you to wrong me, but you muſt and will extremely wrong your ſelfe, by attempting and reſolving to enforce me to the contrarie. But if yet you will not be ſenſible hereof, then I invoke God to be a juſt witneſſe, and Judge betweene us, of your crueltie towards me, and of my candid innocencie towards you, and my betrothed Spouſe *Moroſini*.

Imperia had no ſooner (with ſighes and teares) delivered this her ſpeech to her Father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he ſuddenly ruſheth forth her companie; when, more to diſpleaſe her than to pleaſe himſelfe, he looking backe on her, gives her this ſharp anſwer, and cruell farwell: Minion (quoth he) I will very ſhortly coole thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to diſobey thy Father, in making ſo much eſteeme of *Moroſini*, and ſo little of Seignior *Palmerius* contrarie to my advice and requeſt to thee; for I ſay, conſider well with thy ſelfe, and thou ſhalt then doe well ſpeedily to forſake this errour and obſtinacie of thine, except thou reſolve to die as miſerable, as I deſire thou ſhalt live happie: Once more Girle, conſider and remember what I have now ſaid to thee, and beware leſt *Moroſini* prove thy ſhame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weepes becauſe ſhe can weepe no more at theſe heart-killing ſpeeches of her Father to her, againſt her abſent *Moroſini*: So being not well, ſhe betakes her ſelfe to her bed, and there againe conſults with God and her ſelfe, what ſhe ſhall doe in this perturbation of minde and affliction of heart, and then and there (with waking eyes) reades a whole nights Lecture to her ſelfe of her obedience to her Father, and her affection and conſtancie to the other halfe of her ſelfe, *Moroſini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and deſires, that ſhe ſhall receive more delights and joyes from the laſt, than diſcontents from the firſt, ſhe at her up-riſing reſolves againe to write away for her *Moroſini*, as hoping that his preſence would eaſily diſpell and ſcatter all theſe her clouds and tempeſts, when diſpatching a private meſſenger to *Ancona* for *Mercurio*, ſhe againe earneſtly prayes him to undertake a ſecond

voyage for her, either to *Aleppo* or *Conſtantinople*, to her *Moroſini*; the which he then promiſeth: ſo that night againe peruſing over his Letter, ſhee then from point to point punctually makes anſwer to it, and the next morning very ſecretly gives it to *Mercario* in her Chamber, and therewith takes off a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arme, and prayes him to deliver it to him as a token of her true affection and conſtancie, the which ſhee affirmes to him ſhall ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his commiſſion from *Imperia*, as alſo more Gold for the diſcharge and defraying of his journey, he hires a ſmall Brigantine to tranſport him to *Corfu*, and from thence embarques himſelfe on a ſhip of *Marſeilles*, which accidentally ſtopped there, and ſo ſayled firſt to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in leſſe than three weekes, and finding his deare friend *Moroſini* to be Conſull there for the Seigniorie of *Venice*, hee ſecretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his ſtudie, where hee was then haſtily writing a diſpatch for *Conſtantinople*: But the arrivall of *Mercario*, who he knew came from his deareſt friend and Miſtreſſe *Imperia*, (for meere joy) made him preſently to caſt away his Hat and Pen, and ſo to kiſſe and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haſte and more affection breaking up the ſeales, hee therein found couched theſe enſuing Lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (becauſe leſſe deſerved) that either profit or preferment had beene dearer to thee than Imperia, *or that the Seigniorie of* Venice, *or their Ambaſſadour* Landy, *had had more power to ſtay thee in* Aleppo, *than ſhe to have requeſted or conjured thy returne to* Loretto; *for if my poore beautie, or rich affection to thee, be of ſo low and baſe an eſteeme, as thou preferreſt thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miſerable as I thought my ſelfe happie in my choiſe, and the ſweetneſſe of my deſires and wiſhes conſequently have end, as ſoone as they received a beginning. And ſee what a palpable incongruitie, yea, what an apparant contradiction there is betweene thy heart and thy pen, ſith fainedly endevouring to make me beleeve thou loveſt my kiſſes & embraces above all the Crownes and Scepters in the world, I yet am truly enforced to ſee that thou loveſt* Turky *farre better than* Italy, *and art well contented that* Palmerius *ſhould love me better than thy ſelfe, for elſe thou wouldeſt never permit, that my fathers tyrannie to me ſhould (in thy abſence) give a law to my affection to him, or conſent that* Palmerius *ſhould be the Diamond, and thy ſelfe prove onely the foile of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how nor in what tearmes to define or determine thereof. Iudge therefore with thy ſelfe (at leaſt if thou art not as wholly exempt of judgement as of love) what a poore halfe, yea, what a ſmall part I am of thee, when by thy voluntarie abſence thou wilt wholly reſigne me up to another, and that* Palmerius *muſt be my Husband, when my heart and ſoule, yea, when God and his Angels well know, I deſire nothing under Heaven ſo much, as to live and die thy Wife; or elſe thou wouldeſt not have been ſo unkind, to confine thy will or to bound thy obſtinacie to no leſſe than a whole yeares ſequeſtration and abſence from me, which if thy heart were equall, or but the leaſt ſhadow of mine, thou wouldeſt deeme to containe as many moneths as houres, and as many ages as moneths. But God forbid this diſcourteſie of thine ſhould prove ſo great a crueltie to me, or before I know what belongs to fortunacie, I ſhould be conſtrained to feele and ſuffer ſo much infelicitie. Come away therefore, my deare* Moroſini, *and my ſighs, teares, and prayers ſhall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy ſpeedie returne; and blame not me, but thy ſelfe, if thy abſence and my fathers obſtinacie bereave me of my ſweet* Moroſini, *and thee of thy Deare.*

IMPERIA.

Moroſini could not refraine from bluſhing at the reading of this his Miſtreſſe *Imperia's* Letter, as aſhamed to ſee what an exceeding advantage her courteſie had got of his unkindneſſe. Hee oftentimes kiſſeth this her Letter and Bracelet, as the two ſweet pledges of her ſweeteſt love and affection to him, the which hee vowes to requite, and ſhortly to make his returne, redeeme and ranſome the ingratitude of his long ſtay from her.

her. He ſhewes this Letter of hers to his two old Camerados, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, (for their friendſhip and familiaritie is ſtill ſo great, as they cannot, they will not forſake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindneſſe, and condemne his inconſtancie, in ſequeſtring himſelfe ſo long from ſo ſweet and faire a Miſtreſſe as *Imperia*. Now for the ſpace of ſome ten dayes *Moroſini* feaſteth his friend *Mercario* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to ſolemnize his *Imperia's* health in the beſt and richeſt Greeke wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and paines, for ſo often croſſing thoſe dangerous Seas in his behalfe) he chargeth him with his Letter in anſwer of his, and in requitall of her bracelet of ſparks of Diamonds, he returnes and ſends her a faire chaine of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring faſtned to the end thereof, with a paire of Turkiſh ſilver embroydered bracelets, and ſo commits him to the mercie of the Winds and Seas; who in ſix weekes after arrives ſafely to *Ancona*, and the next morning poſts away to *Loretto*, where repairing ſecretly to *Bondino's* houſe, hee findes out his daughter *Imperia* alone, ſolitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among ranks of Sicamour and Olive trees: Who no ſooner eſpies *Mercario*, but all her bloud flaſhing into her face for joy, ſhee ſpeedily trips away towards him, who (after ſalutes) bidding him a thouſand times welcome home, and hee giving her *Moroſini's* Letter and token, ſhee claps the laſt in her pocket, and haſtily kiſſing and breaking up the ſeales of the firſt, ſteps aſide a pace or two, and therein findes and reades theſe lines.

Moroſini to Imperia.

THy ſweet beautie, and rich affection and conſtancie ſhall not onely command my reſolution but my ſelfe, and it is impoſſible either for my profit or reputation to give but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requeſts being to me commands, and conſequently thy felicitie and miſerie equally mine, I will therefore ſhorten and haſten the time of my ſtay, and ſo convert a whole yeere into a few moneths: For if Imperia *be* Palmerius *his Wife,* Moroſini *can then never be either himſelfe or his owne friend, and to write thee the life of my heart, as thou haſt now the heart of thy ſoule, It is not the ambition of a Conſularie dignitie, nor all the treaſure of* Turkie, *or the* Indies, *which ſhall keepe me from enjoying of my faire and ſweet* Imperia, *in whoſe divine cheekes and eyes my heart hath imparadized all my moſt ſoveraigne earthly felicitie: So that I not onely denie but defie that* Palmerius, *or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thouſand part, or ſo tenderly or deerely as my ſelfe; to whoſe ſake and ſervice I will ſtill be found readie to lay downe my beſt bloud, and to proſtitute and ſacrifice my deereſt life. O then, my faire and ſweet* Imperia, *live therefore my deere Wife, and* Moroſini *will aſſuredly dye thy loving and conſtant Husband, and thou ſhalt briefely ſee that I will hate ingratitude as much as thy inconſiderate Father loves and intends crueltie towards thee, and make thee as joyfull in my preſence, as thou writeſt me thou art afflicted and ſorrowfull in my abſence. I come my ſweet* Imperia, *and if I want Windes or Seas to bring me to thy bleſſed preſence, my ſighes ſhall encreaſe the one, and my teares ſupply and augment the other, to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to ſee and ſalute me, as I doe mine armes and lips to embrace and kiſſe thee, and I both hope and reſt confident, that my prayers and conſtancie ſeconded by thine, will make thy Fathers obſtinacie vaine and prove* Palmerius *his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art alreadie mine by choiſe and promiſe.*

Moroſini.

This Letter of *Moroſini* affoords no ſmall muſicke to the heart, or melodie to the mind of our *Imperia*, for ſhee ſweetly and carefully treaſureth it up in her breſt and memorie; and now in hope of his ſhort returne, ſhee leaves no Church nor Chappell in or about *Loretto* unfrequented to pray for it; yea, ſhee is ſo religious and vertuous, as ſhee gives her ſelfe wholly to prayer, the ſooner to obtaine it: whiles (in the meane time) her cruell Father *Bondino* (contrarie to her expectation and deſires) curs her out

new worke, in reſuming his old reſolution to marry her to her old Lover *Palmerius* who ſtill loves her ſo tenderly that for her ſake, he will not forſake *Loretto* to live in *Ancona*, ſo that here the Reader is prayed to underſtand and know, that *Bondino* finally, (and once for all) to caſt his daughter *Imperia* and her affection from *Moroſini* to *Palmerius*, ſeeing that all other meanes will not prevaile, he infinitly debarres her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefeſt apparell and jewells (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as alſo her beſt viands and diet, and in a word intreateth her ſo rigorouſly, as (upon the matter) hee makes her more his priſoner than his Daughter. *Imperia* who was never heretofore acquainted with ſuch ſharpe ſeverity and courſe entertainement bites her lip and hangs her head hereat. But the more ſhee prayes her Father to reſerve her for *Moroſini*, the more tyrannouſly hee commands her ſpeedily to marry *Palmerius*, ſo that all her ſighes and teares to the contrary doe rather exaſperate then appeate his indignation againſt her, and now ſhe finds the long ſtay of *Moroſini* from her, not only to exceed her firſt expectation, but alſo his laſt promiſes to her in his Letter, and is inforced to ſee, that her Father is as cruell as *Palmerius* is obſtinate and reſolute in his ſute to her. Shee hath nothing to comfort her but the memory and letters of *Moroſini*, and yet nothing doth ſo much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in croſſing this her affection. But at laſt deſpairing of *Moroſinies* returne, and vanquiſhed by her Fathers tyranny, ſhe (with an unwilling willingneſſe) is inforced to ſuffer her ſelfe to bee overcome by him, as alſo to permit the walles of her affection, and the bulwarkes and fortifications of her conſtancy to be battered and razed downe, by the inceſſant ſollicitations, gifts, and prayers of *Palmerius*; So that forgetting her promiſe, and her ſelfe, and putting a rape on her former reſolution, ſhee is at laſt contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miſeries which wee ſhall ſhortly ſee will enſue thereof.

Here now then this old dotard *Palmerius* is married to faire *Imperia*, who eſteemes himſelfe as happie as ſhe findes her ſelfe unfortunate in this match. His Age is too old for her Youth, and her youth farre too young for his Age; Diſparity of yeares ſeldome (or never) breeds any true content or felicitie in marriage. Hee cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſſe deſerve or requite the dainties of her youth, ſo that truth muſt here needs implore this diſpenſation for mee of modeſty, to affirme that his chiefeſt power was deſire; and his beſt performance but luſt towards her for; whiles every night, as ſoone as hee comes to bed to her, hee falls to his ſleepe; ſo poore young Gentlewoman ſhee turnes to her repentance, wiſhing (from her very heart and ſoule) that her husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had beene her funerall. A thouſand times every day and night ſhee accuſeth her Fathers crueltie and (with bitter ſighes and teares) as often condemneth her owne levity and inconſtancy for conſenting thereunto. Shee can neither honour or love her husband, or rather not love him, becauſe ſhee ſo tenderly loves the perſon, and honoureth the memory of *Moroſini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no leſſe doth ſhee her *Moroſini* in her heart, ſo that the firſt hath only her body, but the ſecond wholly her minde and affection, the ſorrowfull conſideration and remembrance whereof, doth ſo torment her heart and perplex her mind, that ſhee proteſteth publikely to her ſelfe, and privatly to all the world, that there is no calamity equall to hers, nor no miſery comparable to that of a diſcontented bed. Thus being as much a maid as a wife, and yet more a Nunne than a maid, ſhee makes ſpirituall bookes her exerciſe, ſolitarineſſe her paſtime, her chamber her chappell, and her cloſet her Oratory to pray to God to forgive her Fathers cruelty, and her Husbands indiſcretion towards her, as alſo her owne inconſtancy and treachery towards *Moroſini*, which foule ingratitude and crime of hers ſhee cannot remember but with extreame griefe, nor once thinke of, but with infinite ſhame, ſorrow, and repentance. Although this her old husband *Palmerius*, be ſo amorous and kind to her, and ſo to tender of this his faire young wife,

that

that he leaves no coſt unbeſtowed on her, aſwell in rich apparell, as chaines and Jewells, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themſelves. But this was not the co tent and felicity which our *Imperia* defired becauſe deſerved ; becauſe her freſh youth, and her husbands feeble and frozen Age, caſt her heart on other oppoſite conceits, and her minde on other different contemplations.

Whiles thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mournes and grieves at this her unequall and diſcontented match, and *Moroſini* confidently relying on the firme affection and conſtancy of his *Imperia* made his ſtay in *Alepo*, ſome 10. months longer than his promiſe to her. He at laſt led by the ſtarre of her beauty and his owne affection to her, leaves *Turkie*, and (in company of his conſtant old friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*) ſets ſaile for *Italy*, and purpoſely puts in with their ſhip into *Ancona*, where they and he are no ſo ſooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertaines him with the welcome of this ſorrowfull newes, that his Miſtris *Imperia* is now in this Citie of *Ancona*, and married to old *Seignior Palmerius*, whereat *Moroſini* infinitely grieves and *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He is ſtricken at the heart at this ſorrowfull newes, and (too too ſoone for him) beleeves it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewiſe is *Imperia* advertiſed of his and their arrivall, whereat ſhe ſeemes to drown her ſelfe in a whole deluge of teares ; yet not for ſorrow, but for joy of his arrivall. He imployes *Mercario* to her to grant him a private viſit, the which moſt joyfully the next night ſhe doth in her own houſe, her old husband being in bed and ſnoring faſt aſleepe. At *Moroſini's* firſt ſight and entrance into her chamber (where ſhee all alone privately ſtayes for him) ſhe throwes her ſelfe on her knees at his feet, and with ſighes, teares, and bluſhes begges his pardon for her unconſtancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which ſhe no way attributes to his long ſtay, but rather to her Fathers cruelty and her own misfortune. *Moroſini* is as joyfull of her ſight as ſorrowfull of this her errour, and ſo will not permit her to kneele, becauſe hee ſees and knowes, and alſo aſſureth her, that ſhee is ſtill the Goddeſſe of his heart and affection. Hee takes her up in his armes, and there embraceth and freely pardons her, and ſo they reciprocally ſpeake each to other in the ſweet language of love, I meane of kiſſes, ſighes, and teares, with the laſt whereof, they againe and againe, bedew and waſh each others cheekes, as if love had made them farre more capable to ſigh than ſpeake, and to weepe than ſigh : Here their old affections revive, and flame forth a new with more violence and impetuoſity. Shee hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her ſelfe. For as he ſweares to live her ſervant, ſo ſhee conſtantly vowes to live and dye his handmaid, and that his will ſhall ever be her Law, and his requeſts in all things her commands. Here his heart beates for love, and her breſt pants for joy. For as hee promiſeth her, that ſhee ſhall bee his ſole and only love ; ſo ſhe (willingly) forgets her ſelfe ſo farre, as ſolemnly to proteſt to him, that hee ſhall bee more her Husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kiſſes, they for that night part.

The next morning *Moroſini* and his two conſorts *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* (by the feined way of a rejoycing complement) doe viſit his young Miſtris *Imperia*, and her old husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his owne goodneſſe than their deſerts) bids them all moſt kindly and courteouſly welcome. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia*, for which, old *Palmerius* reſpectively thanks them, but hee knowes not what dangerous ſnakes lurke under the greene leaves of this their pretended faire courteſie. As for his Wife *Imperia*, ſhee is ſo reſerved in her comportment, and ſo coy in her carriage towards them, that (according to the cuſtome of *Italy*) her Husband can hardly perſwade or cauſe her to ſee and ſalute them, the which at laſt ſhee faintly and feinedly performes, rather with an eye of diſdaine than of reſpect. They all ſee the young Wife with love and pity, but looke on her old Husband with contempt and envie ; yet *Moroſini* then and there in ſtealth ſees *Imperia's* heart in her eyes, when in counterchange, ſhee knowes his heart by his enamoured

lookes and countenance : So *Palmerius* (being as innocent as aged) having diſcourſed with them about their voyage, and about *Turkie* and *Conſtantinople*, and courteouſly prayed them to be no ſtrangers to him and his houſe, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona*, which they readily and thankfully promiſe him, they for this time take leave each of other, *Aſtonichus* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*, and *Moroſini* infinitely condemning and contemning the ſimplicity and age of her old husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all, for that very after-noone *Moroſini* (out of the intemperate heat and paſſion of his love) by a confident meſſenger ſends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pretty way diſtant from her houſe, the which ſhee joyfully grants him ; and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to ſay, that in the pavillion or banquetting houſe of this Garden, theſe our two youthfull lovers (after a thouſand ſweet kiſſes & embraces) firſt receaved each of other thoſe amorous delights and pleaſures, which modeſty will not, and chaſtity and honeſty cannot permit mee to mention, as alſo for that theſe pils of ſugar are moſt commonly candide in bitter wormwood and gall, and but too frequently prove honey to the palate, but poyſon to the heart and ſoule.

And here in this her Garden (I ſay againe) was the very firſt time and place where our faire *Imperia*, who was ſo famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona* for her pietie and chaſtity, forgetting the firſt, made ſhipwracke of the laſt, and where of a Gentlewoman of honour, ſhee loſt her honour, by committing this her beaſtly ſinne of ſenſuality and Adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to *Moroſinies* voyage, proved ſo favourable and propitious to his luſtfull deſires, that he thinks of nothing leſſe than of his return to *Venice*, nor of any thing ſo much as of his ſtay here in *Ancona*, with his faire and ſweet love *Imperia*; who likewiſe finds leſſe content and pleaſure in the company of her husband *Palmerius* than ſhe hoped for, and now farre more in her deare friend *Moroſini* than ſhe either dreamt or expected : In which triviall regard, and ſinfull conſideration, ſhe (in a manner) abandons the firſt, and gives her ſelfe wholly over to the will and pleaſure of the ſecond, and ſo turning the cuſtome of theſe their laſcivious daliances into a habit, and that into a ſecond nature, both in her Garden, and her owne houſe, ſhe very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-ſweet ſinne of Adultery with *Moroſini*, whereof a ſubtill young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of ſome eighteene yeares old, who was his ſiſters Sonne, and termed *Richardo*, takes exact and curious notice, and once among the reſt hee peeps in at the key-hole of his Aunts chamber doore, and there ſees her and Seignior *Moroſini* on the bed together, and in no leſſe familiarity than was requiſite or could be expected betwixt his Unkle her husband *Palmerius* and her ſelfe ; whereupon ſecretly envying and hating her, becauſe he was afraid ſhee ſhould beare away all, or at leaſt the greateſt part of his ſaid Unkles Eſtate and wealth from him, (who for want of children, hoped that he therefore ſhould be his adopted heire) hee therefore malitiouſly beares the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent that when occaſion ſhould hereafter preſent the report and knowledge thereof to his ſaid Unkle, he might juſtly cauſe him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection. As for *Moroſini* and *Imperia* they (notwithſtanding all this) doe ſtill ſtrongly endeavour to bleare the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his wife to be as chaſte as faire, and rather a *Diana* than a *Laia*) out of his good nature doth ſometimes in his houſe feaſt *Moroſini*, and his two Conſorts *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*: But they will prove pernitious and fatall gueſts to him, for ere long wee ſhall ſee them requite this hoſpitality and courteſie of his, with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which meane time all *Ancona* reſounds of the great expence and profuſe prodigality of *Moroſini*, and his two aſſociates, for they here revell it out in the beſt Tavernes and companies of the Citie, and not onely

onely exceed others, but alſo themſelves, in the richneſſe and bravery of their apparell, but moſt eſpecially *Moriſini*, whoſe apparell is every way fitter for an Italian Nobleman, than a Venetian Merchant. Our luſtfull and laſcivious *Imperia* is never well contented or pleaſed but in his preſence, and her husbands abſence; and here to relate the truth of her heart, *Moroſini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*, or rather *Palmerius* is but the ſhadow, and *Moroſini* the eſſentiall ſubſtance of her Husband, and therefore (I deſire the Reader to know and remember) that in that regard and conſideration I have purpoſely entituled this Hiſtory not to bee of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Moroſini* and *Imperia*.

Moroſini, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* (in their lodging and chambers) have many times many private ſpeeches and conferences, what pittie it is that ſo ſweeet and faire a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, ſhould (by the conſtraint of her unkinde and cruell Father) thus be clogged and chained in marriage to ſo old a dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epithete their vanitie and folly could not afford to give him) and *Moroſini* (in the dumbe eloquence and Logick of *Imperia's* ſighes and teares) apparantly beleeves that (in her heart and ſoule) ſhe infinitely deſireth and wiſheth that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himſelfe now her Husband here on earth in his place: He reads as much in her lookes and countenance, and is therefore confident that her heart and ambition aſpire to no ſweeter earthly felicity. Hee hath not loſt his wit in his affection, nor wholly drowned his judgement, either in the freſh Roſes and Lillies of her beauty, or in the reſplendent luſtre of thoſe ſparkling Diamonds and ſtarres, her eyes. Hee knowes that his Eſtate is farre inferiour to his birth and extraction, and yet that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turkie*) and *Italy* are farre ſuperiour and above his eſtate: He would faine (therefore) find out the meanes to beare up his port, and conſequently to preſerve his reputation with the whole world, the which he eſteemes equall to his life, if not above it. Hee knowes that *Imperia* is already more his Wife than her husbands, and is very confident that he can make her apt for any impreſſion, and capable of any deſigne, which may advance his owne fortunes and confirme both their contents, whereunto conjoyning the ſweetneſſe of her beauty, the excellencie of her feature, and the exceeding great wealth of her old Husband, hee adding all theſe conſiderations together, they here weigh him downe to hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts and fixing his heart upon this helliſh reſolution, to ſend him ſpeedily to heaven in a bloudy winding ſheet; and no other charitable thought, or Chriſtian conſideration can divert him from this inhumane and bloudy project, neither can hee poſſibly reape any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his heart, before hee have attempted and finiſhed it.

To which end, the very next night that hee lay and wantonized in bed with his *Imperia* (for God knowes her old husband lay but ſeldome with her) and finding her extraordinarily to ſigh, hee layes hold of this advantage, and opportunitie, and very earneſtly demands of her what ayles her, whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, becauſe her heart was then flying from God to the Devill, ſo ſhee continues her ſighing, but is ſtill mute and returnes him no anſwer. Till at laſt *Moroſini* ſuſpecting that in her which his hopes deſired, and his deſires hoped for, then I ſay what his demands could not obtaine of her his kiſſes doe, when ſwearing him to ſecreſie, ſhee (after many farre fetcht ſighes) tells him; that ſhe loves him ſo deerly and tenderly, as for his ſake ſhee either wiſheth her ſelfe in her grave or her husband *Palmerius* in heaven, which is the ſweet muſique and melody that *Moroſini* expects, and which to his unexpreſſable joy hee now receives from her, when paying her the principall and intereſt of this her deereſt Love and affection towards him, with many kiſſes; hee paſſionately intreates her, that ſhee will imploy him to finiſh this pleaſing tragedy, but ſhee is againe mute hereat, and therefore hee againe more earneſtly entreates her to conferre this favour on him; Who then taking counſell of her Luſt, and of

hell,

hell, ſhee grants his firſt requeſt herein with ſilence, but his ſecond with a free and cheerefull conſent. When (as two wretched and bloudy miſcreants) they reciprocally ſweare ſecreſie herein each to other, as alſo that they will ſpeedily diſpatch him, and ſo in a very ſhort time after marry each other, and no longer live in *Ancona* but in *Venice*. But what a fatall, what a helliſh contract was this, which they equally confirme as well with oathes as kiſſes, and how at one time doe I pitty both their youth and folly, and hate their obſcene affections each to other; and their foule crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themſelves with luſt but with blood, for they are ſo reſolutely inhumane and impious, as they will needs adde murther to adultery, as if one of theſe two foule ſinnes were not enough ſufficient to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miſerable in that to come; but the devill is ſo ſtrong with them as they vow to advance, & diſdaine to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable buſineſſe; So from the matter they proceed to the manner hereof. *Moroſini* propoſeth poyſon, but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring, and adminiſtring. When ſhee propoundeth to have him ſtifled by night in his bed, to the which after two or three pauſes and conſiderations, hee will and freely conſenteth. So hereon they both doe finally agree and reſolve. But becauſe *Moroſini* knowes his *Imperia* to be a wiſe and weake woman, and therefore fitter for counſell than execution, and himſelfe alone peradventure not ſtrong enough (with ſafety) to performe it without ſome other mens aſſiſtance, hee therefore tells her that hee will likewiſe engage his faithfull friends and companions *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* herein. But *Imperia* is extreamely againſt it, as grounding her apprehenſion and feare upon this Maxime. That as one is more capable and proper to keepe counſell then two, ſo conſequently are two than foure. But when (in anſwer hereof) hee vowes and ſweares to her that they are no leſſe his faithfull friends and ſervants than hee hers; then (with much alacrity and joy) ſhee yeelds thereunto, ſo they confirming this their agreement with many oathes, and ſealing it with a world of kiſſes, hee leaves this his faire ſweet-heart in bed, and at breake of day departs from her, and ſo hies him home to his owne Lodging to his two companions *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premiſes conſidered) doe perfectly know, at what midnight Maſſe he hath beene, what ſhrine he hath viſited, and what Saint adored and prayed to.

Some three houres after they all call for their breakfaſts, the which as ſoone as they have taken and ended, (for ſtill as yet the winde is contrary for them to ſet ſaile for *Venice*) *Moroſini* prayes them forthwith to walke with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedrall Church) of that Citie which ſtands over it on a high rockie hill, and there proudly lookes up toward the Mountaines of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and downe to the azurd plaines and valleyes of the Adriatique Sea (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northerne peales, and *Neptune* danceth his Southerne Lavolta's.) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the devill) *Moroſini* firſt acquaints them with this buſineſſe, and with his, and his *Imperiaes* moſt earneſt prayers, and affectionate requeſts for their aſſiſtance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no leſſe their affliction and miſery, then this his death would infallibly prove their proſperity, triumph and glory, becauſe ſhee was formerly contracted to himſelfe, long before hee married her: which ſhee was enforced and conſtrained to doe through the cruelty and tyrannie of her Father. Now as their needs not many good words and perſwaſions to baſe hearts, and pollured and prophane ſoules, who of themſelves are already diſpoſed to wickedneſſe, and prepared to ſinfull actions: So (becauſe of *Moroſini's* old friendſhip and familiarity, of *Imperias* beauty, and her old husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) theſe two graceleſſe wretches *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* doe cheerefully promiſe *Moroſini*, the very utmoſt of

of their poſſible powers for the accompliſhment hereof, whereon they all three doe there ſolemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oathes, as alſo for eternall ſecreſie. Which done they returne to their Lodging; and at dinner (when they had purpoſely ſent away their Servants, as alſo thoſe of the houſe) they in very great glaſſes of *Albania* wine, doe on their knees drinke healths to the proſperitie of this their intended great buſineſſe: The which after dinner *Moroſini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and ſhee (for her part) underſtands and receives it from him with no leſſe delight and exhilaration. When being (as ſtrongly ſeduced and provoked by their laſcivious deſires, as they were meerely propagated and engendered by the Devill who was the firſt and ſole Author thereof) impatient of all delayes they conclude to finiſh this buſineſſe the ſecond night after, which (as I have beene credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the purification of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary* ſo famous and famouſed in *Loretto*, and and hereon theſe our two luſtfull and lewd Lovers *Moroſini* and *Imperia* doe give and take exact and curious directions each from other, both of the houre and the manner, thereby the better to diſpatch it, with leſſe danger and more aſſurance and facilitie; And they are ſo laſcivious in their wiſhes, ſo vaine and prophane in their hopes, ſo cruell and inhumane in their deſires, and ſo fierce and bloody in their reſolutions, as they think every houre an age before they ſee it effected.

All this while our innocent and harmeleſſe old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to pleaſe his young wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea and almoſt every day) he hath both the power and will to beſtow ſome rich gifts and preſents on her, and to raine downe ſhowers of Gold into her lap, as *Ioue* did to his faire *Danae*, and as one way he held it his felicity to gaze & contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty, ſo againe he made it his delight and glory to ſee her flant it out in rich and brave apparell, and alſo to provide her the moſt rareſt Viands and daintieſt dyet that gold or ſilver could procure. But poore *Palmerius* (all this coſt and courteſie of thine to thy wife notwithſtanding) I am enforced to write with equall pitty to thee, and ſhame to her, little doſt thou conceive or thinke, what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernitious Viper thou harboureſt in harbouring her in thy Houſe, thy Bed, thy Boſome.

The diſmall night being now come, which theſe foure execrable perſons have deſigned and deſtined for the finiſhing of this deplorable buſineſſe. It is no ſooner twelve of the Clock by *Moroſinies* watch, but hee with *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Piſtols without any light) iſſue forth their lodging, & preſently trip away to *Palmie*. houſe, where (according to promiſe) they find the ſtreet doore a little open and *Imperia* (as a fury of hell) there ready to receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble than kiſſe; yet ſo fervent is the fire of *Moroſini* & *Imperias* laſcivious furious & affection, as they cannot yet refraine from giving each other one, or two at leaſt. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawne) cloſe within the doore to guard and make it good againſt all oppoſing and intervening accidents, *Moroſini* leads *Imperia* by her right arme, & *Aſtonicus* by the left, and ſo for the more ſecurity (purpoſely) leaving their ſhoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on woollen pumpes, they all three aſcend the ſtaires when ſhe (with wonderfull ſilence) firſt conducts them to her owne chamber (which was ſome two diſtant from her (husbands) where the windowes being cloſe ſhut, and a ſmall wax candle burning on her table, and her prayer booke by it wherein (ſtill expecting the houre of midnight) ſhe ſilently read whiles the Devill held the candle to her, ſhee there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having ſilently given ſuch order, that her husbands Nephew *Richardo*, and all the ſervants of the houſe, were gone to bed above three houres before: Thus this treacherous ſhe-devill *Imperia* (for I can no more tearme her a woman, much leſſe a wife, and leaſt of all a Chriſtian) is the fatall guide to bloody *Moroſini* and *Aſtonicus*, who brings them firſt to the doore of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which ſhee had purpoſely left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deepely and ſoundly ſleeping in his innocency towards them, as they

were

were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice againſt him, ſhee keeping the doore, and *Moroſini* ſtanding by one ſide of the bed, and *Aſtonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotencie and weakeneſſe) doe eaſily ſtifle him to death, not ſo much as ſuffering him either once to crie or ſcreech; and then to make ſure worke, they ſpeedily and violently thruſt a ſmall Orenge into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villanie to the world, in making all men beleeve, that it was *Palmerius* himſelfe who had put that Orenge into his owne mouth, thereby purpoſely to deſtroy himſelfe; when leaving his breathleſſe body in his bed, they ſecretly iſſue forth the Chamber, and ſhe drawes faſt the doore after her, and ſo deſcends with them downe the ſtaires to the ſtreet-doore, where with much triumph, joy, and thankes betweene them all, *Moroſini* giving his *Imperia* many kiſſes, and ſhee deſiring them all three immediately to repaire to their Lodgings, and not to ſtirre thence till they heare from her, which ſhee promiſeth *Moroſini* ſhall be as ſoone as conveniently and poſſibly ſhee can, they depart home: When ſhee firſt ſoftly bolting the ſtreet-doore, and then her owne Chamber-doore, ſhee preſently (with much ſecuritie, and no repentance) betakes her ſelfe to her bed, where (vilde wretch that ſhee is) ſhee no more wakes for griefe at the life, but now ſleepes for joy at the death of her old doating Husband *Palmerius*. But wee ſhall not goe farre, before wee ſee God convert theſe her triumphs into teares, and this her falſe joy into true miſerie and confuſion for the ſame: The manner thus.

Whiles *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* doe in their Lodging, for joy of this their bloudie fact, carowſe the remainder of the night, and the next morning keepe their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan; *Imperia* putting an Angels face on her divelliſh heart, goes (according to her accuſtomed manner) about ſixe of the clock in the morning away with her waiting-maid, and her prayer-booke and beads in hand, to heare Maſſe at Saint *Francis* (which is the Gray-Fryers) Church neere to the Jewes Street, with an intent to ſtay there in her Oraiſons till paſt eight. But let the reader judge, with what a prophane zeale and prodigious and impious devotion ſhe doth it; as alſo farther know, that God who is the great Judge of Heaven and Earth (in his ſacred Juſtice) is now reſolved to bring this lamentable murthering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and to proclaime and publiſh it to the ſight and knowledge of the world by a way no leſſe ſtrange than remarkable.

Within leſſe than halfe an houre that *Imperia* went away to Maſſe to Saint *Francis* Church, an Inne-keeper of *Loretto*, who dwelt there at the ſigne of the Crowne, named *Antonio Herbas*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* houſe, with a Letter for him from his Father *Bondino*; who ſpeaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, hee delivereth and ſendeth up the Letter to his Unckle, who then opening the Latch of his Chamber doore, hee no ſooner entereth, but with his foot hee ſtumbles at a paire of rich Gloves, which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Moroſini*, becauſe ſome two or three dayes together hee had ſeene him weare them, hee with a ſmile claps them into his pocket, and ſo giving his Unckle the good-morrow, hee advanceth up to his bed, to deliver him this Letter: When withdrawing the curtaines, hee (contrarie to his expectation) findes him dead, and well-neere cold in his bed, with a whole ſmall Orenge in his mouth; whereat hee makes ſo lamentable and ſorrowfull an out-crie, that the noiſe thereof brings up two ſervants of the houſe, to enquire and know what the cauſe thereof might be: Who being likewiſe ſad ſpectators of this their Maſters ſodaine and unfortunate death, they conceive and beleeve, that hee had voluntarily ſtopped his owne breath, and deſtroyed himſelfe by putting this Orenge in his mouth, and that his face being blacke and ſwollen, was onely his owne ſtrugling for life againſt death; which opinion of theirs, in common ſenſe and reaſon was probable enough, if God had not here reſolved to diſprove it, in verifying and making apparant

rant the contrarie. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a ſharpe and quicke apprehenſion) conſidering that theſe were *Moroſini's* Gloves which hee found there in his Unckles chamber; and his memorie now telling his heart, what laſcivious daliances and obſcene embraces and familiaritie his eyes had lately ſeene and knowne betweene him and his Aunt *Imperia*, as alſo that God heretofore prompted and informed his ſoule, that they both had an equall ſhare and hand in this lamentable murther of his Unckle, and that it was farre better for him juſtly to ruine her now, then ſhe unjuſtly to begger him hereafter: Hee therefore (with teares in his eyes) prayes the ſervants to ſtay a little while in the chamber with his dead Unckle till his returne; and then (with thoſe Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he ſpeeds away to the Podeſtate (or criminall Judge) of this Citie, named Seignior *Ludovicus Ceranno*, and in a paſſionate and ſorrowfull ſpeech makes him know as much as himſelfe knowes of this lamentable murther of his Unckle *Palmerius*, for the which hee ſtrongly chargeth *Moroſini* and his ſaid Aunt *Imperia* to be the Author and Actor, and ſo craves Juſtice on them both for the ſame. This grave perſonage is very ſorrowfull at this lamentable accident, and likewiſe at this relation and accuſation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the qualitie of the perſons who he heares and feares are intereſted herein, when walking a turne or two, deepely contemplating hereon in his chamber, he ſits himſelfe downe in his Chaire, and then (bidding *Richardo* approach neerer to him) he ſeriouſly demands of him theſe foure Queſtions. Firſt, if he were aſſured that theſe were *Moroſini's* Gloves; to which *Richardo* anſwered, he perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had ſeene him weare them three or foure ſeverall times. Secondly, where *Moroſini* was lodged in that Citie; whereat he replyed, that he and his two aſſociates, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the ſigne of the Ship upon the Key. Thirdly, where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was; whereat he tells him, ſhe is now in Saint *Francis* Church, in her devotions. And fourthly, what Letter that was which he held faſt ſealed in his hand; when he alſo informed him, that this was the very ſame Letter which he formerly told him of, the which Seignior *Bondino* (the Father to his Aunt *Imperia*) ſent to his Unckle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inne-keeper of that Towne, named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he ſaid he had brought along with him to affirme ſo much; the which being called up before the Podeſtate, he upon his corporall Oath did ſo: when the Podeſtate taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the ſeales thereof, he findes it to ſpeake this language.

BONDINO to PALMERIUS.

IT was a ſenſible griefe to me, when I firſt heard of Moroſini's *arrivall from* Turkie *to* Ancona; *but farre the greater, when I ſince underſtand of his long and lingring ſtay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreames by night, doe ſtill prompt and aſſure me, that as it is likely he will attempt ſomething againſt the Chaſtitie of thy Wife my Daughter, ſo it is not impoſſible for him likewiſe to plot ſomewhat againſt thine owne life, for by nature and inclination I heare he is very malicious and revengefull. If he depart ſpeedily to* Venice, *then burne this Letter in* Ancona (*which I now ſend thee there by my neighbour* Antonio Herbas;) *but if he farther protract his ſtay there, then ſpeedily bring thy ſelfe and thy Wife away to me here in* Loretto; *where my Houſe ſhall be a Sanctuarie for her, and a Caſtle and Cittadel for thy ſelfe: Slight not this my carefull and tender advice to thee, but rather reſolve with confidence, that as God gave it firſt to my heart, ſo from my heart I moſt affectionately now ſend it to thee.*

BONDINO.

The Podeſtate being aſcertained of all theſe Evidences, from the confeſſion of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Moroſini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgement of *Herbas*,

Herbas, although hereupon he verily beleeves that *Palmerius* was ſtifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia* and her lover *Moroſini*, yet (as a wiſe Judge and a prudent Magiſtrate) he will informe his knowledge of one important point more, for the better diſquiſition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable buſineſſe: He will not ſend any ſubordinate Officer, but a private friend of his, to the Hoaſt of the Ship upon the Key, where *Moroſini* lodged, whoſe name he now knowes to be *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he ſhould courteouſly allure him home to his houſe and preſence, the which that friend of his performes; where the Podeſtate then told him, that he hath beene informed by divers, that he is an honeſt man, and therefore in friendly ſort he prayes him to anſwer him the truth of three demands which he ſhall make unto him. Firſt, if *Moroſini* and his friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* lay in his houſe all the laſt night, or if not, when they went abroad, and at what houre returned. When *Fundi* (performing his dutie and reverence to the Podeſtate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his houſe together the laſt night with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clocke, and returned home againe a little before two, as neere as he could gueſſe. Secondly, the Podeſtate ſhewes him the Gloves, and askes of him, if he thought theſe were *Moroſini's*; to the which he anſwered, he did aſſure himſelfe they were, for that he had many times ſeene him weare them. Thirdly, he enquires of him, if he knew where *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* now were; whereunto he made anſwer, that after they came home to his houſe the laſt night, they merrily carowſed and dranke in their Chamber till ſix of the clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they all lay ſoundly ſleeping. The Podeſtate having thus happily cleared all theſe rubs, he makes no doubt they were the murtherers of *Palmerius*, and therefore reſolves ſpeedily to lay ſure hold of them all. But he is ſo ſolid and wiſe in his adminiſtration of Juſtice, as he will adde ſubtiltie to his power, and diſcretion to his authoritie. Firſt therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a Chamber here in his owne houſe, to prevent that he ſhould not returne home to tell tales to *Moroſini* and his aſſociates. Then he preſently ſends away two of his owne ſonnes, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named *Seignior Alexandro* and *Thomaſo Cranzo* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his Coach to Saint *Francis* Church, and when they there ſee the faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to iſſue forth, then in courteous manner not to faile to bring her away in Coach with them to his houſe under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honoria* their Mother doth deſire to ſee and ſpeake with her, and that ſhe will pleaſe to paſſe one houre with her in her Garden, with whom and where ſhe (by the way of viſits) had formerly ſometimes beene. Theſe two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Fathers commands) drive away to that Church, and preſently eſpie *Imperia* on her knees, who now riſeth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the ſtreet, with their Hats in their hands, doe preſent their Lady Mothers requeſt and errand to her, as wee have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podeſtates two ſonnes, ſhe at firſt is ſo infinitely perplexed, grieved, and amazed hereat, yea, ſhe is hereupon vexed and tormented in ſo ſtrange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind, ſhe now (through her foule and guiltie conſcience) lookes pale for ſorrow, and preſently red againe for ſhame; ſo that in the turning of a hand, and twinkling of an eye, ſhe exchangeth the Lillies of her cheekes into Roſes, and thoſe Roſes as ſoone againe into Lillies. But then (fearing her danger leaſt, when ſhe had all the reaſons of the world both to doubt and feare it moſt) conſidering that the Podeſtate and the Lady his Wife were her kinde and honourable good friends, and had now ſent their Coach for her, as alſo obſerving the faire carriage and courteous language of theſe two her young ſonnes towards her; ſhe then (being blinded by the Devill) doth ſo wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her ſelfe, that rejecting her feare, and compoſing her countenance to a modeſt chearefulneſſe, ſhe willingly obeyes the Mothers commands, and accepts of the Sonnes courteſie, and ſo goes along home with them in

their

their Coach, where being arrived. Theſe two young Gentlemen, douſher and conduct her up to the gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podeſtate their Father, (accompanied with two other grave Officers of juſtice attend her comming. Their very firſt ſight is ſufficiently capable to daunt her courage with feare, and to tranſpierce her heart and ſoule with ſorrow; When the Podeſtate calling her to him, hee with a ſterne countenance gives her this thundering peale for her goodmorrow and breakfaſt. That he is ſorry to ſee that ſo faire a Gentlewoman as her ſelfe, ſhould harbour and enſhrine ſo foule a heart. That her good old Husband *Seignior Palmerius* is this morning found ſtifled to death in his bed with an Orenge in his mouth, and that he both thinks and aſſures himſelfe, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato *Moroſini*, for the which he ſaith he is conſtrained (in honour to juſtice) to make her Priſoner to the Pope his Holineſſe, his Soveraigne Lord and Maſter, whereat this falſe hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of ſighes and teares cries out and tels him that ſhe left her old husband *Palmerius* in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore ſhee hopeth and truſteth in God he is not murthered, or if he be, that it muſt needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great wealth and riches, or elſe by ſome Devill in his ſhape, of his ſeducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Moroſini* is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave Marchant by his profeſſion, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by birth and extraction, and that ſhee dares pawne her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent of this foule crime as the infants who were borne but the laſt night, and that ſhe hath farre more reaſon to weepe for the death of her husband, than any way to feare her own life, becauſe ſhe knowes that God is the defender of innocents, and the protector of the righteous, with many other paſſionate and ſorrowfull ſpeeches conducting and looking that way; but theſe her ſpeeches and teares cannot prevaile with the Podeſtate, for both he and his two Collegues do yet firmely beleeve that ſhe is guilty of this inhumane murther; So he impriſoneth her in a chamber of his own houſe for that day, and intends at night to ſend her to the common Goale of that City. Now as ſhe is led along betweene two Uſhers (or Serjeants through a lower roome, where all the Podeſtates Servants and ſome few others of the City were flocked thither to ſee her paſſe by, ſhe infinitely more caring for her *Moroſini's* life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to eſpie *Mercario* (whom we have formerly underſtood ſhe ſent with her Letters to him to *Conſtantinople* and *Aleppo*, and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to ſpeak with any of the company, ſhe amidſt her teares bethinks her ſelfe of a pretty policy; for as ſhe paſt cloſe by *Mercario* ſhe purpoſely lets fall her gloves and wet handkerchiefe for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was ſtooping to effect it, ſhe ſecretly and ſwiftly rounds him in his eare thus. I pray go inſtantly upon the Kay to *Moroſini's* lodging, and tell him that I am a priſoner in the Podeſtates houſe, for the buſineſſe he knowes of, and therefore that he (and *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*) do ſpeedily provide for their ſafety, as alſo that if I had a thouſand lives I would willingly loſe and ſacrifice them all for to preſerve his, and that I will live and dye his moſt loving friend and faithfull handmaide, the which as ſoone as ſhe had uttered, ſhe is impriſoned in a dark Chamber: where ſhe hath none but her guilty conſcience, the bare walles, and the two Serjeants for her miſerable comforters; and yet here (thinking to breath and draw ſome hope among all her diſpaire and ſorrowes, ſhe prayes one of the Serjeants to report her humble ſervice to the Lady *Honoria* the Podeſtates Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her ſo much as to ſee and ſpeak a word with her. But ſhe having beene informed by the Judge her Husband that he abſolutely held and beleeved her to be the murtherer of her own Husband *Seignior Palmerius*, ſhe was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courteſie, and therefore (in deteſtation of her foule fact) highly diſdained to afford her this charity and conſolation, and ſo flatly denies either to ſee or ſpeake with her.

And now do the Podeſtate, and his two Colleagues ſit and debate in councell with themſelves, how and in what manner to ſurprize *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, for although they are not ſure, yet by their abſence the laſt night from their lodging with *Moroſini* they think that they two are acceſſaries with him herein; Firſt, they are of opinion to ſeize on their ſhip, which is at anchor in the Roade, termed the Realto of Venice (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City termed the Realto, or elſe from the Realto Bridge, which (for one Arch) is doubtleſſe the rareſt, faireſt, and richeſt Bridge of the world) which ſhip was of ſome three hundred Tunnes, and bore ſome twenty peeces of Ordnance, and then preſently after to ſeize on themſelves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they reſolve to abandon this their opinion, and ſo to ſeize on their perſons, but not to arreſt or make ſtay of their ſhip; and although their zeale to juſtice, and haſte for their apprehenſion be very great, yet *Mercario* out of his reſpects to *Imperia*, and affection to *Moroſini* tripped on through the by-ſtreets and neereſt way to the Key ſo ſwiftly, as he had already ſecretly related him and his two conſorts the ſorrowfull newes which *Imperia* ſent them by him. Whereat with feare in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their lookes and countenances, they all three leape from their beds to their ſwords, diſcharge their Inne, pack up their Truncks and baggage, and reſolve with all poſſible ſpeed to flye to their ſhip, and then if not with, yet againſt the windes to put into Sea, and for their ſafety to leave *Ancona*, and ſayle for *Venice*. But yet here *Moroſini's* heart is perplexed with a thouſand torments to underſtand of his *Imperia's* eminent and apparent danger, and with many Hels inſtead of one to ſee that hee muſt now thus ſuddenly leave her deere ſight and company, which hee every way eſteemes no leſſe than either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth. But here againe violently called away by the importunate cryes of *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, and yet farre more by the conſideration of his own proper feare and danger; *Mercario* is no ſooner ſtollen away from them, but they all three with their ſwords drawne ruſh downe the ſtayres with equall intents and reſolution to exchange their Inne for their ſhip, and thereby to metamorphoſe their danger into ſecurity; But they ſhall ſee that theſe weak and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them. For they finde all doores of their Inne lockt within ſide, and ſurrounded and beleagured without, with many armed Serjeants, Souldiers, and Citizens for their apprehenſion: And although *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, were ſo inflamed with their youthfull blood and courage, as they were once generouſly reſolved to ſell their lives deerely, and with their Piſtols and Swords to prefer an honourable to an infamous death, yet being farre overmaſtred with numbers and therefore enforced to take a Law of the ſtronger; Whereunto they the ſooner hearken and conſent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld, as affirming that to their knowledge their reſolution and feare doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a vertue of neceſſity, and unlocking the doores of their Inne and Chambers, do cheerefully yeeld up their perſons, Piſtols, and Swords to the Popes Officers of Juſtice, who as ſoone conveigh them all three to the common Priſon of that City, which was the ſame wherein our not ſo ſorrowfull as unfortunate *Imperia* was already entred, and where to her unexpreſſible griefe, and *Moroſini's* unparallell'd affliction and diſconſolation, ſuch exact charge was given of the Podeſtate, and ſuch curious heed obſerved and taken of the Goaler, that he could not poſſibly be permitted either to ſee or ſpeak with her, or ſhe with him, the which indeed they conceived to be far more ſharpe than their crime, and infinitely more bitter than the conſideration either of their feare or danger.

Now the newes of theſe lamentable accidents being ſpeedily poſted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperias* cruell Father *Bondino* no ſooner is aſcertained thereof, But ſeeing his ſonne in law *Palmerius* murthered in his bed, and his Wife and his owne only Daughter *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Moroſini* and his two conſorts) to be impriſoned as the

the authors, and actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life and the tender pitty and ſorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, ſuddenly fals ſick, and dies; whereof his impriſoned daughter *Imperia* underſtanding, ſhe (in regard of his former ſeverity towards her) is ſo much paſſionate, and ſo little compaſſionate, as ſhe rather rejoyceth than lamenteth at it; Onely ſhe prayes God to forgive his ſoule of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which ſhe knowes to be the origin all cauſe, and fatall cloud from whence have proceeded all theſe diſmall ſtormes of affliction, and tempeſts of untimely death, which ſhe feares muſt very ſhortly befall both her ſelfe, and her ſecond ſelfe *Moroſini*.

Whiles thus *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Moroſini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and ſorrow for their ſeparation than for their impriſonment, and that the Podeſtate and other Officers of juſtice of *Ancona* are reſolved firſt to informe the Pope, and then to expect his holineſſe pleaſure for the arraignement, and puniſhment of theſe foure priſoners, it pleaſed God exceedingly to viſite the Towne of *Loretto*, and eſpecially the City of *Ancona* with the Plague, whereof many thouſands in a few moneths were ſwept away, ſo by ſpeciall commiſſion and order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Priſoners) are conveyed to the City of *Polegnio*, two ſmall dayes journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tried upon their lives and deaths; at which time as they paſt by the old, little City of *Tolentino* where I then (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a burning Feaver; When, I ſay, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their perſons made my curioſity ſo ambitious, as to ſee and obſerve them in their ſeverall Chambers of the Inne where they that night lay which was at the ſigne of the Popes Armes, as for *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* I found them to be rather ſad then merry; *Moroſini* to be farre more merry than wiſe, and *Imperia* to bee infinitly more faire than fortunate, and all of them to bee leſſe ſorrowfull for their affliction and danger, than for the cauſe thereof.

Within three houres of their arrivall to *Foligno* they are all foure convented before the two criminall Judges, who are purpoſely ſent from *Rome* thither, and are there, and then ſeverally charged with this foule murther of ſtifling to death the old *Signior Palmerius* in his bed, which all and every one of them apart doe ſtiffely deny. Notwithſtanding that *Fundi* the Hoaſt, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of ſtrong preſumption againſt them, and alſo notwithſtanding of *Moroſini's* Gloves and *Bondinos* Letter written to his Sonne in law *Palmerius*, and delivered by *Herbas* as we have formerly underſtood. But theſe two grave and prudent Judges, yet ſtrongly ſuſpecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words, and ſugred ſpeeches and proteſtations of their pretended innocency, but conſult betweene themſelves what here to reſolve on for the vindication of this truth; ſo at laſt they hold it expedient and requiſite firſt to expoſe *Aſtonicus* to the torments of the Rack, the which (he being a ſtrong and robuſtuous man) he endureth, with a firme reſolution and conſtancy every way above himſelfe, and almoſt beyond beliefe, and ſtill confeſſeth nothing, but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact, whereof the Judges reſting not yet ſatisfied, they within an houre after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion and weak conſtitution of body, his right foot no ſooner feeles the unſufferable fury of the fire, and his tormentors then confidently promiſing him all deſired favour from his Judges if hee will confeſſe the truth, but after ſome ſorrowfull teares, and pittifull cries hee fully and amply doth, and in the ſame manner and forme, as in all its circumſtances we have formerly underſtood. The which when the Judges heare of, they cannot refraine, firſt from admiring and wondring thereat, and then from lamenting that perſonages of their ranke and quality ſhould be the authors and actors of ſo foule and lamentable a murther, eſpecially of this faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to her own good

old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time alſo are *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus* acquainted with this fatall confeſſion and accuſation of *Donato* againſt them for this murther, whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, becauſe they are thereby perfectly aſſured that it hath infallibly made them all three liable, and obnoxious to death, as alſo for that their ſuppoſed firme friend *Donato* proved himſelf ſo falſe a man, and ſo true a coward to be the cauſe thereof, wherein they ſo much forget themſelves, as they do not once think, and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foule murther proceeded immediately from Heaven, and originally from the providence and juſtice of the Lord of Hoſts.

The very ſame afternoone, the Judges ſent for *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus* to appeare before them in their publick tribunall of Juſtice, where they firſt acquaint and charge them with *Donatos* confeſſion and accuſation againſt them for murthering of *Palmerius*, whereat they are ſo far from being any way diſmayed or danted, as they all do deny, and refell his accuſation, and ſo in high termes do ſtand upon their innocency, and juſtification. But when they ſee *Donato* brought into the court in a chaire, (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines, had ſo cruelly ſcorched, and pittifully burnt away the fleſh of the ſole of his right foot, almoſt to the bone that he was wholly unable either to go or ſtand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him, as alſo they being alſo hotly terrified and threatned by the Judges with the torments of the Rack and Scarpines, then God was ſo gratious to their hearts and ſo mercifull to their ſoules, that they looking mournfully each at other, ſhe weeping, and they ſighing, and all of them deſpairing of life, and too perfectly aſſured of death, they all confeſſe the whole truth of this foule fact of theirs, and ſo confirme as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murthering *Palmerius* in his bed; when one of theſe two reverend and grave Judges immediately thereupon do condemne them all foure to be hanged the next morning at the common place of execution of that City; although *Donato* becauſe of his confeſſion hereof (in vaine) flattered himſelfe that he ſhould receive a pardon for his life; So they are all ſent back to their priſon from whence they came, where all the courteſie which the importunate requeſts of *Moroſini*, and the inceſſant ſighes and tears of *Imperia* can obtaine of their Judges is, that they grant them an houre of time to ſee, converſe, and ſpeak one with the other that night in priſon, in preſence of their Goalers, and ſome other perſons before they dye. When *Moroſini* being guided towards her chamber, ſuch is the weakneſſe of his Religion towards God, and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he paſſeth from chamber to chamber, he is ſo far from once thinking, much leſſe fearing of death, as he abſolutely beleeves he is going to a victory, and a triumph, here *Moroſini* with a world of ſighs throwes himſelfe into his *Imperia's* neck and breſt; and here *Imperia* with a whole deluge of teares imbraceth and encloſtereth her *Moroſini* in her armes, when after a thouſand kiſſes, they beg pardon one of another, for being the eſſentiall and actuall cauſe each of others death, and do enterchangeably both kiſſe and ſpeak, ſometimes privately, and moſt times publickly before the ſpectators, that if thoſe reports be true which I firſt heard thereof in *Tolentino*, next in *Foligno*, and laſtly in *Rome*, I ſay to depaint and repreſent it at life in all its circumſtances, I ſhould then begin a ſecond hiſtory, when I am now on the very point and period to end the firſt, neither in my conceit is it a task either proper for me to undertake or pertinent for my pen to performe, becauſe (to ſpeak freely and ingenuouſly) I hold the grant and permiſſion of this their amorous viſit and interview in priſon before they dye, to be every way more worthy of the pity than of the gravity or piety of their Judges. If therefore I do not content the curioſity, I yet hope I ſhall ſatisfie the Judgement of my Chriſtian Reader, here briefly to ſignifie this their limited houre is no ſooner paſt, but to the ſharpe affliction of *Moroſini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by their Goalers are ſeparated and confined to their ſeverall chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they finde two Friers and two Nuns attending them to prepare their ſoules

ſoules for Heaven, and in a leſſe vaine, and a more ſerious and religious conference to entertaine both their time, and themſelves, from an earthly to the ſpeculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love, as alſo from them to *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*.

But before I proceed farther, we muſt underſtand, that the two Friers have not beene with *Moroſini*, and the two Nunnes with *Imperia* above an houre, but by the two Judges there is a chiefe ſubordinate Officer of theirs ſent to priſon to tell *Imperia*, that her Uncle *Seignior Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this preſent Pope *Vrban* the eighth. But ſhe is not ſo glad of this newes, as ſhe is then curious to enquire if her *Moroſini* be likewiſe pardoned, ſo the Officer tels her no, and that hee abſolutely muſt ſuffer death, then ſhe weeps farre faſter than ſhe rejoyceth, and affirmes that ſhe will not live but dye. The Judges ſend for her, and perſwade her to live, but ſhe begs them as importunately to give *Moroſini* his life, as they doe her to accept and receive her own. They tell her they have not the power to grant her the firſt, and ſhe replyes, that ſhe then hath not the will to embrace and entertaine the ſecond. They acquaint *Moroſini* herewith, who by their order and by their ſelves do ſtrongly perſwade her hereunto, but her firſt anſwer and reſolution is her laſt, that ſhe will accept of no life if he muſt dye, neither will he refuſe any death conditionally that ſhe may live to ſurvive him. The two Friers and two Nunnes uſe their beſt art and oratory to perſwade her hereunto, but they meet with impoſſibility to make her affection to *Moroſini*, and her reſolution to her ſelfe flexible hereunto. Her life is not halfe ſo pretious to her as is his, for if ſhe had many as ſhe hath but one, ſhe is both ready and reſolute to loſe and ſacrifice them all for his ſake, and would eſteem it her felicity that her death might redeeme and ranſome his life. The Judges (out of their goodneſſe and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perſwade her hereunto, but ſhe is ſtill deafe to their requeſts, and ſtill one and the ſame woman, deſirous to live with him, or conſtant and reſolute to dye for him. Therefore when nothing can prevaile with her, becauſe dye he muſt, ſo dye ſhe will; to the which ſhe cheerefully prepares her ſelfe, with an equall affection and reſolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all foure brought to the place of common execution to ſuffer death. Where *Donato* is firſt lifted up to the Ladder, who being fuller of paine than words ſaid little in effect, but that hee wiſhed he had either dyed in *Conſtantinople* or *Aleppo*, or elſe ſunke in the Sea before he came to *Ancona*, and not to have here ended his dayes in miſery and infamy. The next who was ordered to follow him was *Aſtonicus*, who told the world boldly and plainly, that hee cared leſſe for his death than for the cauſe thereof, and that he loved *Moroſini* ſo perfectly and deerely, that he rather rejoyced than grieved to dye for him, only he repented himſelfe for aſſiſting to murther *Palmerius*, and from his heart and ſoule beſeeched God to forgive it him, and ſo he was turned over. Then *Moroſini* aſcends the Ladder clad in a haire colour Satin ſute and a paire of Crimſon ſilke Stockings, with Garters and Roſes edged with ſilver lace, being ſo vaine in his carriage, action, and ſpeeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of ſighes) takes a ſolemne leave of his ſweet heart *Imperia*, and withall the powers of his heart and ſoule prayes her to accept of his life, and ſo to ſurvive him; Hee makes an exact and godly confeſſion of his ſinnes to God and the world, and yet nevertheleſſe he is ſo vaine in his affection toward *Imperia*, as he takes both to witneſſe, that had he a thouſand lives hee would cheerefully loſe them all to ſave and preſerve hers. As for *Imperia*, ſuch was her deere and tender affection to him, as ſhe would faine look on him, as long as he lives, and yet ſhe equally deſires and reſolves rather to dye than to ſee him dye, and becauſe ſhe hath not the power, therefore ſhe turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to ſee him dye; when he having ſaid his prayers and ſo recommended his ſoule into the hands of his Redeemer, he is alſo turned over.

Now although our *Imperia* be here againe and againe ſolicited by the Iudges, Friers, and Nuns, to accept of her life, yet ſhe ſeeing her other ſelfe *Moroſini* dead, ſhe therefore diſdaines to ſurvive him; ſhe hath ſo much love in her heart, as ſhe now hath little life, and leſſe joy in her looks and countenance. She aſcends the Ladder in a plaine black Taffeta Gowne, a plaine thick ſet Ruffe, a white Lawne Quaife, and a long black Cypreſſe vaile over her head with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than ſpeak, ſhe caſting a wonderfull ſad and ſorrowfull look on her dead lover *Moroſini*, after many volleyes of far fercht ſighes ſhe delivers this ſhort ſpeech to that great concourſe of people who from City and Countrey flocked thither to ſee her and them dye.

Good people: I had lived more happy, and not dyed ſo miſerable, if my Father *Bondino* had not ſo cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerius* whom I could not love, and to leave *Moroſini*, whom in heart and ſoule I ever affected a thouſand times deerer than mine own life, and may all Fathers who now ſee my death, or ſhall hereafter heare or reade this my Hiſtory be more pitifull and leſſe cruell to their Daughters by his example. I do here now ſuffer many deaths in one to ſee that my deere *Moroſini* is dead for my ſake, for had he not loved me deerly and I him tenderly, he had never died for me, nor I for him, with ſuch cheerfulneſſe and alacrity as now we do. And here to deale truly with God and the World, although I could never affect or fancy my old husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and ſoule I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death, the which God forgive me, and I likewiſe requeſt you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceale or diſſemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather becauſe I have no more lives to loſe for my *Moroſini's* affection and ſake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his ſoule, and ſo I heartily requeſt and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and proſperous lives, my ſelfe to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyfull and glorious reſurrection in heaven, when ſigning her ſelfe often with the ſigne of the Croſſe, ſhe puls her vaile down over her face, and ſo praying that ſhe might be buried in one and the ſame grave with *Moroſini*, ſhe bad the Executioner performe his office, who immediately turns her over.

And if reports be true. Never three young men, and one faire young Gentlewoman died more lamented and pitied than they. For *Moroſini* died with more reſolution than repentance, and *Imperia* with more repentance than reſolution, thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wiſdome out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty, ſo ſhall we live as happy as they dyed miſerably, and finiſh our dayes and lives in as much content and tranquillity as they ended theirs in ſhame, infamy, and confuſion.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVII.

Father Iuſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inne-keeper poyſon* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his houſe and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up, and devoures a great part of his body; which Father* Iuſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they flye upon the ſame but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

WHere our hearts are given to covetouſneſſe, and cruelty, there is little ſigne of grace, and therefore leſſe hope of our proſperity either in this life, or the next; For thoſe are ſins which ſo eclipſe our judgements, and obſcure and darken our underſtandings, that we thereby run blindefolded, and headlong to all miſery and confuſion, and make our eſtates ſo deſperate that wee ſhall not deſerve to be pitied of others, becauſe wee would neither pity nor compaſſionate others, or which is worſe, our ſelves. A deplorable example whereof, this enſewing Hiſtory will preſent to our knowledge and conſideration, in the perſons of two execrable wretches which did wilfully caſt away themſelves, and their lives upon foule and enormous motives. May we religiouſly reade it to the information of our Conſciences, the reformation of our lives.

A Rich Goldſmith of *Dijon* (the Capitall City of *Burgundy*) named Monſieur *De Laurier*, aged of ſome threeſcore yeers or upwards, having been at *Franckford Mart*, and there ſold many Iewels, Bracelets, and chaines of Pearle, for the which he had there received ſome 1700 Crownes; as he returned homewards with all that great ſumme of money, converted into double Piſtols, which he carried behinde him in his Cloak-bag and

and ſome remaining jewels; and in a private leather girdle next to his body. It chanced that he fell ſick on the way, whereof finding himſelfe ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travell, he got into a poore countrey Taverne upon the high way, ſome five leagues off from the Towne of *Salines*, where he took up his lodging for that night, and there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxone*, and the other two of *Troyes* in *Champagne*) very unkindely forſook him, and left him alone to himſelfe; His ſickneſſe that night increaſing (which gave him much paine and little reſt) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himſelfe not ſafe there; the next morning takes horſe, and very ſoftly rides towards *Salynes*, where he arrived about ſome two of the clock after dinner and went into the very firſt Inne which he met, at the extreameſt end of the Towne, at the ſigne of S. *Denis*, whereof the Hoaſt of the houſe was named *Adrian*, and his Wife *Iſabella*, they were both of them about ſome forty yeeres old, very ſhort of ſtature, and weak of conſtitution of body, he of a cole black countenance, but ſhe faire and of a pale white colour, as for him he was of a diſſolute life and carriage, extreamely given to wine and women. He was of poore parentage and borne to no meanes at all, but ſhe was well deſcended, and brought him at leaſt two thouſand Crownes to her portion in marriage, the which he had prodigally waſted, and deboſhedly ſpent and ſquandred away, in following of his vicious riots and obſcene pleaſures and prodigalities: As for her, ſhe was of a modeſt carriage and of a vertuous diſpoſition and inclination, ſo that by Antitheſis I may very well averre and affirme, that his baſe vices made her ſweet vertues the more apparant and conſpicuous, and her vertue his vices to all that knew them. She made chaſtity and piety to be the two ſweet ornaments, and Iumeall vertues of her life, yea to be the Elixar of her life, and the life of her ſoule. It was therefore an extreame griefe to her heart, and a matchleſſe torment to her minde, to ſee the ſordid actions and humors of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to ſee how becauſe he would not ſerve God, ſhe could not ſerve him, and therefore that he had vitiouſly ſpent ſo much, as now in a manner he had almoſt nothing more left to ſpend. The ſight and knowledge whereof drownes all the pleaſures of her life, inſomuch as ſhe could ſacrifice to nothing but to ſorrow and repentance, and that which grieved her moſt and worſt of all, was to ſee that he diſdained her adviſe and counſell, and that he was ſo farre from reformation, as his vices grew and encreaſed with his yeares: and had now not only taken up a habit but a ſecond nature in the perverſity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lilies of her joyes and the Roſes of her content were turned into thornes of griefe, and briers and thiſtles of her vexation, inſomuch as ſhe was farre more able to ſigh than to ſpeak forth her Calamities and miſeries. He loved not his houſe, and which was worſe he hated her company, yea his eſtate was ſo miſerable, ſo deplorable, as he never converſed with God in prayer, and very ſeldome frequented his Church, the Service or Sacraments, and to ſhew himſelfe the more prophane, hee hated all Prieſts and Preachers of Gods holy word and ordinances, and loved none ſo well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyſon and contagion of the ſoule.

And into this houſe, and to this vitious Hoaſt *Adrian*, is our ſick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his ſickneſſe, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with teares than inke, that it was impoſſible for him to have entred into a worſe; but ſuch was his fate, ſuch his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Iſabella* his Hoſteſſe, farre better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his diſeaſe gives him no truce, ſo conſequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to bee ſick in an unknowne place, and among ſtrangers, but farre more to be ſo farre off from his owne houſe, and from his only childe and ſonne *Leonardo*, whom hee loves farre dearer than himſelfe. It is another affliction to him; that his money and ſome jewels are here, and not at his home, and if his judgement faile him not, he ſuggeſteth

geſteth to himſelfe, that the ſight and knowledge thereof may engender him far more danger than ſecurity; but he conceales and diſſembles that, far better than he can his ſickneſſe, for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and bolſter. He cauſeth *Adrian* his Hoaſt to bring him a Phyſitian, named *La Motte*, who ſeeing his water and feeling his pulſe, tels him he is very dangerouſly ſick of a burning Feaver, the which to prevent, he lets him blood two ſeverall dayes following, and then gives him farre more hope than deſpaire of his health: But all this notwithſtanding, *De Laurier* findes himſelfe very weak, and his ſickneſſe rather much to increaſe, than any way to diminiſh. As for *Iſabella*, according to the lawes of hoſpitality (which ought to be unviolable to all the world) ſhe tends him with much reſpect and diligence, and in a word, performes the part and duty, both of a good Hoſteſſe, and of a good woman: But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and reſolutions run another contrary courſe and Carriere; for he imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray that he may ſpeedily dye in his houſe, or elſe he hath already ſwapt a bargaine with the Devill, to murther him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruines of his poore and tottering eſtate. He findes it a work not only of difficulty, but of impoſſibility, to know what rich ſtuffe he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, becauſe he ſtill keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wreſting from him, that he is a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, and that he came now from *Franckford* Mart, he therefore beleeves that he hath ſtore of Gold and jewels about him. His poverty and his covetouſneſſe gives the ſwitch to the Devill, and the Devill gives the ſpur to him, to raiſe his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and reſolutions as ſo many lines, runne to terminate in this one only Centre, which is that of *De Lauriers* death. He ſets his wits and inventions on the Tenter hooks, to discover this imagined Indies, but he findes him to be as cautious and ſecret in concealing, as he himſelfe is curious to bewray it. He purpoſely keeps all company from him, and will not ſo much as permit his Phyſitian or Apothecary to ſpeak a word with him, but he will ſtill be preſent to hear and underſtand it. He with oily words and ſilken ſpeeches, pryes into his deepeſt ſecrets, and purpoſely endevoureth to inſinuate and ſcrew himſelfe into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather feare than love him, and ſo eſteemes the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger, to the which end, with many colourable excuſes and evaſions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But he is ſo miſerable to ſee his miſeries approach, becauſe the violence and impetuoſity of his Feaver doth every way advance, no way retire; and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health do fade, not flouriſh, and rather quaile than proſper. He reſolves to be as religious as he is ſick, and therefore prayes his hoaſt *Adrian* to bring him a Prieſt to give him the Sacrament; *Adrian* performes his requeſt, but brings him a Prieſt named father *Juſtinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine, better than he doth either Heaven or God; ſo this unſpirituall Father gives him the extreame Unction, and prepares him for his journey and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continuall vanities and prodigalities have likewiſe made him poore; ſo being equall with *Adrian* both in vice and poverty, he is likewiſe equal, and ſympathizeth with him in hope and deſire to repaire his indigence, and to enrich himſelfe by the ſuppoſed treaſure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this deboſhed Prieſt is malitious in this his policy, ſo he is alſo politick in this his malice: for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aimes with him at the ſame Butt and Mark; he dares, but yet will not acquaint him with his bloody purpoſe, to contract a helliſh league and confederation with him, for the violent diſpatch, and inhumane and untimely diſpeeding of him away from earth to heaven. Whiles thus *De Lauriers* ſickneſſe and weakneſſe encreaſeth, and his Prieſt and *Adrians* covetouſneſſe begins wholly to weigh downe their ſoules and reſolutions to haſten his deplorable death; as the Prieſt is ready to break his minde to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they ſhould finiſh and compaſſe this bloody buſineſſe, *Adrian* contrarywiſe, yea, and directly contrary to the rules of Nature, and Lawes of Grace, breaks his

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minde hereof to his vertuous and Religious Wife *Iſabella*, whom he ſeeks to draw in as an actor in this mournfull, and as an agent in this cruell Tragedy. He is as graceleſſe as impudent in this foule and fatall attempt of his; for he ſets upon her with the ſweeteſt ſpeech, and ſmootheſt perſwaſions, that either art could ſuggeſt, or the malice of the Devill invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon, leaves not to conveigh and diſtill in her minde, yea, and to imprint in her memory their forepaſt wealth, their preſent poverty and miſery, and the undoubted great riches of gold and jewels which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have obſerved) he very carefully day and night kept his Caſket under his pillow, and in a helliſh eloquence repreſents unto her the facility of this fact, either by Poniard, or poyſon, adding withall, that the danger thereof would infallibly dye with him, with a thouſand other damnable alluring ſpeeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am farre more inclinable to ſilence than expreſſe: But wretched villaine, and execrable miſcreant that he is, he ſpeaks not a word, no not a ſyllable of God, or his juſtice, of heaven or hell, or of the foulneſſe of that fact, or the juſt revenge and puniſhment incident and due thereunto.

His vertuous wife *Iſabella* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloody and inhumane propoſition of her husband, and all trembling, with ſighs and teares receives it from him with no leſſe true affection and ſorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for ſhame, as his were pale with envie the reat; when God infuſing as much goodneſſe into her heart and tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his ſoule and reſolutions, ſhe fell on her knees to his feet, and with her eyes and hands erected towards heaven, delivered him this vertuous and religious ſpeech; That it was with infinite griefe and amazement that ſhe underſtood this his bloody poſition to her, which he knew ſhe could derive from none but hell and Satan: She repreſents to him (with much griefe and paſſion) that as puniſhment is ever the reward of ſin, ſo that of all ſinnes murther was the fouleſt, and the moſt pernicious and diabolicall. She tels him farther, that covetouſneſſe is the root of all miſchiefe, that for her part ſhe is as thankfull to God, as he is diſpleaſed with himſelfe for their poverty, and that ſhe would ever chooſe rather to live in want, than to dye in ſhame and miſery, and which is worſt of all, either to live or dye in the horrours and terrours of a guilty and ulcerated conſcience. That it is a prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the lawes of hoſpitality, but a fearfull, yea, a horrible crime, to kill any one under our own roofe, and who (in the right of humanity and Chriſtianity) comes to us for ſhelter and protection. When riſing againe from her knees, ſhe takes him about the neck and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prayes him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been ſo deere and pretious to him, by the memory of their ſixteene years ſweet cohabitation and converſation together in the holy Eſtate of Wedlock, yea for his own ſake, for his ſoules ſake, and for Gods ſake, that he would defie this Devill, which thus with his two bitter ſweet pils of Covetouſneſſe and Murther mocked and ſought to betray him: and that therefore (in the name and feare of God) he would henceforth reſume, and put on a conſtant and religious reſolution, no more to ſeduce her, or to ſuffer himſelfe to bee ſeduced by the Devill in imbruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt and harmeleſſe Goldſmith *De Laurier*, whom God hath now made their gueſt and lodger; In doing whereof (quoth ſhe) the ſame our ſacred Lord and God, (in his due time) wil be graciouſly pleaſed to increaſe our eſtate and means, and to bleſſe our poverty with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a moſt wretched villaine takes this godly refuſall and deniall of his Wife in ill part, and in requitall and conſideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a ſquint eye, I meane with an eye rather of contempt and envie than of affection; but at board, and bed, yea day and night he haunts her as a ghoſt, and never leaves purſuing of her with his prophane and importunate ſolicitations to draw her conſent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody buſineſſe; but God ſo well aſſiſted her minde and thoughts, with the grace of his holy Spirit, and ſo divinely fortified her heart

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and ſoule with his ſacred feare, that her Husbands ſweet perſwaſions could not gaine, nor his threats or menaces obtaine any thing of her, but ſtill ſhe anſwered this murtherous requeſt of his, ſometimes with religious refuſals, and then againe with paſſionate and peremptory denials, and therefore the more that ſhe ſees her husband bent to maligne and hate *De Laurier*, the more devoted and reſolute ſhe is to reſpect and tend him, ſtill bearing a curious, a carefull, and a vigilant eye over him during all the time of his ſickneſſe, to ſee that no diſaſter whatſoever might befall him in her houſe.

Adrian miſſing of this his purpoſe and deſire in his Wife, he is yet ſo haſty and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that meaſuring of Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, by himſelfe, and finding a conformity in their deboſhed vices and inclinations, he the ſooner hopes to finde a ſympathy in their affections and reſolutions, and therefore although he be a Prieſt, yet knowing him to be extreame poore, he therefore the more eaſily beleeves, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon theſe hopes, and this confidence, he delayes no time, but on a Monday morning repayres to his houſe, and after their morning cups, telling him he hath a ſecret of great importance to reveale him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut trees behinde his houſe, and there (ſwearing him to ſecrecy) reveales him this his bloody buſineſſe, where this vitious Prieſt *Juſtinian*, in hope of *De Lauriers* wealth needed no great labour or induſtry to be drawne to make one in this deplorable Tragedy. For had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, ſuch was his inſatiable thirſt and deſire of gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully reſolved to doe it to him, ſo he freely conſents to him herein, and ſweares to aſſiſt and ſecond him in murthering of *De Laurier*, and the tye and condition of this their helliſh bargaine is, that what gold, ſilver, or jewels they ſhall finde him to have, they will inſtantly after his death equally divide and ſhare betweene them; and hereunto like two bloody hell-hounds, they interchangeably give hands, and ſolemnely ſweare each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody deſigne and reſolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein. For Father *Juſtinians* little Boy which was accuſtomed to anſwer him at Maſſe comes thither haſtily and with his little wine pot on his finger tels him, that there were many perſons who ſtayed for him before the Altar on their knees and earneſtly enquired for him to ſay Maſſe, whereupon they both referre the concluſion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very ſame place and Grove, but at leaſt an houre ſooner; So away goes *Adrian* home to his houſe, and away likewiſe trips Father *Juſtinian* with his Surpleſſe under his arme and his Breviary (or Matines Book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagine what a prophane ſacrifice, his bloody heart and hands offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of gold and blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delayes) come at the aforeſaid time and place of their rendezvous where they preſently fall to their former conſultation of the manner and time of murthering *De Laurier*, firſt, they propoſe to ſtab him in his bed to death, but this they reject, becauſe the blood would appeare in the ſheets, bed, and chamber; So they reſolve to poyſon him, and to this end *Adrian* buyes the poyſon, and Father *Juſtinian* will give and adminiſter it to him in a Wafer or *Agnus Dei*, the which he is ſometimes accuſtomed to give him in his ſickneſſe: But here Father *Juſtinian* ſuggeſteth another doubt; and propoſeth another deſigne, which is, that *Adrian* muſt likewiſe draw in his wife *Iſabella* to make one in this bloody conſpiracy and murther, or elſe hee alledgeth that it can never bee ſafe for them to attempt or effect it; *Adrian* anſwereth him that he hath heretofore with his beſt power and art ſought to ſeduce his Wife hereunto, but that he findes it wholly impoſſible to draw her to this conſent: But Father *Juſtinian* will yet make another triall and experiment on her himſelfe, ſo he and her husband *Adrian* ſet afreſh on her, to allure her to bring at leaſt her conſent, if not her hand to the murthering of *De Laurier*. But our ſweet

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and vertuous *Iſabella* is ſtill one and the ſame woman, for ſhe heares theſe bloody ſpeeches and perſwations of theirs with infinite diſcontent and deteſtation. Shee is too much a Chriſtian to bee ſo much a Devill to conſent to the murther of this honeſt man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) ſhe ſeeks to divert them from it, but eſpecially her Husband, becauſe (quoth ſhe) the iſſue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her reſolute repulſe and deniall, and yet to make a vertue of neceſſity, and to caſt the better gloſſe and varniſh on their villany, they now falſly ſeeme to be diſwaded from this murther, by the ſight of her teares and the conſideration of her requeſts and prayers; wherefore with a prophane and helliſh diſſimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious ſpeeches and diſſwaſions hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs againſt *De Laurier*, as alſo the very thought thereof, and therefore they conjure her to keep and ſweare ſecrecy herein from all the World, the which ſhe willingly doth. But yet her feare prompts her heart, that this humane converſion, and religious reſolution of theirs is only falſe and feigned, as every way ſavouring more of diſſimulation than truth. In which regard ſhe feares with ſuſpition, and ſuſpects with doubt, that no leſſe than honeſt and innocent *De Lauriers* life, lyes now at the ſtake of their bloody malice and envie.

Here Father *Iuſtinian*, and *Adrian* (to make ſmooth and cleere work) do conclude and reſolve that *Iſabella* muſt be ſpeedily removed from *Salines* to ſome place in the country without once ſeeing or ſpeaking with *De Laurier* when a favourable occaſion ſeconds their damnable intents and deſires herein: for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her own old Father who dwelt ſome foure leagues off from *Salines* is very ſick and not like to live; whereupon *Adrian* preſently diſpatcheth away his wife *Iſabella* to him, and with her their ſervant maide *Graceta*. But before her departure ſhe is deſirous to ſee *De Laurier*, and to take her leave of him; but her husband will by no meanes permit her; ſo ſhe goes from her home, and from him into the countrey, with a ſorrowfull and a trembling heart, as far more fearing *De Lauriers* unnaturall death, then doubting of her Fathers naturall caſe. For her heart frames her ſo many apprehenſions, feares, and terrours; that her Husband and Father *Iuſtinian* are fully reſolved to murther and make away *De Laurier*, as ſhe abſolutely and ſorrowfully beleeves, that he ſhall never ſee her more nor ſhe him. Poore *De Laurier* takes his Hoſteſſe *Iſabellas* ſudden and unexpected departure from him very penſively and heavily, and far the more in that ſhe could not be permitted to ſee him before ſhe went. He holds it for a bad preſage, and fatall Omen to him, in regard ſhe was as diligent as her husband diſtruſtfull to him, for that her care and carriage towards him, pleaſed him as much as his harſh lookes and ſoure countenance diſcontented him; and now it is that God firſt imprints in his heart and thoughts, a fearfull ſuſpition and a ſuſpitious feare, that his Hoaſt *Adrian*, and Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, have aſſuredly ſome dangerous and execrable plot, both againſt his gold and his life. For he now ſees himſelfe reduced, to this miſery and deſpaire, that he can be permitted to ſee no body, nor no body to ſee him, except only they two. He prayes them both, that his Phyſitian *La Motte* may come to him to confer with him about the ſtate of his ſickneſſe, but they malitiouſly and wilfully deny it him, and tell him hee is gone into *France*; This refuſing anſwer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our ſick and diſcontented *De Laurier*, ſo that his feare encreaſeth with his ſickneſſe, and his ſickneſſe with his feare. Every day and night brings him more cauſe of diſpaire, than hope of conſolation, and almoſt every moment he wiſheth his gold and himſelfe in *Dijon* with his Sonne *Du Pont*, or he here in *Salines* with him, to comfort him with his ſight and preſence. He ſtill conceales his gold and jewels from this Prieſt and his Hoaſt, with the greateſt art and care he can, and yet he thinks and feares that their jealouſie thereof is not only the foundation, but will alſo prove the acceleration of his danger, for he very often ſees them privately whiſpering together and ſtill he obſerves ſome bad ſigne and fatall apparition in their looks and countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is

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not well. And although they yet give him ſome ſweet words and ſugred ſpeeches, yet he notwithſtanding the more beleeves that they are candide in wormewood and confected in gall; and that they are no other but falſe and flattering Sunne-ſhines, which portend ſome enſuing cruell ſtormes and diſmall tempeſts towards him. Once he was minded to write and ſend to *Dijon* for his Sonne, but then he as ſoone reſolves the contrary, as finding it to reliſh more of danger than diſcretion, as well for the matter which his Letter might containe, as alſo for the party who ſhould carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weakneſſe, and ſickneſſe, to his doubts, and feares, and to his ſorrowes, calamities, and perplexities, and come we againe to ſpeak of wretched *Adrian* his Hoaſt, and of prophane Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, to ſee in what ſhapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the ſtage of this hiſtory.

They are both of them ſo inhumane and cruell in their reſolution to murther poore ſick *De Laurier*, that neither the conſideration of heaven nor hell is capable to reclaime or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for his helliſh Hoaſt *Adrian*, he is ſo wilfull and haſty in his malice, as he tels Father *Iuſtinian*, that they delay too long from murthering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to diſpatch him. But for Father *Iuſtinian* who was no leſſe malitious in his ſubtilty, but yet farre more ſubtile in his malice towards *De Laurier*; He, I ſay, maturely conſidering that it were both a folly and a madneſſe for them to murther him before they firſt knew he were rich, and that he had ſome ſtore of gold about him, he therefore in ſweet tearms and phraſes pathetically adviſeth him to write and ſend for his Sonne *Du Pont*, to come over to viſit and comfort him; when likewiſe the better to guild over his ſpeeches with the more pleaſing and palpable ſhew of affection he proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himſelfe to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poore ſick *De Laurier* taking this Prieſts kinde advice to him in good part, thereupon firſt thanks him for this his courteſie, but then againe deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from falſe treachery than from any true or reall affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and ſo rather to reject, than imbrace and follow that reſolution; but at laſt weighing and conſidering his ſickneſſe by his danger, and his gold and jewels by both, as alſo if he ſhould chance to dye or miſcarry there, that his Son were then conſequently ruined in the loſſe thereof; he thereupon changeth his reſolution, and preſently reſolves to write and ſend over to *Dijon* for his Sonne, and to that end requeſteth Father *Iuſtinian* to excuſe him, and ſo prayes his Hoaſt *Adrian* to undertake that journey and buſineſſe, the which he willingly and cheerefully granteth. Now the reſt of that day and the greateſt part of the next night *De Laurier* lyes ruminating and muſing in his bed what he ſhould write to his Sonne, and no leſſe doth Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* to think and know what he would write him; the next morning, ſix of the clock having ſtrucken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writes his Letter to his Sonne: An houre after, *Adrian* comes into his chamber booted and ſpurred to receive his commands, whom he bad to take and ride his owne horſe, then gives him foure double Piſtols to defray his journey, and ſo ſeales and gives him this enſuing Letter, and prayes him and his Sonne *Du Pont* to make all poſſible ſpeed back from *Dijon* to him.

De Laurier to Du Pont.

Some ſeven weeks ſince, comming from Franckford *Marte, I fell ſick at* Salynes *where I ſtill lye very weak in body and much diſcontented in minde in the houſe of mine Hoaſt* Adrian *(the bearer hereof) whom I purpoſely ſend over to thee, to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all poſſible ſpeed: I have here with me in gold and Iewels to the valew of one thouſand ſeven hundred Crownes, and (for ſome private reaſons) I feare that neither it nor my life is ſafe here; Come away with an intent to finde me dead or dying. Conceale this Letter from all the world. Love this Meſſenger, but truſt him not; God proſper my health, and ever bleſſe thy proſperity.*

De Laurier.

As ſoone as *De Laurier* had delivered his Hoaſt *Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father *Iuſtinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to ſee *Adrian* take horſe. But alas theſe two lewd Villaines do deceive his honeſt hopes, to performe their own treacherous intents and purpoſes; for they flye to a low parler, and then lock and bolt the doore to them; where (as if the Devill had throwne them on covetouſneſſe, or covetouſneſſe on the devill) they haſtily break up the ſeales of *De Lauriers* letter to his Sonne (which we have already ſeene and underſtood) wherein they glut and ſurfet their hopes with joy of this new deſired treaſure and diſcovered Indies, and ſo they preſently ſacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly reſolve to make that very ſame inſuing night to be the very laſt of *De Lauriers* time and the firſt of his eternity. To which end *Adrian* huſheth himſelfe up privately in his houſe from the ſight of all the world, and eſpecially from *De Lauriers* knowledge, and ſo here he ends his pretended, but not his entended journey to *Dijon*, before he began it: And he having procured exceeding ſtrong poyſon therewith that night to ſend *De Laurier* to Heaven whereof giving a little to his great old maſtive Dog in a peece of bread for a triall, he therewith preſently fell dead to the ground; he likewiſe ſends away *Thomas* his Oitler a dayes journey into the countrey upon ſome feigned buſineſſe, to the end hee ſhould bee no witneſſe of this foule and cruell fact of theirs, and then all things being firſt by the Devill, and then by theſe his two execrable agents prepared in a readineſſe; Father *Iuſtinian* goes up to *De Lauriers* chamber, and treacherouſly entertaines him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the haſte of *Adrians* journey, and conſequently with the ſpeedy returne of his Sonne *Du Pont* to him from *Dijon*. But I write it with truth and griefe, that *De Lauriers* heart and minde is preoccupated with too many obnoxious apprehenſions and feares, and taken up with too much doubt and deſpaire to the contrary; For as moſt ſickneſſes and diſeaſes are moſt commonly devanced and preceded by their ſymptomes, ſo all that day and all that evening he found a ſwimming in his head, and his ſight obſcured and darkned, as if ſome black ſcarfe, or fatall cloud had beene drawne and extended before his eyes. His heart likewiſe pants, beats, and trembles within him, as if it and his ſenſes were in a factious mutiny each with other at this their direfull departure and fatall ſequeſtration. For ſtill his feares and doubts informe him, and his apprehenſions and deſpaire prompt him, that either Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, or his Hoaſt *Adrian*, or both of them, had conſpired to murther him, the which hee once thought to have revealed to Father *Iuſtinian*, but yet againe hee dares not, as holding it more folly than diſcretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than ſafety; hee neither can nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and minde is ſo inceſſantly perplexed with feare, that hee feares hee ſhall not out-live the next enſuing night: And now indeed comes that ſorrowfull and diſmall night, wherein theſe two bloody Villaines have fully reſolved to poyſon him, *Adrian* having in a lower roome the poyſon ready, and Fa-

chamber

ther *Iuſtinian* above, almoſt ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in *De Lauriers* chamber burnt dimme and obſcure, as diſdaining to ſee, or bee acceſſary to ſo cruell a murther; neare about twelve of the clock of that night hee awakes out of his ſorrowfull diſtracted ſlumbers, and prayes Father *Iuſtinian* to give him a little ſpoonefull or two of warme wine, in a ſmall earthen pot wherein he was uſed to drink; when this monſter of men rejoycing for this fit opportunity, he ſteps forth to his bloody companion *Adrian*, takes the poyſoned wafer from him, and powres the poyſon from it into this ſmall black pot of wine, and ſo warmes it a little by the fire in *De Lauriers* chamber, and then gives it to him to drink, the which he as greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many ſtrong convulſions and ſtruglings, he within one houre after dieth, having neither the meanes to utter one word, or the power to ſcritch or cry, and yet for feare and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnate of Hell, they with the bed-ſtaves ram in a great holland towell into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knowes that deadly ſtrong poyſon had wrought its operation before, made a full conqueſt of his life, and given up his ſoule into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As ſoone as theſe two wretched miſcreants have diſpatched this lamentable buſineſſe, then they teare off his ſecret leather girdle full of gold from his waſte, and then break open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathleſſe body was halfe cold) they finde this aforeſaid great ſumme of gold and jewels, the which they preſently divide, and equally ſhare betweene them, when having curiouſly ſearched his purſe, pockets, doubler, and hoſe, they make a great fire, and immediately burne it all, as alſo his Riding Coat, Casket, and leather Girdle, yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuffes, that no marks might remaine either of it or him, and likewiſe turne his Horſe into the open field and high-wayes, to ſeek for the fortune of a new Maſter; ſo wiſe (as they thought) were they in their villany, and ſo induſtrious and cautious in this their divelliſh cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murthered corps of *De Laurier* growes cold, theſe two Factors of hell likewiſe begin to provide for his buriall; ſo a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in *Adrians* Orchard, next adjoyning to his houſe, and ſo giving him no other winding ſheet or coffin but his ſhirt, they ſecretly and ſilently carry down his body between them, and there bury him, and to make all things ſure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with greene turfes, that no mortall eye might take ſuſpition or notice thereof. This bloody buſineſſe being thus acted and perpetrated by theſe two execrable wretches, Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian*, who now ſurfet in gold, and wallow in jewels, they preſently dight themſelves into new apparell, and coſtly ſuits, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Tavernes and Stewes, as if they wilfully meant to drowne themſelves in all ſorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuouſneſſe, whereof their neighbours, yea, all *Salynes* take exact obſervation and knowledge, as wondring at the manner, but farre more at the cauſe thereof, or from whence it ſhould proceed.

Some three weekes being paſt over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to ſend home for his Wife *Iſabella* to *Salynes*, the which he doth, who much wondring at her husbands unaccuſtomed bravery, ſhe preſently enquires of him for *Monſieur De Laurier*, as if ſhe had farre more cauſe to doubt and feare of his danger, than any way to aſſure her ſelfe of his ſafety and welfare: When, hee putting on a brazen face, and ſteeling and tempering his tongue with equall falſehood and impiety, tels her that he departed thence ſafe and well ſome ten dayes ſince; that he gave him fifty Crownes for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewiſe left her and Father *Iuſtinian*, to each of them twenty other Crownes in gold: But his wife *Iſabella*) out of her goodneſſe and piety) deeming theſe ſpeeches of her Husbands to be as falſe as fatall, and verily ſuſpecting and fearing, that he (with the aſſiſtance of Father *Iuſtinian*) had ſent that harmeleſſe good old man to an untimely death and grave; ſhee burſts

forth into immoderate ſighes and teares, as ſuſpecting all was not well, yea, fearing nothing more, and beleeving nothing leſſe, than that which hee affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crownes in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) ſhe fearing it to bee the hire and price of innocent bloud, her tender conſcience is too prevalent, and her harmeleſſe heart and ſoule too powerfull with God to accept thereof, and therefore ſhe refuſeth it with as much diſdaine and diſcontent, as hee endeavoureth to give it her with affection and deſire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein, I meane to the preſent memory and well wiſhes of abſent *De Laurier*, whom ſhe ſilently feares is for ever abſent, both from this life and this world; ſhe never goes into the chamber where he lay ſick, but ſhe ſacrificeth ſome ſighes to ſorrow in his behalfe, and her imaginary apprehenſion of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either ſhee ſtill ſees his living picture, or his dead ghoſt and repreſentation, ſuch was her charitable care of him, ſuch her Chriſtian feare for him.

We have ſeene this deplorable and cruell murther committed on the harmeleſſe perſon of old *De Laurier*, by theſe two members of Satan, *Adrian*, and Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we ſhall not proceed much farther in this their hiſtory, but we ſhall ſee Gods juſt judgements miraculouſly to reſplend and ſhine forth in his puniſhments on them for the ſame: For I may properly tearme murther and puniſhment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one followes the other, as the ſhadow doth the body, as the firſt derives its originall from Satan, ſo doth the ſecond from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it ſtill cries for reſtauration and ſatisfaction. But nevertheleſſe God is as ſecret as ſacred in diſpoſing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how hee will afflict and execute it: It is no falſe axiome in Philoſophy, but a true tenent and maxime in Divinity; *That God who made all things, ſees and governes all things, and that nothing can bee concealed from the eyes of his ſacred Power and divine Providence*: All the foure Elements are the miniſters of his juſtice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, the fowles of the ayre, and the beaſts of the field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which laſt ſort and nature, the Reader (to Gods glory, and his owne information and admiration) may here obſerve a lively example, and receive a moſt powerfull preſident; but whether more ſtrange for the truth, or rare for the ſtrangeneſſe thereof I know not, and therefore will not define. For the ſame day moneth next after, that *Adrian* and Father *Iuſtinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and ravening Wolfe (being lately arouſed from the adjacent vaſt woods) ſeeking up and downe for his prey, came into *Adrians* Orchard next adjoyning to his houſe (purpoſely ſent thither by God as a miniſter of his ſacred juſtice and revenge) who ſenting ſome dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corpes of *De Laurier*, that was but ſhallowly buried there in the ground) hee fiercely with his pawes and noſe tears up the Earth, and at laſt puls and dragges it up, and there till an houre after the break of day remaines devouring and eating up of the fleſh of his armes, legges, thighes, and buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undisfigured; When inſtantly ſome Gentlemen hunters of *Salynes*, and the neighbour Pariſhes, being aſcertained by ſome Peaſants in the fields, that the Wolfe was paſt that way, they cloſely follow him with their Dogs and Hornes, and ſo at laſt finde him in *Adrians* Orchard, eating as they think, of ſome living beaſt or dead carrion; But the Wolfe being terrified with the noiſe of the hunters loud ſhoutes and cryes, as alſo of their Dogges fierce yawling and bawling, preſently forſakes his prey, and ſaves his life by his flight, although the Dogges and many Peaſants do eagerly purſue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediate finger of God) with their Javelins and Boreſpeares in their hands, ruſh into the Orchard to ſee and finde out whereon the Wolfe had preyed, when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced

forced to behold the piti ull ſpectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead mans body, miſerably devoured and eaten by that ſavage Wolfe, and the which they ſaw he had digged and torne up, as they fully beleeved from his untimely grave: They therefore at firſt ſtand aſtoniſhed with griefe, and amazed for ſorrow at this prodigious and deplorable ſight, and yet ſuch was their living compunction to this dead corps, and conſequently their zeale to Gods glory and juſtice, as confidently beleeving that hee was proditoriouſly murthered by ſome inhumane perſon or perſons; that the odious ſtinch of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to ſurvey and behold it; They finde the greateſt part of the fleſh of his body devoured by the Wolfe, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they ſee (and extreamely grieve and ſorrow to ſee) that it was a grave old man with a long white beard, but ſo beſmeared with earth and duſt as they could not refraine from ſighes and teares to behold it. Here they ceaſe to purſue the Wolfe, and becauſe neither of them knew this poore and miſerable dead carkaſe, they therefore ſtep to the other end of the Orchard, and there conſult what is fit to be done in this lamentable buſineſſe and accident. But their opinions as ſo many lines concurre and terminate in this centre, that abſolutely this dead body was cruelly murthered, and there by the murtherers privately and ſilently buried. They farther vehemently ſuſpect and beleeve, that becauſe it was buried in *Adrians* Orchard, that therefore it was apparantly probable, it was hee with his Wife and Servants who had murthered and buried him there, wherefore to keepe theſe ſuſpected bloody Birds in their Cages, they (as wiſe and judicious Gentlemen) place a ſtrong Guard of their Servants and Peaſants to watch the doores and windowes of *Adrians* houſe, that none iſſue forth thence, and they themſelves go preſently to the Criminall Judges of the Towne, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the meane our harmeleſſe and vertuous *Iſabella*, hearing theſe loud ſhouts and outcries at her doores ſo ſoone in the morning, ſhe in the abſence of her Husband; (who lay forth of his houſe that night deboſhing and revelling with his cups and Queanes) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and ſorrowfull heart, not willing to know that whereof ſhe was infinitely deſirous to be ignorant, ſhe lay ſtill bitterly ſighing and weeping in her bed, becauſe her thoughts and minde, her ſuſpicions and feares told her, that this unſeaſonable alarum and noiſe might deſcend and reflect from ſome fatall newes which had betyded *De Laurier*, and if this ſtorme and tempeſt fell not on her, yet alas ſhe extreamely feares and doubts it would fall on *Adrian* her husband, whom ſhe vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt man. As for *Thomas* her Oſtler, and *Graceta* her Maide, although this unaccuſtomed noiſe made them ſuddenly forſake their beds and apparell themſelves to receive their Miſtris commands how they ſhould beare themſelves in this hurly burly, yet becauſe they were white with innocency, yea, ſo innocent as they knew no hurt, or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either ſome unlawfull aſſembly of Peaſants, or elſe ſome caſt and disbanded Souldiers from Flanders, who came to rob their Maſters houſe or Poultry in his abſence, wherefore meere feare hereof, keepe them from either opening the doores, or looking out at windowes. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the criminall Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salynes* to do the like, and amongſt the reſt, the Phyſitian *La Motte* (of whom this Hiſtory hath already made mention, and he of all the reſt knowes the dead body, and therefore with much paſſion and ſorrow cries out: that it was a Goldſmith of *Dijon* named *Monſieur De Laurier*, who lay long ſick in *Adrians* houſe, and that he had formerly given him Phyſick there, and ſo he ſaid and affirmed that he perfectly knew him to be the ſame, and verily imagined that he was brought to ſome untimely end, and ſo buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Judges therefore beleeving the report of this honeſt Phyſitian *La Moite*; they cauſe the remainders of the fleſh of this dead body to be ſearched and viſited, the which they finde without any wounds. And yet nevertheleſſe deeming both *Adrian*, his Wife *Iſabella*, and their Servants, to be the murtherers of this honeſt man, they break open the doores, and miſſing *Adrian* they ſeize on his Wife *Iſabella*, as alſo on her Oſtler *Thomas*, and his Maide *Graceta*, and then bring them to the ſight of this dead body with whoſe murther they flatly charge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himſelfe. At this unexpected ſorrowfull newes and object, *Iſabella* is all in teares, yea ſhe is ſo extreamely perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other aſſiſtance and comfort ſhee implores that of God. She tels them that her husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her the laſt night, and freely and plainly affirmes to them; that that dead body was *Monſieur De Laurier* a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, who lay long ſick in her houſe as he came from *Franckford Mart*, but how he came to his end or by whom, ſhe takes heaven and earth to witneſſe ſhee knowes not, and with this her depoſition do her Oſtler and Maide concurre and agree in all prooſes and circumſtances. The Judges likewiſe cauſing a curious ſearch to bee made in *Salynes* for *Adrian*, it was found out that that night he lay in Father *Juſtinians* houſe the Prieſt, and two whores in their company drinking and revelling all night, and upon the very firſt report they heard of *De Lauriers* unburiall by a Wolfe, they both (galled with guilty conſciences) betake themſelves to their heeles, and left both their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaimes their guiltineſſe of this murther to all the world, eſpecially to the Judges. Who upon knowledge thereof to finde out the truth of this deplorable diſaſter, they adjudge *Iſabella*, *Thomas*, and *Graceta* to the Rack: as for *Thomas* and *Graceta*, their innocency makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and conſtancy, for they can never be drawne to reveale that of which they are ignorant, nor to accuſe themſelves of that whereof they are not guilty. But for *Iſabella*, the inceſſant prayers and importunate requeſts and ſolicitations of many of her honeſt neighbours, doth ingrave ſuch deep impreſſions of her vertues and piety, and of her ſweet inclination and diſpoſition in the hearts of the Judges, as they chang their reſolutions againſt her and ſo diſpence with her for that torture: when ſending every way abroad to purſue *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*, they content themſelves to keep the Miſtris, the Man, and the Maide cloſe priſoners. They are ſo adviſed in their judgements, and ſo judicious in their adviſe, as they ſpeedily ſend away poaſt to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Sonne, with this diſaſterous accident which had betided his Father *De Laurier* here in *Salynes*, who at the firſt alarum of this ſad unexpected newes, ſeemes now to drowne himſelfe in his teares thereat, and ſo thereupon rather to flye than poaſt away from *Dijon* to *Salynes* where he confers with the criminall Judges of that Towne, who report to him the flight of Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, as alſo of their impriſoning of his Wife *Iſabella*, of her Maide *Graceta*, and her Oſtler *Thomas*, in whoſe houſe his Father lay ſick. So *Du Pont* viſits the dead ſtinking mangled body, and findes it to be that of his Father, whereat nature and duty preſcribe him ſo powerfull a law, as at the ſight thereof, he burſts forth into many bitter teares and lamentable cryes and paſſions. When giving him a decent and ſolemn buriall in the next Church, he informs the Judges, that to his knowledge, his Father had good ſtore of gold and jewels about him, ſo he entreats them, that *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinians* houſes may be curiouſly ſearched for the ſame, which is performed, but finding no part thereof, and both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaimes them guilty of his Fathers murther and conſequently that *Iſabella*, her Oſtler, and Maide, infallibly were acceſſaries thereunto. Whereupon he repairs againe to the Judges, and with many importunities praves them that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the ſame, thereby to bolt and finde out the truth of this lamentable accident, the Judges approve of *Du Ponts* living affection and zeale to his dead Father, but (as impartiall Oracles and Officers of Juſtice) they tell him that they have already cauſed *Thomas* and *Graceta* to be racked, and that they both

both have ſtrongly juſtified their innocency of his Fathers murther, by ſuffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Miſtris *Iſabella*, they tell him they are fully reſolved and aſſured, that ſhe was abſolutely innocent, as well for that ſhee was many dayes abſent with her Father in the countrey, when by all likelyhood and circumſtance, his Father was murthered, as alſo becauſe the generall votes and voices of all her neighbours reported her to be a very vertuous and religious woman, and that therefore in their hearts and conſciences, they muſt needs exempt and free her from thoſe torments. But they told him farther, that in honour to juſtice, and to ſee what God and time might produce, they would detaine them all three in Priſon for the ſpace of three or foure moneths, in which meane time concurring with him in opinion that Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murtherers of his Father *De Laurier*, they therefore perſwade him with all poſſible ſpeed and diligence to purſue them up and downe the Countrey, untill hee had detected, apprehended, and brought them to juſtice; the which *Du Pont* doth, but with ſuch extraordinary zeale and haſt, that hee forgat a ſingular circumſtance, of no meane importance, the omiſſion whereof might very well have made his reſearch of them vaine. For hee forgat at *Salynes* to take with him their Pictures and Effigies whereby to finde them out in the Countrey, with farre the more eaſe and facility, whereof hee afterwards much repented himſelfe.

As for our two execrable wretches, father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, their guilty thoughts and conſciences (like ſo many Ghoſts and bloodhounds) ſo inceſſantly purſued them and ſtupified their judgements, that reſolving to flye and ſave themſelves, from the free County, into Switzerland, they huſh themſelves up the day for ſhelter in ſome thick grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salynes*, they notwithſtanding, the next morning (to their unſpeakable feare and vexation) ſaw themſelves againe within a little league thereof, and in this manner they for ſome eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknowne wayes and Woods, and yet here let the Reader behold and obſerve the wonderfull juſtice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are not as yet fully gone ſeven leagues off from *Salynes*, and they could not aſcend the leaſt hill or hillock, but they looking back behinde them, the Towers, and Turrets of *Salynes* were ſtill apparent and conſpicuous to them, as if they purſued and followed them, the which indeed ſtruck extreame feare to their guilty hearts, and infinite terrour and amazement to their foule and trembling conſciences. But this circumſtance of Gods wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith ſeconded and followed by another, wherein his divine providence and juſtice miraculouſly appeares and ſhines forth (with infinite luſtre and glory) to all thoſe who ſhall reade, or heare this hiſtory. For the tenth evening after their flight from *Salynes*, they being extreamly wearied and tired with their foot travels (for horſes they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entering into a great Wood, they in a faire plaine, ſeeing no body preſent, they at laſt eſpyed an erring horſe, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle: which reſolving to ſeize on thereby to recreate their wearied limbes and bodies, they approach and ſurprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Lauriers* horſe, which (we have heard they had formerly turned off in *Salynes* the ſame night wherein they murthered his Maſter, they extreamely joyfull of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their girdles and garters, and ſo caſting their cloakes under them, they both ride away on him, and night drawing on, they hope to recover the Towne of *Pontarlin* before break of day; But God is here ſtrongly bent againſt them, ſo that this horſe which they took for the cauſe of their joy, will very ſhortly prove the matter of their miſery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their ſafety will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confuſion. For God (in his revenging juſtice) carrying their horſe, and hee them a

ſtraying

ſtraying and masking that night through contrary wayes and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unſpeakable griefe, do ſee themſelves three great Leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foule facts and conſciences make them ſtill ſo trembling fearfull, that every buſh they beheld, every bird they heare, and every leafe they found wagging, they think are ſo many Serjeants come to arreſt them, as alſo every tree they ſaw, they confidently beleeve are ſo many Judges come to ſentence and condemne them to death for this their cruell murthering of *De Laurier*, ſuch was their prodigious deſpaire, ſuch was their ominous and fatall feare for the ſame.

But here their horſe (orecharged with this foule and monſtrous burthen) begins to faile them; ſo the more hee leſſeneth his pace, the more it increaſeth their apprehenſion and feare: And here they conſult what to doe, whether to retire with their Horſe into the next Wood till night, or elſe to advance towards *Pontarlin*. But their Bread and Meate failing them, and they ſeeing the coaſt cleere, they therefore reſolve to ride thither, and farre the ſooner doe they aſſume and imbrace this reſolution; becauſe as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and conſequently few or no people ſtirring. Now to diſpatch their journey the ſooner, *Adrian* is content to walke on foot, and Father *Iuſtinian* to ride, and both of them are equally reſolved to put cheerefull faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here as I will not ſay it was their bad, but their juſt fortune, which conducted them within leſſe than one League of *Pontarlin*, without being eſpyed or ſeene of any: So it was likewiſe the providence and Iuſtice of God, at that very houre and place firſt to bring *Du Pont* in ſight of them, who in two dayes was parted from *Salines*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or Towne, unſought to finde out and apprehend theſe murtherers of his Father; Now as he drawes neere them, his eyes tell them, that the horſe whereon one of theſe two men ride, was of the very ſame haire and ſhape as was that of his Fathers, which ſtruck ſome ſuſpicion and apprehenſion in his heart, that ſure theſe were Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian*, and farre the more becauſe by his habit hee knew that hee who rid was a Prieſt. The better therefore to be fully aſſured hereof, hee reſolves to outride them, thereby the more narrowly to obſerve both the horſe and them, the which hee doth. Hee paſſeth by them and viewes them with his countenance purpoſely compoſed more of neglect than of obſervation towards them. When perfectly knowing the horſe (by his two white feet, and white Starre in his forehead) to bee his Fathers, and therefore they by all conſequence and appearance to bee his murtherers, then I ſay nature and grace infuſed a ſecret reluctation into his heart and ſoule, whether hee ſhould more grieve or rejoyce to ſee them; Now as he is loth to leave them behinde him, ſo he bethinks himſelfe of a pretty policy. For riding ſome hundred paces before them, he deſcends from his horſe, ties him up to the branch of a tree, caſt downe his ſword and riding coate in the high way, untruſſeth his points, and ſteps within the hedge, as if hee purpoſely meant to eaſe himſelfe; but indeed it was to have them paſſe before him, that ſo hee might incompaſſe them as two murthering Wolves in a Toyle; At his deſcent from his horſe (as guilty conſciences are ſtill afraid of all things) Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* firſt begin to feare this Stranger, as being ſent to apprehend them, and ſo reſolve to truſt to their heeles and the woods for their ſafety, but when they ſee his Sword and coat in the way, and himſelfe within the hedge with his hoſe downe, then they againe take courage and heart at grace, and ſo proceed on in the way towards the Towne, but ſtill they looke back on him as if the foulenеſſe of their fact continually made their feares and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiouſly obſerved of *Du Pont*, who (now comes after them a ſoft trot) contenting himſelfe to ſee them a flight ſhot before him; as well knowing that his horſe was farre nimbler and ſwifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleaſure. By this time

time they two arrive at *Fontarlin*, which they enter; where (being hungry and feareſull, and their horſe weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Innes, which is at the ſigne of the *Tygre* where thinking themſelves free of him who followed them, they recommend their Horſe to the Oſtler, and calling for ſome Mutton, Bread, and Wine, they there privately huſh themſelves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye and care of *Du Pont* ſees where they are entered, ſo he puts up his horſe to another Inne cloſe by, and preſently with much ſilence and celerity, trippes away to the *Tygre* Inne where they are; and knowing them to bee above the ſtaires in their chamber to break faſt, he cals for the Hoaſt thereof, takes him into a cloſe low roome next the doore; tels him that the Prieſt and the other man which entred his houſe right now, had cruelly murthered his Father in *Salynes*, and therefore moſt curteouſly and earneſtly prayes him, to ſtep preſently and fetch the Criminall Officers of that Towne to apprehend them for the ſame, and till his and their returne, that hee will give him two of his ſervants to guard the doores that they eſcape not away; The Hoaſt of this houſe in deteſtation of this foule fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himſelfe and his houſe, ſpeeds away to the Officers who preſently arrive with him, to whom *Du Pont* ſorrowfully and paſſionately relates, that this Prieſt named *Iuſtinian*, and this *Adrian* who was an Innkeeper of *Salynes* and now above, had very lately in his own houſe, murthered his Father *De Laurier*, who was a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, ſtript and robbed him of much gold and jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard, and therefore (with teares in his eyes) conjures them to do him juſtice by ſpeedily apprehending them for the ſame, the which they as ſoone grant him. So they all aſcend to their chamber where they finde them deepely tipling in their cups, aſmuch devoide and inſenſible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (with equall paſſion and ſorrow) ſtrongly chargeth them both with the murther of his Father *De Laurier*, as alſo for robbing of his gold and jewels and for burying of him in the Orchard. But theſe two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of ſtout looks, impious oathes and fearefull aſſeverations, vow and ſweare the contrary. So the Officers take them aſide and examine them ſeverally hereon. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials and prophane execrations. The which *Du Pont* hearing and underſtanding he (with much affection to his Father, and diſcretion to himſelfe) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the leſſe time, entreats the Officers to ſearch them both narrowly for his Fathers gold and jewels, which by Gods direction they do, the one after the other, when they finde quilted up in their doublets and hoſe, ſtore of gold, and ſome rich jewels and rings, and yet theſe two bloody Villaines deny this murther of theirs with much audacity and impudency, ſwearing that they found this treaſure in a Casket in the high way a little League beyond *Salynes*. But this lye of theirs is as falſe, as their murther and robbery of honeſt old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and juſtice) will briefly bring to light and puniſhment far ſooner than theſe bloody miſcreants either think or feare of.

Du Pont (all this notwithſtanding) conſtantly aſſures theſe Officers, that all this gold and jewels, and much and many more were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his onely ſonne and childe, and ſo demands poſſeſſion thereof. But theſe Officers mildely deny this requeſt of his, tell him they muſt take them by an Inventory, and ſo together with the two priſoners to ſend them to the Judges of *Salynes* under whoſe juriſdiction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* to two ſeverall priſons, where they ſhall finde leaſure though not enough to repent this foule and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no ſooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked theſe Officers of *Pontarlin*) ſends away a Poaſt to *Salynes* to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of theſe the two Murtherers of his Father, whom hee earneſtly beſought to haſten their executions; ſo according to his requeſt at the end of two dayes theſe two

Priſoners

Priſoners are ſent for, and brought from *Pontarlin* to *Salynes*, and there imp iſoned.

The very next morning the criminall Judges ſend for them to one of their houſes, and firſt ſeverally private, and then publickly by confrontation, examine them on this cruell murther and robbery, but the Devill is ſtill ſo ſtrong with them, that with much courage and vehemency, they continue and ſtand firme in their negative reſolution and deniall; but *De Laurier* being now found and knowne to have layen ſome ſeven weeks ſick in *Adrians* houſe, as well by the confeſſion of *Iſabella* his Wife, of *Graceta* her Maide, and of *Thomas* their Oſtler, as alſo of the *Apothecary La Motte*, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and *Adrian* and Father *Iuſtinian* their ſudden flight upon the ſame, and now laſtly, his horſe, gold, and jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the Officers of that Towne, and his Sonne *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparant as the Sunne that (in honour to juſtice and in glory to God from whom all true juſtice is derived) theſe wiſe and grave Judges of *Salines*, do reject theſe denials of *Adrian* and Father *Iuſtinian*, as falſe, prophane, and impious, and therefore that very inſtant adjudge them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which ſentence they ſeeme to be appalled and daunted, but they being advertiſed that *Iſabella* his Wife was likewiſe impriſoned for this fact, ſhe for her part, by ſome friends of hers makes ſute to the Judges, that ſhe may be permitted to ſpeak with her husband, and ſo doth Father *Iuſtinian* that he likewiſe may ſpeak with her. But the Judges hold both of theſe their requeſts to bee vaine and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is firſt brought to the Rack, who though hee bee weake of conſtitution yet hee is ſtill ſo ſtrong in his villany, as hee will not bee perſwaded or drawne to confeſſe it, but with much courage of body, and animoſity of minde, ſuffers himſelfe to be faſtned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertiſed, they in their diſcretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and ſo firſt to make triall of Father *Iuſtinian*, to ſee if theſe his torments will make him leſſe ſtout, and more flexible in the confeſſion thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgements nothing deceive them, for at the very firſt wrench of the Rack, God is ſo mercifull to his ſoule, and ſo propitious to his new converſion and repentance, that he then and there confeſſeth this lamentable murther, in all its branches and circumſtances (as we have formerly underſtood) affirmes only himſelfe and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; ſweares that *Iſabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledge therein whatſoever. Whereupon the Judges ſend againe for *Adrian*, and cauſe him anew to bee brought to the Rack, but firſt they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion Father *Iuſtinian*, who boldly affirming, and conſtantly confirming all his former depoſition to him in his face to be ſincere and true. *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as alſo at the ſight of the Rack which was againe prepared and brought for him, when the Devill flying from him, and he caſting his heart and ſoule at the ſacred feet of Gods mercy, he there very ſorrowfully confirmed all Father *Iuſtinians* confeſſion to be true, and then falling on his knees, he (with many bitter ſighes and teare) ſaid againe and againe aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maide were as truly innocent, as Father *Iuſtinian* and himſelfe were alone truly guilty of this foule and cruell murther and robbery of *De Laurier*. When their Judges, aſmuch rejoycing at the detection and confeſſion of theſe their crimes, as they lamented and deteſted their perpetrations thereof, They condemne them both to be hanged the next morning and becauſe Father *Iuſtinian* had violated his ſacred Order, and *Adrian* the humane and Chriſtian Lawes of Hoſpitality, their bodies after to be burnt to aſhes.

So as ſoone as Father *Iuſtinian* was degraded of his Sacerdotall Order, and habit, and committed to the ſecular powers, he together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their priſon and repentance, where two Prieſts, and one Fryer of the order of the *Iacobines* prepare their ſoules for Heaven againſt the next morning. It was a griefe to

Iſabellas

Iſabellas heart, to heare that he was guilty of this foule and lamentable murther, but a far greater torment and hell to her minde to underſtand that hee muſt ſuffer death for the ſame, and that ſhee ſhould neither ſee nor ſpeak with him any more either in this life, or this world. Againe, looking from him to her ſelfe, as ſhee could not hope for his life, ſo ſhee thought ſhe had ſome ſmall cauſe, or at leaſt ſcruple to doubt and feare her own, in regard it lay at the curteſie or cruelty of her husband and Father *Iuſtinian*, for that (as wee have formerly underſtood) they acquainted her with their intents and deſires to murther *De Laurier*, and ſhee revealed it not. But yet (nevertheleſſe) in the purity of her heart, and the candide innocency of her ſoule, ſhe commits the ſucceſſe both of her life, and death to God, and not being able to ſleepe away any part of that night for ſorrow, ſhe as a religious woman, and a moſt vertuous wife) paſſeth out the whole obſcurity thereof, in the brightneſſe of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, ſhee profereth up to Heaven both for her husband and her ſelfe.

Very early the next morning, before Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution; *Du Pont*, and (at his requeſt) the Judges repaire to the Priſon to them; where he and they enquire of him, to what valew of gold and jewels they had taken from his dead Father, who tell him, that in a letter which his Father had written to him to *Dijon*, and the which they had ſuppreſſed and burnt, hee therein mentioned the valew of one thouſand ſeven hundred crownes. And being againe demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great ſumme in gold and jewels, they freely and ingenuouſly tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of juſtice in *Pontarlin*, and another third hee ſhould finde hidden in ſuch and ſuch ſecret places of their houſes, and for the other third part, they bluſhed not to confeſſe and averre, that they had ſince paid ſome old debts and bought ſome new apparell, and ſpent the reſt thereof upon their whores, and other of their voluptuouſneſſe and prodigalities. So the Judges and *Du Pont* ſpeed away to *Adrian* and Father *Iuſtinians* houſes, where they finde the gold and jewels according to their confeſſions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at *Pontarlin* (both which amounted to ſome 11 or 1200 crownes) theſe wiſe and honeſt Judges deliver up unto *Du Pont*, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulneſſe, but as a good Sonne rejoyceth farre more at the now approaching deſerved deaths, of theſe two bloody and execrable wretches, father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* the murtherers of his good old Father *De Laurier*, of whom ſome twenty and five yeers before, he had the happineſſe to receive his life.

Some two houres after, which was about tenne of the clock in the morning theſe our two condemned malefactors are brought to the place of execution, where a great concourſe of people of *Salynes*, and the countrey thereabouts attend to ſee them finiſh the laſt Scene and Cataſtrophe of their lives. The firſt who aſcends the Ladder is *Adrian*, who ſpeakes little; Only he takes it to his death, that his deere wife *Iſabella*, his Servant Maide *Graceta*, and his Oſtler *Thomas*, are as abſolutely innocent of this murther of *De Laurier*, as he himſelfe here againe confeſſeth he is guilty thereof. He prayes God to forgive him this foule fact, and beſeecheth all that are preſent to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miſerable ſoule, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when caſting his handkerchiefe over his face, and privately ending ſome few prayers to himſelfe he is turned over. Inſtantly after him Father *Iuſtinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his lookes and countenance) ſeemes to be very repentant and penitent for this his foule and hainous fact, the which he prayes God to abſolve and forgive him, hee here againe cleeres *Iſabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* of this murther. Hee much lamenteth that he hath ſo highly ſcandalized the ſacred order of Prieſthood in his crime and perſon; and therefore beſeecheth all Prieſts and Churchmen either preſent or abſent to forgive it him; when repeating ſome *Ave Maries*, and often making the ſigne of the Croſſe, he was likewiſe turned over.

And

And thus was the miſerable life and death of this impious Prieſt, and wicked and bloody Hoaſt, and in this ſharpe manner did God juſtly revenge himſelf and puniſh them with ſhame and confuſion for this cruell and lamentable murther. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Judges ſet our vertuous and innocent *Iſabella*, and her maide, and Oſtler free from their undeſerved indurance and troubles, whereat all the ſpectators, do as much praiſe God for the liberty of the three laſt, as they deteſt the foule crime, and rejoyce at the juſt puniſhments of the two firſt: If we make good uſe of the knowledge of this ſorrowfull hiſtory, the profit and conſolation thereof will be ours, and the glory Gods, which God of his beſt favour and mercy grant us. Amen.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the ſtreet by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maid* Deniſa *poyſoneth her Husband* Roderigo; Deniſa *afterwards ſtrangleth her owne new-borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged: On the Ladder ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was acceſſarie, with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poyſoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.*

HOw eaſily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts, and how difficultly doe we expell and baniſh it thence; and what doth this promiſe, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched ſigne and teſtimonie, that the Devill hath more power with us than God, that we more dearely affect Nature than Grace, and Earth than Heaven? In many ſinnes there is ſome pretence or ſhadow of pleaſure, but in Murther there is none, except we deſire that it ſhould bring griefe and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our conſciences, and miſerie and confuſion to our ſoules; which indeed, deſpight of our earthly policie and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both ſhew and bring us. But (to ſhew our wickedneſſe in our weakeneſſe) through the ſlye ſubtiltie and trecherie of Satan, we thinke we act and perpetrate it ſo ſecretly, that it cannot be found out of men, nor detected or puniſhed of God. Wherein, what ſottiſh fooles and fooliſh madmen are we, thus to deceive and betray our ſelves with falſe hopes and erroneous ſuggeſtions? for although men may be deluded and not ſee it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded and deceived herein? O no, his decrees and reſolutions are ſecret and ſacred, and though inviſible to our eyes, yet our deſignes and actions are tranſparent

to his: For he (in his all-ſeeing providence) reſerves to himſelfe the manner and time, how and where to puniſh it. As reade we this approaching Hiſtorie, and it will confirme as much, in the lives and deaths of ſome bloudie and inhumane perſonages, who were borne to honour, and conſequently to have lived more happie, and died leſſe ignominiouſly.

IN the rich and populous Citie of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*, King and Queene of *Spaine*, *Anno* 1492, ſo famouſly and fortunately conquered from the *Mores*) there (within theſe few yeeres) dwelt an ancient Lady, named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*, who was deſcended of noble parentage, and by her late Husband, *Don Pedro de Cardinas* (dying a chiefe Commander in the Weſt *Indies*) ſhee had two children, a ſonne and a daughter; hee named *Don Garcia*, and ſhee *Dona Dominica*; hee of ſome twentie yeeres of age, and ſhee of ſome eighteene; hee tall of ſtature, but ſomewhat hard-favoured, and ſhee ſhort, but exceeding faire and beautifull. Their Mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceaſed Husband, did yet bring up theſe her two children very honourably and vertuouſly, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparell, though ſhee clad her ſelfe the worſe for it, for their ſakes. Shee obſerves her ſonne *Don Garcia* to be of a mild diſpoſition, and very wittie and judicious; but for her daughter *Dominica*, ſhee ſees with feare, and feares with griefe, that her wit will come ſhort of her beautie, and her chaſtitie of her wit: in which regard and conſideration, ſhee loves him better than her, and yet beares ſo vigilant an eye over her actions, that as yet ſhee keepes her within the liſts of modeſtie, and the bounds of obedience, as holding it farre truer diſcretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that feare and love by turnes might act their ſeverall parts upon the Theatre of her youthfull heart and reſolutions. There is an old rich Gentleman of that Citie nobly deſcended, tearmed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, commonly knowne and named onely *Don Hippolito*, aged of ſome threeſcore and tenne yeeres, and much ſubject to the Gout, a diſeaſe better knowne than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poore men hate it: And this old *Hippolito*, in the froſt and winter of his age, falls in love with our faire young Lady *Dominica*, and ſo by the Lady the Mother ſeekes her daughter in marriage. As for the Mother, ſhee loves *Hippolito's* Gold better than her daughter doth his age, and affects his lands as much as ſhe hates his perſonage. But *Don Garcia*, at the often requeſts of his ſiſter, being at laſt vanquiſhed by her importunitie, ſoone changeth his Mothers opinion and good eſteeme of *Hippolito*, and ſo they all three give him the repulſe and deniall. But his affection to this delicate freſh young beautie makes him more perverſe and obſtinate than his age, ſo he will take no anſwer for an anſwer, nor a refuſall for a refuſe from them, but will or nill frequent their companie dayly, and their houſe almoſt hourely; they are all three tyred with his ſottiſh incivilitie, and doting importunacie, eſpecially *Dominica*, who meaſuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be farre fitter for his Grave than a Wife, ſhe therefore ſcornes him as much as he loves her: but yet ſay ſhee what ſhee will, or doe her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their houſe or ſhift their hands of him; although they many times make him looke upon bare walls, content himſelfe to converſe with the meaneſt of their ſervants, and ſo to returne, without ſeeing either of Mother, Sonne, or Daughter.

But *Dominica* holding her beautie and yeeres now to be worthie of a Husband, ſhee is ſo incivill and incontinent, as ſhee prayes her Mother to procure and provide her one: For (to uſe her owne words) ſhee ſaith *ſhee is wearie to lye alone, and live ſingle, and fully reſolved no longer either to triſle away her time, or to caſt away her youth and beautie.* Her Lady Mother (in moſt vertuous tearmes) checks her impudencie, blames her impudicitie, and concludes, that if ſhee forſake thoſe immodeſt humours and inclinations, and ſo ſerve and feare God religiouſly, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodneſſe towards her) will provide her one; when turning from her Daughter, the

the very teares of ſorrow fall abundantly from her old eyes, to ſee her thus immodeſt, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and fatall to her.

But her laſcivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this generall anſwer of her Mother; for ſhe is yet ſo vainly imprudent, and ſo vitiouſly impudent, as ſhee importunately prayes her Brother *Don Garcia* effectually and ſpeedily to ſolicite her Mother to provide her a Husband; whereat he rather laughes, than gives eare. But when againe he ruminates and conſiders with himſelfe this her fooliſh levitie and wantonneſſe, fearing the worſt, and to the end ſhee might not hereafter prove a diſgrace to her ſelfe, a ſcandall to their houſe, and a diſhonour to their bloud, he (taking time at advantage) breakes and treats with his Mother hereon: who concurring in opinion with him, returnes him rather her conſent than her denyall; the which he reports to his immodeſt Siſter *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyfull as before ſhee was diſcontented.

Not long after it fell out, that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monkes, and being behind her on her knees to her Beades and Oraiſons, her devotion was ſo cold and her zeale ſo frozen towards God, as ſeeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparelled) likewiſe there on his knees to his prayers not farre from her; ſhee as a poore (I may ſay as a prophane) Chriſtian, beckons her Mothers man to come to her, and whiſpers him in the eare, that he diſcreetly goe and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom ſhee deſcribes to him by his apparell, and eſpecially by a rich Diamond Ring which he weares on his finger: Her Mothers man demanding of the Gentlemans ſervants, returnes ſpeedily to his young Lady, and tells her in her eare, that it is *Don Roderigo*, ſonne and heire to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whereat her luſtfull affection makes her heart leape and dance within her for joy; for ſo incivilly unchaſt is ſhee in her deſires and wiſhes, that at his very firſt ſight ſhee deſires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicitie. Whereupon ſhee vowes, that her Mother ſhall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of marriage for her to *Don Roderigo*; who being often ſolicited and provoked by her importunate requeſts, they conſult hereon, and both of them approve and deſire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Sonne will have his Mother firſt to breake the ice of this motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the Mother will have her Sonne firſt to performe that office to him, and ſo to take a faire occaſion to invite him home to her houſe to ſpeak with her; the which *Don Garcia* performes, and deales herein ſo effectually with *Don Roderigo*, that home he comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many complements and ſpeeches) preſents this motion to him. He ſees the young Lady *Dominica*, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding faire and wittie, he likes and loves her, and ſo takes time to adviſe hereon with his Father, for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. *Roderigo* breakes this motion to *Don Emanuel*, his Father; who not pleaſed therewith, ſeekes to divert his ſonne from it, in regard he knowes that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poore and of a weake eſtate, as being much incumbred with the great debts of her deceaſed Husband. *Roderigo* alledgeth to his Father, his true affection to the true beautie and vertues of *Dominica*, and that her deſcent and bloud is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous diſpoſition, will have wealth to over-ſway beautie, and not beautie wealth, and ſo is reſolute to heare no more of this motion; whereat his ſonne *Roderigo* bites the lip, and is much diſcontented. Yet nevertheleſſe, he hath caſt his affection ſo deepely and firmely on the freſh and delicate beautie of *Dominica*, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and ſhee the Queene and Phœnix of Beautie, he cannot, he will not refraine but very often frequents *Dona Cervantella's* houſe, and her Daughters companie: To whom (notwithſtanding his Fathers diſtaſt of her) he yet gives farre more hope than deſpaire, that he will be her Husband, which raviſheth her with delight, her Mother *Dona Cervantella* and her Brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our Hiſtorie invites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo*, to feaſt his eyes and ſurfet his thoughts and contemplations on the Roſes and Lillies of his Miſtris beautie, and againe to returne to ſpeake of our old Dotard *Hippolito*; who now (led by his luſt and voluptuous deſires, as they are by the inſtigation of the Devill) comes to performe and act a bloudie and deplorable part on the ſtage of this Hiſtorie. Hee ſees with griefe, and grieves to ſee that hee is refuſed of the Lady *Dominica*, whom hee loves farre dearer and tenderer than his life; and underſtanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez* doth ſtill frequent her companie, hath gained her affection, and ſhall ſhortly marrie her, hee thereupon turnes his reaſon into rage, converts his judgement into revenge, and ſo reſolves to murther him by night, as ſoone as hee findes him to iſſue forth of the Lady *Cervantella's* houſe; the Devill making him ſtrong in the vanitie of this beliefe and confidence, that hee being once dead, undoubtedly the faire *Dominica* will fall for his ſhare and Wife. So hee is reſolute in this his bloudie and damnable deſigne, and conſults with himſelfe, whether hee ſhould doe it by himſelfe, or by ſome ſecond inſtrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, becauſe hee muſt then commit his life to his courteſie, and ſeeing that his Gout had now forſaken him, hee therefore reſolves to doe it by himſelfe. But firſt hee thinkes it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write *Roderigo* a Letter; the which hee doth in theſe tearmes, and ſends it him by one of his owne confident ſervants.

HIPPOLITO to RODERIGO.

WErt thou informed but of the hundreth part of my deare affection to the faire young Lady Dominica, *and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldſt (if not out of honour, yet out of judgement) ſurceaſe thy ſuit to her, and not make thy obſtinacie ridiculous, by thinking to obtaine her to thy Wife: and although ſhee feede thee with the ſugar of many ſweet proteſtations and promiſes to the contrarie, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou judgement in thine, to diſcerne the truth hereof, thou haſt farre more reaſon to relye upon the integritie of my age, than the vanitie and inconſtancie of her youth: And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine owne, and honour for thy Fathers ſake, I had not ſo long permitted thee to frequent her companie, nor ſo often to converſe with her, to the prejudice of my content and thy diſcretion: And if this friendly Ambaſſadour of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the uſuall courſe of Iuſtice, take that order with thee therein, as ſhall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamie and diſreputation.*

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of *Hippolito*, hee cannot refraine from ſmiling and laughing, to ſee his ſottiſh errour and ridiculous ignorance herein; for hee perfectly knowes, that both *Dominica* and the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother are long ſince reſolved to heare no more either of him or of his ſuit, and therefore hee holds it more worthie of his laughter than of his obſervation, likewiſe to ſee, that this old Dotard, when Nature is readie to wed him to his Grave, that his luſt ſhould yet be ſo forward, to deſire to marry ſo young and beautifull a Lady as *Dominica*: The which conſidering, once hee thought to returne him no other anſwer but ſilence; but at laſt, reſpecting his age and qualitie more than his indiſcretion or power, after hee had ſhewne his Letter to *Cervantella*, to *Dominica*, and her Brother *Don Garcia*, who all concurre in opinion with him, to make it the publike object, as both it and himſelfe were the private cauſe of their generall laughter; hee calls for Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt than choler) by *Hippolito's* owne ſervant returnes him this anſwer.

RODE-

RODERIGO to HIPPOLITO.

I Have as small reason to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, *as to beleeve that hers is reciprocally so to thee, and therefore I see no just cause in honour or solid ground in Iudgement to surcease my suite towards her, much lesse to deem my obstinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtaine her to my Wife; And although it be in thy pleasure, yet it is not in thy power to make mee doubtfull of her faire words, or to call in question, or suspition her sweet promises and protestations to mee, sith that were to prophane the purity of my zeale to her, and of her true and sincere affection to mee, the which yet to doe thee a curtesie, I will rather excuse than condemne in thee, because I am confident it exceeds thy knowledge, though not thy feare, and in this behalfe and assurance, thine eyes cannot so much prevaile with my Iudgement, but that I will more rely upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy Age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I finde it so, I will acknowledge it to be as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threats to mee in thinking thereby to make mee forsake the conversation and company of that faire and vertuous young Lady, I doe rather pitty than esteem them, and every way more contemne than care for them, Assuring thee that I cannot possibly refraine from laughter, to see thee so devoid of common sence, as to thinke to be able, either to scarre mee with the power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my father in making mee to forsake her whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forsake, resolve therefore henceforth to prevent thy infamy and disreputation, for I will bee left to my selfe to establish mine owne content and honour, as I please.*

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receit and consideration of this peremptory letter of *Don Roderigo*, is so inflamed and incensed against him to see that (perforce) he will make him weare a *Willow* Garland, as (without any more delayes or expostulations) understanding him to bee that very same night which hee received his Letter, with his Lady *Dominica* at her mothers house, the Devill causeth him to gather all his malice, wits and strength together about him that night to murther him as he issueth forth to goe home, which bloody stratagem of his to effect and finish, he chargeth a pistoll with three bullets and hee waites his comming thence: but *Don Garcia* accidentally issuing forth all alone privately to goe visit a friend of his not farre off, this wretched old villaine *Hippolito* taking him to bee *Roderigo* lets flye at him, and all three bullets pierce his body, so hee falles downe dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathlesse body of *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood, whose mother, sister, and *Don Roderigo* are amazed and astonished at this deplorable disaster, and ready to drowne themselves in their teares for sorrow thereof. So *Roderigo* leaving some Neighbours to comfort them, hee takes order to finde out the murtherers, and goes himselfe speedily throughout the street to that effect; When the good pleasure and providence of God directs his course to finde out this old execrable wretch *Hippolito* going lirping and limping in the street, having throwne away his Pistoll, and only holding his darke lanthorne in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this damnable fact of his) hee opened to light him. *Roderigo* measuring things past by the present, and finding *Hippolito* there in the streets all alone, at this undue and unseasonable houre of the night; God prompts his heart with this suspition, that hee in likely-hood was the murtherer of *Don Garcia*, and so layes hold of him, and causeth him to be committed to the prison, notwithstanding all the entreaties, meanes and friends, which hee could then possible make to the contrary. The next day all *Granado* rings and resounds of this murther, and of the suspition and imprisonment of *Don Hippolito* for the same, when the Lady *Cervantella* goes to the Criminall Iudges of the City and accuseth him for the same, and with griefe sorrow, and passion, followes it close against him; and although *Hippolito* at his first examination denies it, yet being by his cleere-sighted Iudge adjudged to the racke

for the ſame, hee at the very firſt ſight thereof confeſſeth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, hee is ſentenced the next day to be hanged although he proffered all his eſtate and meanes to ſave his life; But the zeale and integrity of his judges was ſuch to the ſacred name of Iuſtice, as they diſdained to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourſe of people repaire from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world, moſt of them pittying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foule and bloody crime. He was dealt with by ſome Prieſts and Fryers in priſon, whoſe Charity and Piety, endeavoured to fortifie his heart againſt the feare of death, and to prepare his ſoule for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devill was yet ſo ſtrong with him, that hee could not be drawne to contrition nor would not bee either perſwaded or enforced to repentance, or to aske God, or the world forgiveneſſe of this his bloody fact, but as he lived prophanely, ſo hee would dye wretchedly and deſperatly, for on the Ladder hee made a fooliſh ſpeech, the which becauſe it ſavoured more of beaſtly concupiſcence and luſt, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore burie it in oblivion, and ſilence, and ſo hee was turned over.

Come we now to ſpeake of *Don Emanuell de Cortez* the Father, who underſtanding of his Sonne *Roderigo* his continuall frequenting of *Dona Cervantella's* houſe, and her daughter *Dominica's* company, and now hearing of this murther of her Sonne to her doore, his owne Sonne being then therein preſent; he is much diſcontented therewith; and becauſe he will ſequeſter him from her ſight and provide him another Wife, hee ſends him to *Aſnalos*, a manor houſe of his, ſome tenne leagues off in the Countrey, with a ſtrong injunction and charge, there to reſide till his farther order to returne: *Roderigo* is wonderfull ſorrowfull thus to leave the ſight of his faire and deere Miſtris *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no leſſe is ſhee, ſo hee tranſporteth only his body to *Aſnallos*, but his heart hee leaves with her in *Granado*. But a moneth is ſcarce expired after his departure, but the Lady *Cervantella* (by the death of her Son *Don Garcia*, wanting a man to conduct and governe her affaires, eſpecially her law ſutes, wherewith (as wee have formerely heard) ſhe is much incumbred, ſhee thereupon (as alſo at the inſtant requeſt of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this letter for his returne.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

AS thou tendereſt the proſperity of my affaires, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I requeſt thee ſpeedily to leave Aſnallos, *and to returne to reſide here in* Granado, *for I wanting my Sonne* Garcia, *who was the joy of my life, and ſhee her* Roderigo *who art the life of her joy, thou muſt not finde it ſtrange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law ſutes and her love affections and deſires aſſume this reſolution: Thy Father is a Noble man of Reaſon, and his Sonne ſhall finde this to bee a requeſt both honourable and reaſonable, except thou wilt ſo farre publiſh thy weakeneſſe to the world, that thou doeſt more feare thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou ſhouldeſt once permit thy obedience to him ſo farre to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy ſelfe as unworthy to bee her Husband, as I deſire it with zeale, and ſhee with paſſion. Shee is reſolved to ſecond this my letter with one of her owne to thee, to which I referre thee; God bleſſe thy ſtay, and haſten thy returne.*

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica reſolving to make good her promiſe to her mother, and that of her mother to *Roderigo*, ſhe withdrawes her ſelfe to her chamber to write, and knowing her mothers meſſenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her letter to her lover *Roderigo*, and to caſt the better luſtre and varniſh over her affection, ſhe takes a Diamond Ring from her finger, and likewiſe ſends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

AS the death of my Brother Don Garcia *made me extreame ſorrowfull, ſo this of thy abſence made mee infinitely miſerable, for as that nipt my joyes and hopes in their bloſſomes, ſo this kills them in their riper age and maturitie. When I firſt received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadſt affected me too dearly ſo ſoone to leave my ſight, and to baniſh thy ſelfe from my company, but now I ſee with griefe, and feele with ſorrow that thou loveſt thy Father farre better than mee, and delighteſt to preferre his content before mine, for elſe thou hadſt not made me thus wretched by thy abſence, who am as (it were) but entering into the happineſſe of thy preſence. If thou canſt finde in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requeſts, then come not to* Granado, *but ſtay ſtill in* Aſnallos, *but if the contrary, then leave* Aſnallos, *and come to mee in* Granado, *where I will chide thee for thy long ſtay, and yet give thee a world of thankes and kiſſes for thy ſo ſoone returne, and as my heart and ſoule doth deſire it, ſo the proſperity of my Mothers affaires doth likewiſe want, and therefore crave it. Iudge of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my ſelfe; and then thou wilt ſpeedily reſolve to ſee thy* Dominica, *who deſires nothing ſo much under Heaven as to have the happineſſe of thy ſight, and the felicity and Honour of thy Company.*

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives theſe their two Letters; reputes that of the mother to much reſpect, and this of her Daughter to infinite affection, ſo as the very knowledge and conſideration thereof makes him rejoyce in the firſt, and triumph in the ſecond, and therefore knowing himſelfe to be a man, and paſt a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reaſon to obey his father, ſo he is not tyed to bee commanded by him beyond it, wherefore he reſolves to give content to the mother for the daughters ſake, and to the daughter for his owne ſake, and ſo by their owne meſſenger returnes them theſe anſwers; That to the Lady *Cervantella* ſpake thus.

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

I So much tender the proſperity of thy affaires and thy daughters content and joy, that my reſolutions ſhall ſo diſpoſe of my ſelfe towards my Father; as verie ſhortly I will ſee thee with reſpect and obſervance, and viſit her with affection and zeale; for this deſire of hers and requeſt of thine, is ſo honourable, ſo reaſonable, as my Father ſhould be guilty of unkindeneſſe, to deny the one, and my ſelfe of ingratitude not to grant the other; Or if he will yet continue to croſſe our affections, I will then make it apparant to the world, that I will not feare him the thouſand part ſo much as I will love her, and that I will ambitiouſly ſtrive and reſolve to make my affection to her, to equallize thy zeale and her paſſion to me, and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to ſee her my Wife, and my ſelfe her Husband. I have given an anſwere to her Letter, and very ſhortly I will give her my ſelfe every way anſwerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promiſe.

RODERIGO.

HIs Letter to *Dominica* was charged and fraughted with theſe lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

TO deface thy ſorrowes for thy Brothers death and thy miſeries for my abſence, and likewiſe to preſerve thy joyes in their bloſſomes, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am fully reſolved very ſhortly to grant thy requeſt in leaving Aſnallos, *to live & die with thee in* Granado, *and thou doeſt offer a palpable wrong to the truth, and an immerited diſparagement to the purity and candour of my affection, to thinke that I any way preferre my obedience to my Father, before*

before my affection to thee, or conſequently his content to thine. Thereof prepare thy ſelfe to kiſſe, not to chide mee, for elſe I will reſolve to chide and not to kiſſe thee at my returne. My beſt endevours ſhall waite on the proſperity of thy Mothers affaires, and my beſt love and ſervice ſhall eternally attend on her Daughters pleaſure and commands, and judge thou if my zeale to thee, doe not exceed thine to my ſelfe, ſith Earth is not ſo deere to mee, as the Honour of thy ſight, nor Heaven as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

Hee hath no ſooner diſpatched theſe two Letters to his Miſtris and her Mother, but the very next day after hee enters into a reſolution with himſelfe; that hee ſhall not doe well ſo ſoone to diſoblige and diſobey his father, by ſo ſpeedily precipitating his returne from *Aſnallos* to *Granado*, as urging this reaſon to his conſideration, and propoſing this conſideration to his judgement, that *Dominica's* affection and beauty can difficultly make him rich, but that his Fathers diſcontent and diſpleaſure towards him may eaſily make him poore: Whereupon reſolving to cheriſh his conſtancy to her, and yet to retaine his obedience to him, hee holds it no ſinne if a little longer hee diſpence with his content, and promiſe to temporize for his diſcretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and his confidence upon this preſuming infallibility, that his Lady and Miſtris *Dominica* is as chaſt as faire, and will prove as conſtant to him as ſhe is beautifull in her ſelfe. But ſhe is a woman, and therefore ſhe may deceive his hopes, and he is a man, and therefore it is poſſible that her beauty may betray his judgement, the which prediction and propheſie (to his griefe and ſorrow, and to her ſhame and miſery) wee ſhall ſhortly ſee made true and verified, the manner thus.

Dominica (as wee have formerly underſtood) being of a wanton diſpoſition and carriage, and very unchaſtly and laſciviouſly enclined, ſhee finding *Roderigoes* ſtay in *Aſnallos* to exceed his promiſe and her expectation, ſhee cannot live chaſt, ſhee will not remaine conſtant in his abſence, but hath a friend or two, I meane two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado*, to whom ſhee many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which ſhee acteth not ſo cloſely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincy-eyed, and curious obſerver of her actions) hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclame her from this foule ſinne of fornication and whoredome, which threatens no leſſe than the ruines of her fortunes, and the ſhipwracke of her reputation; ſhe firſt attempteth to perſwade her by faire meanes with teares and prayers; but ſeeing ſhee could not thereby prevaile with her, then ſhee gives her many ſharpe ſpeches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Fathers portion, and either to make her ſpend her daies in a Nunnery, or end them in a Priſon. That ſhee is not worthie to tread upon the face of earth, or looke up to Heaven becauſe this her foule crime of fornication, makes her odious to God, and an infinite ſhame and ſcandall to all her Parents and friends in generall, and to every one in particular, with many other reaſons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities ſake, I reſolve to omit and bury in ſilence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevailes not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and laſcivious luſt; the which ſhee perceiving, and to prevent her owne ſcandall in that of her daughters, ſhee (as a carefull Mother and a wiſe Matron) meweth her up in her chamber, where *Dominica* (for meere griefe and coller (to ſee her ſelfe thus debard of her pleaſures in the reſtraint of her liberty) ſhee growes very ſicke, lookes exceeding wanne, pale and thinne, and ſo keepes her bed, the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occaſion and opportunity againe effectually to write to *Roderigo* to haſten his returne to *Granado*, as doubting leaſt her Daughters Belly ſhould chance to ſwell and grow big in his abſence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her minde, and repreſented her deſires to him in theſe tearmes.

CER-

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

THou doeſt thy ſelfe no right, but me and my Daughter infinite wrong, in ſtaying ſo long from Granado, *in regard it is contrarie to thy promiſe, to my expectation, and to her deſerts and merits: For her affection is ſo entire and fervent to thee, becauſe ſhee conceives and hopes that thine (in requitall) is ſo to her, that ſhee hath this many moneths languiſhed in expectation of thy returne; whereof now beginning to deſpaire, that deſpaire of hers hath ſtrucke her into ſo dangerous a conſumption, that I feare it will ſhortly prove fatall to her: for alreadie the Lillies have baniſhed the Roſes of her cheekes, yea, her cheekes are growne thinne; and thoſe ſparkling ſtarres, her eyes, have loſt a great part of their wonted luſtre and glory: ſo if thy affection will not, yet pitty ſhould move thee to haſten thy returne, to ſee and comfort her, eſpecially ſith thou wilt ſcarce know her when thou ſeeſt her; in regard I may (almoſt) juſtly affirme, that ſhee is no longer* Dominica, *but rather the living Anatomie of dead* Dominica. *How thou canſt anſwer for this her ſickneſſe to thine honour (which is occaſioned by thy unkindneſſe) I know not; but ſure I am if ſhee goe to her Grave before thou come to her, thou canſt never ſufficiently anſwer it to thy conſcience nor thy conſcience to God. In her ſicke bed, thou art the onely Saint to whom ſhee offereth up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miſerable ingratitude in thee, to permit her to dye thy Martyr.*

CERVANTELLA.

At the receit and peruſall of this Letter, *Roderigo* is infinitely ſorrowfull, eſpecially when he conſidereth, that it is onely *Dominica's* deere affection to him, and his long ſtay from her, which hath occaſioned her ſickneſſe: whereupon his love conſulting with his honour, his honour with his conſcience, and his conſcience with God, hee conjureth the Meſſenger to returne ſpeedily to *Granado*, to the Lady *Cervantella*, and her Daughter *Dominica*, from him, and to aſſure them, that all buſineſſe of the world ſet apart, hee will be there with them the next day, and bring them the anſwers of their Letters himſelfe; whereat, at the meſſengers returne, they both of them exceedingly rejoyce. *Roderigo* now (according to his promiſe) comes to *Granado*, viſiteth *Cervantella*, and his ſick Miſtris *Dominica*; ſalutes the one with complements, the other with kiſſes. *Dominica* intending to give him her body, but not her heart, diſſembleth her affection to him, and frownes on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her, were dearer to her than all the world, and farre more precious than her life. But contrariwiſe, *Roderigo* intends as hee ſpeakes, and ſpeakes as hee intends; yea, hee is ſo ſincere and reall in his affection to her, as ſhee is counterfeit and trecherous to him. So glorying in her beautie, and triumphing in her youth, hee with much difficultie obtaines his Fathers conſent, and marries her, their Nuptials being ſolemnized in *Granado* with ſtate and braverie, anſwerable to their deſcents and qualities; but hee will finde a wanton *Lais* for a conſtant *Lucrece*, and a laſcivious *Phryne* for a chaſte *Penelope*. Never Husband bore himſelfe more reſpectfully, lovingly, and courteouſly to his Wife, than doth *Roderigo* to his *Dominica*; for he thinkes that her fare cannot be curious, nor her apparell coſtly enough for her; yea, ſuch was his tender reſpect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to goe where ſhee would, and to come when ſhee pleaſed; contrarie to the cuſtome of *Spaine*, and generally of moſt *Spaniards*, who hold it farre more folly than affection to give this licentious freedome and libertie to their Wives, which wee doe in *England* and *France*; the which wee ſhall ſee verified in our young Bride *Dominica*: for the more her Husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more ſhee ſlights him; and the more hee reſpects her, the more ſhee neglects and contemnes him: whereat hee grieves, his Mother in law *Cervantella* ſtormes, and his owne Father *Don Emanuel de Cortez* repines and murmures. But as it is labour in vaine to think to make an *Æthiopian* white, ſo all of them cannot reclaime *Dominica* to love her Husband, nor ſcarce to lye with him. He conceives infinite griefe hereat, which breedes him a lingring conſumption in earneſt, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of one in jeaſt; whereat ſhe the more hates him, in regard the extremitie of his ſickneſſe and weakneſſe will not permit him to performe the rites and duties of a Husband towards her: but ſhe need not care, much leſſe grieve thereat, for ſhe takes her obſcene and laſcivious pleaſures abroad, whiles her deare ſicke Husband (for griefe of body and mind) is readie to dye at home. He bewayles his hard fortune in marrying her, but yet loves her ſo tenderly and dearely, as he will not ſpeake ill of her himſelfe, nor ſuffer any other to doe it either in his preſence or her abſence. Yea, her love is ſo frozen to him, though his be ſtill conſtantly and fervently inflamed to her, as ſhe difficultly ſees him once in three dayes, nor yet ſpeaks two words with him when ſhe ſees him; and yet when he is ſo happie to obtaine her ſight and companie, he ſo exceedingly rejoyceth thereat, that it ſeemes to him, his paine for that time gives him peace, his ſorrowes truce, his ſickneſſe eaſe, his heart comfort, and his thoughts conſolation. But *Dominica* hath not deſerved the leaſt part of all this true affection and courteſie from him heretofore, much leſſe will ſhe requite it to him hereafter, except in a moſt ingratefull and bloudy manner, which is thus.

The Devill reſolves to trouble the harmonie and ſerenitie of their marriage, or rather our *Dominica* hath helliſhly derived and drawne this reſolution from the Devil, to poyſon her Husband; and the ſooner ſhe fixeth her minde upon this infernall Ingredient, and ſetteth her barbarous crueltie upon this devilliſh Drug, becauſe the violence of his conſumption having alreadie made almoſt an Anatomie of his body, ſhe therefore flattereth her ſelfe with this opinion, that no ſuſpition at all can ſeize upon the beleefe of any, that he is poyſoned, much leſſe of his Father, or her Mother. Shee cannot procure poyſon her ſelfe; and therefore, albeit ſhee be very unwilling to acquaint or imploy any other herein, yet ſhee is enforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance, ſhee thinkes ſhee may more ſafely entruſt and repoſe this great ſecret with her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*; for having formerly made her acceſſarie to her ſinnes of Fornication and Adulterie, ſhee thinks ſhee may with leſſe difficultie and more eaſe now draw her to conceale and participate in this Murther with her: the which the better and ſooner to effect, ſhe gives her fiftie Duckats, and adding thereunto many ſweet perſwaſions, and ſugred promiſes, of her continuall care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miſerable Wench yeelds her conſent thereto; ſo they give their hands, and ſweare ſecrecie each to other, the Devill laughing at this their bloudie compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or feare of God) they are reſolute in this their rage, and outragious in this their barbarous crueltie, thinking every minute a moneth, and every day a yeare, before they have finiſhed and perpetrated this lamentable buſineſſe: So this Furie, this ſhee-devill *Dominica*, being as impatient in her laſcivious luſt to her ſelfe, as in her deadly malice to her kinde and honeſt Husband *Roderigo* ſhe makes *Deniſa* ſecretly to procure ſome ſtrong poyſon, from ſome remote unknowne Apothecarie, and not onely cauſeth but ſees her to put it into ſome White-broth for him, which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Miſtreſſe gives to her Husband, in the morning, before he was out of his Bed, under pretence and colour of ſome comfortable Broth, and hot Meat; whereof (O griefe to thinke it! O pittie to report it!) before night he died thereof. And *Don Emannel de Cortez*, his Father, being at that time ridden to the Citie of *Sevil*, in the Province of *Andouleſia*, about ſome important buſineſſe of his, ſhee (taking the opportunitie and advantage of his abſence, thereby the better to over-veile this her foule and bloudie fact) doth ſpeedily cauſe this his breathleſſe body to be encoffined, and ſo buried ſomewhat privately, but not in that ſolemne manner as was requiſite either for his qualitie, or her reputation, yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella*, her Mother who much grieved and feared at this ſudden death of her ſonne in law *Roderigo*, as doubting leſt her daughter, his Wife, had too haſtily & untimely ſent him to Heaven in a bloudie winding-ſheet. This mournfull Tragedie thus acted, our wretched *Dominica*, of a diſcontented Wife, is now become a joyfull and frolike Widow:

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and now her exorbitant luſt and laſcivious deſires breake pale, and range, both beyond the bounds of chaſtitie, and the limits of diſcretion: for ſhee will hearken to no advice nor follow any counſell from the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, but forſakes her houſe and her ſight the greateſt part of the day, and which is worſe, many whole nights, to keepe companie with thoſe vitious Gallants and deboſhed young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiaritie, with whom ſhee delighteth to loſe her honour, to caſt away her chaſtitie, and to ſhipwracke her reputation, if not her ſoule; when neither thinking of God or her Conſcience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murthering ſelfe, or murthered Husband, ſhee ſo inceſſantly (without any intermiſſion or repentance) abandons her ſelfe to her prophane and beaſtly whoredomes, that in a very ſhort time ſhee makes her ſelfe the laughter of the worſt, and the pittie of the better and moſt vertuous ſort of people of *Granado*; yea, her actions are ſo devoid of Graces, and replear of impietie, that her owne Mother is aſhamed to ſpeake with her, and *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, her Father in law, to ſee her.

And here, Chriſtian Reader, let me requeſt thy curioſitie to obſerve, and thy pietie to remarke how (by degrees) the indignation and juſtice of God falls upon this deboſhed young Lady, for the fouleneſſe of theſe her crimes, the very crie and ſent whereof hath pierced the windowes of Heaven, and are now aſcended to the eares and noſtrils of the Lord of Hoſts, to draw downe condigne vengeance on her for the ſame, yea, and at thoſe times when ſhee leaſt dreames or thinkes thereof, and when ſhee is in the very prime of her prophaneneſſe, and the chiefeſt ruffe of her laſcivious jollitie and voluptuous ſenſualitie; The manner whereof is thus:

Two moneths are ſcarce expired, ſince ſhee ſent this her Husband *Roderigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Senſes, her Reaſon and Judgement, yea, her Heart and Soule in the Ocean of her beaſtly luſts and luſtfull deſires and pleaſures, (but to her owne ſhame, to the griefe of her Mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father in law *de Cortez*) ſhee marrieth *Don Lewes de Andrada*, one of her former Favourites and Paramours, for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not tearme him, a very proper Gentleman of his perſonage, but every way as deboſhed and vitious as her ſelfe, and therefore a fit Husband for ſuch a Wife. That ſhee was honeſt, hee knew the contrarie; but hoping that her wealth ſhould ſupply his wants, and repaire the ruines of his decayed fortunes, was that which ſolely induced him to become her Husband. But at laſt, when he ſaw her wealth to come ſhort of his expectation, and her luſtfull deſires to exceed it, then he thinkes it high time to be wiſe, in not imitating the example of his Predeceſſour *Roderigo* in his carriage and conduction towards this his laſcivious Wife *Dominica*; ſo he holds a ſtrict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Priſoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her Booke and Needle, in ſuch ſort, that her ranging unchaſte thoughts are now bounded in her new Husbands jealouſie, and pent and immured up in her owne griefe and diſcontent: For thus he reaſoneth with himſelfe, that although formerly he made her his Curtizan, yet now he will not permit that ſhe make him a Cucko'd; then he was her Friend, now her Husband; and then ſhe was anſwerable for her owne life and actions to God, but now he is both for his owne and for hers. But this her preſent affliction and miſerie is but the ſhadow and leaſt part of her future: for *Andrada* her Husband being as reſolute in reforming her, as ſhe was neither to digeſt or endure it, he the better to curbe her incontinencie, and to debarre her from any more returning to her former lewd pranks, and deboſhed life and converſation, he keepes her very ſhort of Money, takes from her moſt of her beſt Apparell, and all her Rings, Chaines, and Jewels, which the Ladies of *Spaine* (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their earthly felicitie.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in teares, to ſee this ſtrange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands, and now (though too late) ſhee ſees *Roderigo's* love

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in *Andrada's* hardneſſe towards her: ſhe ſpeakes to her Mother, to reconcile her to her Husband: but having ſhut up this her ſecond match without her knowledge or conſent, ſhe rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to ſeeke her owne fortune, as holding her unworthy of the bloud which Nature, and the education which God and her ſelfe had given her. She was cruell to her firſt Husband, and therefore no marvell if the ſecond prove unkind to her; yet he doubting of her ſecret malice towards him, he apprehends her revenge, as much as he condemnes her lubricitie. He will not adde faith to her diſſembling promiſes, nor hazard beliefe to her trecherous teares and kiſſes, but keepes her ſtill rather as a priſoner than a Wife, and more like a Criminall than a companion: and yet as cloſe and retired as he kept her in his houſe, his vigilancie & jealouſie was enforced to meet with this unknowne misfortune, that he was no ſooner abroad, but ſhe had another friend or ruffian at home, with whom ſhe very often & very diſhoneſtly familiarized, inſomuch, that ſhe had infallibly murthered her ſecond Husband, as ſhe had formerly done her firſt, if God (out of the ineſtimable treaſure of his mercy and goodneſſe) had not prevented her rage, and diſappointed and diſſipated her bloudie deſigne and revenge by another accident as mournefull as miraculous, and wherein the juſtice and providence of God doth equally reſplend and ſhine forth unto us, for our inſtruction, with a moſt divine power and heavenly influence.

For we muſt here know and underſtand, that the fifty Duckats which *Deniſa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica*, for conſenting to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, gave her new apparell, and they likewiſe procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart, named *Hugo*, (who made ſhew to marry her, but intended it not) with whom ſhe wantonized ſo often, as in a ſhort time ſhe became guiltie of a great Belly, the which ſhe concealed from all the world, except from *Hugo*, the father of her unborne child; who upon notice thereof, either for feare of preſent puniſhment, or of future danger, or that he ſhould be conſtrained to marry her, and ſo to maintaine her and her child, when he had not meanes to maintaine himſelfe, he fled from *Granado* to *Murcia*, without taking his leave of *Deniſa*, or any way acquainting her therewith; and now, when it is too late, this wretched wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his returne uncertaine, his affection to her doubtfull, her ſelfe poore, and her Lady and Miſtris *Dominica* as then not able to maintaine her or her child, ſhe aſſumes another bloudy reſolution, which is, that as ſhe was formerly acceſſarie to the poyſoning of her Maſter, ſo ſhe now will be a principall Actor in murthering and making away of her owne child as ſoone as it ſhall be borne, and neither conſcience nor her feare are able to divert her from this her bloudie and damnable purpoſe. For being provoked thereunto firſt by her ſhame, then by her neceſſitie, but chiefely and eſpecially by her fatall Counſellor and inſtigator the Devill, ſhe being delivered (almoſt a moneth before her time) of a faire young ſonne, as ſoone as it had cryed once, (to bewaile his owne miſerie and his inhumane mothers crueltie) ſhe as an execrable fury of Hell ſtrangles it, giving him his mournfull and untimely death in that very ſame houre and inſtant which God and her ſelfe gave it life, and the very ſame evening wraps it in a cleane white linnen cloth, and with a packthred tyes a great ſtone thereunto, and (the Devill giving her ſtrength) the very ſame night carries it halfe a mile off to a Pond without the Eaſt gate of the Citie, where ſeeing no body preſent to ſee her, ſhe (not as a mother, no not as a woman, but rather as a fury of Hell) there throwes it in, which before her departure thence preſently ſunke to the bottome.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderfull mercie and judgement of God, in ſo ſpeedily revealing this deplorable and cruell murther of this harmeleſſe and innocent little new-borne babe, whom being ſo newly brought from the adulterate wombe of his pitrileſſe mother, ſhe maliciouſly caſt into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Banke of Mud and Oze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the inſtant of *Deniſa's* deliverie, and her murthering and throwing of this her infant Babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this foule and bloudie fact of hers) deprived her of diſcretion

cretion and judgement to returne for that night to her Maſters houſe, for ſhe thinking to make ſure and ſound work for her own reputation and ſafety, ſhe that very night takes up her lodging in the next poore Inne, which was at the ſigne of Saint *Iohns* head, where to the Hoaſt and Hoſteſſe, ſhe pretends lameneſſe by the receit of a fall. But God will give her but ſmall time to reſt and repoſe her ſelfe in the guiltineſſe of this her cruell ſin of murthering her own innocent new borne babe, for within one houre after, a Groome riding to water his horſe in the ſame Pond, his horſe ſnuffeth and ſtarts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his farther fore foot, and many times thruſts downe his head therein. The Groome gives him the ſpur and ſwitch to bring him off, but in vaine, for the horſe the more paweth with his foot, and ſnuffeth with his noſe, yea ſo long till at laſt (it ſeemes) the packthreed being broken the white cloth appeares and flotes upon the water, which the Groome upon the ſtrange behaviour of his horſe (but indeed by the immediate providence and pleaſure of God, who then and there was well pleaſed to make this reaſonleſſe beaſt an inſtrument of his glory in the detection of this cruell murther) cauſeth to be fetched aſhore, where opening the cloth in preſence of ſome others, who flock thither to the Pond ſide to ſee what this may be, They finde a ſweet young infant boy, whoſe body was as white as the ſnow, with a flaxen coloured haire, a cheerfull look, a cherry lip, and ſome blackneſſe about his throat and neck, whereby they gueſſed it to be newly borne and ſtrangled of ſome Strumpet his Mother, whom to detect and finde out, they ſearch all the adjacent houſes, and at laſt finde out *Deniſa* in her Inne, when the Officers of juſtice, ſetting a Midwife and ſome three and foure elderly women to ſearch her, they (deſpight of her reſiſtance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence againſt her that ſhe was that day delivered of a childe, ſo ſhe is impriſoned, and the next day brought to her arraignement, where (threatned with the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth the ſtrangling of her childe, and the throwing of it into this pond, for the which foule and inhumane fact of hers, ſhe is the next day condemned to be hanged: When deſirous to ſave her ſoule though (through the inſtigation of Satan) ſhe hath miſerably caſt away her body; ſhe entreateth that Father *Euſtace* a Prieſt of her acquaintance may be ſent to her in Priſon, to prepare her ſoule for her ſpirituall journey to heaven, who is accordingly ſent her. Who after a long and a religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, that ſhe ſhould do well to disburthen her conſcience of any other capitall crime which ſhe in all the whole courſe of her life might have committed, as affirming that the revealing thereof, exceedingly tended to Gods glory, and the felicity of her own ſoule, ſhe (with teares and ſighs) deepely thinks thereof that night in priſon. Now the next morning ſhee is brought to the place of execution, where a great number of people flock together to ſee her end, and there on the Ladder after ſhee had againe confeſſed the ſtrangling of her Infant and her throwing of it into the Pond, ſhe likewiſe then and there confeſſed, That ſhee was acceſſary and conſented with her Lady *Dominica*, to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, which ſhee affirmed they both effected in the ſame manner as wee have formerly underſtood. The confeſſion of this her other foule murther, as alſo of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors and aſtoniſh her Judges, who to cleere and vindicate the truth hereof, they cauſe her to deſcend the Ladder, and to bee confronted with her ſaid Lady *Dominica*, who by this time in the midſt of her ſecurity is likewiſe apprehended and brought before the criminall Judges, where contrary to her expectation being enforced to underſtand the effect and tenour of her Chambermaide *Deniſas* confeſſion and accuſation againſt her for the poyſoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, ſhee with much paſſion and choller tearmes her Witch and Devill, and curſeth the houre that ever ſhee foſtered up ſo peſtilent a Viper in her houſe to eat out her owne heart and life, when with more confidence and boldneſſe than contrition and repentance (being firſt by her judges threatned with the torments of the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth her ſelfe likewiſe to be guilty of murthering her firſt husband *Roderigo*. So *Deniſa's* ſentence is altered, for ſhe is condemned

to be hanged for her firſt murther, and her dead body after to be burnt to aſhes for her ſecond, and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poyſoning her husband, which newes ſo reſounds and rattles through all the ſtreets and corners of *Granado*, that almoſt all the people of that Citie flock the next morning to the place of execution, to ſee this cruell Miſtreſſe and her bloody Chamber-maide, take their laſt farewell of this World; for the Lady *Dominica* muſt likewiſe dye, notwithſtanding her Mother *Cervantella's* teares, and her husband *Andrada's* importunate requeſts and paſſionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary.

And firſt *Deniſa* is cauſed to aſcend the Ladder, (who was a tall and comely young woman) to whom God was ſo mercifull to her ſoule, that there with many bitter ſighes and teares, ſhe was wonderfull ſorrowfull for theſe her two foule murthers, eſpecially for that of her poore Infant babe, whom ſhe had almoſt as ſoone diſpatched out, as ſhee brought into the World: She earneſtly beſought all her auditors and ſpectators to pray unto God to forgive her, and to be mercifull to her ſoule; ſhe affirmed that her Lady *Dominica's* enticements and gold firſt drew her to be acceſſary to the poyſoning of her Maſter *Roderigo*, the which againe and againe from her heart and ſoule ſhe prayed God to pardon her; when entreating all young people, eſpecially all young women, to be more wiſe and religious, and leſſe prophane and bloody minded, by her example; and now recommending her ſoule into the hands of her Saviour and Redeemer, ſhe is turned over. When immediately after this our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewiſe brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and prophaneſſe of her ſoule had purpoſely dighted in her beſt dreſſe, and richeſt apparel; which was a purple wrought Velvet Gowne, and a curious great laced Ruffe, with all things elſe ſutable to it; but which is lamentable to ſee, and fearfull to conſider, ſhe was as careleſſe of her ſoule, as curious of her body; for the Prieſts and Fryers in her Priſon could not abate or beat downe her impiety, but as there, ſo here on the Ladder, ſhe enters into many deepe execrations and curſes, as well againſt her ſecond husband *Andrada*, as againſt her Chamber-maide *Deniſa*, who ſhee ſaid was now rather gone to the Devill than to God; but no ſpark of grace, no ſhew of ſorrow, nor ſigne of repentance could appeare in her looks, or be heard in her ſpeeches, for poyſoning of her firſt Husband *Roderigo*, but with much choller and vehemency, ſhe there uttered many other lewd and laſcivious ſpeeches, the which grieved her Chriſtian Auditors to heare, and therefore I will not defile my Pen, or offend the Readers religious and chaſte hearts with the knowledge thereof; ſo this miſerable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death anſwerable to the foulneſſe and enormity of her life, being not ſo happy in her death as her bloody Chamber-maide *Deniſa*, and I feare me as exempt of grace and goodneſſe as the Devill could wiſh her. But God is the Lord of juſtice and Father of mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruell and inhumane Lady *Dominica*, was pitied of many, but her foule fact abhorred and deteſted of all who were preſent at her death; may we who reade her Hiſtory, cheriſh her vertues by the ſight and knowledge of her vices, and fortifie our ſoules with religion and Piety, as ſhe ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctifiore (*upon promiſe of marriage*) *gets* Urſina *with childe, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marrieth* Bertranna. Urſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace, diſguiſeth her ſelfe in a Fryers habit, and with a caſe of Piſtols kils* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which ſhe is hanged.*

IT is a poore profit, a wretched pleaſure, for the ſatisfaction of choler and revenge, to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our neere kindred, ſith in ſeeking to wound him, we more properly kill our ſelves in ſoule and body; ſtriking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we preſumptuouſly ſtab at the Majeſtie of God himſelfe, by whom our ſoules muſt, without whom they can never be ſaved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmely both to know and beleeve as we are Chriſtians, that revenge and murther are the two prodigious twins of *Sathan*, the laſt being engendred and propagated of the firſt; and both from Hell: For revenge is not halfe ſo ſweet in the beginning as bitter in the end, nor murther by many degrees ſo pleaſing as it proves pernicious to her Authors, as this enſuing Hiſtory will verifie, and make apparant unto us.

LEt your thoughts be carried over thoſe high hils of Europe, the Alpes, and Appenins, to the noble and famous City of Naples, the head and capitall of that flouriſhing kingdome (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination) a City exceeding rich, populous, and faire, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gen-

try of both Sexes, than any other of *Italy* whatſoever. Wherein of very late yeeres (when the Duke of *Oſſuna* was Viceroy thereof) there dwelt two rich and beautifull young Gentlewomen, the one named *Dona Vrſina Placedo*, the only Daughter and Childe of *Seignior Aguſtino Placedo*, and the other *Dona Bertranna de Tores* likewiſe the only childe and daughter of *Seignior Thomaſo de Tores*, the firſt native of *Ferenzolo*, in *Pulia*, and the ſecond of *Materana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well deſcended Gentlemen, who with their wives and daughters for the moſt part built up their reſidence in Naples, but eſpecially all the winter time. Now becauſe theſe two young Gentlewomen (whom henceforth we will tearme by their Chriſtian and not by their Surnames) are two of the chiefeſt Perſonages which give life to this Hiſtory, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, ſuperficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations; *Vrſina* was paſt the twentieth yeare of her age, and *Bertranna* entring into her eighteenth. *Vrſina* was tall and ſlender, *Bertranna* ſhort and ſomewhat crook-backed: *Vrſina* was the fairer of the two, but *Bertranna* by far the ſubtiller and wiſer. *Vrſina* was of a deepe Amber haire, but *Bertranna* of a coale black: and to conclude this point, *Vrſina* was affable and curteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malitious.

The truth and order of this Hiſtory muſt here informe us, that although theſe two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants, who were ſutors to them for marriage, yet none of them ſo dearely and paſſionately loved *Vrſina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Nobleman; but far more proper than wiſe, and withall far more laſcivious than rich, nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and minde affect any other but the ſaid Baron: neither was it poſſible for her Father *De Tores* to perſwade or draw her to deſire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her husband than him. Thus we ſee *Sanctifiore* deepely to love *Vrſina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not he her; and we ſhall not go far till we likewiſe ſee what effects theſe their different affections will produce.

While *Vrſina* is aſſured of *Sanctifiores* love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwiſe by her ſelfe and her friends makes it her chiefeſt care and ambition to perſwade and draw him to forſake *Vrſina*, and to love and marry her ſelfe, but ſhe will finde more oppoſition and difficulty therein than ſhe expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* do continually frequent *Placedoes* houſe, and his daughter *Bertrannas* company, yet underſtanding and conſidering with himſelfe, that *Bertranna* honoured him with her conſtant love and affection, he therefore held himſelfe in a manner bound ſometimes to ſee and viſit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and pleaſe her, than himſelfe, where albeit that her policy to her ſelfe, and her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Miſtris *Vrſina*, yet his reputation and diſcretion makes him comport his actions and ſpeeches ſo equally towards *Bertranna*, that although he give her little cauſe to hope, yet he gives her none to deſpaire of his love and affection to her, in requitall of hers to him, and upon theſe and no other tearmes ſtand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Vrſina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiores* affection to her, ſailes on with a more pleaſing and joyfull gale of winde, for ſhe loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, ſhe accounts her ſelfe his, and he hers: as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive by foure Love-letters of theirs, which ſecretly and interchangeably paſt betweene them; the which for the Readers better ſatisfaction I thought good here to inſert and publiſh, whereof his firſt to her ſpake thus.

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

THe Sweetneſſe of thy beauty, and the excellency of thy vertues have ſo fully taken up my thoughts, and ſo firmely ſurpriſed and vanquiſhed my heart, that I am ſo much thine both by conqueſt and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee; Wherefore if thou art as courteous as faire, and as loving to me as I am faithfull to thy ſelfe, then returne me thy heart, as I now give and ſend thee mine, and aſſure thy ſelfe that my affection is ſo infinite and entire

to

to thee, that I love and deſire thee a thouſand times more than mine own life, and will eſteeme my death both ſweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by purchaſe, as I am now thine by promiſe. Thy will ſhall be my Law, and as there is a God in Heaven, ſo Urſina *hath not ſo fervent a Lover, or conſtant a ſervant on Earth as her*

SANCTIFIORE.

Vrſinas anſwer hereunto was couched in theſe tearmes.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

IF thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery to me, I ſhould then have as juſt cauſe thankfully to beleeve that, as now I have to ſuſpect and feare this; For the iniquity of our times, and the miſery of many former examples do prompt and tell me, that moſt men love more with their tongues, than with their hearts, and that they all know far better how to profeſſe than preſerve their affections and fidelitie to their Miſtreſſes. As for me, judge with thy ſelfe how curteous and loving I am to thee, for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambaſſadour, and unfeigned Eccho of thy heart, I would both ſay and promiſe thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my ſelfe thy wife, when and as ſoone as thou wilt pleaſe to be my Husband, for in life and death I here now promiſe thee to be more thine than mine own: Reſolve me of this doubt, and free me of this feare, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with diſcretion, and requite it with fidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of *Sanctifiores* ſecond Letter to her contained this language.

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

AS I am not guilty, ſo I am not anſwerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but do as juſtly deteſt and ſcorne, as you unjuſtly feare them in me. That my affection is pure and ſacred, and ſhall be inviolable to thee, be God my Iudge, and my heart and conſcience my witneſſes: Therefore to reſolve thy doubt, and to free thy feare thereof, I vow by the pureneſſe of thy beauty, and by the dignity of thy vertues, that both my former Letter and alſo this, are the true Ambaſſadours and Ecchoes of my heart, and which is more, of my ſoule. I will ſhortly kiſſe thee for thy love to me, then love thee for thy kiſſes, and after embrace and thank thee for both, and when I faile of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then faile of his grace and mercy to my ſelfe. I will make my ſelfe thy deere Husband, and thee my ſweet Wife, when thou pleaſeſt to crowne and honour me with that ſweet joy, and to raviſh my heart with this deſired felicity.

SANCTIFIORE.

Vrſinas anſwer hereunto was traced in theſe termes.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

RElying on the purity of thy affection, and the preſervation and performance of thy conſtancy to me, for the which thou haſt invoked God for Iudge, and thy heart and conſcience as witneſſes thereof, I now freely acknowledge my ſelfe to be thy Wife by purchaſe, and thou to be my Husband by Promiſe, and do therefore wholly take me from my ſelfe, eternally to give my ſelfe to thee. I deſire the enjoyance of thy company and preſence, with as much impatiency as thou longeſt for mine, and thou ſhalt finde, that I will make it my chiefeſt care and ambition to love thee, and my greateſt glory to honour and obey thee, and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other, for God will aſſuredly puniſh it with juſtice, requite it with revenge, and revenge it with miſery on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

By the perusall and consideration of these foure precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firme promise, and secret contract there was past betweene the Baron of *Sanctifiore* and the Lady *Vrsina*, and how fervently and sweetly they had given themselves each to other in the promise and assurance of marriage, so not contented to have gotten the Daughters good will, hee in very honourable fashion and tearmes likewise seeks her Father *Seignior Placedoes* consent thereto; whom though for some few moneths he found to be averse and opposit to his desires thercin, yet upon *Sanctifiores* importunate intreaties and his Daughter *Vrsinas* frequent teares, hee at last consenteth to this their marriage, only he delayed the consummation thereof for some secret reasons, and considerations best knowne to himselfe, the which I cannot publish, because I could never gather or understand them. Whiles thus the Baron of *Sanctifiore* remaines in *Naples*, his long stay, great traine, prodigall expenses there, and his absence from *Capua* where his lands and means lay, made him be in some distresse and want of money, and not knowing how to procure it there, thereby to support his fame and reputation with his pretended Father in Law, and also with his intended Wife his Daughter, it greatly perplexed and troubled him; but at last he saw himselfe reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one Nobleman and Gentleman of his friends to pay another; a course which he well saw could not long endure and subsist, without clamorously calling his reputation in question; The which to prevent, knowing *Seignior Placedo* to be a hidebound, and close fisted old Gentleman, who loved his gold far better than his God, and that if he offered to borrow any of him, he would absolutely refuse and deny to lend it him, and that it was not impossible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetousnesse of the other might prove a great blot and hindrance to this his marriage, he therefore as a debosht and vicious young Nobleman, despairing of the Fathers love, resolves to make sure work with the Daughters affection, who with a thousand amorous speeches, and lascivious lures, daliances and temptations, he seeks to draw her to his lustfull desires, and so by usurping on her chastity (which is the honour of Ladyes and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnally knowledge of her before he were married to her. *Vrsina* (who loved her sweet heart *Sanctifiore* far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chastity a thousand times more deere and precious than her own life) infinitely grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obscenity; when (as a chaste and vertuous Gentlewoman) she with sighs and tears layes before his eyes and consideration, and represents to his heart and soule, the lewdnesse of his desire, the impiety of his request, the foulenesse and odiousnesse of this fact both to God and Man, the losse of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the World, and that in the end it would assuredly prove the break-neck of their mariage, and consequently the ruine of both their contents and fortunes, as also that she is ready to be his Wife, but disdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wise and godly reasons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuseth to blemish or shipwrack her chastity, by participating with him in the share of this lascivious and impious sin of fornication, and indeed it had been a happinesse and glory, very worthy both of her selfe, and of her honourable old Father, if she had lived in the purity, and continued in the piety of this chaste and vertuous resolution.

But this lascivious Baron *Sanctifiore* seeing his lust so strongly opposed by her chastity, he is so far from grace & from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuosity thereof, as also of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to enrich himselfe with her losse of that inestimable and irrecoverable jewell her Virginity; so that day and night she cannot be in quiet for him, nor he without her; but still he followes her as her ghost and shadow, and with many false oathes and feigned sighes and tears doth bewitch or rather minstralize into her eares and heart, that his desire of this sweet pleasure which he requesteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her, and so with a thousand lascivious words he makes so large and so impious an Apology to her for this his obscene request, that because modesty cannot, discretion will not permit me to relate it; as well

well knowing that the expreſſion and publiſhing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, and no way pleaſing but diſpleaſing to God, when this weak and inconſiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far deerer than her own life, and confidently relying on his ſworne affection and fidelity to her, which he ſo paſſionately, and ſo often had reiterated to her, ſhe ſo raſhly and fooliſhly permitted her ſelf to be weighed down, overcome and vanquiſhed with the importunacy of his requeſts and oathes, that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her ſelfe, but as ſhe formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now ſhe likewiſe gives him the free uſe and poſſeſſion of her body. Thus *Sanctiſiore* bereaves and unparadiſeth his Miſtris *Vrſina* of the moſt precious jewell which ever Lady Nature gave her, I mean her chaſtity and honour, but both of them ſhall ſhortly pay deere for theſe their bitter ſweet pleaſures (or rather ſins) of ſenſuality and fornication, and ſhall redeem and ranſome them with no leſſe than ſhame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus.

After he had thus defloured and taken his obſcene pleaſure of his young and beautifull Miſtris, and ſtayed an houre or two complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her, when triumphing more in the conqueſt of her ſhame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occaſioning the one and committing the other, he within a week or two after againe makes her ſo flexible and tractable to his deſires, as hee three or foure times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this laſcivious manner, and ſhe with him, as not contented to ſtaine and blemiſh, but wholly to defile and pollute themſelves in this their beaſtly ſin of concupiſcence & fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and miſery: For (as a baſe Nobleman) he forgetting his oathes and promiſes to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour and himſelfe, and his ſoule, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freez in his affection to her, viſiteth her ſeldome, and then but faintly and coldly, and when (with equall bluſhes and tears) ſhe motioneth him to marry her, he is either deafe to her requeſts, or elſe anſwereth her ſo impertinently and ambiguouſly, as (with much perturbation of minde and affliction of heart) ſhe begins to ſuſpect and doubt with her ſelf, that ſhe hath more reaſon to feare, than cauſe to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her feare vaine, or her judgement and apprehenſion deceived of him herein: for as men love noſegayes in the morne, and throw them away ere night, ſo this ignoble Nobleman *Sanctiſiore* after hee had ſurfetted and ſatiated his deſire of this his intended and contracted Wife *Vrſina*, hee in leſſe than three moneths after, is ſo ingratefull and treacherous towards her, as in a manner he abandoneth her Fathers houſe, and forſakes her ſight and company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her ſighes, teares, and repentance, and whish is worſe, a growing great belly, as the true ſeale of her preſent griefe and ſorrow, and the undoubted pledge and preſager of her future ſhame and miſery, which torments and terrifies her heart and ſoule, but how to remedy it ſhe knowes not. And now (with as much ſpeed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sanctiſiore* to his other ſecond ſweet heart *Bertranna*, who not for her beauty, but for her Fathers great wealth, & his own preſſing wants, he now ſeems to affect & court a thouſand times more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof ſhe is infinitely glad and joyfull. For having a long time loved him in her heart and minde, and therefore deſiring nothing ſo much under Heaven, as to ſee him her husband here on Earth, and having to that end her ſecret eyes and ſpies every where abroad upon his life and actions, ſhe is at laſt advertiſed, that there is ſome great diſtaſte and difference fallen out between him and the Lady *Vrſina*, as alſo that being far from his home, he wanteth monies to defray his Port and expences in *Naples*, ſhe being of a ſharp wit and deepe judgement, thinks that the laſt of his defects was the cauſe of the firſt, and that peradventure *Sanctiſiore* having attempted to borrow ſome money of her Father *Seignior Placedo*, and received the repulſe, he therefore was fallen out, and become diſpleaſed and diſcontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgement miſſed of the truth herein, yet the better to eſtrange *Sanctiſiore* from *Vrſina*, and conſequently

ſequently the more powerfully and ſtrongly to unite and tye him to her ſelfe, ſhe well knowing that her own Father *De Tores* exceedingly loved him, and deſired him for his Son in Law, as much as ſhe did for her Husband: ſhe therefore as much in love to him, as in diſdaine and malice to *Vrſina*, doth under hand deale ſo politickly, and yet ſo ſecretly with her Father to lend *Sanctifiore* ſome monies, that he meeting him the very next day in his houſe, hee takes him aſide in his ſtudy and told him, that in regard of his abſence from *Capua*, and his long ſtay and great expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impoſſible that he might want ſome monies, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there layd him downe 500 double Piſtols: adding withall, that if he needed more, he ſhould have what he pleaſed, and repay it him again when he pleaſed, & that if he would honour him ſo much as to marry his Daughter, hee would give him all the lands and wealth he had.

This great courteſie of *De Tores* to the Baron of *Sanctifiore* hee held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him ſo freely and undemanded, as alſo for that it came ſo opportunely & fitly to pay his debts, and ſatisfie his wants, as after a long and reſpective complement betweene them, *Sanctifiores* neceſſity ſo eaſily prevailes with his modeſty, that hee moſt thankfully takes this gold of *De Tores*, and likewiſe gives him more hope than deſpaire to his motion of marrying his Daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one reſts well ſatisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courteſie being thus performed betweene them, *Sanctifiores* joy thereof was ſo great, I may ſay ſo boundleſſe, as he preſently findes out his new Miſtris *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and cheereſull voice, relates her how much her Father had obliged him and from point to point what had paſt betweene them, and immediately after no leſſe doth her Father, the muſick of which newes was ſo pleaſing to her minde, and ſo ſweet to her heart and thoughts, that ſhee hereupon flatters her ſelfe with a confident hope that hee will ſhortly marry her, and in this hope doth he ſtill feed and entertaine her, being ſeldome or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kiſſing, drowning his judgement ſo wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming ſo fully on her youth and beauty, and on her Fathers great wealth and eſtate, that hee hath not the grace, no nor which is leſſe, the will or good nature, once to think of his poore deſolate and forſaken *Vrſina*, of whom in her turn I come now to ſpeak.

We have formerly underſtood with ſorrow, and our ſorrowfull and unfortunate *Vrſina* hath to her griefe too too ſoone ſeene, how unkindely *Sanctifiore* hath uſed, and how baſely and treacherouſly abuſed her in the points of her honor, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithſtanding, her love and affection is ſtill ſo deere and conſtant to him, and her hopes ſo confident of him, that all this diſcourteſie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that conſidering what familiarity hath paſt betweene them, it is impoſſible for him to bee ſo cruell hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewiſe acquainted him, that ſhe is with childe by him, and when all other reaſons and perſwaſions faile, ſhe hopes this will prevaile to reclaime his affection to her, and to induce him to take pitty of her, and compaſſion of his unborne babe within her. But to refell and diſſipate all theſe her flattering and deceitfull hopes, and which is worſe, to make her loſe al hopes of this her deſired happineſſe and good fortune from him, his new contracted and inceſſant familiarity betweene him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not ſo privatly carried and huſhed up in ſilence betweene them, but ſhe hath ſecret and ſorrowfull notice thereof; which ſo inflames her minde with hot jealouſie, and likewiſe afflicts her heart with cold feare and apprehenſion, that ſhe hath ſeduced and drawne his affection from her to himſelf, as alſo that he will utterly forſake her to marry *Bertranna*, that ſhe fully beleevs that the wind of his diſcourteous abſence from her proceeds from this point of the compaſſe. Wherefore fearing that which ſhe already knowes, but far more that which ſhe knowes not of this their familiarity betweene them, all her hopes of *Sanctifiore* are almoſt vaniſhed and baniſhed, and her heart is as it were wholly depreſſed and weighed

downe

downe with bitter griefe and sorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her disgrace, much lesse her father, and her looking on her great belly doth but infinitely augment her sorrowes and increase her afflictions, in regard that that which should have beene the cause of her joy and glory, she now knowes will shortly prove the argument of her shame and misery. A thousand times a day, yea I may truly say as many times as houres, she wisheth she had beene more chaste and lesse faire, and not so easily to have hearkned to *Sanctifiores* sugred oathes and temptations, as to have lost her honour and fortunes in seeking to preserve them in her affection to him, she would faine draw comfort from all these her calamities, or from any one of them, and yet shee knowes not from whom except from her *Sanctifiore*, when presently she checks her folly, and reproves her ambition for tearming him hers, when she beleeves she hath far more cause to fear than reason to doubt, that he already is, or shortly will be *Bertrannas* husband. And yet againe, because the excesse of her sorrowes hath more eclipsed her joyes than her judgement, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a master piece of her policy if shee can sequester and reclaime her *Sanctifiore* from *Bertranna*, and so retaine him to her selfe in marriage, she to that end, that very morning sends for *Sebastiano* her fathers Coachman (whom she knew to be faithfull to her) and taking off a rich Diamond ring from her finger which *Sanctifiore* well knew, she bade him finde out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* at his lodging, or elsewhere, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, and to tell him that she infinitely desires him to honour her with his presence at her Fathers house sometimes in the forenoone. *Sebastiano* accordingly finds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Mistris Ring and message, by whom he returns this answer; Commend me to the Lady *Vrsina*, and tell her I will be with her immediately after dinner. Whiles thus our sorrowfull *Vrsina* (betwixt hope and feare, griefe and consolation) prepares to receive him, he arrives to her in his own Coach, and her Fathers servants attending for him, conduct him up to her chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to sorrow, she meets him at the door, and conducts him to the window which answereth & looks into the garden, where he giving her only one slight kisse, and she absenting her Fathers servants, she bursts forth into tears and sighs.

She complaines of the coldnesse of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his oathes and vowes to her, and of her great belly by him, which she tels him he may better see than she conceale, but especially of his deepe promise to marry her, praying him to set downe the time and place when he will performe and consummate it, and that it would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if he forgat himselfe, his honour, and conscience, to forsake her, and marry the Lady *Bertranna*, whom she affirmes to him with teares, that she understands is the Mistris of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his desires and affections. When this base Baron is so cruell hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, and his passion to his compassion) he replyes not a word to all the former parts and branches of her speeches and complaints, but only to the two last he gives her this thundring and heart-killing answer: Know *Vrsina* that I have used all lawfull and possible meanes with my Parents to draw their consents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtaine it of them, and without it I will never marry: as for *Bertranna*, she is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as she is thy superiour in vertues, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine, when with a look (which savoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he hastily throwes her her Diamond Ring, and without once kissing her or bidding her farewell, suddenly rusheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her selfe and her muses, and so takes Coach and away, vowing to himselfe as he went forth the doores, that he will not be Father to a Bastard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judge, if this *Sanctifiore* did not shew himselfe a most base Nobleman & a cruell hearted tyrant towards this sweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, first the consideration

conſideration of her youth and beauty in her ſelfe, of her tender love and affection to him, of his oathes and promiſes to be her husband, of the loſſe of her honour and fortuns, yea ſith the ſight of her lean and thin cheeks wherein the Roſes and Lilies of her former beauty were withered with her ſorrowes and his infidelities, and the ſight and conſideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth, and quality, and the infiniteneſſe of her ſighes, prayers, ſobs, and teares, could draw no more reaſon or compaſſion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the ſight and conſideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her, her very heart and ſoule is wounded and pierced thorow with ſorrow; and now it is that ſhe looks back on her former folly and errour, and on her preſent affliction and griefe, and on her future ſhame and miſery, and now it is that deeming him loſt to her for ever, and her ſelfe conſequently ruined without him; that her ſorrowes and miſeries are ſo great, ſo infinite, that ſhe is ready to drowne her ſelfe in her teares, and moſt willingly deſirous to forſake this life and this world to flye up to Heaven and to God upon the wings of her ſighes and prayers. But alas poore ſoule, thou art too unfortunate to be yet ſo happy, becauſe theſe thy afflictions and ſorrowes do as it were but now begin; therefore thou muſt prepare and arme thy ſelfe to ſuffer them with patience, and to end them in leſſe paſſion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Vrſina*, and ſo ſpeedily poaſt away and acquaint his new one *Bertranna* therewith, who as much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps and laments thereat; yet (according to order) I muſt againe ſpeak of our ſorrowfull *Vrſina*, who hath other more mournfull parts, and lamentable paſſions to act upon the ſtage of this her hiſtory. Who having thus received the repulſe and refuſall from her treacherous lover *Sanctiſiore*, ſhe (within a moneth after) with a ſorrowfull heart and courage, reſolves (as well as ſhe may) to diſpence for a time with her teares, and to provide for her reputation, ſhe hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctiſiore* with her diſgrace of her great belly, for neither her kinſfolks, friends, neighbours, father, or his ſervants, do as yet know it; ſhe is of a weak body and feeble conſtitution, & therefore to conceale this ſcandall from her Father, as alſo from all the world, and to provide for the lying downe of her great belly, ſhe holds it requiſite to diſcover this great and important ſecret but only to one, and ſo to crave the aide and aſſiſtance of this confident boſome friend. To which end, ſhe thinks none ſo fit for her purpoſe, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of an old Aunt of hers, who was her Mothers Siſter named *Dona Mellefanta*, who being a wiſe and rich widdow woman, dwelt at Putzeole ſome ten ſmall miles diſtant from Naples, a place ſo famous for its ſubterranean grots, vaults, and water-works, when inventing an excuſe to her Father, which was as worthy of her art and policy as ſhe was every way unworthy of theſe her croſſes and afflictions; ſhee tels him that it is not unknowne to him how ſhee hath a long time been weak and ſickly, that the aire of Naples is neither wholeſome for her, nor pleaſing to her, and becauſe ſhe hath often dreamt ſhe ſhall in a little time recover her former health in Putzeole, ſhe humbly beſeecheth him that he will ſpeedily ſend her thither to live ſome ſmall time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta*, her Father *Segnior de Tores*, whoſe age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, proſperity and health of this his only childe and daughter, makes her will and deſire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the diſtaſte that had paſt betweene his daughter, and the Baron of *Sanctiſiore*, or of his affection to the Lady *Bertranna*, he demanded of her when you are at Putzeole what ſhall become of the Baron of *Sanctiſiore*, to whom (rather from her apronſtrings than her heart) ſhe returnes this witty and ſpeedy anſwer, if *Sanctiſiore* love me, he will then ſometimes leave Naples and viſit me, or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleaſed her Father ſo well that he cauſeth her to fit up her apparell and baggage, and within three dayes after, (attended on by a Chamber maide, and a Man of his, ſends her away to Putzeole in his Coach to his Siſter *Mellifanta*, where being arived ſhe ſpeedily and privately

with this great ſecret of her great belly, which ſo much imports her reputation, or diſgrace, and alſo with all the circumſtances thereof, and ſo prayes her beſt love and aſſiſtance to her herein, the which ſhe faithfully promiſeth her, adding withal, that becauſe ſhe is of her own blood, ſhe will regard and love her as her own childe, telling her that ſhe highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving *Naples*, to come lay down her great belly with her in Putzeole; yet ſhe could not chuſe but blame her for the cauſe thereof in ſuffering her ſelfe to be thus abuſed and betrayed, by ſo baſe a Nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctiſiore*, but then againe ſhe excuſeth that errour of this her Neece upon the freſhneſſe of her youth, and beauty, and bids her feare nothing, but to reſolve to be here cheerefull, couragious, and merry with her.

Here we ſee our beautifull *Vrſina* ſafe at Putzeole, under the wings and protection of her Aunt *Mellifanta*, and far off from the eyes of the knowne or ſuſpected rejoycing enemies of her diſgrace; lodged in a dainty houſe, a delicate ayre, having variety of curious ſweet garments, and dainty rancks and groves of Orenge and Lemon trees to walke in, well attended on, and faring moſt delitiouſly; and who therefore would beleeve, that ſhe would not now quite abandon her former ſorrowes and tears, and wholly reject and caſt off that baſe Baron of *Sanctiſiore* who ſo ingratefully had ruined, and ſo treacherouſly had firſt forſaken and rejected her; but here in Putzeole we ſhall ſee her performe nothing leſſe; for although ſhe yet hold him to be intangled in the lures of *Bertrannas* beauty, and the temptations of her Father *de Tores* wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and meaſuring him by her ſelfe, ſhe ſtill loves him ſo deerely that ſhe nevertheleſſe beleeves he cannot hate her ſo deadly as to reject and repudiate her to marry the ſaid *Bertranna*, when the more to fortifie her beleefe and reſolution thereof, ſhe very often againe reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and ſeene, and therein finding, that by his conſcience and ſoule, and by Heaven and by God, he had bound himſelfe to marry her, and to live and dye her faithfull husband; ſhe then beleeves that no man, much leſſe a Nobleman, and leaſt of all a Chriſtian will be ſo prophane and impious (without any cauſe or reaſon) to violate all theſe his great oathes and promiſes ſo deeply made, and ſo religiouſly atteſted unto God, wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctiſiore* were abſent from her, yet ſeeing him ſtill preſent in her eyes and heart, ſhe therefore (in conſideration of the premiſes) doth yet continually ſo plead for him againſt her ſelfe, and for his affection and fidelity to her againſt her ſuſpition and diffidence of him, that ſhe yet flatters her ſelfe with a conceit that in the end his conſcience will ſo call home his thoughts, and God his conſcience, that he will marry her ſelfe, and none but her ſelfe. Againe, conſidering him to be the Father of her unborne babe, ſhe thinks her ſelfe a very unkinde and unnaturall mother, if ſhe ſhould not love him for her childes ſake as well as for his own, and that God would neither bleſſe her nor her burthen, if ſhe ſhould any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reaſons, (truly and courteouſly laid by her, but ſo falſely and treacherouſly by him) ſhe thinks it a good way and an excellent, expedient for her, to ſeek to reclaime him to her by a Letter, the proofe whereof ſince his defection from her, ſhe had not as yet practiſed or experienced, but as ſhe began to fall on this reſolution, her hope and deſpaire of *Sanctiſiore* and yet her love and affection to him, make her meet and fall on a doubtfull ſcruple, whether ſhe ſhould write kindly or cholerickly to him, but at laſt her affection to him, declining and excuſing his infidelity to her, and her love and courteſie giving a favourable conſtruction to his cruelty towards her, ſhe holds it more behovefull for her deſire, and his returne, to write to him paſſionately and effectually, but not harſhly or ſeverely, and ſo to take the ſweet and faire way which ſhe deſired, but not the ſharpe and bitter which he deſerved; when flying to her cloſet, ſhe (full of griefe and teares) writes him this enſuing Letter, the which without the knowledge of her Aunt *Mellifanta* ſhe ſends him to Naples, by her truſty meſſenger *Sebaſtiano* her Fathers Coachman.

Vrſina

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

TO preſerve thine owne honour, and prevent mine owne diſgrace and ſhame, I have left Naples *to ſojourne here for a time in* Putzeole *with the Lady* Mellifanta *mine Aunt, where thy preſence will make me as truly joyfull and happy, as I feele and know my ſelfe infinitely miſerable without it; For although of late (but for what cauſe, or reaſon, God knowes, I know not) it hath pleaſed thee to exerciſe my affection and patience in thy diſcontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchaſe, ſith thou art my Husband by promiſe, whereof the coppies of thy former Letters will informe and remember thee, that thou madeſt God the Judge, and thy ſoule and conſcience the witneſſes, I cannot beleeve that thou art ſo irreligious, or that thou beareſt me ſo little love, or ſo much malice, to make thy ſelfe guilty of ſuch foule infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeale to them all if my tender and untainted affection to thee have not every way deſerved the contrary at thy hands. Againe, as in hoping to marry thee I gave thee my heart, ſo in aſſurance and confidence thereof, thou didſt likewiſe bereave me of my honour, and therefore if the counterpane of that contract do any way fade or dye in thy memory, yet reſt confident that the Originall lives ſtill in Heaven, as the pledge and ſeale thereof doth now in my unhappy wombe here on Earth; miſtake me not my deare* Sanctifiore, *for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end that thou mayeſt thereby ſeriouſly conſider, and religiouſly remember with thy ſelfe, what I am to thee, thou to my ſelfe, and what that unfortunate innocent unborne babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my ſelfe thy handmaide, and with a world of ſighes and teares throw my ſelfe at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poore beauty which once thou didſt ſo much admire and adore, by the memory of my loſt virginity, which thou wreſtedſt from me with ſo many amorous ſighes and teares, by all thy deepe othes, vowes, and promiſes which thou ſo religiouſly gaveſt me to remaine ſtill loving to me, by thine honour which ſhould be dearer to thee than thy life, by thy conſcience and ſoule which ought to be farre more precious to thee than all the lives and honours of the world, yea for thy poore infants ſake, and laſtly for Gods ſake, abandon thy unjuſt diſpleaſure and immerited diſcontent conceived againſt me, and my deere* Sanctifiore *come away to me to* Putzeole, *and there make me thy Wife in the ſight of his Church and people, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels, I ſay againe, come away to me my ſweet* Sanctifiore, *for thy ſight will delight my heart, and thy preſence and company raviſh my ſoule with joy. It is impoſſible for* Bertranna, *either to love or honour thee the thouſand part ſo deerely as thy* Urſina *doth, and till death reſolves to do; I will freely forget all thy former eſcapes and diſcourteſies towards me, and do attribute them more to her fooliſh vanity, than any way to thy unkinde diſpoſition or inclination, yea I will not knit my browes when thou commeſt to me, but will cheereſully and joyfully prepare my ſelfe to feaſt thee with ſmiles, and to ſurfet thee with kiſſes: But if contrariwiſe thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard theſe my juſt requeſts and ſorrowes, nor obey and follow God and thy conſcience herein, in ſpeedily repairing to me to make me thy joyfull Wife, then what ſhall I do or ſay, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithſtanding ſtill reſolve to love thee deerely, though thou hate me deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curſe me; yea I will then leave thee to God, and religiouſly beſeech his divine majeſtie, to be a juſt judge betweene both of us, of my firme affection and conſtancy to thee, and of thy cruell ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy conſtant* Urſina *knowes that without thee, ſhe ſhall aſſuredly live ſorrowfully and die miſerably.*

URSINA.

Her meſſenger *Sebaſtiano* arives privately at *Naples* and finds out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* in his chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at firſt (knowing from whom it came) ſtood a pretty whiles muſing and conſulting with himſelf, whether

ther he ſhould read or burne it, but at laſt he breakes up the ſeales thereof, and with much adoe affords himſelfe the time and patience to peruſe it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive ſo ſweet and loving a letter from *Vrſina*, yet not bluſhing for ſhame, but looking pale with envy and malice thereat, he darting forth a diſdainfull frown, and tearing the letter in peeces, throwes it into the fire, when turning himſelf haſtily towards *Sebaſtiano* who ſtood neer him and ſaw all that hee had done, he in great choler ſpake to him thus. Tell that proud and fooliſh gigglet *Vrſina* that I diſdain her as much as ſhee writes ſhe loves me, and that, as now, ſo ever hereafter I will return no other anſwer to her and her letters, but contempt and ſilence, when to expreſſe his greater fury, *Sebaſtiano* was no ſooner forth his chamber, but he very haſtily throws faſt the door after him, & in this furious & cholerick manner doth this baſe *Sanctifiore* receive the love and entertain the letter of our ſweet & ſorowfull *Vrſina*.

Sebaſtiano as much grieving as admiring at the incivill choler and rage of *Sanctifiore*, preſently leaves Naples, and carries home this poore news and cold comfort to his yong Miſtris the Lady *Vrſina* at Putzeole, the which he faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing leſſe but directly the contratry thereof. She is amazed to underſtand this his diſdainefull, barbarous, & cruell anſwer, and infinitly perplexed in mind, that he ſhould firſt teare then burn her letter, and for converting his pen into *Sebaſtianoes* tongue for his anſwer thereof; But above all that word of his gigglet kild her very heart with ſorrow, to think that for all her former courteſies ſhewed him, he ſhould now at laſt repay her with this foule ingratitude and ſcandalous aſperſion, at the ſorrowfull thought and conſideration whereof, reſolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty ſhe could not refrain from bedewing her roſeat cheeks with many pearled teares, nor from evaporating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the centre of her ſoul; God forgive the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and be mercifull to me *Vrſina* a great and wretched ſinner, had ſhe continued in this godly mind and reſolution ſhe had done well, but alas (notwithſtanding the wholſome comfort & councell of her aunt *Mellefanta*) we ſhall ſhortly ſee her run a contrary courſe & cariere.

It is a common phraſe and proverb that misfortune ſeldom comes alone, which we ſhall now ſee our ſorrowfull *Vrſina* will verifie by her deep ſighes, and confirme by her bitter teares for this diſcourtiſie of *Sanctifiore* towards her, for ſhe hath ſo deeply nailed it in her mind, and riveted it in her heart, that it begins to impaire her health and ſtrength, and conſequently to pervert and alter the conſtitution of her body, ſo that where as her poore unborn babe had lived but one full month within her, ſhe now finds ſo many ſuddain throws, and unacuſtomed convulſions, that ſhe is ſpeedily conſtrained to betake her ſelf to her bed, when calling upon her aunt *Mellefanta*, & withall poſſible haſte ſending away for the midwife, ſhe after many ſharp torments, and bitter cryes and groanes (to the great perill and iminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little ſon, which God ſends into the world dead born; now although ſhee want no curious care, comfort and attendance from her aunt, in this her ſicknes and extremity, yet ſhe weeps bitterly, and pittifull for the abortive birth and untimely death of her poore innocent babe, and infant, and becauſe her aunt ſees, that this laſt affliction and ſorrow of her neece doth infinitly encreaſe and revive her former, and that ſhee alſo conceives a wonderfull feare in her heart, & ſcruple in her conſcience that it is only her immoderate griefe and ſorrow which hath kild her child, therefore as a diſcreet matron and wiſe Lady, (to remove this article out of her neeces beliefe and memory) tels her plainly and freely, that ſhe is extremely deceived in that point & doubt of fear, and that it is not her ſorrow, but the baſe ingratitude and treachery of her falſe lover *Sanctifiore* to her ſelfe which kild her child within her; A tart and yet a true ſpeech, which *Vrſina* neither will ſo ſoone, nor can ſo eaſily forget, as her aunt *Mellefanta* hath ſpoken it, but ſhall I here tearme this to be affection in *Vrſina* towards *Sanctifiore*, or a

needleſſe vanity or ſupreſluous ceremony in her ſelf: For ſhe deſires to kiſſe her breathleſſe innocent babe for his ſake, which ſhe doth, when giving it a thouſand kiſſes, then waſhing his face with her teares, and lamenting and grieving that ſhe could not breath life into it with her ſighs, ſhe recommends it againe to her aunt, and ſhe the ſame night to its ſecret anddecent buriall.

Whiles thus *Vrſina* remaines very weak and ſick in her bed, yet ſtill her heart and affection looks conſtantly on *Sanctifiore* as the needle of the compaſſe doth to the north, notwithſtanding all his baſe ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time ſhewed towards her, and becauſe it is a thouſand griefes and pitties that ever he ſet his eyes on her, or ſhe on him, and as many ſhames for him, firſt to ſeduce and then to betray her, therefore who would any way commend her for continuing of her love to him, or rather who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit, & judgement, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him: And yet this ſilly yong Lady is ſo bewitched to him as in the very middeſt of her ſicknes & ſorrows, and contrary to all ſence and reaſon here breaks forth a ſparkle & flaſh of her policy in her ſelf, and of her affection towards him; She neither can, nor dare truſt any other but *Sebaſtiano* her coachman, with this great ſecret which ſo much imports her honor or diſgrace, or with this her meſſage with *Sanctifiore* from whom (though in vaine) ſhee expects ſome hope and content, when exempting all from her chamber ſhe cals him to her beds ſide, and ſwearing him to ſecrecy, for want of ſtrength to write chargeth him preſently to ride poaſt to Naples againe to find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* and to tell him from her, that ſhe her ſelf is extream ſick, and not like to live, that ſhee is delivered of his and her Sonne who is dead born, and therefore that ſhe begs him, that for Gods ſake he will ſpeedily come over to her, becauſe for his good, & her content, ſhe infinitly deſireth to diſcharge her mind and conſcience to him before ſhe go to heaven; So *Sebaſtiano*, (in diſcharge of his duty, and his Ladies command ſeems rather to fly than poaſt to Naples, where ariving to *Sanctifiores* houſe, and finding him within; he ſends him up his name by one of his men, as alſo that he moſt earneſtly deſires to ſpeak a word with his Lordſhip: but *Sanctifiore* knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry *Sebaſtiano* back this anſwer that he will neither ſpeak with him, nor ſee him. *Sebaſtiano* is perplexed with this his ſhort and ſharp reply, but becauſe his meſſage is of great importance, as alſo for that he exceedingly reſpecteth & honoreth his yong Lady and miſtris, he reſolves not to return to her as a fool; to which end, at the foot of the ſtaires he enquires of another of his ſervants when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tels him he will take coach within half an houre, whereof *Sebaſtiano* being exceeding glad, he thinks it beſt to ſtay for him in the ſtreet, where (with much vigilancy & impatiency) he attends his comming, ſo at laſt he ſees him iſſue forth his gate; when preſently *Sebaſtiano* placeth him ſelf betwixt him and his coach, and with his hat in his hand, very reſolutely and orderly delivereth him his miſtris her meſſage at full, the which *Sanctifiore* underſtanding, he at firſt ſmiles thereat, but then preſently againe entring into choler, he rounds *Sebaſtiano* this anſwer in his eare, tell that ſtrumpet thy miſtris *Vrſina* from me, that I wiſh ſhe were buryed with her baſtard, and that they were both with the devill, and ſo without ſpeaking any one word more, in a mighty fume of anger and diſdain he throwes himſelf a way from *Sebaſtiano* into his coach, and ſpeedily hurries away to his ſweet heart *Bertranna*, from whom he is ſeldome or never abſent, to whom he revealed all that had paſt in this paſſage, endevoring as much as in him lies to make it to be as well her laughter, as his own contẽpt & ſcorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no chriſtian whatſoever, but that his very heart and ſoule, will yearne within him, at the reading of theſe cruell, barbarous and helliſh ſpeechs of this baſe hearted Nobleman, againſt our ſorrowfull and unfortunate *Vrſina*, and her poore harmles deceaſed babe, and no leſſe doth *Sebaſtiano* in hearing and my ſelf in penning and relating them: do I tearm him Nobleman? O let

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mee (with reſpect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sanctifiore*, and to give him his due, let me tearm him as he is a monſter of men, or if he will, a noble deboſhed vilain, or whether he will or no, a meer tyrant, or elſe a devill in the ſhape of a man, to uſe ſuch ingratefull cruel tyes, and helliſh actions and ſpeeches againſt theſe two innocent perſons, who contrariwiſe in the higheſt degree, deſerved from him all manner of affection, reſpect, charity, pitty and compaſſion; but let him look to himſelf as well as he can, yet (God being as juſt as mercifull) it is not impoſſible for him in the end to pay deare for theſe his foule infidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to *Sebaſtiano* who (by this time) is returned to Putzeole whereof he preſently ſends up notice to his young Lady and miſtris *Vrſina* who ſtill keeps her bed through diſcontent and ſicknes, but at the newes of his arrivall, or rather hoping that he had brought her ſome good news from her *Sanctifiore*; ſhe without any regard to her weakneſſe and ſicknes) riſeth from her bed by the fire, and cals her chamber maid for her night gown, which having drawn on; ſhe bids her for a whiles to abſent her ſelf, and to ſend up her coachman *Sebaſtiano* to her, and although in his ſorrowfull looks and countenance ſhe may already tacitly read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from *Sanctifiore*, yet ſhe cals him to her, and bids him ſpeak on; but alas he ſpeaketh too ſoon for her, for (with a faltring and trembling voice) hee tels her the harſh entertainment, which *Sanctifiore* gave to him and his meſſage in Naples, and the inhumane and cruell anſwer which he bad him return to her in Putzeole, without any way adding or diminiſhing a word thereof; the which as ſoon as ſhe underſtood, ſhe for the extremity of her griefe and ſorrow hangs down her head, and croſſing her armes uttereth this paſſionate ſpeech: good God is it poſſible that *Sanctifiore* will thus abuſe me, or is this the favor which I muſt expect of him in requitall of thoſe extraordinary courteſies he hath received from me; when walking up and down her chamber, ſhe thanks *Sebaſtiano*, and giving him ſome gold for his paines, bids him to leave her, and to ſend up her aunt *Mellefanta*, and her chamber maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up haſtily to her, her aunt chides her for the little care ſhe had of her own health, but more for her fooliſh teares, and in diſcreet ſorrows. Now after they had laid her in her bed, and that *Vrſina* had purpoſly ſent away her maid, ſhee prayes her aunt to ſhut her chamber doore, and then to ſit down by her beds ſide for that ſhee had ſome ſecrets of importance to reveale unto her; when with a thouſand ſighes and teares, bedewing the roſes and lilies of her freſh and lovely cheeks, ſhe acquaints her from point to point, what had now again paſt between *Sanctifiore* and her ſelf, in this ſecond journey of *Sebaſtiano* to him at Naples. Her aunt *Mellefanta* laughs as much at this folly of her neece *Vrſina*, as ſhe her ſelf weeps at her own ſorrows and afflictions; and having as much wit as the other had weaknes, ſhe makes bold to call her ſot, and foole, to care for him who contemned and ſcorned her, and for ſetting that to her heart which he did at his heel, yea ſhe advanced further in this her paſſionate choler to her and ſaid, fie, fie neece, ſell your ſorrows to buy more courage and wit, and ſo becauſe that baſe Baron *Sanctifiore* deteſts and defies you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like to him, a ſharp and bitter ſpeech which *Vrſina* (amidſt her ſorrows) now conveyes to her heart, and it may be we ſhall hereafter ſee her to remember it, when her aunt *Mellefanta* hath forgotten it: for poore Soul, ſhee being as it were depreſſed and weighed down, with the multitude of *Sanctifiores* affronts and diſgraces, and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, ſhe hath wept ſo much as ſhe yet weeps becauſe ſhe can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their conſtellations and horoſcopes were ſuch, that as *Sanctifiore* was born to hate her, ſo was ſhee notwithſtanding, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Alas *Vrſina*; It is true indeed, that the leaſt of theſe treacheries, and cruelties of *Sanctifiore* to thee, are cauſes enough of all thy teares and ſorrows; but yet the conſideration and comparing of thoſe with theſe, conducts and leads me to this dilemma; that

I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the firſt, or thou for permitting the ſecond, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy ſcorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude, and crimes to thee I know are many in quantity, and very baſe and odious in quality, yea their number is ſo great and their nature ſo foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a ſmaller, nor their repetition contracted in a leſſer or narrower volume than this; he hath betraid his love, violated his faith, and falſified his oathes and promiſes to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy virginity, torn and burnt thy letters, diſdained to ſee thee, called thee gigglet and whore; thy innocent babe baſtard, and which is worſt of all, he hath wilfully and cholerickly wiſhed both of you to the devill; ſo judge with thy ſelf *Vrſina*, if all theſe be not fair motives for thee ſtill to love *Sanctifiore*, or rather if they be not juſt reaſons and provocations for thee now at laſt to hate him; or if thou think they be not enough to work & eſtabliſh this metamorphoſis in thee, have but a little patience, and it is not impoſſible for thee to find more to affect and finiſh it; for now whiles her aunt *Mellefanta* is rating & ratling her for not caſting off her heart & hopes from *Sanctifiore*; and *Vrſina* (in counter-exchange) chiding her aunt becauſe ſhe cannot indure that ſhe ſhould eternally love him, here fals out an unexpected accident (within a moneth after ſhe had prettily recovered her health and ſtrength) which we ſhall preſently ſee will work and produce ſtrange effects both in her heart and mind as alſo in her affections and reſolutions towards her *Sanctifiore*, for as yet (privatly to her ſelf) ſhe many times ſo tearmes and ſtiles him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun (that glorious lamp of heaven) had in his fiery gliſtering chariot taken leave of the ſouth, and was poaſting towards the weſt, to view the Atlantick ſeas, as the Lady *Mellefanta* carried her neece *Vrſina* forth in her coach to take the ayre, and to recreate her ſorrowfull ſpirits, in a great walk of orenge trees, orderly and pleaſantly growing upon the bancks of a fine chriſtall brook about a mile from Putzeole, they a far off (in the boote of the coach) eſpied two horſemen galloping directly towards them, when *Vrſina* flattering her ſelf with hope, and therefore bluſhing for joy, that it was her *Sanctifiore*, who was purpoſly come from Naples towards Putzeole to ſee her, ſhe therfore cries out to her coachman *Sebaſtiano* to ſtay the coach & to attend and expect them; when preſently ſhe ſees her hopes deceived, and her joyes ended as ſoon as began, for the one was a ſervant of *Mellefantas* who from Putzeole conducted thither to *Vrſina* a ſervant of her father *Placedo's* who came from Naples with a letter from him to her, whereupon the aunt much wondering, and the neece far more what this ſuddain buſineſſe might be, they both deſcend the coach, and *Vrſina* taking her fathers letter from his man, ſhe ſteps a little aſide from her aunt *Mellefanta*, and breaking up the ſeal thereof; (directly contrary to her expectation and deſires) finds theſe lines therein.

PLACEDO to URSINA.

HOping that by this time the ſweet ayre of Putzeole hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou ſpeedily return home to me to Naples (in thy coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purpoſely ſent to conduct thee hither. I beleeve that thy country abſence hath loſt thee a good fortune here in the Citty, for yeſterday morning the baron of Sanctifiore *was (in the Auguſtines Church) married to* Dona Bertranna, *daughter to* Seignior de Tores, *with great ſtate and ſolemnity, whom I had well hoped ſhould have been thy husband, I remember my beſt reſpects to my ſiſter, thy aunt* Mellefanta, *and my beſt prayers to God for thy vertues and proſperity, as being thy loving father*

PLACEDO.

Vrſina

Urſina hath no ſooner read this letter, but every member of her body trembles for griefe and vexation thereat, yea her ſorrows are ſo great, as ſhe cannot ſpeak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her aunt *Mellefanta* ſteps to her aſſiſtance and ſo do the two men, but they have all of them much ado to ſupport her up; when at laſt wringing her hands, and looking up ſtedfaſtly to heaven, ſhee throwing her letter to her aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation againſt *Sanctiſiore*; and hath this baſe Nobleman at laſt requited all my love, with this monſtrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to ſuffer it? and O wherefore ſhould he live for offering it to me? her aunt reads her letter and in deteſtation of *Sanctiſiores* baſenes, ſhe ads fuell to the flame of her neeces choler againſt him, but ſhe needs not, for this very laſt act of his marriage with *Bertranna*, ſets her all in fire and revenge againſt him, yea her heart is abſolutly diverted, and taken away from him, as heretofore ſhe never loved him ſo much as now ſhe hates him; ſhe ſweares to her ſelf, that ſhe will make him pay deare for this his ingratitude and trechery towards her, and limits her revenge with no leſſe than his death for ſo baſely abuſing and deceiving her, ſhe but now threw away his letter for ſorrow, but now ſhe again takes it up for joy, becauſe it cals her home to Naples, where as ſoone as ſhe arrives, ſhe againe and againe reſolves and vowes with her ſelfe that ſhe will murther him her ſelfe, or cauſe him to be murthered by ſome others: her aunt *Mellefanta* by all ſweet meanes and perſwaſions ſeeks to pacifie her diſcontent and fury, and ſo to appeaſe and coole the raging tempeſts of her heart: but ſhe ſpeakes to a deafe woman, who is not capable, either of counſell conſolation or reaſon, for her malice and revenge againſt *Sanctiſiore* have ſo fully taken up her heart and ſoul, and ſo abſolutely ſurpriſed her thoughts and poſſeſſed her reſolutions, that ſhe neither reſolves nor thinkes of any thing elſe, but how and in what manner ſhee may murther him; to which end ſhe takes coach for Putzeole, there packs up her baggage, conceales her bloody intents and reſolutions towards *Sanctiſiore* from her aunt *Mellefanta*, thanks her moſt lovingly and courteouſly for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof ſhe affirms ſhe will beare to her grave, and from thence to heaven, and ſo within three dayes takes leave of her, and returnes to Naples to her father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives ſome ſecret diſcontent lie lurking in the furrowes of her browes; but ſhe diſſembleth it both to him and the world, and ſo beares her ſelfe fairly, modeſtly and temperatly towards him in her ſpeeches and actions, who all this while is every way ignorant of her diſgracefull great belly, as alſo of the birth and buriall of her infant child. She is no ſooner come to Naples, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctiſiore* wil give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her reſolutions, for her heart having conſpired with the devill, and both of them againſt God to diſpatch him to heaven; ſo now from the matter ſhe fals to the manner, and from her conſultation to the practiſe thereof. She firſt thinks it beſt to get him poyſoned, to which end within ten dayes after her arrivall to Naples ſhe ſends for her owne Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having ſworne him to ſecrecy profers him two hundred duckatons to poyſon her mortall enemy the Baron of *Sanctiſiore*, but *Romancy* is too honeſt a man and too religious a Chriſtian to undertake it, and ſo utterly refuſeth her, and rejecteth her profer; and then and there with many godly reaſons and pious ſpeeches, endevoreth to diſwade her from this fowle and bloody fact, but he ſpeaks either to the wind or to a deafe woman, for ſhe is reſolute not to retire but to advance in this her cruell and inhumane deſigne, only ſhe here againe ſtrongly conjures this honeſt Apothecary to ſecrecy, the which he ſolemnly promiſeth.

Urſina is ſtill implacable in her malice and revenge againſt *Sanctiſiore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuoſity, when ſhe (by her ſecret ſpies) is given to underſtand that he triumpheth in her affliction and ſcandall, and reputes it his chiefeſt content and felicity to have erected the trophees of his

his joy upon the ruins of her honor and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as alſo that ſhe and this her diſgrace is now become the publike laughter and private ſcorn and glory of his proud and ambitious wife *Bertranna:* ſo ſhe cannot endure the thought, much leſſe digeſt the remembrance and conſideration hereof, and therefore ſhe ſpeedily reſolves to reduce her malitious contemplation into bloody action towards him, and to try another experiment and concluſion thereof. She in a pleaſant morning ſomwhat ſooner than accuſtomed, walks alone with her waiting maid in her fathers curious and dainty garden, but not to pleaſe her eyes with the delicious ſight and fragrant ſmell of the great variety of rare and fair flowers wherewith it was richly adorned and diapred; or to recreat and delight her ears with the melifluous ditties and madrigals of thoſe ſweet quiriſters of the aire, the nightingals, thruſhes, and lennots, who ſat chanting of ſome ſweet diviſion in ſome trees of this garden, and on ſome branches of theſe trees, or to preſerve her ſelf from the intemperat heat of the ſcorching Sun beames; and therefore either to paſſe her time, either in ſome ſhaddowed walks and arbours, or to ſit her ſelf down by ſome curious chryſtall fountaine, with all which delights and rarities this her fathers garden was deliciouſly inriched and embeliſhed; O no, nothing leſſe, for ſhe was reſolute to make her ſelf more miſerable, & not ſo happy, becauſe her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her reſolutions, on the murther of *Sanctifiore* at what price or rate ſoever. Having therefore formerly miſt of her Apothecary *Romancy* to poyſon him, ſhe elſe knows not any ſo fit or proper to diſpatch him as her truſty coachman *Sebaſtiano,* who (as we have formerly underſtood) was both an eye and an eare witnes of this his baſe and ignoble cruelty towards her, wherefore ſhe by her waiting maid, ſends for him into the garden to her, & with many ruthfull looks, and ſorrowfull ſighes, having firſt commended and applauded his fidelity, to her, and then ſworn him to ſecrecy to what ſhe ſhould now relate and deliver unto him, ſhe tels him, that ſhe cannot live except that baſe Lord *Sanctifiore* dye, and therefore ſhe profereth him an hundred Spaniſh double piſtols of gold, if he will either murther him by night in the ſtreets with his rapier, or piſtoll him to death abroad in the fields, at his firſt ſeeing and meeting of him, to the which ſhe very earneſtly praies and requeſts him. *Sebaſtiano* as amazed at this bloody propoſition & entreaty of his yong Lady *Urſina,* whom he ever held to be more charitable, & not ſo cruell hearted to any one of the world, and although he be poor, yet he is ſo honeſt, vertuous and religious, as he highly refuſeth to diſtain his heart, or dip his hands in innocent blood for any ſilver or gold whatſoever. So in humble (and yet in abſolute) tearms, he gives her the deniall, and (with teares in his eyes) prayes her to deſiſt from this her cruell purpoſe, becauſe he affirmes to her, that the end of murther proves moſt commonly but the beginning of ſhame, repentance, miſery, and confuſion to their authors; ſo ſhe bites her lip, and hangs her head for ſorrow, at this his repulſe and refuſall; and yet is ſo cautious and wary in her actions, as ſhe makes him again ſweare ſecrecy to her in all things, which now doth, or hereafter may concern this buſineſſe, the which he faithfully promiſeth her, provided, that her commands and his ſervice be every way exempt of the effuſion of innocent blood, and the perpetration of murther, to the which he conſtantly vows to her, it is impoſible for him ever to be ſeduced or drawn, and ſo he takes leave of her and leaves her ſolitarily alone in the garden to her muſes; but yet as he was iſſuing forth ſhe again cals him to her, and ſtrictly chargeth him firſt carefully and curiouſly to inform himſelf, and then he her, of *Sanctifiores* moſt frequent haunts, and walks without the Citty, the which he likewiſe promiſeth her to perform.

Our malicious and revengfull *Urſina* is not contented to receive the deniall from her Apothecary *Romancy,* and the repulſe from her coachman *Sebaſtiano,* about the finiſhing of this deplorable buſines, but without making any good uſe of their honeſt & religious diſſwaſions of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of heaven

heaven or hell, she as a fatall member, & prodigious agent of *Sathan*, is still resolute to proceed therein; for he is still so strong with her heart, because her faith and soul are so weak with God, that she sees not her self so oft in her looking glas with delight, as she both sees, & finds *Sanctifiore* in her heart and mind with detestation; for her mallice to him hath quite expelled all reason, & banished all charity and piety in her self, and consequently now made her memorative and capable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and usurpes every point both of her time, and of her self, and works so strange (I may rather truly say so miserable) a metamorphosis in her, as if shee were now wholly composed of one, or both of these two impious and diabolicall vices, so that every moment seems a yeere, and every day an age to her, before she hath dispatched him for heaven; she now sees that shee cannot (with safety) employ any other herein but her selfe, and therefore day by day calling upon *Sebastiano* to know of him, where *Sanctifiores* usuall haunts & walks were out the citty, hee at last tels her that he is fully assured, that most mornings and evenings he takes his coach and sometimes his page, but many times alone, and so goes a mile out of the cittie beyond the gate which looks towards Saint *Germaines*, and there in a dainty grove of Olives and Orenge trees (neer a small river side) he with his book in his hand, and his spaniell dog at his heels passeth an houre or two alone in his private contemplation, his coach being sometimes out of sight from him, and sometimes returns to the Citty, and so comes and fetcheth him back again; which report is no sooner heard and understood of *Ursina* from her coachman, but she receiveth it with much joy, and entertains it with infinite content and delectation; she is therefore so cruell in her thoughts, and so determinate and bloody in her resolutions, as she will protract no time, but she speedily bethinks her self of a hellish stratagem and policy (no lesse strange then cruell) which the devill himself suggested, and found out for her, to wreak her inveterate malice & infernall revenge in murthering of *Sanctifiore*, the manner whereof is thus.

She very secretly provides her self of a friers compleat weed, as a sad russet gown & coule, with a girdle of a knotty rope, and woodden sandalls, proper to the order of the *Bonnes homes* (which is the reformed one of that of Saint *Francis*) with a false negligent old beard, and haire for his head sutable to the same, and in one of the pockets of this frock, she put a small begging box, such as those friers use to carry in Citty and country when they crave the charitable almes and devotion of well disposed people; as also a new breviary (or small masse book) of the last edition and form of *Rome*, bound up in blew turky leather richly guilt, but in the other pocket thereof she puts a couple of small short pistols which she had secretly purloined out of her father *Placedo's* armory, and had charged each of them with a brace of bullets, fast rammed down, with priming powder in the pans, and all these fatall trinckets, shee (with equall silence and treachery) packes and tyes up close in the gown, expecting the time and houre to work this her cruell & lamentable feat on innocent *Sanctifiore*, who little thinks or dreams what a bloody banquet his old love, & now his new enemy *Ursina* is preparing for him.

And here I write with griefe that it was the tuesday after Palm Sunday, (a time and week which the blessed passion of our Saviour *Jesus Christ*, makes sacred and famous, and which all true Christians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, and not to polute or defile it with barbarous and bloody sacrifices) when our masculine monster, rather our femall fury *Ursina*, being assured by *Sebastiano* that the Baron of *Sanctifiore* was that day about three of the clock after dinner gone out alone in his coach to his aforesaid usuall place of walking a mile off the citty in the fields; she infinite glad of this desired occasion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebastiano* make ready his coach, & silently to leave him without the postern gate of her fathers garden, and so presently to come up to her chamber to her, the which he as soon performs; to whom she now (prophanely and treacherously sayes) *Sebastiano*, (by the favor and mercy of God)

I have now exchanged my cruelty into courtesie towards the Baron of *Sanctifiore*; and doe therefore presently resolve to give him a merry meeting in the fields, whereat before our departure and returne, I know thou wilt rejoyce and laugh heartily at the sight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleasing newes to *Sebastiano*, to whom she then gives this little fardell, and so purposely leaving her waiting-maid behind her, she cheerefully and speedily followes him to the coach, wherein being seated and the little fardell likewise within by her, she bids him drive away with all speed to find out *Sanctifiore*, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight shots of him, *Ursina* bids *Sebastiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive in the coach into some close shadowed place out of the high way, where they might see *Sanctifiore*, but not (as yet) to be either seene or espied of him; which accordingly he doth, where she descends her coach, drawes off her owne apparell, and so puts on her false friers apparell, as also the haire and beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before, and here likewise she foldeth up the tresses and tramels of her owne haire under it, and hath purposely shaved away the haire of a little part of the crowne of her head, and all this whiles her coach man *Sebastiano* turnes her chamber-maid here in the fields to make her ready, where he cannot refraine from exceedingly smiling and laughing to see what a strange metamorphosis this now is, that his young Lady *Ursina* is here become an old frier, but still she hides and conceales her two pistols carefully in her pocket from him, as also her bloody designes and intents towards *Sanctifiore*, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as she her selfe and only her selfe is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readinesse, she out of her other pocket takes her almes box and holds it in one of her hands, and her howres (or breviary) in her other, and so taking leave of her coachman, and (with a dissembling cheerfull countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and speedily to bring up her coach to her, as soon as he sees her wave her white handkercher towards him; so, as a jolly old frier, away this she devill softly trips towards *Sanctifiore*, having piety in her looks, but prophanes and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as she goes, *Sebastiano* cannot refrain from laughing to see this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and mistris, but directly beleeving that she in meriment went a maying or masking, such was his ignorance that he least thought, or dreamt that shee went to commit murther, or what devill was here vailed and shrouded under this friers weed.

So (with more assurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) she goes on towards *Sanctifiore* who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a ducke or two, she holding up her begging box, and counterfeiting an old fryers voyce, prayes him for the blessed Virgin *Maries* sake, and also for holy Saint *Francis* sake to bestow something on him for their society and order; which *Sanctifiore* (being alone, as having sent back his coach to the citty) resolving to do, he seeing that fair new breviary in the friers hands, he fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and peruseth it, which being that which *Ursina* aimed and looked for, she for manners sake (but indeed purposely and maliciously) steps behind him, & very softly drawing out one of her pistols out of her pocket which was already bent; shee levels it at the very reines of his back, and so lets fly at him, whereof he presently was falling to the ground, when (the devill making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the turning of a hand, she whips out the other pistoll out of her pocket, and to make sure work with him likewise dischargeth it in his brest, and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conspicuous and apparant to all the world, as neer as she could guesse to his very heart, of which mortall wounds made by her foure bullets *Sanctifiore* fell immediatly dead to the ground, having neither the power grace or happinesse to speak a word; and she pulling off her false beard, discovered her self to him as hee was dying, and spurning him most disdainfully and maliciously

with

with her foot gave him this cruell farwell, ſuch deaths ſuch villaines deſerve, who triumph & glory to betray harmleſſe & innocent Ladies; which having acted and ſaid, ſhe waving her hand kercher to her coachman, he comes up to her with her coach as ſwift as the wind, who is all a mazed & in teares to behold this wofull accident and lamentable ſpectacle; for deſcending ſpeedily from his coach, he finds the Baron of *Sanctifiore* dead, and his ſoule already fled and aſcended from earth to heaven, to whom his Lady *Urſina* in a graceleſſe inſulting bravery) ſayes, rejoyce with me *Sebaſtiano*, that I have now ſo bravely and fortunately revenged my ſelf on this baſe and treacherous Baron *Sanctifiore*; but honeſt *Sebaſtiano*, (being as full of true griefe, as ſhe was of falſe joy) replyes and tels her; Oh madame! what have you done? for this is no cauſe, and therefore no time to rejoyce but rather to lament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to diſſemble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatall friers frock) did me your bloody intentions, I have far more reaſon to fear than cauſe to doubt, that your murthering of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, will prove the ruin and confuſion of your ſelf, except God be graciouſly pleaſed to be more mercifull to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune ſpeedily to provide for your own ſafety; which as ſoon as he had ſaid, he (in the friers weeds) ſpeedily takes her up in the coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the ſhadowed thicket from whence ſhe came, where ſhe caſts of her friers apparell, beard, hair, box and book, as alſo the two piſtols, the which they two wrap up all in the gown, & throw it into a deep ditch or precipice, and ſo he helps her to put on all her own apparell and attire and then with more haſte than good ſpeed drives home amain toward Naples, and it was a diſputable queſtion, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Urſina* more rejoyced, or her honeſt coachman *Sebaſtiano* lamented & grieved at this unfortunate & deplorable fact.

We have ſeen with what a malicious courage, and a deſperate and prophane reſolution, this cruell hearted Gentlewoman *Urſina* hath (in the habit of a frier) murthered this unfortunate Baron *Sanctifiore*, and the reader ſhall not go much further in this hiſtory before (if not in the ſame moment, yet in the ſame houre) he ſee the ſacred juſtice of God will ſupriſe and bring her to condigne puniſhment for the ſame, as if the laſt (as indeed it is) were co-inſident and hereditary to the firſt, or as if it were wholy impoſſible for her to rejoyce ſo much here on earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in heaven for this.

Gods judgements are as juſt as ſacred, and as miraculous as juſt: ſo that all people ſhould rather admire it with awfull reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane preſumption. But our wretched *Urſina* will not make her ſelf ſo happy to be of the firſt, but rather ſo miſerable to be of this ſecond ranck; for ſhe wholly deſpiſeth Gods juſtice, and ſo abſolutely forgets God himſelf, as ſhe neither thinks of what ſhe hath now done, what ſhe now is, or which is worſt of all what hereafter ſhe may bee; but rather (as an inconſiderate and wretched jipſie) laughs in her ſleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanctifiore* of his life, who ſo lately and ſo treacherouſly had bereaved her of her honor and chaſtity. Whiles thus ſorrowfull *Sebaſtiano* is hurrying away his joyfull murtherous yong Mrs the Lady *Urſina* in her coach towards her father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in Naples, as thinking to make his way the ſhorter & ſecurer) he drave his coach on a narrow path by the ſide of a hill, it ſo pleaſed God (in his ſacred providence) as of his two coach horſes, that of the out ſide fell ſhear over the path and drew his fellow horſe, the coach, the Lady *Urſina*, and her coachman *Sebaſtiano* down the hill after him; with which ſuddain terrible fall the coach was ſhattered and torn in peeces, ſhe brake her right arme (wherewith ſhe had diſcharged theſe two piſtols) and he his left leg, ſo that ſhe had the power but not the will, and he the will but not the power to ſtep to her aſſiſtance, only he leaps from the coach box to the ground on his right leg, and with his knife cuts off the ſtayes and trappings of his horſes, that they in their amazed fury might not draw the coach and themſelves after them;

and

and yet ſuch is her impenitency and his affliction, as ſhe here was not half ſo much terrified, as hee perplexed and aſtoniſhed at this their misfortunate diſaſter; the which though ſhe ſleighted, as only looking down to her ſelf, yet he deemed and conceived it to be no leſſe than a blow from heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatall Omen, portending ſome diſmall calamities and afflictions which were immediatly to ſurpriſe and betide them.

As thus diſtreſſed *Vrſina*, and her lame and ſorrowfull coachman *Sebaſtiano*, ſate down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to ſee their coach lye torn on the lee ſide and ſhore of the hill, and their two coach-horſes (without hurt or feare) licentiouſly playing their friſkes and figaries below in the vallies, neither he nor ſhe knew what courſe to take for their preſent conſolation and ſafety, and ſo to prevent the imminency of their danger, but at laſt ſhe taking ſome ten double piſtols of Spaniſh gold out of her pocket, & giving it him, ſhe again makes him ſwear ſecrecy, never to reveal what he had ſeen her perform to *Sanctifiore*, the which (with more reluctancy than willingnes) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, he by ſome loud cryes and holla's ſhould call in ſome contadines (or country labourers) to their aſſiſtance, whom they ſaw a good diſtance off very buſily working in the vines, the which as he was about to doe, lo God (in his ſacred providence) ſo ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctifiores* coach came ratling above them, where they two ſate comfortleſſe and ſorrowfull upon the ground; and in the coach was his page *Hieronymo*, who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his maſter, who perfectly ſeeing and knowing the Lady *Vrſina*, and her coachman *Sebaſtiano*, and ſeeing her coach lye by her all reverſed, and ſhattered and torn to peeces, grieving at this her diſaſter, he for the reſpect he bore her for the Baron his maſters ſake, (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his coachman with him, and ſo deſcends down to her aſſiſtance, where being more fully acquainted, of the breaking of her arme, and her coachman *Sebaſtiano's* leg, he very humanely and courteouſly proffers her his Lords coach, and his beſt ſervice to conduct and carry them both home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in the citty, little thinking or dreaming, that ſhee came from ſo cruelly murthering his kind Lord and maſter *Sanctifiore*, or that his breathleſſe body lay now expoſed as a prey to the fowls of the ayre in the field.

Sebaſtiano is much perplexed & grieved, but his Lady *Vrſina* infinitly more at this unexpected encounter, & ominous, meeting of *Sanctifiores* page, coach & coachman which threatned her no leſſe than fear, and this fear no leſſe than imminent danger & confuſion, eſpecially to her ſelf, if not to him, when looking wiſtly and ſorrowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themſelves in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare ſhe accept, or well knows how to refuſe this proffered courteſie of the page *Hieronymo*. But at laſt (deſpight of her ſelf) ſhe is enforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a vertue of neceſſity, ſhe (though much againſt her will) is conſtrained, very thankfully to accept, and make uſe of this kindnes of *Hieronymo*, who leading the Lady *Vrſina* by her left arme, and his coachman, hers by his right, they ſoftly bring them up the hil to the Baron their maſters coach, & ſo convey her home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in the citty, who was then gon forth to ſup with the Prince of Salerno, (who by the mothers ſide, was his coſen Germane) where *Vrſina* (ſetting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the page many hearty thanks, and the coachman three duckatons for this their courteſie, ſo they take leave of her, and ſpeedily return with their coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their Mr., to whom they reſolve at full to relate this accident; when *Vrſinas* feares far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what tickliſh tearms and dangerous points both her ſelf & her life now ſtood, ſhe (in the abſence of her father) ſpeedily reſolves to provide her a ſwift coach and ſo to fly from Naples to her aunt *Mellefantas* houſe in Putzeole, where ſhee promiſed her ſelfe far more ſafetie and leſſe danger than here at home with her father;

but

but contrariwiſe, we ſhall ſee that God is now reſolved to deceive both her hopes, and herſelfe herein, to her utter ſhame and confuſion.

The page *Hieronymo* being ſorrowfull for his Lady *Vrſinas* misfortune, and yet exceeding glad that he had the happines & good fortune to perform her this faire office, and friendly courteſie to her, he now bids his coachman drive away ore the fields to that pleaſant grove to find out their Lord & Mr. *Sanctifiore*, where being arived he deſcends his coach & with his vigilant eye looks about every where for him, when alas he hath ſcarce gone forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground and moſt lamentably all gored, and engrained in his own blood, at the ſight whereof he burſts forth into many bitter teares and out cryes, yea hee throwes away his hat, and teares his haire for griefe and ſorrow hereof, and no leſſe doth his coachman. They are here both of them ſo amazed with griefe and aſtoniſhed with ſorrow at this lamentable ſpectacle and accident, as they (for a quarter of an houres time) know not what to think or ſay hereof, as whether this their Lord and maſter had here kild himſelf, or were murthered and robbed by theeves, but at laſt this ſorrowfull page *Hieronymo*, will ſtay alone weeping by the breathleſſe body of his Lord and M. & ſo ſend away the coachman in his coach ſpeedily to Naples, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Tores* with this ſad and ſorrowfull newes, whereat ſhee almoſt drownes her ſelfe in teares, and he very bitterly laments and ſorroweth for it; ſo (being incapable of any hope comfort or conſolation) they do both of them take coach and drive away into the field, where ſhe almoſt murthereth her eyes with her teares, to ſee her deare Lord and husband lie thus murthered in his blood. They here ſee none in ſight of him, neither do they know any body but themſelves that hath ſeen him; ſo by whom, or how he is kild they cannot as yet either conceive or imagin, when the father leaving his daughter to waſh and bedew her dead husbands cheeks with her teares, he himſelfe gallops away in his coach to Naples and brings thence along with him the crimynall officers of juſtice, firſt to know and then to be eye witneſſes of this ſad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and ſight whereof, (in nature & juſtice) they cannot refrain from equally wondering & grieving at it, when (to act the part and duty of themſelves) they cauſe the coachman to ſpread his cloak on the ground; then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, & ſo they make a chirurgion (whom they had purpoſely brought with them) to unaparrell and ſearch his body for wounds, who finds and ſhewes them, that hee was ſhot with two piſtoll bullets in his backe, and other two in his breſt (when miſſing likewiſe of his purſe they all of them do confidently beleeve, that undoubtedly he was murthered & robbed by theeves. The which the better to diſcover, the judges ſend their ſergants, & ſervants, & *De Tores* likewiſe ſends the page & his coachman ſearching & ſcouring all over the adjacent fields to apprehend and bring before them all thoſe whom they find there; who are ſo far from meeting of many perſons, as they all of them bring in but one poore ragged boy (of ſome twelve or fourteen yeeres old) who ſome two hundred paces off, kept a few cows (which yeelded milke to the citty) and him they find ſitting within a hedge in a ditch whom they bring along with them to the judges, where he ſees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat poor ſilly boy he ſhakes and trembles for feare.

The judges demand his name of him, who tels them he is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*, they further enquire of him what his father is, and where he dwels, who replies that his father is a poore butcher named *Pedro Spondy* and dwels at Naples in Saint *Johns* ſuburb which the judges afterwards find true) then theſe grave judges perceiving the poore boy to be baſhfull and timorous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to feare nothing for the which hethanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him if he ſaw any one to come neer & kill the gentleman, to whom in plain and ruſtick tearmes he anſwered them, that from the hedge within which he kept his fathers cows,

hee

he ſaw this gentleman walke alone by himſelf at leaſt an houre with a book in his hand reading, and that then he ſaw an old frier come to him, who as he thought begged ſome almes of him, whom he ſaw did ſhoote off two piſtolls to him, and therewith kild him, for he then, and thereupon preſently ſaw the gentleman fall to the ground, they again demand of him what afterwards became of this frier, who tels the judges, that a coach came up inſtantly to him and carried him away, but where he knows not. They aſke of him why he had not cryed out againſt the fryer, when hee ſaw hee had kild this gentleman, to whom hee makes anſwer that he dared not doe it, for feare leaſt he would then likewiſe have killed him with his piſtols. The judges farther demand of him, whether this were a white, a black or a gray frier, to whom he anſwers that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or ſad ruſſet gown and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit, again to demand of him how many horſes this coach had, and of what colour they were, to whom he affirms that they were two black coach horſes, when the judges to conclude this their quære and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this coachman wore, who tels them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought ſome white laces upon it, the which this pregnant poore little boy *Bartholomeo* had no ſooner pronounced and ſpoken, but *Sanctifiores* page *Hieronymo* cryes out and relates to the judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Tores*, where and in what manner and accident he ſome two houres ſince found the Lady *Urſina*, & her coachman *Sebaſtiano*, whom he ſeriouſly affirmed wore a red cloak with white laces and that her two coach horſes, which they ſaw ſtraying below in the valley were coale black, right as *Bartholomeo* had deſcribed them; adding further that her coach was broken with a fall, as alſo her right arme and his left leg, and that out of reſpect and pitty to her, he had carried both her, and him, home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe, but he affirmed he ſaw no frier either in their ſight or company, all which relation of his, was likewiſe there confirmed to the judges by the Baron of *Sanctifiores* own coachman, who was alſo there preſent, the which evidence of theirs as ſoone as the Lady *Bertranna* over heard, ſhee with a world of ſighes and teares, (as if ſhe were ſuddainly inſpired and prompted from heaven) paſſionately cryes out firſt to her father, and then to the judges, that God and her conſcience told her, that doubtleſſe *Urſina* was this deviliſh fryer, and her coachman *Sebaſtiano* the very ſame damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murthered her Lord and huſband, when throwing her ſelf on her knees to their feet, ſhe very earneſtly begs juſtice of them, againſt them for the ſame, who partly concurring in the opinion and beleefe with them, they doe here moſt ſeriouſly and ſolemnly promiſe it her.

To which effect, theſe reverend judges, leaving her father, her ſelf, and her page and coachman decently to convey her husbands dead body home to their houſe in Naples, they themſelves make great haſte thither before, and preſently ſend their officers and ſergeants to *Seignior Placedo's* houſe, there to apprehend the Lady *Urſina* his daughter, & their coachman *Sebaſtiano*, whom they both opportunely find iſſuing forth his gate in a freſh hackney coach ſpeedily flying to Putzeole to her aunt *Mellefanta* for protection and Sanctuary, ſo theſe fierce and mercileſſe ſergeants doe preſently divert and alter their courſe, yea they furiouſly and ſuddainly ruſh upon them, apprehend and conſtitute them cloſe priſoners in the common goale of that citty, placing them in two ſeverall chambers, to the end they ſhould not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they ſhall find more leaſure then time, both to remember what they have done, and likewiſe to know what hereafter they muſt doe.

Whiles thus all Naples generally reſound and talk of this mournfull fact, and deplorable accident, and *Seignior Placedo* particularly grieves at theſe his daughters unexpected croſſes and calamities, as alſo of thoſe of his coachman *Sebaſtiano*, the which hee feares, he can far ſooner lament than remedy; our ſorrowfull widdow *Bertranna* (with the aſſiſtance of her father *De Tores*) gives her husband the Baron of *Sanctifiore* a ſolemn

lemne and ſtately buriall in the Fueillantes Church of Naples, correſpondent to his noble degree and quality. And then within two daies after, at her earneſt and paſſionate ſolicitation to the Judges, *Vrſina* and her coachman *Sebaſtiano*, are ſeverally convented before them, in their chief Forum, (or tribunall) of Juſtice, and there ſtrongly accuſed by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruell murther, committed on the perſon of *Sanctifiore* her husband, the which both of them doe ſtoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the Court, to give in evidence againſt them, he there maintaines to the Judges, what he had formerly depoſed to them in the fieldes, but ſayes he thinkes not that this Lady was that fryer, nor can he truly ſay that this was the coachman who carried him, although when his cloake was ſhewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it, but *Bertranna* having now ſecretly intimated and made known to the judges, all the paſſages that had formerly paſt betweene *Vrſina* and her husband *Sanctifiore*, as his getting of her with child, and then (contrary to his promiſe) refuſing to marry her, they doe therefore more than halfe believe, that it was her diſcontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murthering of him, as alſo (that in favour of ſome gold) ſhe had likewiſe ſeduced and drawne her coachman *Sebaſtiano* to be conſenting and acceſſary herein with her: whereupon the next day they will beginne with him, and ſo they adjudge him to the racke, the torments whereof he endures with a wonderfull fortitude and patience, ſo that (remembring his oath of ſecrecy to his Lady *Vrſina*) he cannot thereby be drawne to confeſſe any thing, but denyes all, whereof ſhe having ſecret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and inſult thereat, now the very next enſuing morning, *Vrſina* her ſelfe, is likewiſe adjudged and expoſed to the racke, the wrenches and torments whereof, as ſoone as ſhee ſenſibly feeles, God proves then ſo propitious and mercifull to her ſoule, that her dainty body, and tender limbes cannot poſſibly endure or ſuffer it, but then and there ſhe to her judges and tormentors, confeſſeth her ſelfe to bee the ſole author and actor of piſtolling to death, the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, in the ſame manner and forme, as we have already underſtood in all its circumſtances, but in her heart and ſoule ſhe ſtrongly affirmes to them, that her coachman *Sebaſtiano* was not acceſſary with her herein, upon which apparant and palpable confeſſion of hers, her judges (in honour to ſacred Juſtice, and for expiation of this her foule crime) doe pronounce ſentence of death againſt her, that ſhe ſhall the next morning bee hanged at the place of common execution, notwithſtanding all the power and teares of her father, and kinsfolkes to the contrary.

So ſhe is returned to her priſon, where her father (not being permitted to ſee her that night) ſends her two Nuns, and two friers, to prepare and direct her ſoule for heaven, whom in a little time, through Gods great mercy, and their owne pious perſwaſions, they found to be wonderfull humble, repentant and ſorrowfull. Shee privately ſends word to her coachman *Sebaſtiano*, that ſhe is thankfull to him for his reſpect and fidelity to her on the rack, and wils him to be aſſured and confident, that ſhee being to dye to morrow, her ſpeech at her death, ſhall no way prejudice, but ſtrongly confirme the ſafety and preſervation of his life. Thus grieving farre more at the foulenеſſe of her crime, than at the infamy and ſeverity of her puniſhment, ſhe ſpends moſt part of the night, and the firſt part of the morning in godly prayers and religious meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her ſorrowfull old father Seignior *Placedo*, by his noble Kinſman the Prince of Salerno, made offer to the Viceroy, the Duke of *Oſſuna*, the free gift of all his lands to ſave this his daughters life, yet the ſtrong ſolicitation of the firſt, and the great proffer of the laſt proved vaine, and fruitleſſe, for they found it wholly impoſſible to obtaine it.

So about tenne of the clock in the morning, our ſorrowfull *Vrſina*, is (betweene two Nunnes) brought to her execution place; clad in a blacke wrought Velvet gowne, a greene Sattin petticoate, a great laced ruffe, her head dreſſed up with tuffes and Roſes of greene ribbon, with ſome artificiall Flowers, all covered over with a white ciffres vaile, and a paire of plaine white Gloves on her hands: when aſcending the ladder, ſhee, to the great confluence of people who came thither to ſee her take her laſt farwell of this life, and this world, (with a mournfull countenance, and low voice) delivered them this ſorrowfull and religious ſpeech.

Good people, I want words to expreſſe the griefe of my heart, and the anxiety and ſorrow of my ſoule, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, although not to diſſemble but to confeſſe the pure truth, hee betraied his promiſe to mee of marriage, and mee of my honour and chaſtity without it, whereof I beſeech Almighty God, that all men (of what degree or qualitie ſoever) may hereafter bee warned by his example, and all Ladies and gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I doe likewiſe here confeſſe to heaven and earth, to God and his Angells, and to you all who are here preſent, that I alone was both the author and actor of this foule murther, and that my coachman *Sebaſtiano*, is no way conſenting or acceſſary with mee herein, and that albeit I once promiſed and proffred him a hundred double piſtolls of Spaniſh gold to performe it, yet hee honeſtly and religiouſly refuſed both me and it, and ſtrongly and pathetically diſſwaded me from it, whoſe good, and wholeſome counſell I now wiſh to God (from the depth and center of my ſoule), I had then followed, for then I had lived as happie, as now I die miſerable. And becauſe it is now no time, but bootleſſe for mee either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God, or man, the worſt of his crime, hee being my ſervant, was the leſt courteſie hee owed to mee, I being his miſtreſſe, which (after with my owne hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring mee home from the fieldes to my Fathers houſe, and for aſſiſting mee to caſt the Friers frocke, the falſe beard and haire, the almes box, breviary, and two piſtols, into the next deep pit, or precepice thereunto adjoyning, where (as yet) they ſtill lye: for this my haynous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto mee) I aske pardon firſt of God, then of my owne deare Father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*, and if the words and prayers of a poore dying Gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beſeech you all in generall, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that hee will now forgive my ſinnes in his favour, and hereafter ſave my ſoule in his mercy, the which as ſoone as ſhee had ſaid, and uttered ſome few ſhort prayers to her ſelfe, ſhee (often making the ſigne of the croſſe) takes leave of all the world, when pulling downe her vaile, in comely ſort, over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards heaven, ſhee was turned over, now, as ſome of her ſpectators rejoyced at the death of ſo cruell and bloody a female monſter, ſo the greateſt part of them, in favour of her birth, youth and beauty, did with a world of teares, exceedingly lament and pitty her, but all of them doe highly deteſt and execrate the baſe ingratitude, infidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *Sanctifiore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cauſe, and chiefeſt motive which drew her to theſe deplorable and bloody reſolutions.

As for her honeſt coachman *Sebaſtiano*, although his owne torments on the racke, and now this ſolemne confeſſion of his Lady *Vrſina* at her death had ſufficiently proclamed and vindicated his innocency in this murther of *Sanctifiore*; yet ſuch was his widdow *Bertrannas* living affection to her dead husband, and her deadly malice to living *Sebaſtiano*, for thinking him to bee guilty, and acceſſary here-

hereunto with his Lady *Vrſina*, that her power and malice ſo farre prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further diſquiſition of this truth, as they now again ſentence him to the double torments of the racke, the which hee againe likewiſe endureth with a moſt unparalleld patience and conſtancy, without confeſſing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to ſee, and admiring to underſtand, and having no ſubſtantiall proofes, or reall and valable evidences againſt him, they now fully abſolve and acquit him of this his ſuſpected crime, when being moved in Charity, Juſtice, and conſcience to yeeld him ſome reward, and ſatisfaction, for thus infeebling his body, and impairing of his health by theſe his ſharpe and bitter torments, they therefore adjudge the plaintiffe widdow *Bertranna* to give him three hundred Duckatons, whereof ſhee cannot poſſibly exempt or excuſe herſelfe.

And thus lived and dyed our unkind Baron *Sanctiſiore*, and our cruell hearted young Lady *Vrſina*, and in this manner did the ſacred juſtice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and puniſh the other. Now by reading this their hiſtory, may God (of his beſt favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts to hate this Barons levity, and from our ſoules to abhor and deteſt this Ladyes cruelty and impiety.

AMEN.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE SIN OF MVRTHER.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mora *treacherously killeth* Palura *in a duel with two Pistols. His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman usher* Ferallo, *poysoneth her husband* De Mora, *and afterward shee marrieth, and then murthereth her said Husband* Ferallo *in his bed, so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes throwne into the aire for the first.*

IN the generall depravation of this age, it is no wonder, that many sinfull soules are so transported by *Sathan* and their own out-ragious passions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their christian brethren; and it were a great happinesse and felicity to most countryes and Kingdomes of Europe, if they were not sometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying sinne, which with a presumptuous hand seemes to strike at the Majesty of God himselfe, in killing man his creature, but because wishes availe little, and for that examples are more powerfull and prevalent, and prove the best precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one of so inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and consideration thereof, wee may know how to detest the like, and to avoid the temptations in our selves.

IN the famous Kingdome of Portugall, and within a very little league of *Stremos*, one of the sweetest and fairest cities thereof, there (within these few yeares) dwelt a noble Gentleman of some fifty six yeares old, named *Don Alonso De Mora*, Issued

and deſcended from one of the beſt and famous houſes of that Kingdome, as being Nephew to that great and wiſe *Don Chriſtopher de Mora*, of whom the Hiſtories of Spaine and Portugall make ſo often, and ſo honourable mention, and although hee were by his Anceſtors and Parents, left very rich in Lands and poſſeſſions, yet his ambition and generoſity carried him to ſerve his King Philip, third of Spain, in his wars of Affrica and Flanders, wherein hee ſpent the greateſt part of his time, and of himſelfe, won many renowned laurels, and Marſhall Trophees of honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved markes and teſtimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally conſtant in unconſtancy, and ſubject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world ſtill delights to pleaſe us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterpriſes and reſolutions) ſo our *De Mora* at laſt, cals home his thoughts and himſelfe from warre to peace, and now reſolves to ſpend the remainder of his age, in as much eaſe and pleaſure as formerly he had done the heat and ſtrength of his youth, in tumults and combuſtions; he now ſees that there is no life nor pleaſure comparable to that of the countrey, for here the ſweetneſſe of the imbalmed aire, thedelicacy of the perfumed and enameled fields, the unparaleld paſtime of hawking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted acceſſe which we have to arts in our ſtudy, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no leſſe, then either an earthly paradiſe, or a heaven upon earth. For the campe (deſpite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of inſolencies, and impieties, the citie (deſpite of Magiſtrates) with all ſorts of vice, deceit, covetouſneſſe and pride, and the court (deſpite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocriſie, perfidiouſneſſe and vanity. To his owne great manner houſe neere Stremos, therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a reſolution for ever, there to erect and build up his reſidence, making it his greateſt delight to have his hounds and grayhounds at his heeles, and ſee his hauke on his fiſt. Now the Alarums of warre no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither doe the drums and trumpets, and the ratling peales of thunder of muskets and cannons, diſtract his dayes pleaſures, or cut his nights ſweet ſleepes and ſlumbers in pieces. He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men, hee ſpurnes at love, and (in a diſdainfull contempt thereof) tearms *Venus* a Whore, and her ſonne *Cupid* a boy, and which is worſe a baſtard, in a word, he profeſſeth himſelfe to be as great, and as mortall an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chaſtity, and never thinkes himſelfe happy, but when either he is out of womens company, or they not in his. He is ſo farre from any affecting marriage, as he pittieth it in others, and for ever abjures and deteſts it in himſelfe, he compares ſingle life to roſes and Lilyes, and wedlocke to bryars and thyſtles, and therefore in the higheſt and ſublimeſt degree, ſcornes to have any wife or miſtreſſe in his houſe, to over maſter him.

But it is not for men to preſume to point out their owne deſtinies: ſith we are but the ſlaves of time, as time is the ſervant of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are ſubject to Heaven, not to earth, and to Gods appointment, rather than to our purpoſes; or to preſuppoſe and think the contrary, is a preſumption, every way unworthy of a man, but farre more of a Chriſtian, ſith nature is ſubject to grace, and our earthly paſſions and reſolutions muſt ſtill ſtoope to a ſacred power, and ever ſubmit and proſtrate themſelves to a divine providence, and ſupernaturall predominancy: it is therefore folly, not wiſedome: and ſimplicity; not diſcretion in *De Mora* generally to proclame hate to women, for that he is the ſonne of a woman, or to maligne and diſdaine marriage, in regard he is the fruit and off-ſpring of marriage, for thus to violate and pull downe the temples and altars of Love, is obſtinately to oppoſe nature, and prophanely to ſubvert the inſtitution of God himſelfe in Paradiſe, but hee ſhall not continue long in the clouds of this error.

In a cleare and ſweet morning (as ſoone as Aurora lept from the watry bed of *Thetis*

and

and purpoſely retired herſelfe to give way to approaching *Phœbus*, (who in his fiery chariot, with his gliſtering beames began to ſalute and guild the tops of the higheſt woods and mountaines) *De Mora* attended by halfe a dozen of his domeſtique ſervants, goes into the fields to hawke and hunt, where having killed one hare, and ſet up another, all his ſervants left him alone, and with the hounds purſue the hare, who tripping through the launes and thickets, the hils and valleyes, at laſt leads them ſuch a dance, that in leſſe than an houre, his ſervants and his dogs were a little league out of his ſight, whereat being exceedingly offended and angry, and farre the more, for that he was left all alone, he not knowing how to paſſe or delude away the tedioufneſſe of the time, ſate himſelfe downe upon the ſide of a faire hill, at the foot of a pleaſant grove of beech, and cheſnut trees, whoſe curled tops ſheltred him from the ſcorching rayes of the ſunne, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning meanders, the neighbouring chryſtall river made in that pleaſant valley, as alſo to ſee how ſweetly the troops of ſnow-white feathered ſwans, proudly ruffled their plumes, and diſported themſelves therein, in their Majeſticall and ſtately bravery, and how many malitious Fowlers, both in boats and on the bankes of that ſweet River, were curiouſly watching with their fiery pieces to murther theſe innocent watry gueſts who frequented there, and alſo how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hookes and baites) betrayed many harmeleſſe fiſhes, to their undeſerved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his ſolitarineſſe) liſtening with his eare, if he might either heare the loud cry and voyces of his hounds, or elſe the ſhrill rebounding ecchoes of his ſervants hunting hornes: hee looking up toward the skie, beheld a heron, ſoftly ſoaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if ſhe came purpoſely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his goſhauke which he held on his fiſt, and conſequently to dare and chalenge it to an airy combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and diſdaining that his hawke and himſelfe ſhould bee thus outbraved by ſo ill ſhaped and unmannerly a ſea fowle; hee ſpeedily riſeth up, and (betwixt choler and pleaſure) lets flye his hawke at her; but the heron ſtretcheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered ſailes ſo nimbly and proudly, that ſometimes ſoaring aloft in the aire, ſometimes deſcending, and ſtill looking backe with ſcorne on the goſhawke, as if ſhee purpoſely tooke delight and ſport, to ſee what infinite toyle and paine, this malicious and ravenous hawke tooke to ſurpriſe and devoure her, ſo the ſwifter the heron flew from the hawke, the ſwifter the hawke redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being unpoſſible for *De Mora* to reclaime his hawke, either with his hola's or lure, at laſt both hawke and heron flew quite out of his ſight, and which is worſe, he was ſo unfortunate, as never after he could ſee either of them againe.

De Mora being firſt highly diſpleaſed and offended for the abſence of his ſervants and hounds, hee is now doubly enraged with griefe and choler for the loſſe of his goſhawke, and therefore curſeth the heron for thus ſeducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himſelfe to run from hill to vale to have newes of her, and in the end, ſeeing both his labour and hawke loſt, he betakes himſelfe to the aforeſaid grove, and (with much diſcontent and choler) firſt caſting his hat and lure to the ground, he then likewiſe caſts himſelfe thereon to repoſe him, ſtill attending and expecting his hunters.

He had not remained there above halfe an houre, but cloſe by him paſſed an aged countrey Gentleman, indifferently well apparrelled, with a very beautifull young gentlewoman following him, clad in a crimſon taffeta peticoate, and waſte-coate trimmed with ſilver lace, with a large cut-worke plaine band, her flaxen haire adorned with many knots of white and crimſon ribbon, covered with a blacke ciffres vaile, having a roling amorous eye, (the true index of deſire and luſt) her ſnow white painting breaſts open, but only a little hidden and overvailed with curious tiffney, whoſe white purity, her pure white paps (enterveined with azure) infinitely out-braved and excel-

led. She had her waiting maid attending on her, and he a ſerving-man bearing his cloak and rapier after him, who that morning were ſome three leagues from his owne houſe to take the freſh aire in that pleaſant and delitious grove, without the hedge whereof he had left his coach, this countrey gentleman I ſay, paſſing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the others merits, reſpectfully ſaluted him by his name, and the young gentlewoman who followed him, likewiſe gave him a low and graceful courteſie. *De Mora* ſurpriſed with the ſuddenneſſe of their arrivall, and the ſweetneſſe of theſe their ſalutations, riſeth up, and having firſt ſaluted him, and kiſſed her, he praies his name, who tels him that hee is a gentleman that dwelt ſome three leagues off, tearmed *Emanuel de Curſoro*: *De Mora* demands of him if this young gentlewoman be his kinswoman or his daughter, who tels him ſhe is his daughter; when *De Mora* againe enquires of him, if ſhe be married or no, and what name and age ſhe is of, *Curſoro* replies that ſhe is unmarried, of ſome twenty yeeres of age, and her name *Bellinda*. *De Mora* againe tels him, that he is very happy in having ſo ſweet and faire a young gentlewoman to his daughter, whereat the father ſmileth for joy, and the daughter bluſheth for baſhfulneſſe and modeſty. *De Mora* againe queſtioneth *Curſoro*, if any buſineſſe brought him thither that morning, who tels him he had no buſineſſe, but only came thither with his daughter to take the aire, and that hee had left his coach without the hedge, ſo they walke together ſome turnes in this pleaſant grove, and from thence *De Mora* could not poſſibly refraine from gadding and gazing his inamoured eyes, on the roſes and lillies of *Bellindas* ſweet and delicate beauty; when *De Mora* acquaints *Curſoro* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had loſt his men, his hounds, and his hawke, and that this three houres he was there left alone, and had no newes of them, they together make many walkes, turnes and returnes. When *De Mora*, led by the luſtre of *Bellindas* lovely attractive, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arme, the which *Curſoro* modeſtly, and reſpectfully excuſeth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his daughter to receive: here *Curſoro* profereth *De Mora* to lend him his coach to carry him home to his houſe, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuſeth it, and in counterexchange of this courteſie, proffereth *Curſoro* and his daughter to accompany and conduct them to their coach, the which undeſerved kindneſſe, *Curſoro* modeſtly refuſeth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courteſie) they along time ſtand ſtriving and complementing, till at laſt *De Mora* hearing the cry of his hounds, his importunity vanquiſheth *Curſoro's* modeſty, and ſo, will or nill, he conducts him to his coach, and likewiſe leads his daughter *Bellinda* by the arme and hand, and by the way doth at leaſt uſurpe, and ſteale many amorous kiſſes from the cherries of her ſweet lips, and damaske Roſes of her pure and delicate cheeks, whereat ſhe is more admired then pleaſed. As they are thus going towards *Curſoro's* coach, *De Mora's* hounds and ſervants arive all ſweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requitall of their long ſtay) doe preſent their Lord and Maſter with a brace of hares, and a wilde white fawne which they had kild, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully beſtowes the hares on *Curſoro*, and the white fawne on his faire daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, he ſweares ſhall bee his miſtreſſe, and his love; *Curſoro* is too modeſt, and his daughter too baſhfull to accept hereof, ſo they a long time refuſe theſe his preſents, with many dilatory and complementall excuſes. But at laſt *De Mora* findes out a meanes and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his owne will and deſire; for hee peremptorily ſweares to *Curſore*, and his daughter *Bellinda*, that they ſhall receive theſe poore preſents from him, and that in requitall hereof, hee will to morrow come over to his houſe, and eate his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and tearmes, *Curſoro* thankfully receives the hares, and likewiſe cauſeth his daughter *Bellinda* to doe the ſame by the fawne, the which (with a very low and ob-

obſervant courteſie) ſhe doth: ſo he conducts them on to their coach, and by the way wrings her by the lilly white hand, plaies with the looſe treſſes of her ſweet haire, her bluſhing cheekes, dimpled chinne, downie paps, and Alabaſter necke, when taking leave of *Curſoro*, and a ſolemne conge of his faire daughter *Bellinda*, which hee againe ſeales and confirmes with many new kiſſes, they take coach and away, and *De Mora* with his ſervants and hounds returnes home to his houſe.

Thus in a little time wee ſee an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderfull change and metamorphoſis in *de Mora*, but whether more ſtrange or ſuddaine I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night, comes home a ſlave, and a captive. Heretofore he ſpurned at love, and diſdained beauty, and now the very firſt ſight of our faire *Bellinda* ſets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart: ſo that his old blood is paſſionately and amorouſly inflamed with this new beauty, formerly he (in deriſion) tearmed *Cupid* a little boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants that Atheiſme, and repents himſelfe of that blaſphemy, vomited forth againſt her diety; and tearmes her a celeſtiall and ſacred Goddeſſe; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects altars to the firſt, and conſecrates all his vowes to the ſecond. The ſmall and ſtreight waſte of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her ſparkling eyes, and ſweet cheekes and bluſhes, doe amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and caſts his thoughts into a confuſion of many amorous raptures and extaſies, yea the conſideration of her ſweet youth, and the remembrance of her freſh and delicate beauty, doe (in his conceit) ſeeme to make his age young, and to give the lye to thoſe infinite number of white haires, which time had ſnowed on his head, and ſnowred on his beard. He a thouſand times repents himſelfe of his former errour and crime in living ſo long ſingle, and is now aſſured and confident, that there is no earthly pleaſure, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-raviſhing kiſſes and embraces of his ſweet *Bellinda*: he is ready to lay downe all his lands, and life at the feet of her commands and ſervice, and eſteemes both of them too poore, for the purchaſing of ſo ineſtimable a jewell; whom (in his determinations and reſolutions) he hath already adopted the Queene of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Soveraigne Empreſſe of his ſoule, and the ſacred Goddeſſe of his deſires and affections. He thinks not of the great diſparity and Antitheſis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flouriſhing youth; nor what an unequall difference, and diſproportion there is betwixt his fifty ſix, and her twenty yeeres. Hee will not conſider what a poore Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is betweene ſuch a January and ſuch a May, but diſdaines to enter into conſideration with himſelfe, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than her bed, and for death, than marriage; yea hee flatters himſelfe ſo farre in his affection to her, as he hopes hee ſhall bee the joyfull Father of many pretty children by her, ſo that hee is ſo deepely enamoured with the ſweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart ſo faſt chained and entangled in the treſſes of her haire, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that hee upon his firſt ſight of her inceſſantly thinkes of her by day, dreames of her by night, and neither thinkes nor dreames of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: ſo now hee advanceth and raiſeth the ſtandards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever hee formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly ſay, in nothing elſe, but in feaſting his eyes and ſurfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelicall face and feature, hee thinkes ſo much of love, as if he were now wholy compoſed of love, and therefore purpoſely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His hawkes and hounds are now as farre out of his mind, as hee is out of himſelfe, and no other delight or recreation whatſoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, becauſe love hath already tane up all. He revokes to mind, how *Macareus* was transformed into a Bird, for ſpeaking againſt *Venus*, and that it is not his caſe alone to bee ſo deepely plunged and tor-

tormented in love, but that the greateſt Captaines, Philoſophers, and Kings of the world, (and as poets affirme, the Gods themſelves) have beene ſubjected, and vanquiſhed with this paſſion, and ſo conſtrained them to make it their chiefeſt delight and glory to adorne the temples and altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their ſighes, and the ſacrifices of their teares.

Thus our *De Mora* being (at the firſt ſight wholly enflamed with love towards his faire and beautifull intended miſtreſſe *Bellinda*, hee to ſeeme farre younger than hee is, hee is ſo vaine in his affection, as (contrary to his cuſtome) hee ſhaves his beard, delights himſelfe in an aſh-colour ſattin ſuit and cloake, with a white Beaver hat, and a hatband of Diamonds, a rich plaine cut-worke band, and a paire of greene ſilke ſtockings, with garters and roſes laced with ſilver, ſutable thereunto, and ſo to performe his promiſe to *Curſoro*, takes coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not ſo much to taſte of his good cheare, as to feaſt his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his daughter *Bellinda's* beauty, where hee findes his entertainment and good cheare, at leaſt to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, ranck, and expectation: but this is not the end, and object of his viſit, nor the ſumme and period of his deſires; dinner being ended, hee acquaints *Curſoro* with his affection to his daughter *Bellinda*, and his ſuit to ſeeke and obtaine her for his wife. *Curſoro* wonders that ſo great a Lord ſhould deſcend ſo low from himſelfe to ſeeke ſo meane a young Gentlewoman as his daughter in marriage. But finding *De Mora* to bee in earneſt, and not in jeaſt, and underſtanding that his age was deepely and paſſionately enamoured of her youth and beauty, hee therefore thankes him for that undeſerved honour of his, promiſeth him his beſt aſſiſtance towards his daughter, and gives him no deſpaire, but all hope and aſſurance, that hee ſhall ſhortly obtaine and enjoy her for his wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and conſent of the Father, hee now ſeekes that of the daughter, hee takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man, hee playes the young orator and lover, and in ſweet tearmes, and ſugred phraſes and ſpeeches ſeekes to gaine her for his wife, but *Bellinda* more conſidering *De Mora* his age, than the greatneſſe of his nobility or eſtate, ſhee bites the lip, and hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and ſeemes to be as averſe, as he was forward in this his reſearch and purſuit. Her father layes his commands on her to embrace this match and no other, he conjures her now to confirm, and not to caſt away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vowes that he wil for ever renownce her for his daughter, if ſhe diſobey him herein, ſo he conducts her into the arbour of his garden, and there freely and courteouſly again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to ſpeake with her, and the deſired happineſſe to kiſſe her, but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obſtinate in their motion towards her, when (compoſing her countenance, rather to ſorrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) ſhee makes a modeſt excuſe to her father, gives no abſolute or peremptory denyall to *De Mora*, but fairely and diſcreetly craves of both of them a moneths time of reſpite to reſolve on this great buſineſſe, which ſhe ſaith, ſo much imports her happineſſe or her miſery, her content or her affliction, which anſwer and requeſt of hers, both her father and *De Mora* finding ſo full of diſcretion and reaſon, they ſeverally grant, and joyntly conſent to give her, but in all this interim, ſuch was *De Mora's* deare and tender affection to *Bellinda*, that he viſits her many times in perſon, and very often with his rich gifts and preſents, as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent courſe, firſt to make a breach in a young ladyes mind and affection, and then to enter and take poſſeſſion, both of her body and of her ſelfe.

But before I proceed further in the narration and progreſſe of this hiſtory, I muſt here unlocke and reveale a ſecret myſtery to the reader of no ſmall conſequence and importance; for he muſt underſtand, that our *Bellinda* is not ſo chaſte as faire, nor ſo honeſt as her education, youth and beauty preſuppoſe and promiſe her to be, for her mother being

being dead, and her father giving her too much liberty, and too little vertuous counsell and exhortation, she for two whole yeeres hath bin in love with a poore, yet with a very proper and resolute young gentleman, of some twenty five yeeres of age, being a neighbour of her Fathers, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deepely enamoured of her, had laine so close, so constant and so strong a siege to her chastity, as (not to conceale the truth) first unknowne to her father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadised her of her maiden-head, and under colour and hope of marriage, had very often tane his lustfull use and pleasure of her body; but his meanes being very small, and her belly not growing great, she was not yet fully resolved, but therefore still delayed to marry him; true it is, that her father *Curfore* was formerly acquainted with *Palura's* affection and desire to marry his daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his sonne in law, so now the consideration of *De Mora's* great wealth and nobility, makes him fully to disdaine him, and commands his daughter likewise to doe the same. But she not considering the premises, and loving *Palura's* youth, as much as she hated *De Mora's* age; shee was nevertheless so inconstant by nature, and so proud and ambitious by sex, as she could find in her heart and resolution, rather to be a rich Lady, than a poore Gentlewoman, and so to leave *Palura* to espouse, and marry *De Mora*: but first her crime and her conscience makes her send for *Palura*, and seriously to consider and debate hereon with him, which they doe, so *Palura* perceiving by *Bellindas* lookes, and observing by her speeches that *De Mora's* wealth was farre more powerfull with her, then his poverty; and that she notwithstanding still aimed to keepe him for her husband, and himselfe for her friend, bee at last tels her, that he will consent and contens himselfe that shee shall marry *Don Alonso de Mora*, conditionally that she will first faithfully promise him, to grant and performe him three requests, and articles. So she bids him propose them to her, the which hee doth to this effect: First, that he shall still have the use and pleasure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaseth: secondly, that from time to time she shall bestow some competency of *De Moras* wealth on him, to support his weake estate and poverty: and thirdly, that if *De Mora* dye before him, that within three moneths after his death, she shall then marry him.

Which three unjust demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura's*, his sweet-heart *Bellinda* (betwixt sighes and smiles) immediately grants him, yea, she seales them with many oathes, and confirmes them with a world of kisses, and to adde the more piety (I may truely say, the more prophanesse) to this their contract and attonement, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witnesses hereof, they with their hands and kisses, againe ratifie and confirme it: but poore sinfull soules, how doth Sathan abuse you, and your intemperate and lascivious lusts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot bee deluded by these your blasphemies and impieties, for you shall in the end see with griefe, and feele with repentance, that this vicious league, and obscœne contract of yours, will produce you nothing but shame, misery, and confusion of all sides.

By this time is *Bellindas* moneth expired, which she gave her Father and *De Mora* for her resolution of marriage; and now doe they both of them repaire to her, to understand and receive it, when her pride and ambition, having farre more prepared and disposed her tongue, than her affection, she (as if she were a pure Virgin, yea, a *Diana* for chastity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great respectfull courtesie to *De Mora*, delivers her resolution to them in these tearmes: that in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeale to *Don Alonso De Mora*, God hath now so disposed her heart and mind, that she is resolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand-maid and wife, whensoever he shall please to make himselfe her Lord and husband. This answer of *Bellinda* is so pleasing to her Father, and so sweet and delitious to *De Mora*, that in acceptance of her love, and requitall of her consent, he gives

her

hermany kisses, and then claps a great chain of pearl, enterlaced with sparkes of Diamonds, about her necke, and an exceeding rich Diamond ring on her finger, and so most solemnly contracts himselfe to her, and within eight dayes after, in great pompe, state and bravery marries her, whereat his kinsfolkes and friends, and all the Nobility and gentry of these parts do very much admire and wonder, some condemning his folly, in marrying so poore and young a Gentlewoman, others praising and applauding her good fortune, in matching with so great and rich a Nobleman.

Here we see the marriage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we shall not goe farre before we see what sharp and bitter sweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands me to relate and discover, that he is too old for her youth, and she too young for his age, yea here I must crave excuse of modesty to affirme, that she is so immodest, as she finds him not to be so bold & brave a cavallier as she expected, in regard his best performance to her, consists only in desire. Thus being in bed together, whiles hee turnes to his rest, so doth shee to her repentance, but shee knowes how to repaire and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her husband *De Mora* only kisseth her, she in her heart and mind, kisseth and embraceth her young and sweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in shew to visit her husband, but in effect to see her, and as formerly, so now he lasciviously disports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performes and acts that part of love to her, which her old husband cannot. Now within lesse than two moneths of their marriage, *De Mora* seeing that he is not capable to deserve, much lesse to requite the dainties of his wives youth and beauty, and observing also, that by degrees she begins to disrespect and sleight him, and yet that shee is very pleasing, and pleasant to all Gentlemen who aboord and frequent his house, as first hee doted on her, now hee growes jealous of her, and so far forgets his discretion and himselfe, that he curseth all those who (in right of the lawes of hospitality, civility and honour) come to kisse her, but more especially *Palura*, who he sees is so often at his house, and so frequently conversing with his yong Lady, as at last his suspition maks him jealous, and his jealousie confident, that, with too much liberty and dishonestie, he usurpes upon his free-hold, and dishonoureth him in dishonouring his bed, and defiling his wife, the which to discover, he begins to restraine her of her liberty, so that she sees, and grieves to see her selfe to be in a manner as much her husbands prisoner, as his wife, yea he sets many eyes over her, as so many sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himselfe, his jealousie gives him more eyes, than ever *Argus* had, to espy out what familiarity past betweene her and her sweet heart *Palura*. *Bellinda* takes this discourtesy and hard measure of her husband in very ill part at his hands, yea she bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly she seeme to grieve and sorrow, yet inwardly she vowes to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearefull that she plaies false play with him, that as soone as ever *Palura* comes to his house, hee carries his eye and eare every where, to see if he can espie and hearken out, his, & his wives love-tricks together, yea hee is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent on this his research and disquisition, as if hee delighted to know that, whereof it were his happinesse to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching desire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and misery. But as milde and sweet perswasion is evermore capable and powerfull to prevaile with women than constraint, so our faire *Bellinda* is so distasted with the Lunacy, and with the phrenzie and madnesse of this her husbands jealousie, that she no sooner sees her *Palura* arive in her sight and presence, but (despight of his suspition and feare) she is so obscene in her lust, and so lascivious in her affection towards him, that she takes pleasure to seeke pleasure, and extremely delighteth to seeke and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promise, and ungodly contract) she often doth. Now this fooliish young couple (being the obliged scholers of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) thinke to bee as wise as they are lascivious in these their amorous pleasures, for knowing that dis-

diſcretion makes lovers happy, and that ſecrecy is the true touchſtone, yea the very life and ſoule of love, they therefore eſteeme and keepe the ſecrets thereof as if they were ſacred, and think that no mortall eyes but their own can ſee or know it: But yet notwithſtanding all this, *De Moras* jealous feares in the detection, are ſtill as great as their care in the prevention thereof, for the very next night after *Paluras* departure from his houſe, he purpoſely abſenteth and excludeth his Wife from his bed, and the next morning, calling her into the Garden after him, and cauſing the doore to be ſhut, he then and there, (with lightning in his looks and thunder in his ſpeeches) chargeth her of adultery with *Palura*. But this young ſtrumpet his wife *Bellinda*, at the very firſt hearing of this ſad and unexpected newes, diſſembles ſo artificially with her Husband, and ſo prophanely with God, as ſeeming to diſſolve and melt into teares, ſhe purgeth her ſelfe hereof, with many ſtrong vowes, and cleereth *Palura* with many deepe aſſeverations. But this fanatick Tyrant, and frantick Monſter jealouſie, (which for the moſt part, we can ſeldome or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought ſuch ſtrange impreſſions in the brains, & ingraven ſuch extravagant chimœra's in the heart and beliefe of old *De Mora*, that (notwithſtanding his wives oaths and teares to the contrary) he yet ſtill vowes to himſelfe, and her, that ſhe is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her that henceforth ſhe dare not ſee him, or receive him into her houſe or company. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her husband ſome content in her own diſcontent) makes a great ſhew of ſorrow, and an extreame apparition and exteriour apparance of griefe: ſhe ſends for her father *Curſoro*, acquaints him with the unjuſt wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prayes him to interpoſe his authority and judgement with him for their reconciliation; who ſeeing himſelfe ſolicited and ſought to by his own blood, and by his daughters hypocriſie, beleeves her to be as innocent as her husband *De Mora* thinks her guilty of this foule crime of adultery with *Palura*, and ſo undertakes to ſolicit and deale with his ſon in law *De Mora* to that effect, which he doth, but with no deſired ſucceſſe, ſo that finding it to be a knotty and difficult buſineſſe, and upon the whole no leſſe than a *Herculean* labour, becauſe of *De Moras* wilfull obſtinacy, and perverſe credulity: he therefore prayes for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon theſe unfortunate termes doth old *De Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now ſtand.

In the meane time *Bellinda*, (who ſuffers doubly both in her pleaſure and her reputation) is not yet ſo devoide of ſenſe, or exempt of judgement, but ſhe will ſpeedily provide for the one, and ſecure the other. To which effect (ſeeming ſorrowfully obedient to her Husband) ſhe thinks it not fit that her *Palura* ſhould for a ſeaſon approach her houſe or her ſelfe; wherefore by a confident meſſenger ſhe ſends him this Letter.

BELLINDA to PALURA.

MY Husband hath diſcovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee farre better than himſelfe, wherein as he is nothing deceived, ſo I conjure thee by the preſervation of thy fidelity and honour, to forbeare my houſe and ſight for ſome two moneths, in which interim I will uſe my chiefeſt art, and the utmoſt of my poſſible power to calme the ſtormes and tempeſts that jealouſie hath raiſed in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be conſtant, and I hope a little time ſhall end our languiſhing, and againe work our contents and deſires; for though thou art abſent from me, yet I am ſtill preſent with thee, and albeit my Husband De Mora *have my body, yet* Palura, *and none but* Palura *hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whoſe beſt favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealouſly recommend thee.*

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deepe ſighes at the reading thereof, yet hee gives it many ſweet kiſſes for her ſweet ſake who writ and ſent it him,

he knowes not whether he hath more reaſon to condemne *De Moras* jealouſie, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda's* affection and conſtancy to himſelfe, and becauſe he reſolves to prefer her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore hee will diſpenſe with his luſtfull, and laſcivious pleaſures for a time, purpoſely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever, ſo in requitall of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own meſſenger) returns her this kinde and curteous anſwer.

PALURA to BELLINDA.

I Am as ſorrowfull that thy husband De Mora *hath diſcovered our affections, as truly joyfull that thou loveſt me far better than himſelfe, wherefore to prevent his jealouſie and equally to preſerve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know ſweet and deare* Bellinda *that thy requeſts are my commands, and thy will ſhall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refraine thy houſe all thy long prefixed time, and ſo forbeare to ſee thee, but never to love thee, becauſe thy ſweet and divine beauty, is ſo deepely ingraven in my thoughts and imprinted in my ſoule, that the farther I tranſport my body from thee, the neerer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will adde my chiefeſt wiſhes to thy beſt art, and my beſt prayers to thy chiefeſt power, that a little time may work our content and deſires: but becauſe there is no torment nor death to languiſhing, nor no languiſhing to that of love, therefore I ſhall think every moment a moneth, and every houre a yeere before we againe kiſſe, and imbrace: conceale this Letter of mine from all the world with as much care and ſecreſie, as I ſend it thee with fervent zeale, and tender affection.*

PALURA.

The peruſall of this Letter and the affection of *Palura* demonſtrated in this his reſolution, makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealouſie of her Lord and Husband *De Mora* ſorrowfull; and now ſeeing his rage ſo reaſonleſſe, and his malice and obſtinacy ſo implacable towards her, ſhe abandoneth her ſighs and tears, reſolves to make triall of a contrary experiment, and ſo under a female face aſſuming a maſculine courage and reſolution, ſhe ſlights him and his jealouſie, as much as he doth her and her levity, and bears her ſelfe more highly and imperiouſly towards him than ever ſhe did heretofore, but this animoſity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which he expects from her Husband *De Mora*, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from ſome bad counſell given her by *vision Palura*, it doth the more inflame his jealouſie, and exaſperate and ſet fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* ſtands upon theſe tearms with her Husband *De Mora*, his brains (as ſo many wheels and ſphears) are inceſſantly rolling and wheeling about the Orbe of jealouſie, to finde out the marrow and myſterie of this laſcivious league betweene his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as ſecret, as ſhe ſimple and inconſiderate, his policy is to finde out any letter or letters of *Palura* to her, and her Cloſet and Caſket are the only places as he ſuppoſeth for her to hide and conceale them in. So on a Monday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the Pariſh Church to heare Maſſe, hee purpoſely ſtayes at home to effect this his ſecret intent & purpoſe, and then very privately enters her chamber, and his jealouſie makes him ſo induſtrious of lock-ſmiths hooks, and inſtruments to open any lock. So hee firſt reſolves to try and open that of her Cloſet, which when he was on the very point to do, caſting aſide his eye, he ſees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flyes to it to ſearch and rifle the pockets thereof for her keyes. Now *Bellindas* haſte and devotion to the Church was ſo great, as both ſhe and her waiting Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keyes of her Cloſet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the pockets of her ſaid Gowne, where her husband *De Mora* finds them, whereat being exceeding joyfull, he claps up his hooks and inſtruments, and (with equall jealouſie and haſte) opens firſt her cloſet, then her cabinet, wherein

wherein leaving nothing unſearched, he at laſt findes the very ſame Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly ſeen and underſtood, the which (as the richeſt relique of her heart and the moſt precious jewell of her content and affection, ſhe had ſecretly enſhrined and treaſured up in a ſmall crimſon ſatin purſe embroydered with gold. He reads it over againe and againe; but for that which ſaid, I ſhall think every moment a moneth, and every houre a yeere before we againe kiſſe and embrace; this line, I ſay, his extreme jealouſie makes him to reade over at leaſt as often as it hath ſyllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirmes his jealouſie, and now makes him fully aſſured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a ſharpe and ſpeedy revenge hereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand) layes the velvet purſe againe in the cabinet, then locks it, as alſo her cloſet and chamber doore, having firſt left the keyes again in the pocket of his Ladies gown, and ſo comes down into the hall, among his ſervants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his miſery, becauſe he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he dines with her, and yet he cannot diſſemble his diſcontent and malice againſt her ſo artificially, but that ſhe obſerves ſome diſtemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his ſpeeches, but ſuch is her pride, as ſhe is no way either curious or carefull thereof, nor as much as once ſurmiſeth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as ſoone as ſhe betakes her ſelfe to walk in the allies, and arbours of her delicate garden, her husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody reſolutions are walking a contrary way; he is ſo netled with jealouſie, and ſtung to the heart with malice and revenge; as he aſcends to his armoury, takes down an excellent ſword and belt, a caſe of pocket Piſtols, each whereof he chargeth with two bullets, cals for *Emmanuel de Ferallo* his Ladies Gentleman-uſher, who was a very proper young man both of his perſon and hands, bids him to cauſe two of his beſt great ſaddle horſes ſpeedily to be made ready, and wils him to accompany him to the Towne of Arraiallos. *Ferallo* performes this order of his Lord, and then tels him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Miſtris with his abſence, and to receive her commands before his departure, but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to ſee or ſpeak with her; ſo they take horſe and away. Now within halfe an houre after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and underſtanding of their departure, who (in regard of the ſuddenneſſe and unexpectation thereof) knowes not what to ſay or think thereof, or whither, or about what buſineſſe they are gon; but ſhe neither once dreames nor conceives ſo much as a thought, that her husband *De Mora* had found her ſweet heart *Palura's* Letter, much leſſe that he had any malicious or deſperate attempt, ſo ſuddenly to put in execution againſt him for her regard and cauſe, as to ride to Arraiallos to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealouſie, and this jealouſie with irreconcileable malice and revenge againſt *Palura*, he cruelly reſolving to make his body and life pay deere for it, rides away towards his houſe neere Arraiallos, and ſtaying ſome halfe a quarter of a League from it in a faire green meddow, ſends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prayes him ſpeedily to take his horſe, and come ſpeak with him there, about a buſineſſe which much imports his good. *Ferallo* (knowing leaſt of this quarrell, whereof his Lord and Maſter *De Mora* thought moſt) finds out *Don Palura* at his houſe, and in reſpectfull terms delivereth him his meſſage, which *Palura* underſtanding, his guilty conſcience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of *De Mora's* intention and reſolution herein; but his luſtfull heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* the wife, than on the old Lord *De Mora* her husband, he ſpeedily (without any ſervant of his) takes horſe and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the meddow, where *De Mora* (on horſe-back) impatiently attended his comming. Salutations being here ended betweene them, (which *Palura* obſerves in *De Mora* to bee more ſhort than ceremonious, and more abrupt than reſpectfull) *De Mora* cals his Man *Ferallo* to him, and pri-

vately commands him to ride a meddow or two off, and not to dare offer either to ſtir or draw, whatſoever he ſee paſſe betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his Man *Ferallo* obeyes, but with much wonder and admiration what this buſineſſe might meane or produce betweene them. Here *De Mora* very paſſionately and cholerickly, chargeth *Palura* for abuſing and diſhonouring of him, by committing adultery with his wife *Belinda*, the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foule ſcandall, and falſe aſperſion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his ſpeeches and anſwers to *De Mora*, makes his own innocency, and his wife the Lady *Bellindas* chaſtity very apparent and probable: but theſe feigned excuſes and falſe oathes and ſpeeches of *Palura* do no way ſatisfie, but rather the more incenſe the jealouſie and inflame the malice and revenge of *De Mora* againſt him; whereupon he ſhewes him his own Letter, and with much bitterneſſe and vehemency demands him if that his own hand writing do not palpably convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the ſight of this his Letter, ſo that bluſhing for ſhame, he cannot here yet refraine from looking pale with griefe and anger thereat, nevertheleſſe he will not be ſo ingratefull to the beauty and affection of *Belinda* to think that ſhe hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and conſtruction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him) he beleeves with confidence, that he had ſiniſterly and ſurreptitiouſly betrayed her thereof, whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and cleere his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) proteſteth this Letter to be falſe, ſuborned, none of his, and that it was written by ſome Witch or Devill, and ſent by ſome treacherous enemy of his, purpoſely to affront him, and to diſgrace his vertuous, chaſte, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but theſe feigned palliating excuſes of his, cannot paſſe currant with the jealouſie and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tels *Palura* that nothing but his death can expiate and ſatisfie this his crime, and therefore (on horſe-back as he was) drawes his ſword, and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and ſeeing, he equally for the preſervation of *Bellindas* honour, and his own life (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewiſe drawes, as highly diſdaining to have his youth and courage outbraved by this old Cavallier: but here before they begin to fight, *Palura* with many ſtrong reaſons and patheticall perſwaſions, againe and againe prayes *De Mora* to deſiſt from the combat, and to reſt ſatisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellindas* honour, and his own innocency in this their ſuppoſed and pretended crime of adultery: but he ſpeaks to the winde, for *De Mora* returns him blowes for words.

The event and fortune of this their combat on horſe-back is, that in two ſeverall meetings and incounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arme, whereof he bleeds ſo exceedingly as he begins to deſpaire of the victory, and with his Piſtols to provide for his own ſafety and life; they by a mutuall conſent divide themſelves a little diſtance off to breathe. When *Palura* reining his horſe a little too ſtrait, & his horſe being hot & furious, and by meer ſtrength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchfull and vigilant eye taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Piſtols) ſpeedily puls his two Piſtols forth his pocket, and moſt baſely and treacherouſly, with the firſt ſhoots him thorow the head, and with the ſecond into the reines of his back, of which mortall wounds he preſently fell off from his horſe dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent his ſins, nor the grace or happineſſe to pray unto God for the ſalvation of his own ſoule, and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavallier *Palura*.

De Mora ſeeing *Palura* dead, and having more reaſon outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the cauſe and manner thereof, he waves his handkerchiefe to his Man *Ferallo* to come to him (who was an eye witneſſe and ſpectator and Co-mate) which hee preſently doth to whom he ſpeaks thus, firſt acquaint *Paluras* ſervants in his houſe, that I have ſlaine their Maſter in a duell, then ride home and tell my Wife the Lady

Lady *Bellinda*, that I have ſent her Ruffian and adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within ſix dayes after come away to me to Lisbone, whither I am now poaſting, when throwing him ſome gold for his journey he takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Town dreſſeth his wounds which prove hopefull and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commiſſion and order) informe *Paluras* ſervants of his death, and of his ſaid Lord and Maſters victory, but (for his honour and reputations ſake) conceales that he baſely and treacherouſly kild him with his Piſtols: they are extremely ſorrowfull for this his misfortunate end: ſo whiles they fetch home his breathleſſe body, and prepare for his decent buriall; *Ferallo* returnes home and truly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the iſſue of this combate; as alſo of his Lord *De Moras* ſpeeches which he commanded him to tell her, who poore Lady is all in teares for the death of her lover *Palura*, and well ſhe might in regard ſhe loved him a thouſand times dearer than her own life, ſo upon the receit of this ſorrowfull newes, ſhe ſhuts her ſelfe up in her chamber, and for many dayes together, her griefe and lamentations for his death are ſo infinite, as ſhe will admit of no company, counſell, or conſolation whatſoever, ſhe conſidereth how deeply the misfortune of this diſaſter will ſcandalouſly reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vowes to requite *Paluras* death ſeverely, and to revenge it ſharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora* who was his murtherer, at leaſt when ſhe ſhall be ſo happy, or rather ſo miſerable to ſee him returne to her from Lisbone. She exceedingly wondreth at his ſecret malice, and ſudden indignation and reſolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cauſe thereof, and from what point of the compaſſe, or part of hell this furious winde ſhould proceed, when at laſt having nothing elſe capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her teares, but the ſight of *Paluras* aforeſaid Letter ſent to her, the which in tender affection to him, ſhe for his ſake had ſo often peruſed and kiſſed; ſhe therefore paſſionately and penſively flies to her cloſet, and with affection and ſorrow to her cabinet to feaſt her eyes with the ſight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the peruſall thereof, when (contrary to her expectation) ſhe findes the letter taken away, her other papers diſplaced, and her jewels reverſed in her cabinet, and then ſhe knowes for certaine, that it is her husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this ſweet Letter, which (next to *Paluras* ſight and preſence) was the chiefeſt joy of her heart, and the ſweeteſt felicity and content of her minde, the which conſidering, ſhe therefore abſolutely beleeves, that the detection and peruſall of this Letter, was the ſole cauſe of her Lord and Husbands jealouſie as that was of her ſweet *Paluras* death, wherin indeed ſhe is nothing deceived, for ſome ſix weeks after, he returns home to her from Lisbone, where (in favour of his Noble birth and diſcent, of his many great friends, and of a huge ſumme of money) he (in abſence of the *Viceroy*) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very firſt ſalutations that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt, or choler) was thus.

Minion (quoth he) how many prayers and orayſons haſt thou ſaid for the ſoule of thy Ruffian, and adulterer *Paluras*? when ſhe being exceedingly galled to the heart with theſe his ſcandalous ſpeeches, ſhe yet to juſtifie her own honour and innocency, diſſembles her griefe for *Paluras* death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and inſults thereat, and ſo frames him this ſhort reply, that *Palura* was not her adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore ſhe beſought God to forgive him his own heynous ſin and execrable crime for ſo fouly and baſely murthering of him. *De Mora* netled with this his Ladies apologie and juſtification, which he knew to be as falſe as her, and *Paluras* crime of adultery was true, he produceth this letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury immediately teares and burns it before her face; now although the ſight and knowledge of this letter, as alſo her Husbands burning therof doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet ſhe was herewith no way daunted, but againe very boldly tels him, that ſhe cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and ſend her a Letter, and although in the

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concluſion of this his Letter to her had ſimply and ſiniſterly mentioned kiſſes and embraces, yet ſhe peremptorily vowed and ſwore to him, the firſt had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the laſt violated the lawes and rules of honour, ſo wiſe and politick was ſhe in her anſwers, and ſo falſe and hypocriticall in her juſtification towards her husband.

The which he well obſerving, and underſtanding, as alſo with what a pleaſing grace ſhe ſpake it, his own luſtfull age, yet ſtill doting on the freſhneſſe of the youth and beauty of this his young wife, ſeeing that *Palura* (who was the cauſe and object of his jealouſie) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preſervation of his own honour and reputation in that of his Ladies, doth content himſelfe ſo far as to bury the greateſt part of his diſcontent and jealouſie againſt her, in the duſt of oblivion, or in that of *Palura's* grave, and to that end he affords her his table ſtill, and his bed ſometimes, as if that obligation of courteſie, would reclaime her laſcivious thoughts, and againe call home her wanton deſires to chaſtity and honour, nevertheleſſe the better to effect and compaſſe it, he much reſtrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and ſight of all Gentlemen whatſoever that come to his houſe. A peeviſh cuſtome, which the husbands of Spaine, Portugall, and Italy, tyrannically uſe towards their Ladies, whereas contrariwiſe the Ladyes and Gentlewomen of England and France, are far more happy, becauſe more chaſte and honourable towards their Husbands in uſing, and not abuſing this their liberty and freedome.

Bellinda with a watchfull eye, and a wanton heart obſerves theſe paſſages and comportments of her husband *De Mora* towards her, and in obſerving laughes at them; but becauſe her laſcivious minde inceſſantly tels her, that there is no hell to that of a diſcontented bed, therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palura* being dead, ſhe forthwith reſolves to make choice of another lover, and at what rate ſoever not to trifle away her time, and her youth idely, but to paſſe it away in the amorous delights of carnall voluptuouſneſſe and ſenſuality. To which effect miſſing of other Gentlemen (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity) ſhee forgetting her ſelfe and her honour makes choice of *Ferallo* her own Gentleman-uſher, a man every way as proper as ſhe is faire, and as well timbred as ſhe is beautifull, and neere of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to *Ferallo* therefore ſhe freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives and as joyfully and amorouſly entertaines both her and them, ſo that, to write the beſt of truth and modeſty, I muſt here affirme, that as he was formerly his Ladyes Uſher, now he makes himſelf his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her ſhooe-ſtrings and takes up her mask and gloves for her, and many times when the old Nobleman is aſleepe, then this ignoble couple of unchaſte lovers are waking to their obſcene pleaſures, and ſecretly ſacrificing up their laſcivious deſires to wanton *Cupid* the ſonne, and to luſtfull *Venus* the Mother, but they ſhall finde wormewood intermixed in this honey, and gall in this ſugar.

For three moneths together our *Bellinda* the Miſtris, and *Ferallo* the Man, drowne themſelves in the impiety of theſe their carnall delights and pleaſures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practiſe and profeſſion thereof, but at the end and expiration of this time, as cloſe as they beare this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and means, for the Reader muſt underſtand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore diſhoneſtly familiar, with his Lady *Bellindas* waiting Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, whom (under pretext and colour of marriage) he had many times uſed, at his laſcivious pleaſure, ſo that *Herodia* ſeeing that *Ferallos* affections were now wholly tranſported from her ſelfe to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he ſlighted and diſdained her, to embrace and adore the other, ſhe is ſo inraged with jealouſie at the knowledge and conſideration thereof, as ſhe cals a counſell in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and againe how to reclaime, and regaine *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her ſelfe, and ſhe is ſo inflamed with jealouſie towards them, as ſhe can reape no peace by day of her minde, nor reſt by night of her heart

before

before ſhe have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, ſhe at laſt reſolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Maſter *De Mora* with this unchaſte and obſcene familiarity, betweene his Lady *Bellinda* and her lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is ſo outragious as with infinite malice and celerity ſhee performes it. At which unexpected and unwelcomed newes, our old Lord *De Mora* hath now his heart a new ſet on fire with jealouſie and malice both towards his Lady, and her uſher *Ferallo*, ſo that he as ſoone beleeves as underſtands this their adultery without ever making a ſtand either to conſider the truth, or to examine the circumſtances thereof, whereupon to make ſhort work, and to provide a ſpeedy remedy for this unfortunate diſaſter, and diſeaſe; he without ſpeaking word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, ſuddenly caſheereth him from his houſe and ſervice, and in ſuch diſgracefull manner, as he will not ſo much as permit him to know the reaſon hereof, or to ſee, or take leave of his Lady and Miſtris, and from thenceforth *De Mora* lookes on her with infinite contempt and jealouſie. For it gals him to the heart, firſt to remember her diſhonour, and diſhoneſty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that ſhe is doubly guilty thereof with her owne domeſtick Servant and Gentleman-uſher *Ferallo*; wherefore hee againe reſtraines her of her liberty, and his jealouſie ſo far exceedes the bounds of judgement, and the limits of reaſon, as hee will difficultly permit her to ſee any man, or any man to ſee her, but as rivers ſtopped doe ſtill degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuoſity, ſo *Bellinda* takes this new jealouſie of her old husband, and this ſudden exile and baniſhment of *Ferallo* her lover and Gentleman-uſher in extreme ill part, and (after ſhee hath wept and ſighed her fill thereat, ſhee then beleeves the prime and originall cauſe thereof, to proceed from the malice and jealouſie of her waiting Gentlewoman *Herodia:* wherefore being infinitely deſpighted and incenſed againſt her; ſhe (in her deare love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her husbands courteſie, very diſcourteouſly turns her away, and for ever baniſheth her, her houſe and ſervice, and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewiſe in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, will from thenceforth neither ſee nor ſpeak with her more. But to verifie the Engliſh Proverbe, that love will creepe where it cannot go, although *De Mora* baniſheth *Ferallo* from his houſe, and reſtraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his houſe, yet ſometimes by day and many times by night, they (by the aſſiſtance of ſome ſecret agents or Ambaſſadours of love) do in the arbours of the Gardens, and in ſome other out roomes of the houſe very amorouſly meet, and moſt laſciviouſly kiſſe and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawfull affections, and many ſecret conſultations upon their unjuſt diſcontents: ſo at laſt both of them joyning in one wicked heart and minde, and (as matters are ſtill beſt diſtinguiſhed by their contraries) finding each others company ſweet, and their ſequeſtration and ſeparation bitter, they ſo much forget their ſelves and their ſoules, and ſo much flye from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them beleeve and reſolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth before *De Mora* be firſt ſent to Heaven; now upon this bloody deſigne they agree, and upon this helliſh plot they fully reſolve, only the gordian knot which muſt combine and linke faſt this foule buſineſſe is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* muſt ſhortly after marry her Gentleman-uſher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity ſhee cheerefully conſenteth, when they are ſo prophane as they ſeale this their ungodly contract with many oathes, and ratifie and confirme it with a world of kiſſes, and then of all violent deaths, they reſolve on that drug of the Devill, poyſon, ſo without either the feare or grace of God, they of Chriſtians metamorphoſe and make themſelves Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the poyſon, *Bellinda* very ſecretly and ſubtilly in diet drink and broath adminiſtreth it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*, which being of a languiſhing vertue and operation, he within leſſe than foure moneths dies thereof; when with much coſt and a wonderfull exteriour ſhew of grief and ſorrow, ſhe gives him a ſtately funeral, very anſwerable to the luſtre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time

will

will pull off the maſk of this her monſtrous hypocriſie, and infernall prophaneſſe.

Our jealous old Lord *De Mora* being thus layed and raked up in the duſt of his untimely grave, his joyfull ſorrowfull widow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to her promiſe, to the griefe of her Father *Curſoro*, to the wonder of Stremos, and the admiration of all Portugall, marries with this her Gentleman-uſher *Ferallo*; but ſuch luſtfull and bloody marriages, moſt commonly meet with miſerable ends.

For ſix moneths together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correſpondency in the performance of his affections to his old Lady and Miſtris, and now his new wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequall in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equall, they mutually kiſſe and imbrace with as much content as deſire; but at the end of this ſmall parcell of time; ſatiety of his uxorious delights and pleaſures makes him neglectfull, and which is worſe contemptible therof, (a baſe ingratitude, but too often ſubject to men of his inferiour rank and quality, and which the indiſcretion of Ladyes of honour, very often payes deare for, as buying it many times with infamy, but ſtill with repentance) ſo that for ten nights, and ſometimes for fifteene together he never kiſſed or imbraced her; which unkinde ingratitude of his, and reſpectleſſe unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as alſo of her rank and means makes the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection and love towards her. But to aſcend to the head-ſpring of this his diſcourteſie towards her, and ſo to fetch and derive it from its own proper originall, we muſt know that *Ferallo* was ſo vitious, inconſtant, and baſe, as now he is deeply in love with a new waiting Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Chriſtalina*, a ſweet young Maiden, of ſome eighteene years of age, tall of ſtature and ſlender of body, and whoſe beauty was every way as cleere and pure as her name, and yet whoſe maiden-head (with a few rich preſents and many poore flattering oaths and falſe promiſes) he had ſecretly purchaſed and gotten from her; yea his affection was ſo fervent to her that part of the day could not content his luſtfull deſires, but he forgets himſelfe ſo far, 'as before his Ladies noſe, and almoſt in her ſight, he muſt lye with her whole nights, and which is worſe, almoſt every night without ſo much as once thinking of his own wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what ſhe cared for, or caring for what ſhe loved.

But *Bellinda* eſteems her ſelfe too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus out braved and diſgraced by a Taylors Sonne, (for ſo was *Ferallo*) and therefore conſequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and ſeated in the degree of her high diſcent thus to receive and ſuffer an affront, by a man of ſo low a beginning and ſo ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom ſhe had raiſed from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection, and bed, and of her ſervant made him her husband, when for the ſpace of ſix moneths together having continually uſed the beſt of her art, and the chiefeſt of her power, her ſweeteſt perſwaſions, and her moſt fugred prayers and ſolicitations to make him abandon her Maide *Chriſtalina*, and ſo again to reclaime him and his affection from her to her ſelf, but ſeeing all her care vain, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, ſhee at laſt (conſulting with Satan, and not with God) begins to aſſume bad thoughts and revengefull malice againſt him, for this his foule diſloyalty, and baſe ingratitude and infidelity towards her: but firſt before ſhe attempts it, her turbulent and reſtleſſe jealouſie, makes her reſolve to try another concluſion, which is to put off this her waiting Gentlewoman *Chriſtalina* from her ſervice and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her husband would then thereby likewiſe put off himſelfe and his affection from her, but this project and reſolution of hers reaps no ſucceſſefull iſſue according to her deſires, but receives end, as ſoon as beginning. For he is ſtill ſo deeply enamoured and ſo conſtantly affected to *Chriſtalina*, as he will neither permit nor ſuffer it, but in deſpite of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her ſighs, tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kiſſeth her in her ſight, and (cuſtome now making him licentiouſly bold and impudent) he in this his ſottiſh familiarity with her, ſets her at table with himſelf and his wife, and in her preſence, and before her face, tearms her his dear, his love, and his ſweet heart: a

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diſgrace of ſo unkind a nature, and diſcourteous a quality, as ſhe highly diſdaines long to ſuffer or digeſt it at his hands. So that ſeeing no hope of amendment, and therefore deſpairing of any reformation thereof in him, ſhe reſumes her former bad and bloody thoughts againſt him, and ſo peremptorily and definitively reſolves to murther him. Her jealouſie makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengefull, and her revenge thus bloody hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but ſhe will ride poaſt to her confuſion by heaping crime upon crime, & murther to murther, ſhe hath formerly poyſoned her firſt husband *De Mora*, and now ſhe reſolves to ponyard to death *Ferallo* her ſecond, as if one of theſe two bloody ſinnes and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miſerable, as ſhe falſly thinkes her ſelfe happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But theſe are the bitter fruits of jealouſie and the ſharpe effects of choler, malice, and revenge which moſt commonly ſtreame and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her quondam Gentleman-uſher, and now her unkind and diſloyall husband *Ferallo* (without feare or care) is wallowing in his beaſtly pleaſures and ſenſuality with his ſtrumpet *Chriſtalina*, this his ungodly wife, and revengefull Lady *Bellinda* (with as much ſecrefie as treachery) is in requitall thereof preparing of him a bloody banquet; yea ſo haſty is ſhee in her rage, and ſo outragious in this her revenge towards him, as ſhe will no longer be abuſed or defrauded by him, but thinks every houre an age, before ſhe have diſpatched him for heaven. She will no more be controuled and over-maſtred by him who was formerly her ſervant, and who firſt reputed it his greateſt happines to kiſſe her hand, before ſhe vouchſafed him the honour to kiſſe her lips, or which is more, the felicity to imbrace her in her bed. She now ſees with griefe, that he hath betrayed her in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her maid *Chriſtalina*, and therefore although ſhe hath caſt away her favours on him, yet of the two, ſhe vowes rather to caſt away him than her ſelfe. No grace, no religion, not her conſcience, not her ſoule, nor the conſideration of heaven or hell can diſſwade or keepe her from this her bloody purpoſe, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruell murther: but the very firſt night that he leaves her maid *Chriſtallina* and lies with her ſelfe, ſhe (being purpoſely provided of a very ſharp and keen razor, which ſhe put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her pillow) at breake of day as he lay in bed ſoundly ſleeping and ſnoring by her, ſhe as a devill incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him ſtruggling in the bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, to ſpeake of God.

Thus we have ſeen the bloody malice, and infernall fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in ſo lamentable and cruelly murthering her firſt and old husband *De Mora*, and now her young one *Ferallo*, and becauſe the perpetration of theſe her inhumane crimes and facts are ſo odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their ſight aſcended to the ſacred preſence and tribunall of God, therefore his all-ſeeing, and all-potent glorious Majeſty, being as impartiall in his judgements, as divine in his decrees, hath already ſharpned his ſword of juſtice, and made ready hie arrowes of revenge, ſpeedily to inflict and give her condigne puniſhment for the ſame, yea and far ſooner than either ſhe thinks or dreames thereof.

She having thus diſpatched this bloody buſines, and ſeeing her husband *Ferallo* lie breathleſſe in the bed by her, ſhe riſeth up, and the better to colour out, and overvaile this her inhumane and monſtrous villany, ſhe takes this her dead husbands knife out of his pocket, and goring it all in his blood, ſhe leaves it on his pillow by him thereby (with as much hypocriſie as treachery) to inſinuate a beleefe and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murthered himſelfe, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his own deplorable death, which having performed, ſhe takes on a fine cleane holland ſmock, and puts off her cambrick one that ſhe wore, which as a fatall marke of her cruelty, and a prodigious banner of her inhumanity, was all ſtained and engrained over with her husbands blood, and wrapping it up very cloſe together, ſhe therein likewiſe envellops and enwraps her bloody razor, and alſo a two pound braſſe weight, thereby the

better to make it ſinke, for ſhe reſolves that very morning to throw it into a pond: ſo ſecret is ſhe in contriving, and ſo politick in the concealing of this her cruell fact. The morne advancing to ſix of the clock, which was dark, cloudy and obſure, as if (by the ſecret appointment, and ſacred providence of God) that the Sunne (with his gliſtering beames) abhorred to behold ſo pittifull and lamentable a ſpectacle. *Bellinda* hath no ſonner apparelled her ſelfe, but triumphing in this her falſe victory and bloody conqueſt, and giving the murthered body of her husband a farwell, compoſed of many curſes and execrations, ſhe ſoftly iſſueth forth, clapping her bloody ſmock and razer in her pocket, the which (to make ſure worke) ſhe had tied faſt with one of her blew ſilke garters, then lockes the chamber doore, and very ſecretly and ſurely conveyes and throwes in the key within ſide, and then deſcends to the garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her waiting Gentlewoman to her) ſhe bids her fetch her prayer book, and thus away ſhe goes towards their pariſh-Church of *S. Iuliana* on foot, which by computation was ſome halfe a ſmall league diſtant off their houſe, and forbids any man ſervant to waite or attend on her thither. She is not a furlong off, but the more cloſely to finiſh her deſigne, ſhe there purpoſely ſends away her maid *Hellena* to the pariſh Church before her with this invented and colourable errand to ſeeke out her own Prieſt, father *Sebaſtian*; and to prepare him then to ſay maſſe to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now the midway betweene her houſe and the Church is a great deepe pond, by the which ſhe is to paſſe; but a little before ſhe drawes neere it, a poore old maimed Souldiour, being caſhiered from the Gariſon of the Caſtle of Caſtcayes (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and ſeeing this Lady all alone, and obſerving the ſweetnes of her beauty, and the richneſſe of her apparell, and attire, his poverty inforceth and incourageth him to requeſt and begge an almes of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda's* heart and thoughts, were ſo much ſurpriſed and taken up with cruelty, as ſhe knew not what belonged to charity, and therfore having other buſines and windmiles in her head, ſhe is ſo offended with *Roderigo's* begging importunity, as flatly refuſing to give him any almes, ſhe forgets her ſelfe ſo far, as in ſteed thereof, ſhe gives him many harſh words, and at laſt ſends him away with ſome unkind and foule ſpeeches; the which poore *Roderigo*, tooke ſo ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Souldiour) he once thought to have requited it either on her perſon, or her apparell; but then againe (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be ſome great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purpoſely left her followers to take the ſweetnes of the aire, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, hee abandoneth that cholerick and inſolent reſolution of his, when taking his leave of her, he ſome two buts lengths from her betakes him to ſit downe at the foot of a great Pine apple Tree, where he might ſee her, but not ſhe him; and there looking after her with an eye of diſcontent and indignation, he bewailes his wants and hard fortune, and alſo condemneth the obdurateneſſe of this unknowen Ladies uncharitable heart towards him, and inquiring afterwards of a milke-maid which paſſed by what ſhe was, he is informed that ſhe is the Lady *Bellinda*, widdow to the dead Lord *Alonſo De Mora*, and now wife to *Don Emanuell de Ferallo*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that ſo rich and great a Lady was guilty of ſo much uncharitablnes. By this time ſhe being arived to the pond, looking about her, and beleeving that no mortall eye had ſeen her ſhe therein throwes her bloody ſmock and razor (which as formerly I have ſaid ſhe had tyed faſt together with one of her blew ſilke garters) and the ponderoſity of the braſſe weight made it inſtantly to ſinke to the bottome, whereof ſhe being infinitly joyfull, away ſhe trips to the Pariſh Church, and there heares Maſſe, and mumbles out many *Ave Maries*, and *Pater noſters* to her ſelfe; but the whole world in generall, and the reader in particular may imagin with what a foule conſcience, and a prophane and ulcerated ſoule, ſhe then and there performes this her devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murthered this her ſecond husband *Ferallo*, with wonderfull ſecreſie, and buried theſe bloody evidences thereof

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in the pond, with ſuch admirable care and privacy, that ſhe thinkes it wholly impoſſible for all the earth to reveale it; loe if earth cannot, yet now Heaven will. So here before I proceede further, let me in the name and feare of God, requeſt the Chriſtian reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodnes, and at the providence and pleaſure of God in his miraculous detection, and condigne revenge and puniſhment thereof; for he muſt know and underſtand, that it ſeemes God had purpoſely brought, placed and ſeated this poore old weary maimed Souldiour *Roderigo* at the foot of this Pine Tree, to be a happy inſtrument of his praiſe, and a true Sentinell, and diſcoverer both for his ſacred juſtice and divine honour: for here although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by ſome heavenly power, and celeſtiall influence) *Roderigo* could not poſſibly carry away his eye from her, but as cloſely as ſhe threw this bloody cloth into the pond, he eſpies it, and which is more, very plainely and palpably diſcernes the whitenes and rednes thereof; when conſidering and thinking with himſelfe that this gallant proud Lady *Bellinda* might be as unchaſte and laſcivious as ſhe was faire, & as vitious as ſhe was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts and ingraved in his heart and mind, that either her ſelfe, or ſome one of her waiting Gentlewomen had had ſome baſtard, and that ſhe had murthered it, and now throwen it into the pond, and was ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed of this conceit and beliefe, that neither day, or night, nor nothing under Heaven could poſſibly beate him from it, but for a whiles he reſolves to conceale this conceit to himſelfe, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the iſſue to God.

And here the order of our Hiſtory calles us againe from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who as ſoone as Maſſe is done, (with her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returnes home to her houſe, and by that time they arive there it is nine of the clock, where (putting a pleaſant face upon her falſe heart; and a ſweet countenance upon her foyled and ſinfull ſoule) ſhe preſently inquires for her husband *Don Ferallo*, her ſervants make anſwer that they have not ſeen him to day, and that they thinke he is ſtill in bed, whereat ſhe muſing and wondering, in regard he was not accuſtomed to ſleepe at ſo high an houre, ſhe therefore ſends ſome of her ſervants to his chamber to ſee if he be ſtirring, but finding his chamber doore locked, and calling aloud to him they can get no anſwer from him, the which they returne and report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who ſeeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, ſhe (far more perplexed in countenance than heart) aſcends with them againe to her husbands chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the dore to him, and ſhe far louder than them all, but in vaine, for ſtill they heare no newes either of him or from him, wherat ſhe begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehenſion and feare, and ſo commands them to force open the doore of his chamber, which they inſtantly doe, where they ſee their Lord, & ſhe her husband *Ferallo* to lie breathleſſe in his bed, all begored and reeking in his hot and warme blood, with his throat cut, whereat his ſervants for true griefe, & his Lady *Bellinda* for falſe ſorrow, make a lamentable crie, and a pittifull out-cry in his chamber, which is over-heard in all the houſe, but eſpecially the Lady *Bellinda* her ſelfe, who ſo artificially diſſembled her joy, and ſo paſſionately makes demonſtration of extreme grief and affliction, for this deplorable death of her Lord and husband, both to her ſervants and to God, that ſhe is all in teares, and cannot, becauſe ſhe will not be comforted thereat: they find the chamber doore locked, the key within ſide, and his owne bloody knife on his pillow, and therefore they eaſily reſolve and conclude that this their Lord and maſter *Ferallo* hath willfully made himſelfe away, and is undoubtedly the author of his owne death; which opinion and reſolution of the ſervants, their Lady and miſtris *Bellinda* (ſecretly to her ſelfe) reliſheth with much applauſe, and approbation, and to make her afflictions and ſorrowes the more apparant to them, and in them conſequently to the world, ſhe doth not refraine from exceſſive weeping and ſighing. They leave the dead corps untouched in the bed, to acquaint the criminall *Corigidores* of Stremos with this pitifull accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody diſaſter and accident of *Ferallo*,

they viewing the infinity of his Ladies teares, and the ſorrowfull complaints and exclamations of his ſervants, as alſo conſidering their ſeverall depoſitions and examinations, and ſeeing they found his chamber doore faſt locked, the key within ſide, and his owne bloody knife by him on his pillow, they all concurre with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and doe abſolutely beleeve and affirme, that he hath deſperately made himſelfe away, which opinion of theirs is preſently received, voyced, and rumored in Stremos, and in all the adjacent pariſhes and country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda's* youthfull affections, and wanton diſpoſition) ſpeake very differently hereof. And now doth this our ſorrowfull young widdow, (the better to ſupport her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her ſecond husband *Ferallo* with all requiſite ceremony, and decency.

But as the juſtice, and judgments of God (conducted by his divine pleaſure, and inſcrutable providence) doth many times goe on ſlowly, but ſtill ſoundly and ſurely, ſo wee muſt here againe produce and bring forth our lame old Souldiour *Roderigo* to act another part on the ſtage and Theatre of this hiſtory. He is ſtill the ſame man, and ſtill retaines his ſame former opinion, that undoubtedly it was ſome dead child, or baſtard which he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the pond, and his heart inceſſantly prompted by his ſuſpition, doth ſtill confidently ſuggeſt and aſſure him, that that bloody cloth of hers contained ſome ſecret, and invelloped ſome ſhamefull myſtery towards her, which he thinks all the water of the pond could not deface or waſh away: ſo that he now underſtanding of her husband *Ferallo's* diſaſterous bloody end, doth no way diminiſh, but rather every way augment this his ſuſpition and jealouſie hereof. We muſt further underſtand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refreſh his body, to repleniſh his purſe, and to repaire his apparell, ſtaies ſome three weekes in Stremos, and although he be a Souldiour and have his ſword by his ſide, yet being out of action and pay, he is not aſhamed to begge the almes and courteſies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in and neere about that City. Among the reſt underſtanding of the Lady *Bellinda's* great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new ſorrowes and mourning for the untimely death of her husband will now make her as compaſſionate to his poverty in her houſe, as lately ſhe was diſcourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repaires thither to her, but for three daies together, he is not ſo happy to ſpeake with her, or to ſee her, but being ſtill preſt by his poverty, and againe emboldned by the conſideration of what he ſaw her caſt into the pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next meadow adjoining to her houſe, attended by two of her men-ſervants, and two waiting Gentlewomen all clad in mourning apparell: when (with a boldneſſe worthy of a poore diſtreſſed Souldiour) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walkes, and diſtracting her ſecret thoughts and meditations) he with much obſervance againe begges ſome charity of her, whereat ſhee being offended, becauſe her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on ſome deſired new Gallant young husband, ſhee very cholerikly diſdaines him and his requeſt, and with much paſſion and indignation (to uſe her owne words) commandeth her ſervants to ſee this bold beggerly Souldiour depart and pack away, both from her and her houſe. *Roderigo* hearing theſe her harſh and diſcourteous ſpeeches, and ſeeing her ſervants unkind uſage and enforcements towards him, he with much diſcontent and choler leaves her houſe, but (in requitall thereof) vowes that his revenge ſhal not ſo ſoon leave her: for this her ſecond affront to him puts him all in choler and fire towards her, ſo that he vowes to God, and ſwears to himſelfe to uſe the beſt of his power, and to worke the chiefeſt of his wits to perpetrate her diſgrace. When ſecretly and effectually informing himſelfe from others, that *Don Gaſpar de Mora*, who was nephew, and generall heire to her firſt Lord and husband *Don Alonſo de Mora*, was at great variance and bitter contention in ſuit of law with his aunt *Bellinda* about ſom lands, and much rich moveables and Utenſils which ſhe unjuſtly detained from him, and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertaine any invention or propoſition

wharſoever,

whatſoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and poſſeſſion thereof, and thereby procure her utter diſgrace and ruine. He repaires to him, and ſecretly (yet conſtantly) acquaints him; that ſome three weekes ſince, and the very morning, that *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed, he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to throw a white and bloody linnen cloth into the pond, which was ſome halfe quarter of a league from her houſe: wherein God and his conſcience told him, ſhee had wrapt and drowned ſome baſtard infant either of hers, or one of her waiting Gentlewomans, adding withall that he could not poſſibly have any peace of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveale it to the criminall judges (or Corigidores) of Stremos to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

Don Gaſpar de Mora doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected newes, and becauſe his inveterate malice to his aunt (in law) *Bellinda* perſwades him rather to beleeve than doubt it, therefore (as malice is ſtill naturally ſwift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other buſines, rides over to Stremos and acquaints the Corigidores herewith, and taking Roderigo likewiſe along with him, he alſo failes not very reſolutely to affirme, and moſt conſtantly to confirme it to them; which theſe wiſe and grave judges underſtanding, they in honour to Gods ſervice and glory, and in true obedience to his ſacred juſtice (without any delay or procraſtination) take *Don Gaſper de Mora* the old Souldiour *Roderigo*, and ſome three or foure expert Swimmers along with them, and with haſt and ſecreſie ſpeed away to the pond; wherein after thoſe Swimmers had beene a quarter of an houre, and curiouſly busked and dived in moſt places thereof to find out this cloath, at laſt (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better than the reſt, ſees and finds it, and ſwimming with his left hand, brings it a ſhore in his right hand to the Corigidores, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cauſe it preſently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations,) they find no dead child, but (as we have formerly underſtood) a cambrick ſmock, as yet all ſpotted and ſtained with blood, and tyed faſt with a blew ſilke garter, and in it a very ſharp and bloody razor, with a braſſe weight tyed in all this purpoſely to ſinke it in the pond. The Corigidores, *Gaſpar de Mora*, & all the reſt, are amazed and aſtoniſhed at the ſight of theſe bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* againe conſtantly ſwearing to them, that he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her owne hands) throw this little linnen fardell into that pond, the very ſame morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed; and the malitious curioſity of *Gaſpar de Mora* here finding the very two firſt and laſt letters of her name in the cambrick ſmock, the Corigidores then concurre in one opinion (as ſo many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infallibly it was ſhe and no other, who had ſo cruelly murthered her husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon taking this bloody ſmock, razor, and garter with them, they with much zeale and ſpeed poaſt away to the Lady *Bellinda's* houſe, to apprehend her for this her foule and lamentable murther, where cruell hearted and laſcivious Lady, ſhe is ſo far from the conſideration of grace, or the thought and apprehenſion of any feare, as ſhee feares none, and which is worſt of all, not the power and juſtice of God himſelfe; for ſhe is ſo immodeſt in her heart, ſo luſtfull in her converſation, as (notwithſtanding her black mourning attire and apparell) that her firſt husband was but lately dead, and now her ſecond not as yet cold in his grave, yet (with great variety of muſick) ſhee is here now in her houſe ſinging, dancing and revelling with divers young Cavalliers, and Gallants both of the City and country, as if ſhe had no other care, thought or buſines, but how to make choyce of a third husband, who might amorouſly pleaſe her luſtfull eye and heart, and of no leſſe than a paire of Paramours and favorites who ſhould laſciviouſly content her wanton deſires and affections.

But theſe wanton vanities, and vaine and laſcivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda* will now deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for theſe her two horrible murthers committed on the perſons of her two husbands, his divine and ſacred Majeſty is reſolved to powre down his puniſhments, and to thunder forth his judg-

ments upon her, to her utter ſhame and confuſion. The Corigidores reſolutely enter her houſe, and then and there cauſe the Sergeants to apprehend her priſoner, whereat being ſuddainly amazed, and infinitely terrified, ſhee weepes, ſighs, and cries extremely. But thoſe Cavalliers, (I meane thoſe her ſuppoſed lovers, and pretended favorites) who were there ſinging and dancing with her, neither can or dare either aſſiſt, or reſcue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are ſuddainly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea her muſick is turned to mourning, her ſinging to ſighes, and her dancing triumphes to teares. The enormity of her crime cauſe theſe officers of juſtice, to ſee her conveyed to priſon, without any reſpect of her beauty, or regard of her ſex and quality, where ſhe hath more leiſure given her to repent, than meanes how to remedy theſe her misfortunes.

The next morning ſhe is ſent for before her judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murthering her husband *Don Ferallo* in his bed, the which with many teares and oathes ſhee ſtoutly denies, then they ſhew her thoſe bloody evidences, her cambrick ſmock, the razor, her blew garter, and the braſſe weight, and alſo produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he ſwears, he ſaw her throw this bloody linnen fardell into the pond, the very morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed: and although at the ſight and knowledge hereof, ſhee is at firſt wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is ſo ſtout, as ſhee againe denies it with many prophane and fearefull aſſeverations, and delighteth to heare her ſelfe make a tedious juſtification, and a frivolous apology to her judges for her innocency. But thoſe grave and prudent Magiſtrates of juſtice, who (in zeale to Gods glory) have eyes not in vaine in their heads, will give no beliefe either to the ſweetnes of the Lady *Bellinda's* youth, or to the ſugar of her ſpeeches and proteſtations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the rack, where (ſuch is her female fortitude) as ſhee permits and ſuffers her ſelfe to be faſtned thereunto, with infinite conſtancy and patience, as diſdaining that the torments thereof, ſhould extort any truth from her tongue to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the ſhipwrack of her ſafety and life, but herein ſhe reckons too ſhort of God, and beyond her ſelfe; for ſhe conſidereth not that theſe torments are truly ſent her from God, and this her courage falſly lent and given her from *Sathan*; for at the very firſt wrench of the rack, and touch of the cord, finding it impoſſible that her tender body and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of thoſe tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many ſighes and teares, ſhee prayes her judges and tormentors to deſiſt, and ſo publikely confeſſeth, that it was ſhe, and only ſhe who had murthered her husband *Ferallo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very ſame razor.

Upon which confeſſion of hers; her judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruell murther) they (for expiation thereof) doe forthwith adjudge and ſentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walles of Stremos, at the foot of the Caſtle, which is the deſtined place of death for the like crimes and offendors, ſo ſhe being by them then againe returned to priſon, that night (in Chriſtian charity) they ſend her ſome Prieſts and Nunnes, to direct and prepare her ſoule to heaven, for this her bloody and unnaturall crime was ſo odious to men, and ſo execrable to God, that ſhe could hope for no pardon of her life from her judges, although her ſorrowfull old father *Curſoro*, with a world of teares threw himſelfe to their feet, and offered them all his lands and meanes to his very ſhirt to obtaine it for her.

All Stremos and the country thereabouts reſound and talke of this cruell murthering of *Ferallo*, as alſo of his Lady *Bellinda's* condigne condemnation to death for the ſame, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repaire under the Caſtle wall to ſee this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames of fire, to act the laſt ſcœne and cataſtrophy of her life; ſhe is conducted thither by a Saint Claires Nun on her right hand, and a Saint Francis Frier on her left, who jointly charge her upon perill of damnation, to diſburthen her conſcience and ſoule before ſhe dye, of any other capitall crime whereof ſhe knowes

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her ſelfe guilty, the which ſhe ſolemnly and religiouſly promiſeth them; about nine of the clock ſhe is brought to the ſtake, where ſhe ſees her ſelfe empalled and ſurrounded firſt with many fagots, and then with a very great concourſe and confluence of people, here ſhe is ſo irreligious in her vanity, that ſhe had caſt off her blackes and mourning, and purpoſely dighted her ſelfe in a rich yellow ſatin gown, wrought with flowers of ſilver, a large ſet ruffe about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white tiffney vaile laced and wrought with rich cut-worke, as if ſhe cared more for her body than her ſoule, as if her pride and bravery would carry her ſooner to heaven, than her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigall coſt and luſture thereof, were able to diminiſh either her crime, or her puniſhment in the eyes and opinions of her ſpectators. But contrariwiſe, the very firſt ſight of her ſweet youth, and pure and freſh beauty, and then the conſideration, of her foule crime, for murthering her owne husband, doe operate and worke differently upon all their affections and paſſions, ſome pittying her for the firſt, but all more juſtly condemning her for the ſecond. When as ſoone as their clamorous ſobs and ſpeeches were paſt, and blowen over, and that both the Frier, and Nun had tane their laſt leave of her, then (after ſhe had ſhed many teares on earth, and ſent and evaporated many ſighes to heaven) ſhe wringing her hands (whereon ſhe had a paire of ſnow white gloves) and caſting up her eyes towards God, at laſt, with a faltering, and fainting voyce ſpake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people which hath conducted you hither to ſee me a miſerable Gentlewoman here to dye miſerably. And becauſe it is now no longer time for me, to diſſemble either with God or the world, therefore to ſave my ſoule in heaven, though my body periſh here in earth, I (with much griefe, and infinite ſorrow) doe truly and freely confeſſe both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my ſecond husband *Ferallo's* throat, ſo I was ſo vild and wretched heretofore, as to poyſon my firſt Lord and husband *De Mora*. At which report and confeſſion of this execrable Lady *Bellinda* (in regard of the greatnes of her Lord *De Mora's* deſcent and Nobility) all this huge concourſe of people (who are ſencibly touched with griefe and ſorrow) make a wonderfull noiſe and out-cry thereat, and now in regard of this foule and double crime of hers, they looke on her with far more contempt, and far leſſe pitty than before. But ſhe being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and ſeeing their cries, now againe cried down, and well nigh drowned and huſhed up in ſilence, recollecting her thoughts, and againe compoſing her countenance, ſhe againe very ſorrowfully continueth her ſpeech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that theſe two foule and cruell murthers of mine, make me unworthy either to tread on the face of earth, or to looke up to that of heaven, and yet in the middeſt of theſe my miſeries I have this conſolation left me, that in favour of my true confeſſion and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciſull to me, as I have beene impious and ſinfull to him; the which that I may obtaine, I beſeech you all who are here preſent, to joyne your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the laſt charity which I will begge and implore of you. Now becauſe example is powerfull, and no example ſo ſtrong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living, therefore (to Gods glory, and mine own ſhame) give me leave to tell you that two things eſpecially brought and induced me to commit theſe foule murthers, as they have now juſtly brought me hither to ſuffer death for committing them, firſt my neglect of prayer, and omiſſion to ſerve and feare God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, the affecting and following of my laſcivious and luſtfull pleaſures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the firſt proved the bane of my ſoule, and the performance and practice of the laſt, the contagion and poyſon of my life, and both theſe two ſins conjoyned and lincked together, enforce me now here to dye, with as much miſery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happines and proſperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woefull example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your riſing, and my ſhipwrack your ſafety. As I beare not hypociſie in

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my tongue, so I will not beare malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gasper de Mora* he saw me cast some bloody linnen in the pond. I also forgive *Gasper de Mora* for informing the Corigidores thereof, and they for so justly condemning me to death. I also pray my father and parents to forgive me these my foule crimes, and both to pardon and forget the dishonour and scandall which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods best favour and mercy, and my soule to receive salvation in his blessed kingdome of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finished this her speech, the hearing and consideration thereof engendred much pitty and compassion in the hearts, and caused a world of teares in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her selfe for death. Here she takes off her rings from her fingers, and her pearle bracelets from her armes, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*, who is present and not far from her, most bitterly sobbing and weeping because she can weepe no more for the death of this her deare Lady and Mistris, who now repeates many private prayers and *Ave Maries* to her selfe, when taking a solemne, and sorrowfull farwell of all the world, she puls down her vaile over her snow-white cheekes, and then often crossing her selfe with the signe of the crosse, and saying her last *in manus tuas*, the executioner (with a flaming torch) sets fier to the straw and fagots, whereof she presently dies, and in lesse than an houre after, her body is there consumed and burnt to ashes, at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour to her youth and beauty) as much affecting the piety of her dath, as they hate and detest the cause thereof, I meane the infamy and cruelty of her life, doe with far more sorrow than joy give a great shout and out-cry. When the judges of that City now upon knowledge of this Ladies first horrible crime of poysoning her first Lord and husband *Don Alonso De Mora*, they in detestation thereof, being not able to adde either worser infamy, or more exquisite, and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead ashes, doe cause them curiously to be gathered up, and so in the same place (by the common hang-man) before all the people, to be scattered and throwen in the aire, whereat they rejoyce, and praise God, to see the world so fairly rid of so foule and bloody a female monster.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet deserved) end of this lascivious and cruell hearted Lady *Bellinda* and in this sharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and earth triumph in is just revenge and punishments against her, for these her two foule and inhumane crimes of murthering her two husbands. May God (of his best and divinest mercy) make this her history and example, to serve as a chrystall mirror for all men, and especially for all women, (of what condition and quality so ever.)

And now Christian Reader, having by Gods most gracious assistance and providence) here finished this entire, and last (volume of my six books of tragicall Historie, if thou find that thou reape any profit, or thy soule any spirituall benefit by the reading and perusall thereof, then (in the name and feare of God) I beseech thee to joyne thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Christian religion and duty we are bound, so for the same, we may joyntly ascribe unto God, all possible power, might, Majesty, thanksgiving, dominion, and Glory both now and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

731. REYNOLDS (JOHN). The Triumphs of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of . . Murther . . . . In Thirty severall Tragicall Histories (Digested into Sixe Bookes) committed in divers Countries beyond the Seas. &c. *Engraved title by John Payne.* Folio, old calf, rebacked (corner of one leaf torn away).

London: Printed by Edward Griffin for William Lee, 1640

Steevens, in his edition of Shakespeare (vol. I., p. 446), speaks of the extreme rarity of this book in good condition.